

# SCRIPTUS

Issue 28

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### Disclaimer:

Scriptus is written, edited and designed entirely by the students of Amsterdam University College. The news magazine does not reflect or express the official views of AUC. Comments, questions and criticisms are welcome at [scriptus@aucsa.nl](mailto:scriptus@aucsa.nl).

*Dear readers,*

*As a thank you for always being with us, we have a surprise for you. For the first time ever, Scriptus presents 30 colourful pages of creative AUContent! Hereby, I also want to apologise for featuring an Ad for the first time in the history of Scriptus, but if we want to publish more, we have to navigate wisely in this capitalist world.*

*As for content, we have many interesting and thrilling reads in this special issue. You can start by reading Schopophilia's artists explaining their work that was exhibited at Cloud Nein, on May 12th. Next, if you are looking for some poetry, you can head to Ralitza Petrova's poem Flowers. Other than that, in this issue we have many creative pieces not only from our regular writers, like Eleonora Gelmetti's second story from series 'Threesome' but also from new writers like Julee Ridder's 'We will take care of your Safety'. Besides, have you been following Mya Berger's story in our previous two editions? Wait no more! You can finally read the last chapter of the story.*

*Other musts from this special issue include RAW's stunning photo series and second comics from our very own Head Illustrator! Lastly, don't forget to take care of your mental health and of those around you. Make sure to check out '5 Tips for Helping Others with Mental Health Issues' by Peer Support. All this and many more in this special edition of Scriptus. Happy reading and good luck with finals!*

*Yours Truly,  
Tekla Tevdorashvili  
Editor-in-chief*

*P.S. We will be back for one more issue in June. Stay tuned for more!*

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# WHY

-Tekla Tevrodashvili

Because we think we get unlimited chances  
Because sometimes we look through the pink lense that only depicts the non-existing magic  
Because we can't accept the reality or the fact that we were wrong about the world  
We were wrong about the god  
We were wrong about the people  
But what hurts the most is that  
I was wrong about myself  
I see ...  
Only now I see that I can't change the world for the better  
Not because I can't  
But because I am scared  
I am scared of the consequences my actions will have  
Not for me but for people I adore  
I am scared to oppose the government because my future can be endangered  
I am scared of the reactions I will get when I say I don't agree with the authorities  
I am scared that whatever I do will not be enough to achieve the goals that society set for me  
And yet I sit here without any emotions or energy to face the problems  
And I think on and on and on about the things I could have done or the words I could have said  
Because I know I hide my emotions for the greater good  
Because society teaches us that we shall not show our weakness to the world  
Because your silence is a luxury  
Because your privilege is not yours to begin with  
Because government controls where a person can pee  
Because white supremacy controls the weapons  
Because patriarchy tells us to keep quiet  
Because everyone is trying to control us  
But they aren't aware of the secret that deep down all of us know  
People have the power  
People created the past  
People control the present  
People will build the future  
Because you and I and everyone amplified together  
We are the people  
But are we who we want to be?



# Repentance

- Ashya Ruesink



*Illustrated by Caecilia Boerlage*

It's always colder when the lights go out. There's something about the glow of the lamps that warms the soul, as if the amber rays permeate your skin and tickle your skeleton. Up your spine and through your brain, you feel alive. Some aspect of completion that quenches your thirst for company. There's a certain kind of comfort that it fills you with, not dissimilar to the rush of blood to the head when embracing a lover. And I wish I could embrace her. Once again. And the girls, oh my beautiful girls. I've been gone for two years now and I still think about them every day. It's so hard to forget: perfection, a place that most men can only wish for. Perfection, for me, constituted my reality. And her. Tendrils of auburn hair would curl by her ears as she pulled her locks back into a ponytail. A smile, so captivating, would emerge as she looked up at me from under her eyelashes, with eyes that pervaded my soul. Perfection. I'd gently touch my hand to her neck, playfully caressing the smooth arc of her jaw. Then, I'd clasp her close to me, and hold her.

I sit in my bed, stroking along the broken spines of the books I collected over the years, their torn dust covers and wrinkled pages adding only more to their enticing aesthetic, an antique beauty. My gaze shifts to the table in the corner, it's bleak surface rough with splinters that scratch my skin whenever I lean on it with my forearms. I sit there often times inspecting the sketches I had made earlier that day, reflecting my memories with their vividness; though of course not as vivid an image as the photo I keep under my pillow. Despite the creases that crack it, and the faded colours that have darkened the silhouettes, I can still make out the elegant drop of her hip, and the playful tilt of her head as she rests her hands on the napes of our daughter's necks. All three of course smiling their beautiful smiles. So perfect. The anticipation of feeling the warmth of their skin and the silky locks of hair falling through my fingers as I embrace them is more overwhelming than ever. I remember the day the photo was taken. It wasn't long before I left, on a day where the sun's rays blanketed the burgundy tiles on the roof and the aggregate concrete of the patio, making it seem as though the petals of the pink roses blossomed wider, and the green of the grass gleamed brighter. It's warmth, perforating. I often dream of days as such, as I am unable to see the beauty of nature from here, though the sun does often find its way to my window. Its light sometimes perished by a cloud, but my enjoyment of it never ceases.

The bell rings. I'm caught off guard, my head deep in the archives of my mind, my eyes rolling back as I strain to replay my memories before my eyes. A tray is slid under my door. A musty smell emerges. I lift myself up from my bed and look at my dinner. An agglomeration of dull coloured foods have been dumped onto a plastic platter, heaps of beige and brown seep into one another, their consistencies thick and almost pulpos. I take it to my table, but barely eat one bite. It's insipid, with a sour taste that burdens my tongue as I swallow what little I have on my spoon. Usually the quality of the food is not of great concern to me, though today I feel particularly indifferent.

I lean back in my chair, its legs faintly crack as I push my weight into the backrest. It is only now that I begin to see the gaunt composure of my hands as I hold them before me, the skeletal appearance of my arms and the grey tincture that blankets my pale skin... though perhaps that's just the lighting. I pick up the spoon and play with the food. My mind wanders again. The warmth at home is real, no illusion of the lights construed from an empty hope of freedom, but that of the family. The pitter-patter of little feet from above as they tumble down the stairs, the banister squeaks as it's rubbed by a gaggle of fingers, each tracing the woodwork down a familiar path. I'm swept off my feet by the rush of their energy, now falling into the kitchen where the feet stopped and the chairs are pulled. All at once, the cacophony bends into an orchestra of yapping, a viola singing amongst the first and second violins. A cymbal crashes as a pan clashes with the stove, a murmuring percussive hum from the bubbling of boiling broth. The whine of the clarinets crescendos, the kettle boils, the simmer of the strings soothes the tones into a modest finale. I can still see that place if I wrack my mind. It's been so long and, yet, I can almost touch it with my fingers now.

I, myself, had of course never embodied such a perfection. As a child I had been timid, a being of silence fearful of interaction, always grasping onto the little bear I'd carry with me. The bear I no longer have, but I remember the smell of my mother's perfume that lingered around it, and the soft, velvet pelt that would bring me comfort as I stroked its head and nestled it into my neck. One ear had eventually fallen off where the seams had split, oozing white stuffing from its head. Mother sewed it shut. Mother had been attentive once, though as the smell of vodka on my father's breath had become permanent, she, too, began to

find comfort in booze. I'd find shards of glass bottles scattered across the floorboards as I came home from school. A living room reeking not only of alcohol, but of vomit that had been left to dry, seeping into the cracks on the floor. Both nowhere to be found, til they returned home the next morning, drunk.

When I married my wife I vowed to her that our family would be perfect: I would never follow in the footsteps of my parents. I would not be the father who belittled and abused, ripping the heart from a young child whose vulnerability had unwillingly surrendered his soul. A child who could have thrived had it not been for the callous surroundings he had been forced to endure. I disappointed her. My perfect family had been corrupted by me. I had grown faulty, an alcoholic similar to my father and mother despite the promises. Empty promises. My imperfection ruined the harmonious, impeccable beauty that existed between my wife and our daughters. I watched as my presence had hindered their happiness, bringing tears to faces once luminous with bliss. Their exquisite smiles but a rarity. My wife's soft kisses but a dream. As I think of her, I feel her hands caress my shoulders as she stands behind me and nestles her head into my neck. Her soft peach lips ardently press themselves onto my skin, with a passion so powerful it suffuses my trembling body. And my daughters. I hear their giggles, so vibrant, so bright. When I left, my imperfection left with me, and I relieved them of the anguish my soul had bled. And when I left, I promised to return a man of prosperity, of perfection they so deserved. Don't worry, It'll be like before.

The food on the tray in front of me seems to have formed a hard layer on its surface. The brightness of the light outside has dimmed. How long was I in thought? I find one of the thin paper scrolls at the end of the table and open it. An ink sketch of her, incredibly detailed. Her portrait. Her chin rests in the palm of her hand as her fingers are spread across a plump cheek. The constellations of freckles across her nose, the dimple in her chin, the arch of her brow... Though it is a mere drawing, I feel it is her looking at me, her eyes so real I can almost see my reflection in them. We'll be together again, tomorrow.

I wake up the next morning, staring, now for the last time, at the ceiling above me. I eye the dark cracks that veil the corners of the ceiling, some reaching further into the centre than others. It doesn't take long before I decide to leave my bed.

The excitement of returning to my family in a matter of hours has my blood rushing to every limb. The ecstasy I embrace: a heart near to bursting through my chest, a light headed sensation bringing pure euphoria, a feeling I had almost forgotten after two years away. It's time to put on my suit. I promised her that I would be better when we met again, both in mind and in aesthetic. In the true spirit of tradition, I've opted for a garment not dissimilar to that I wore on our wedding day. A well-cut zoot suit with a crimson bow. Oh, our wedding day. The profusion of love that vibrated through the particles of the air with such intensity, one could nearly touch it. When you're in love, it's only her that matters. Not just her beauty, though her beauty is so compelling, looking away from her seems impossibility. Every aspect, every characteristic, every fibre of her being is loved. Nothing else compares to the emotion that fills your stomach with warmth when you see her, you can't help but smile at the movement of her hand as she tucks a tendril behind her ear, or as she sits and eats, entirely oblivious to your gaze of complete awe. Love is the longing for the warmth of her embrace, the tender touch of her skin against your skin in times of both happiness and sadness. It's the desire to give her everything she's ever dreamt of. It's like a constant high, a permanent euphoria. My wife, my daughters. My love for them is what saved me, pulled me out of a barren state of mind and encouraged me to cleanse my soul. I will return to them cleansed.

I am ready. I am dressed and I pat down my suit to ensure I look kempt for my wife and children. I am met by a guard who unlocks my door and escorts me through the maze of corridors, my path to home. A better life awaits, one with hope and prosperity. A new beginning, a clean slate. Maybe I'll take the girls on a trip for a few days, some place where the beauty of nature never ends, where the warmth of the sun never fades. And I'll cook my gorgeous wife a three course meal, it's the least she deserves. Once I find a job and collect enough money, I'll buy her something pretty. I wonder how the girls are doing at school. I want to help them with their homework, drop them off every morning and wave them goodbye, til the afternoon.

We arrive at a room with a chair, on which I am seated. I think of nothing but my family, imagine the loving encounter that awaits. I close my eyes, my face bleeding with bliss, tears burning like acid into my skin, as I feel the pulse of electricity spark every nerve in my body. Burning what's left of my soul. Slowly. I am home.

# Flowers

-Ralitza Petrova

Thank you

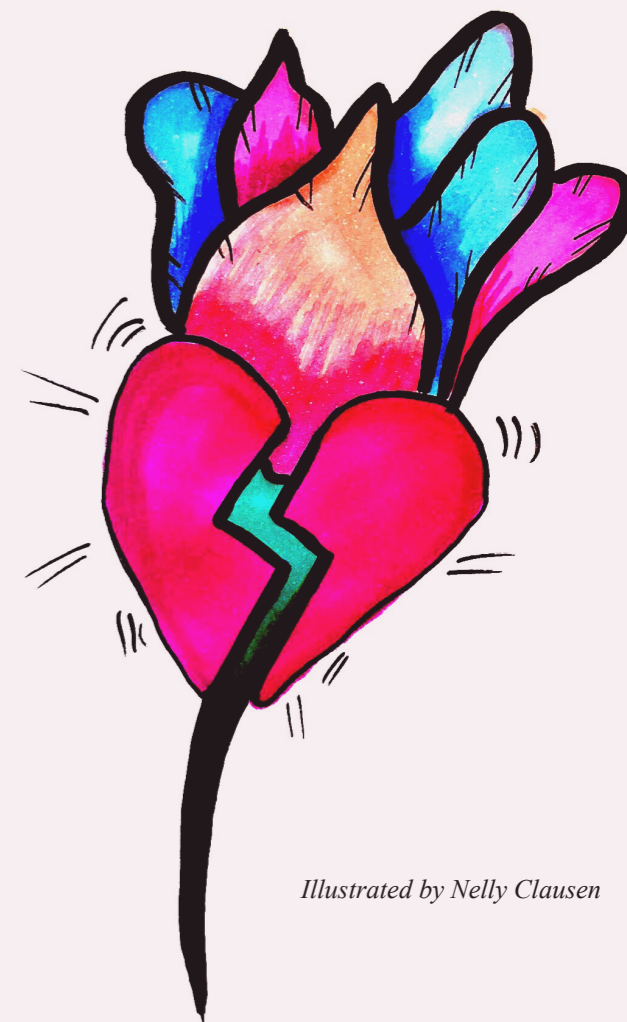
to the ones that broke my bones and made my chest collapse,  
heart burning with sorrow. For although I might stumble – and fumble – I'm still  
making my way through life, one wonky step at a time.

And I write this not to aggrandize my struggle – just another clueless kid,  
a nineteen year old with sweaty palms and a furiously beating heart;  
but to capture the moment, as I'm gaining momentum.

For I'm learning how to draw flowers – terrible, crooked scribbles of a three year  
old in a kinder garden.

And yet, flowers.

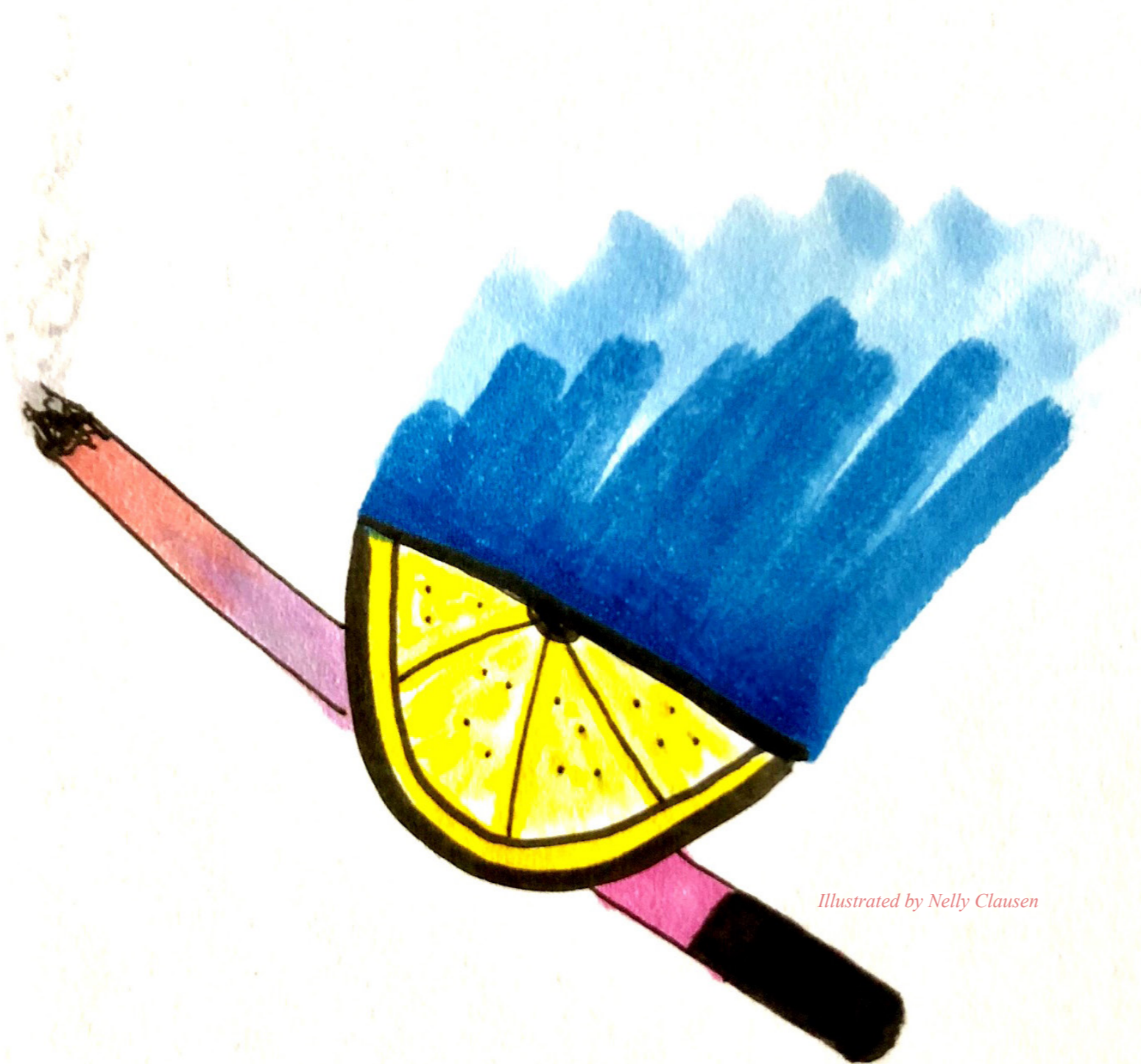
And, like any flowers, those too shall bloom.



Illustrated by Nelly Clausen

# It's Nicer Outside (Part 3)

-Mya Berger



*Illustrated by Nelly Clausen*

People around her. Everybody drenched in this sort of blue light. Their faces distorted, overshadowed. People observed through the bottom of a tainted glass. Inaudible words. She has an acidic aftertaste in her mouth, like when you eat an extremely sour lemon and can now feel the juice running down your throat. Clenched teeth. Jaw movement. Crack-Crack.

Eloise doesn't see the people at the party. She is still, in a corner. Nobody notices that a movie is unraveling behind her eyes. Flashes of memories. Cars, lights, people. There is a girl alone in a garden, her plastic sandals going from one rock to the other. Boom-Boom on the rocks. There are groups of friends laughing, chugging beers. There are crowds, movement. There are runs in fields and cries in the streets. Tired.

Eloise gets up, catches the first glass she can find and downs it. Refill. Burn. Tosses a lemon between her teeth. Here, here, the acid taste. Here it is. It feels good. She stares at the empty glass for a while, a drop gently slipping off her lips. Incapable of making a move. Somewhere, near from here, her mother is lying on the floor, motionless. She has been there for days. Hair around her face, nicely waiting for Eloise to come back. But Eloise doesn't want to come back. She doesn't want to see the shreds of skin, the pale glimmering of the cheeks. Blurry. Thoughts soaked in some sort of fog.

The noise is back. The mumbling. Bees. Bzz-Bzz. She tries to look at the other people with a stare mixing fury and fierceness. Electricity coming out of her eyes, trembling lips and quivering nose. Failure.

"Yeah, I know, you don't behave like that at those kinds of events, you should talk and you should laugh and you should dance on the tables and tell them how much of a hell-of-a-good-time you're having. Sorry."

Eloise comes home around three. In the kitchen, there is a note and some cold food. "Ok", says the note. The dishes are done, and there is a pack of cigarettes by the sink. She eats the cold chicken and potatoes and smokes one of the cigarettes. Crushes it by the window. Crshh-hh.

In the morning, Mom comes into Eloise's room. Scratch-Scratch on the door. "Can-I-come-in-?Yes-of-course."

"So, you want to know why Dad and I left?"

"Yeesss." Defiant, Eloise looks at her mother, eyes slit like a snake. Ssssss. Ssssss.

"Alright, I've never lied to any of you. Plus, we should cut the fake-family-drama."

"What happened?"

"Daddy got sick, don't-worry-he-is-okay. We just went to a bigger hospital, he'll be back in a few weeks."

"Oh. What did he get? And how far the hospital?" No point in asking, she won't explain anyways.

"Far. Don't tell Rayan, he'll like the mystery better."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes."

Eloise nods, Shake-shake, gets up to wake her little brother and finds him by her door. Mom is still next to her bed, looking at some books pilling up on the nightstand.

"Is Daddy coming back soon?"

"Good morning to you too Rayan, did you sleep tight?"

"So, is he?"

"I don't know, maybe."

Rayan silently goes to the kitchen. There'll be no Tap-Tap, no Boom-Booms, no giggles in the kitchen this morning. They prepare breakfast all together, Tap-Tap-Tap-Tap-Tap to the school, Tap-Tap-Tap-Tap to the bookshop.



**RAW**

**PRESENTS:**

**PHOTO STORIES**

**UNDERSTANDING THE  
HUMAN CONDITION  
(CUBA EDITION)**



The good, the bad and the ugly,  
Wino Carter, Cuba, summer 2017



Morning breakfast,  
Wino Carter, summer 2017





Daily Paper,  
Wino Carter, Cuba, summer 2017

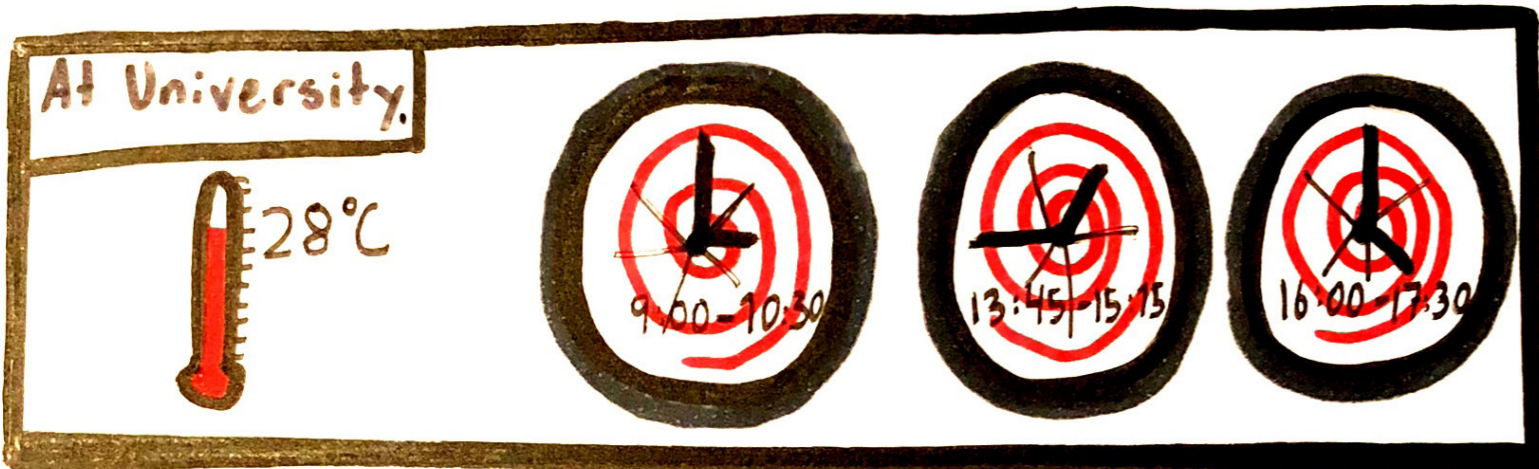


Brick in the wall,  
Wino Carter, Cuba, summer 2017

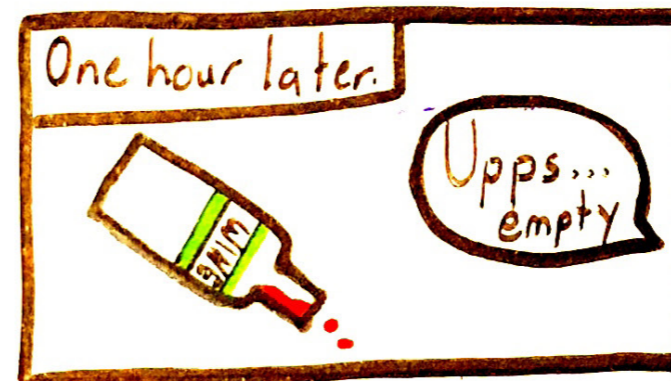
# SPRING

## Adventures

 -Nelly Clausen



Why am I stuck in class? ☹️



OH NO!

Where should I GO?

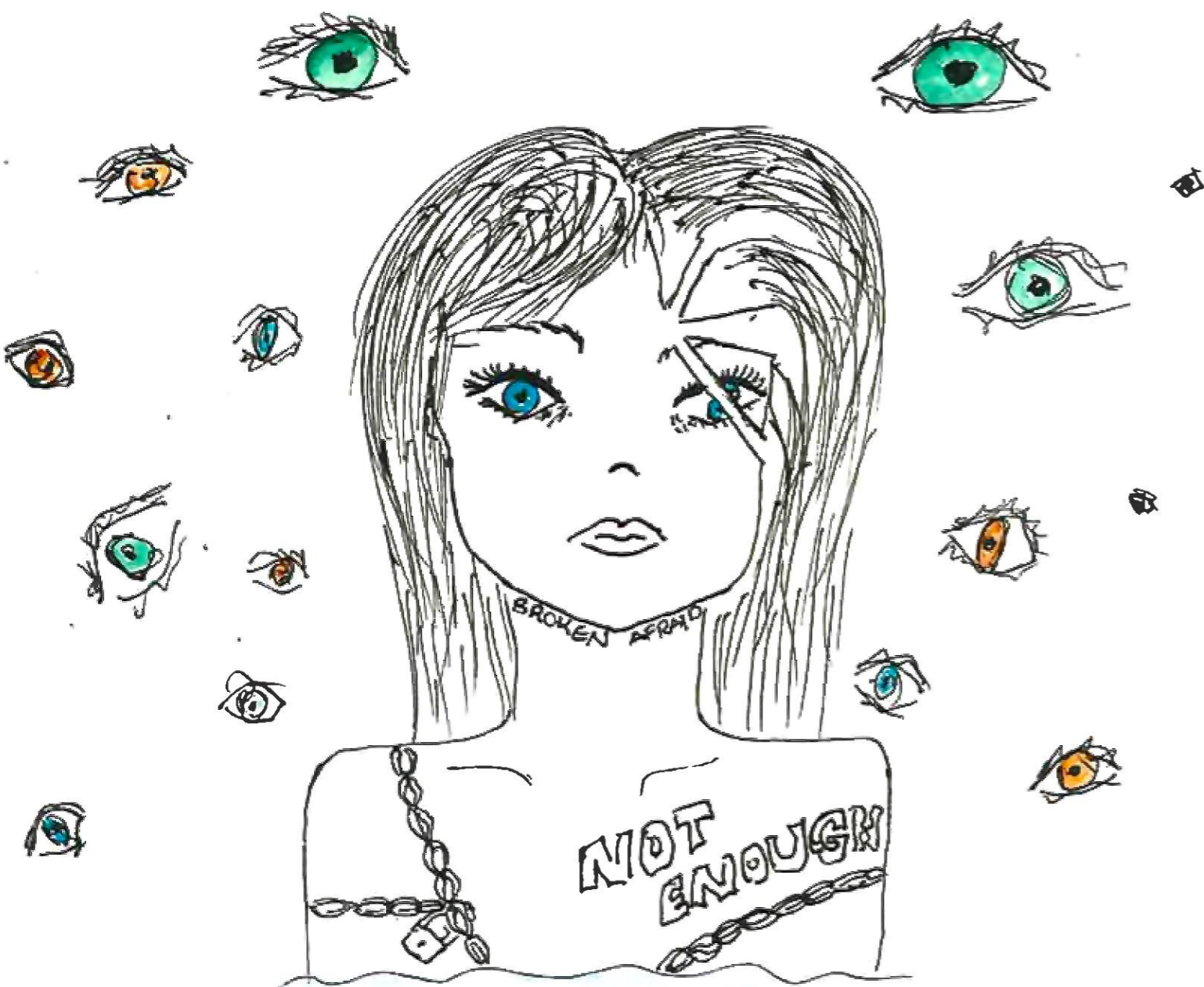
I have to pee.....

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“We’ll take care of  
your safety”



Illustrated by Neda Modova

- Julée Al-Bayaty de Ridder



There is something familiar about describing what it's like to be taken care of, and to have no self-power within you to create a sanctuary to store your own thoughts. This can be compared to a lifeless baby. Lifeless, for it cannot choose or decide its physical position, and gets steered to believing the social norms, which are invisibly wrapped around it and flood into its mind without approval.

She leaned against the oval window, full weight, expecting the subtle support in return - which it always gave. Depending on the window's strength, and the quiet surveillance of her safety - in the hands of a stranger whom she had never seen, only heard via the speaker overhead - and the consoling presence of the women walking along the aisle glancing at her and selling overpriced water, she fell into a tranquil, peaceful sleep. Tranquil, since her safety rested far from her body.

She woke up, hearing that same voice again; “we’ll take care of your safety.” She was empty, as if the people sitting next to her had each extracted a piece of her assumed stability without her consent. The birds stared at her outside the window; the other passengers glared at her lifeless face. They watched her without turning their eyes towards her. She knew they had noticed all her motions, even her thoughts and her anxiety for being the center of their attention. They knew she was frantic, afraid, hysterically frightened of their

absolute power to conquer her cognition. And yet, this was all in her mind. She would forever deny this absurd speculation.

They dropped back to Earth's surface while she pondered whether her intactness was being watched over by hawks, like a newborn who lies in its mother's arms and is unable to decide whether it desires this or not.

Suddenly, she realized it. We are all relying too much on others to provide our safety, to take care of our wellbeing. She longed for independence and the subtle consolation that she was able to provide for her own safety. Not from an external factor, but from her inner being.

She walked into the crowded terminal. Children shrieked, running towards balloons held by their grandparents whom they hadn't seen for months. Parents overjoyed by their child's joy, grandparents thankful to hear their children say: “we had a safe journey, Easyjet always takes such good care of us.” Somehow, she felt satisfied to hear this.

She arrived at the train platform. Later, she faintly remembered the deathly whistle of the train-conductor, which cried as she rested her arms on the chair railing and fell, yet again, in a tranquil, peaceful sleep.

Her safe enclosure, which she had thought - until this moment - was lying peacefully in her mind, rested violently in society's grip.

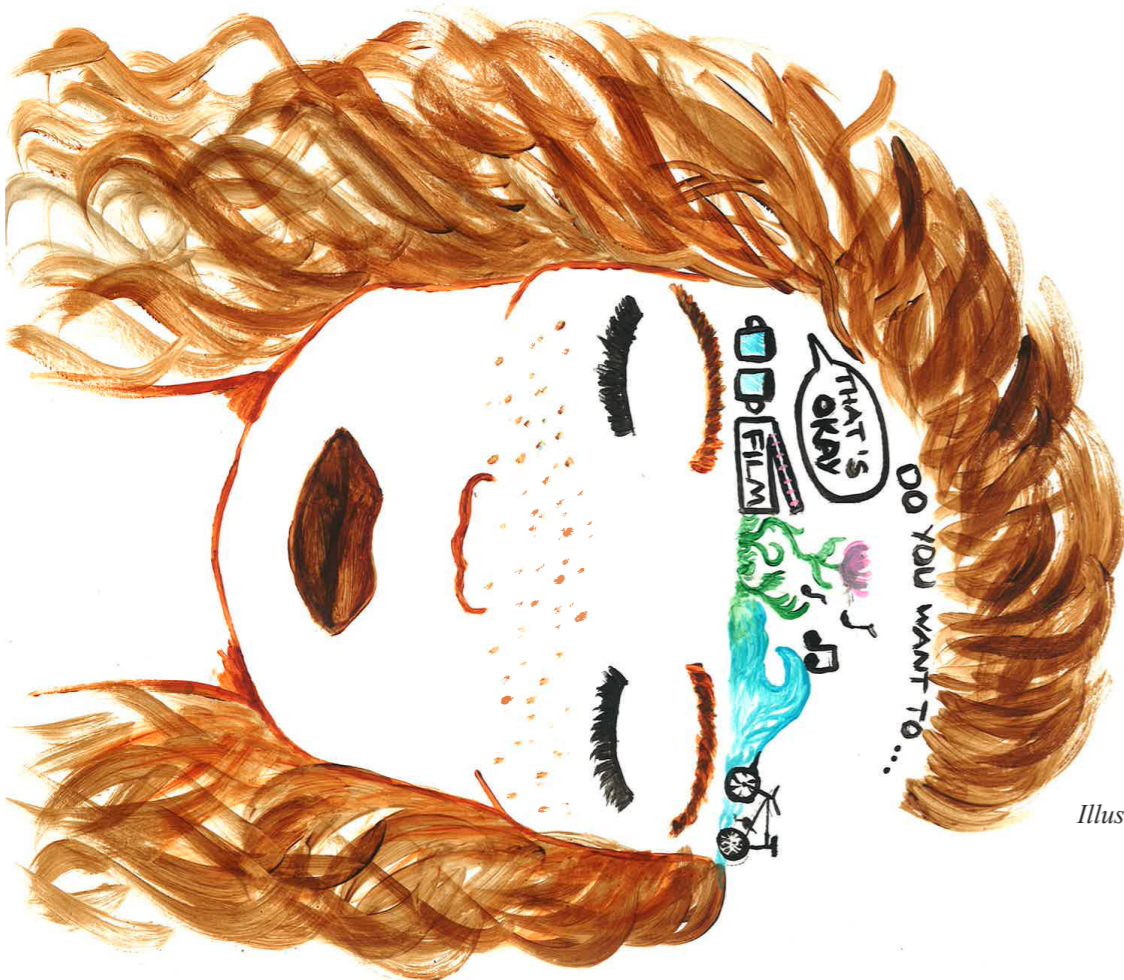
I will break free  
because I am enough,  
I am strong and it's hard  
but I can save  
myself!

# 5 Tips for Helping Others with Mental Health Issues

## -Peer Support



FAR FROM IT



Illustrated by Neda Modova



Whether directly or indirectly, many of us at AUC are affected by issues related to mental health. Therefore, it is important that we stand together when things get tough. Mental health is an incredibly important topic that needs to be discussed and shared, because no one should be alone in their struggle with mental health issues. And neither should the people around them. Supporting someone in their process can be a very difficult position: it's hard to know what to say or when to remain silent. These tips are a guide for all of you who are trying to helping others. And remember: you are not alone either!

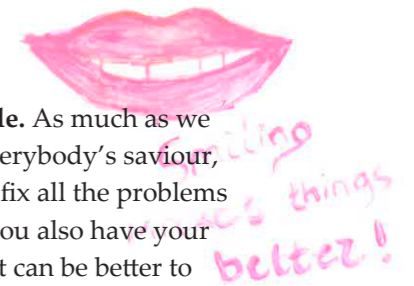
**1. Acknowledge the person's pain.** Objectively, the person may know that "everything is going to be all-right", but in the moment it is okay to just acknowledge that what they're going through sucks. Additionally, be careful when relating their pain to your own personal experience, because this can feel like you are trivializing theirs.

**2. Listen without feeling obliged to give advice.** Often, we feel the need to be useful and provide helpful advice, even if we haven't been asked to. But usually people just need to be heard. Therefore, try to make the conscious effort to simply be a listening ear, or a shoulder to cry on.

**3. Act.** When we want to be supportive we often say things like "Let me know if there's anything I can do", which is undoubtedly a positive message, but it also leaves a burden on the person struggling. They may not know what they need, or they might be hesitant to ask for help. Instead, let your actions speak: cook dinner, bike them to their psychologist, or invite them for a stroll in Flevopark.

**4. Take care of yourself first.** As they say in the airplane safety guides: put on your own mask first before assisting others. In order to retain the mental capacity to support someone else, you sometimes need to step back and take care of yourself, especially if you are trying to support someone over a longer period. Just be honest and upfront about it. It is okay to have limits too, you know!

**5. Know your role.** As much as we would like to be everybody's saviour, you simply cannot fix all the problems of the world, and you also have your limits. Sometimes it can be better to direct somebody to get professional help, especially when that person is a potential harm to others or themselves. Support them in that process, because a lot of people find it very difficult to actually seek professional help.



# MR. BRIGHTSIDE

-ELEONORA Gelmetti

With her it was love at first sight. Well, more than love. I would define it as an emotion swinging between platonic affection and a primitive, intense desire to fuck her hard, over and over again.

I still vividly remember that first time of ours. It was a sunny, warm day of September. School had just started and you could still feel the fresh memories of summer in the air. Everyone was still convinced that life was not that bad, after all. Some were even genuinely excited for the year to come. Not me, just to be clear. Then I saw her. It was love at first sight. That day, she was wearing a white, nearly transparent t-shirt, softly draping over on her small breasts, which were hanging free, brazenly. She was just seventeen and -lucky me- could afford not to wear a bra. I doubt her aim was to be provocative in any manner, but more to make a statement by taking a stand against the impositions of a male-dominated society. Yet, she managed to incite the hottest and sweetest copulation scenes in my mind. I let my look slip down her body just to find her curves gently emphasised by a pair of tight, black jeans, enveloping her skinny legs and showing her darling little ankles. You should have seen those ankles, you should have felt the taste of them on my lips.

After a couple of months of school, I started to suspect that she, too - for still unclear reasons - showed a certain attraction to me. In fact, during my lessons, while all her classmates would find better things to do instead of listening to me, she would stare intensely at my person, scrutinising my figure, rolling her eyes up-and-down, up-and-down, up-and-down - I am quite sure, while biting her lower lip-. Sure, she might have been passionate - just as I am - about Wordsworth and Dante and all the other incredible poets and authors who walked on Earth throughout the centuries. But I doubt it. She was too young, too innocent for that. To be really honest, I hoped that she wanted to fuck me lovely just as much as I did. Curious is that, at the end of each class, while the other students would flash out to finally have the much-craved cigarette or their eagerly-awaited coffee, she would wait for them all to be gone and then, come up to me, sit on the desk, and look at me packing away my stuff with her big green eyes.

Those eyes. You should have seen those eyes, deep and wild as the brushwood. Same colour of my wife's, actually. To be frank, my wife and her were quite like one another: same resilient figure, yet softened by the right tender curves; same curly, messy dark hair; same enchanting, clear laugh; same name. One difference: my love for my wife was a distant memory, a flame that died out a long time ago, while my love for her was a new-born sparkle wavering between my genitals and my heart, making me feel more alive than ever.

She didn't have - or didn't have any particular interest for having - many friends. During the break, while the others were busy complaining about life and getting high on glue just to make high school more tolerable, I would often see her from the teachers' room window sitting alone on the bench in the corner of the courtyard, with headphones on, her nose in a book and a gentle breeze waving through her long hair. Such a cute thing I could have taken such good care of.

After a while, I came to the conclusion that there must have been something quite not right about her. Something like my wife's schizophrenia or my mild depression, something like a full, black fog surrounding her and keeping everyone at safe distance. I would have done anything to enter her magic forest and get lost into the mist, anything to lick her thin lips and hold her lonely body thigh.

I would have done anything to be close to her.

So, I waited. I let her come to me.

After the first semester, one day, she approached me as usual after class, but instead of sitting, staring, quietly on the desk, she stood very tall and very close to my body -so close I could feel her warmth emanating through her skin- and, without even looking at me, she handed me a bunch of papers and said: "This is a collection of poems I have been writing over the past year and would like you to read, critically. It's called My B Side."

She paused.

"It is about my closest friend, Bulimia Nervosa".



Illustrated by Angela Chaloska

# SCOPOPHILIA

Scopophilia is a bi-annual arts festival organized and supported by the Student Association of Amsterdam University College. Our aim is to give young and upcoming artists a platform to present their work. We believe that art is an essential element of human life and culture and should not be confined to the often sterile spaces of galleries and museums. Therefore, we seek to collaborate with spaces which are not only suitable for showcasing various forms of art, but which also foster a unique atmosphere suitable for enjoying Scopophilia not only as an arts festival, but also as a social event. Whether you are looking to discover fresh new artists, to meet new people, or to share a beer with friends while listening to live music, Scopophilia is here to give you the opportunity.

As humans, we have long strived to transcend the physical bodies and world we are bound to. The Babylonians built a tower in an attempt to reach the heavens, only to be punished by losing the ability to communicate with each other. Today, the internet goes some way in mitigating the language barrier; it also allows us to transfer much of our lives into this immaterial realm we have created - emblematically referred to as 'the cloud'. Although we have reaped many benefits from this creation, as our being becomes increasingly dependent on this cloud we must remain conscious of the dire effects this could have on our existence as humans. After all, in every childhood there comes a sad moment when one learns that it is impossible to hug a cloud. Are we slowly evaporating?"

To give an insight into the work being exhibited at Scopophilia this year, here are just a couple of the exhibiting artists explaining their work in their own words.

"Seventh heaven on cloud nine, just don't fall, you'd break your spine."

cloud nine (noun, informal): a feeling of well-being or elation; usually used with the preposition "on".



## Olaf Roukens:

My name is Olaf Roukens, 23 years old and living/working in Amsterdam. Currently I study photography at the Gerrit Rietveld academy. I did one year of photography at the HKU when I decided to switch to the Rietveld. Before that, I had a 4 year education in Audiovisual design & animation. This is where my passion for photography and video started. I get a lot of inspiration from art that triggers more than only the visual senses. Therefore, I get more inspiration by looking at cinema/video and installation works than photographs or paintings on the wall. Also, music is a big source of inspiration for me. Music with a lot of atmosphere in it triggers me, like classical, ambient and for the big part, black metal. Black metal bands like Burzum or Striborg have a great, dramatic, intense, dark atmosphere. These atmospheres are mirrored in my art, creating scenes/spaces in which an unsettling but also immersive experience is felt.



## Joost Koster:

I'm interested in everything contemporary. And since digital culture is a big part of contemporary society, I use this a lot in my work. Not only as a subject but also as an aesthetic, because I think this is the visual language we speak nowadays. I try to create new and personal connections in things I find online, to create a different meaning by combining self-made and pre-existing material, mostly found online. In my videos/video installations I try to figure out what my personal relation is with the digital. To do this I research what society's way is of seeing the digital and the non-digital world, and how I relate to that. What is the difference between these worlds, where do they overlap? I think the borders between these realms get blurrier every day: how do we deal with that? Besides thinking about these topics, I can browse YouTube for hours and constantly be amazed by all the crazy shit you can find there. I'm a Dutch art student, grown up in the lovely small Christian village of Ermelo. I started art school at the HKU in Utrecht and I'm continuing it now at the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam.

### Ingredients

- 3 tbsp olive oil
- 1 tbsp pepper paste, tomato paste, or ajvar of your choice
- 1 onion, diced
- 2 gloves garlic, minced or grated
- 2 bell peppers, diced
- 8 oz white mushrooms, sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tsp paprika powder
- Pinch of red pepper flakes
- ½ tsp chili powder
- ½ tsp cumin
- 1 tsp cayenne (for spicy) or 2 tsp sugar (for sweet) or both (if you're feeling adventurous ;))
- 2 medium tomatoes, diced
- 600 - 800 g spinach
- 5 eggs
- ½ bunch fresh parsley
- 170 feta

by *Carla Kay*

### Preparation

- 1) Heat olive oil in a large pan until hot
- 2) Add pepper paste or ajvar, stir
- 3) Add onion and garlic sauté until golden and fragrant
- 4) Add peppers and mushrooms, salt, pepper, paprika, chili powder, red pepper flakes cayenne/sugar
- 5) Once all these flavors are nice and cozy, add tomatoes, sauté until tender
- 6) Add spinach, sauté until wilted as you'd like
- 7) Create 5 shallow, evenly spaced wells in the sauce, which your eggs are going to colonize
- 8) Crack eggs into the wells, being careful not to break the yolk
- 9) Sprinkle salt and pepper to taste
- 10) Cover your pan and let cook for as long as desired (slightly runny yolk is ideal w this dish)
- 11) Garnish w parsley and feta
- 12) Serve with fresh bread (from Turks), black olives, and tea
- 13) Enjoy!

# Sunday Brunch Hangover SHAKSHUKA

### Ingredients

- 1 onion
- 2 cloves of garlic (more or less depending on how garlicky you like your sauce)
- 1 jar of red pesto (I use lidl's for 89 cents)
- 1 can crushed tomatoes
- A few cherry tomatoes (or any tomatoes you like really)
- A glass of white wine
- At least one parmesan rind
- Sprig of fresh basil
- Dried thyme, oregano, and basil
- Red pepper flakes (optional)
- Cream (optional)
- Salt and pepper to taste

by *Adriana Rocks*

### Preparation

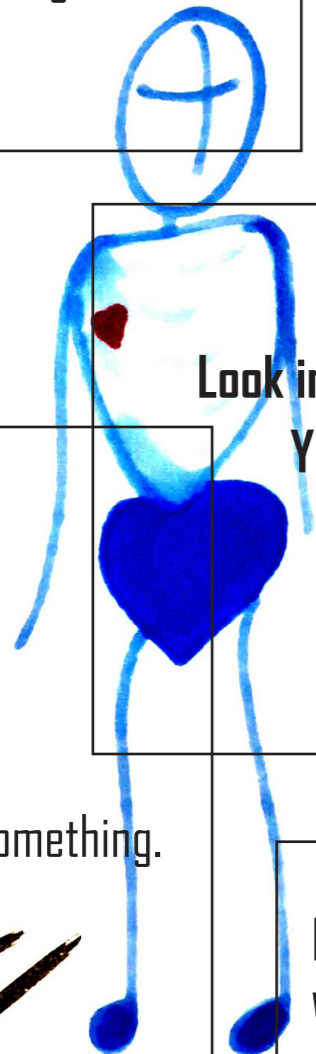
- 1) Begin by prepping your ingredients, mince the onion, garlic and tomatoes
- 2) Heat a sauce pan to high heat, add olive oil and when almost smoking, add your minced onion (they should sizzle when they hit the pan). Sauté for a few minutes or until fragrant and translucent, then add garlic, all the dried herbs, red pepper flakes, salt and pepper. Sauté until you can smell the garlic and the herbs toasting.
- 3) Deglaze the pan with some white wine making sure to scrape off any yummy crispy bits off the bottom (we want all that flavor in the sauce not stuck to the bottom of the pan) and while you're at it pour yourself a glass and have a sip- you deserve it.
- 4) Once the wine has cooked off and the alcohol has evaporated, add your fresh tomatoes to the pan and cook until they begin to break down and lose their shape.
- 5) Then add your canned tomatoes (if you happen to buy whole canned tomatoes just use a wooden spoon to crush them up in the pan), the entire jar of pesto, a sprig of basil (stem

- and all) and at least one parmesan cheese rind (pro tip: the heat of the sauce will melt any cheese left on the rind into your sauce and infuse the flavor of the cheese into the sauce. Keep your parmesan rinds and throw them into soups and sauces to up the cheesy flavors! This recipe only calls for one but honestly, the more the merrier! If you have more throw them in for extra cheesy deliciousness.)
- 6) Bring the sauce up to a gentle boil, then lower to a simmer and cook for at least an hour (the longer the better with this though, I try to leave mine for 2-3)
- 7) Remove the parmesan rinds and optionally, add a dash of cream right at the end. Make sure to taste the sauce and season with salt and pepper if needed.
- 8) Serve over fresh pasta, with stuffed shells or with eggplant or chicken parmesan. The sauce will keep in a jar in the fridge for a few days but honestly I doubt you'll have leftovers- it's just that good. Make sure to follow @seshsnacks on Instagram while you're at it and send us a photo of your sauce!

# The Best Ever TOMATO SAUCE

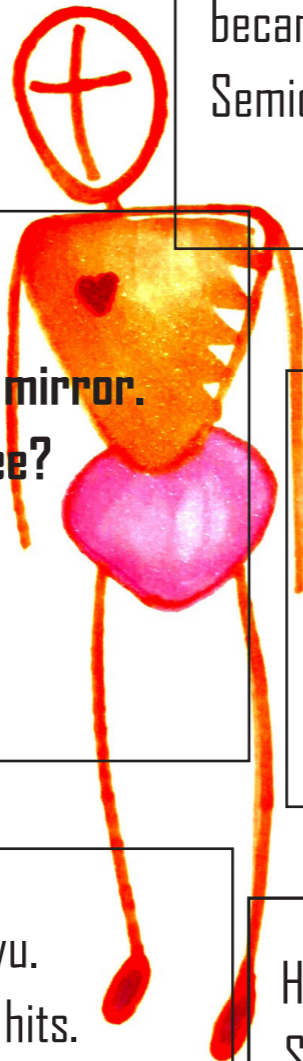
# SIX WORD STORIES

She can't see,  
she follows feelings.



● -Tekla  
, Tevdorashvili

Dot and coma  
became friends.  
Semicolon.



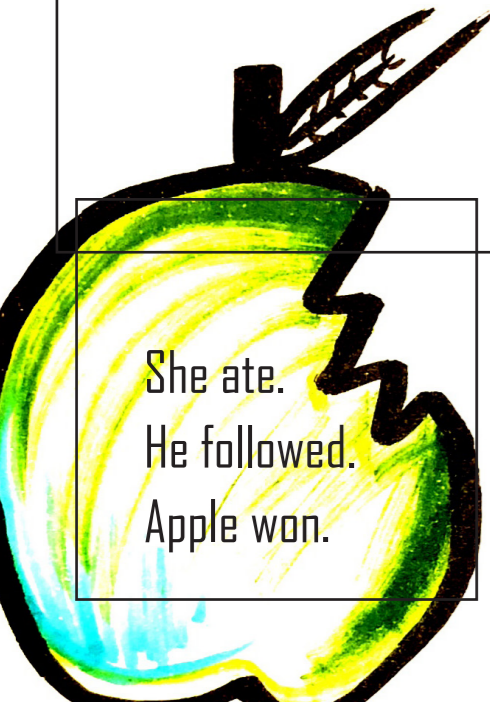
Look in the mirror.  
You see?

Can you taste  
the rainbow?  
Try!

Big Bang.  
From nothing to something.

Déjà vu.  
Wave hits.  
Circle continues.

Hello? - No, Answer.  
Silence conquered noise.



She ate.  
He followed.  
Apple won.

Van Gogh got his ear back.

Count how many breaths you take.



# You We Ask You You We Ask You You We Ask You You We Ask You



Anette- 2nd year,  
Bar Botanique or Bagels &  
Beans- café's in general

'What's your favorite  
place to study?'



Augustine- 2nd year,  
Zoku



Pinarnaz and Feyza- 3rd years,  
UVA library



Quinlan- 1st year,  
Darwin Area



Sandy- 1st year,  
In a 4 person room by the  
big windows



Jake- 2nd year.  
Outside by a tree

# You We Ask You You We Ask You You We Ask You