

Log. book  
Inter relational art practices  
2022- 2023

end of the year reflection





crowdfunding. Film making, last couple of scenes

Brighton trip

Joone Joanam

artistic companionship for life

Discursive context. Something good could come out of this

Reflecting back on the paintings

PPP. Paintings for an exhibition

Video workshop, Johanneke

reflecting back on the sculpture

start film writing

Den Haag/ sculpture

## Timeline

All of those nights I lay awake next to his body as he slept, trying to figure out why he wanted so much to escape from reality. No man ever had such a desire before. I realized – without being afraid of him – that he could become a serious menace to society. Did he perhaps have secrets that could remake life? No, I told myself, he's just trying to find them

Rimbaud , A season in Hell<sup>1</sup>

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1 A French Poet, the book quoted above is written in 1873, written when Rimbaud was 18 years old about his relationship with fellow poet Paul Verlaine who was 21 at the time and left his wife and child to live with Rimbaud. In this book Rimbaud reflects on their disordered life together. The book is described as the notes of an addict's withdrawal and his attempted cure; an addiction to Verlaine, the past lover, as well as to the life of an "artists" and the recklessness, violence and alcohol that came with this life.

The book resembles a stream of consciousness like a diary or love letter. A friend gave me this book. She said it reminded her of me. A queer relationship of 2 poets, filled with chaos and violence, a disgust toward their current social structure and a dream to live for love and art in pure rebellion. I wonder which part reminded her of me and wonder if resembling this could be problematic. I recognize myself in how Rimbaud describes his past lover, who in ways resemble mine, I wish he didn't. It worries me

This log publication to mark the end of the schoolyear in build around an earlier archival work for the course Discursive Context, where we were assigned to make an artistic education biography.

Texts from this work are copied in it's entirety. placement changed to follow a chronological order in which the works are made (most of the time)

More works are addad

This artistic educational biography contains pictures of my most recent works from the past year. I graduated a bachelor in fashion design in 2021. Now I make sculptures, paintings, and a screenplay. This book follows how this change came to be. It contains old texts that were written between 2021 and now, May 2023. The old texts are fragments of a diary, that looking back, have shaped the work that I made in the past year. Other texts are writing within the past week for this publication.

Most of my artistic practice happens in my notebooks, in writing. But it's the part that is almost never shared with a public.

Most people in my study have seen the works I've made in the past year. They don't know the stories and the writings behind them.

This small book contains the writing, accompanied with a small picture of the work. Like a post stamp on the corner of an envelope. A small image needed for the text to be delivered.

The reason that I moved away from fashion design was because I needed to speak about different subjects that I had talked about in my clothes.

I was searching for the things I wanted to say during my bachelor.

I didn't have anything to say yet than, nothing that was very clear.

There was a discomfort with the gendered separation that is upheld by the fashion industry. I made clothes to break away from that.

It was all every conversation was ever about and I was tired about talking about my gender. I was tired of the praise for "coming-out" again and again during every conversation about my work. I was tired of explaining why one of my models was a trans boy. He's not a trans boy that wears my collection as a flag of political correctness. He was my best friend, and my work is deeply personal, even when I couldn't explain the ways in which it was, I needed someone close to me to model this work.

every conversation became about gender, and it annoyed me. I wanted to move away from this conversation, so I moved away from the medium of clothes entirely. I was able to talk about fear, love and intimacy in the new mediums that were paintings and sculptures. The works came first, the subject matter only became clear in reflecting back on them and moving away from clothes came from a frustration of a limited dialogue. I long back to making clothes again.



## Artist statement

I make work surrounding the objectification of the physical body in relation to gender.

As a resistance against this objectification I visualise intimacy through several mediums

The end of the first school year in the irap department marks the beginning of a collaborative project that blurs the line between intimate friendships and work collaborations.





An old friend; Moon child  
the blue and yellow painting

Written in a notebook on December the 1st 2021 in Paris

I don't want to put too much hope on ... but I think I need him to push me. I don't think he loves me but sometimes he talks in a way that suggest he could, at least honest appropriation. I tell myself not to fall in love, but maybe I should, that when I allow it, something good could come out of it.

an affair or an adventure including her heart as well as her body is meeting a man she can consider her equal without him seeing himself as superior

.... The man will almost surely get the benefit of pleasure from a more or less unsuccessful affair; the woman might well not profit from it at all... if she is satisfied, she will want to hold on to her lover for a longer time. She is rarely completely sincere when she claims to envisage nothing more than a short term adventure just for pleasure, because pleasure, far from freeing her, bends her; separation, even a so called friendly one wounds her. It is far more rare to hear a woman talk good-naturally about a former lover than a man about his mistresses.

Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex* 1949

I don't recognise myself in these statements that carry a generalisation in regards to gender. I speak with lot of kindness toward my former lovers, even though there weren't much, and I cared deeply about them. I speak kindly about them when they did me wrong and my environment didn't speak kindly about them.<sup>1</sup>

I did find myself in the statement from Beauvoir that woman who encounter arrangements like the ones described above, are more hurt than their former male partner, when the arrangements ends, since they might be more emotionally involved in their sexual relationships because a big risk is taken by entering one. I believed this is what she meant and I believed this to be true when I wrote her words down in my notebook. It felt deeply relatable. Almost as if it was a prediction of what was about to happen in the current time and in my current relationship, what was not a traditional relationship in the way most of society wants to see it because it wasn't monogamous and never called a relationship.

I placed myself in a victim position, thinking, 'when this ends, I'm more hurt than he'll be'. Taking Beauvoir's words as a truth of something yet to come. Within this context Beauvoir was wrong, and I was afraid she would have been right.

I don't think I'm more hurt. When he asked to re-evaluate what we had and give each other distance to do so, I heard more pain in his voice than

I could see in mine. I believe there to be a misunderstanding that men are less emotionally involved in sexual relationships, especially when they are considered casual (or any other term for non-monogamous.) He might have been more hurt in general, by everything else in life and relationships before me, not necessarily about the ending of what we had.

In the men I have encountered - some in context of sexual intimacy but most in platonic relationship that suggested the possibility of physical intimacy if circumstance was different - I see that they are much more scared to loose themselves, a sense of self and therefore a sense of freedom. I wrote before that I much rather want this boy to turn me down, but learns to set a boundary and protect his freedom, than continue this arrangement. Men are emotionally involved but part of this emotion is fear about losing the sense of

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<sup>1</sup> Some people have judged me for this, thinking my selfimage is low because I never spoke badly about the ones that have hurt me in the past, and therefore allowing them to do this to me. There is nothing less true. It is the kind of situation where you can miss and appreciate someone and yet never want to see them again.

self and a sense of obligation in taking care of another person/partner. For them to show love is to lose a part of themselves. They seem to be willing to do so (or told me they were in previous relationships) if they “love” this person enough. With this comes the assumption that losing a part of yourself is a love language in itself, which I don’t believe to be true.

Within the days I saw him, or hoped I could see him, I came back to the lines of Beauvoir and the question about whether he saw me as equal. I counted myself lucky because I think he did even though I couldn’t be sure (I didn’t ask, but I feel as if I know it to be true).

written a couple of days later:

I find myself disagreeing with De Beauvoir more than I thought I would. I latched on to a book that understood me, so I could read the words and project them on myself; to understand myself. Within a short moment of self-reflection I looked back on the short encounter with a boy I started a short sexual relation with - It was just that. We’ve been distant friends for a couple of years and I deeply care about him - and what I wrote about him in relation to the work of Beauvoir is in a lot of ways is extreme. “normal” people have sex regularly and don’t feel the need to lay those experiences next to outdated feminist literature.

The writing could be escapism from reality, by writing about reality in a theoretical sense, as a way not to feel. I’m used to not feeling anything at all and be empty of thought. Not in a calm way, it occurs in moments of panic. It makes the day pass fast, when you have no sense of time or reality. At the same time, when you don’t feel it, it is as if you’re not alive. I understand my friends who engaged in really active sexual lives as a result of trauma. It is a search to feel alive. I wonder what kept me from doing the same.

I want to say that I respect my body enough not to do that but that would imply that there

is a relation between having a lot of sex and respect someone has for their own body. This sounds like a culturally learned lie. It is something else. I do not entirely know what this is. I came to the realization that the trauma state of being, the PTSD - that is not yet diagnosed but mentioned several times at therapy intakes - ;The feeling of nothingness comes with the belief that there is something fundamentally wrong and incurable with my body.

(8-5-23) This feeling faded away when EMDR worked after some months.

Dear ...<sup>1</sup>

I'm at the café where I wrote to you earlier. The letter you didn't want to take. A star on the envelop. Like the seals you use to close a letter, the old ones you need to break before you can open the paper. There are no more questions that could be asked It was all more than a year ago.

November 2021, that was when I lived in Paris. Optimistic with the idea

I'd could work with my agency there. I think you were afraid I would stay.

I asked your advice the day my agency ended the contract. I never intend- ed to stay. It was too important to go back. I had been on a waiting list for EMDR for about 2 years. Trauma therapy for PTSD. It wouldn't have mattered how things went between us. I needed to go back to the Netherlands when I did.

Maybe it seemed necessary for you to be unreasonable, that I would have stayed if you weren't. That I would be fragile, like the day I was when the agency ended the contract. That you wouldn't be able to help but still feel as if you should have been.

you can be so mean when you try to protect yourself.

Every encounter after February was to prevent the situation we are in now. I thought for a long time that if you had enough time, it could be alright. That you wouldn't think about every person before me that hurt you when you see me, get angry, would be so sure you'd been in this situation before, without letting me speak. It could be shame for being unreasonable when you try to protect yourself from old pain.

I don't blame you.

I hope you have the space to see me, to hear what was good in all this chaos.

A lot has changed in the last year. I want to tell you about it. I want to know what changed for you, if you still make paintings of stars and still have back pain. Or possibly not talk at all.

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<sup>1</sup> The original letter is in Dutch. All notebooks contain a small pocket of folded papers. They were torn out just in case I'd have a small coincidental encounter with the person it was writ- ten for. The type of encounter where you run into someone in the street and time only allows you to small talk or even a greeting.

When it's too emotional even this is avoided and only the eyes meet. If coincidence brings you in the same place to begin with.

It had happened in the past so I believe it could happen again. If coincidence doesn't bring me in the same place as this person. I'd like to believe the person already knows the content.

The last letter, I felt so much stress and panic from the idea of running into you when I'd be in Paris for a video shoot. That you would see me in the café you showed me. The idea that you might think this would all be about you that this would hurt you. ... Suggested to give you a heads-up about the film shoot. Knowing this idea could very well be true. I didn't expect you to be there. Only wanted to leave a note for you to find. I don't think

I made it better. In the moment it felt like the only option, a feeling of control about preventing pain. ... Knows a bit about the chaos, because he is a good partner for conversations in everything about sexuality that isn't heteronormative or non-binary identity. Everything has to do with everything.

Answers on questions I might have. I kept coming back to your café for the past year because of ... and ..., which was a good short friendship. I came back for them, but also for ..., she's the prettiest girl I have ever seen, and I wanted to talk to her on the days that she would work there. Now we go to museums sometimes on my short trips.

I dated with a boy from Paris for a little while. I told you about him, the last weekend I lived in Paris. I met him that weekend. I had no idea I would see him again. I saw him again 10 months later. During Christmas. I met his parents. He asked me if I wanted to live with him in his apartment in Paris.

I never took him to your café. He couldn't stand the idea that he would constantly hold my hand and you would be looking from the other side of the room.

Friends asked me who this boy was, that constantly looked towards our table. I didn't know what to tell them.

The boy I was dating. I don't see him anymore. Too many drugs, it made communication difficult.

I had with him what I thought I could have with you.

Something that would look like a relationship, but long distance, and open. Something with the possibility to try out things in regard to sex and intimacy, cause it was safe and comfortable. It didn't last long. I often thought that this type of contact would have been something that could suit you. It was something I couldn't do when we were still something.

You ones suggested this idea that you didn't want to be in touch, or didn't want to talk about emotional things, but if I would go to your house, and it would only be for sex, that this would be possible. A way to prevent feeling. You are one of the most emotional people I know, and it's the most beautiful thing about you. I don't think this would have worked for you.

I couldn't do it then. I could be possible now. Now I'm scared that you still can't look and there won't come a moment where enough time have passed. Time is relative, time will not help you. Time did show me how important you were, more than I could see then.

I want to apologise for any pain you felt, or might still feel, were I contributed a part in. If there are still pieces that hurt after this time, talking would be good.

A version of life where we can't speak when we see each other feels unthinkable, even when it is where we are now.

I wish you much of love.

I don't think you will read this.

If I run into you today, then it is the right moment for you to hear this.

I see you soon, hopefully in this life, if not here, then in the next.

The boy that wore my sweater  
oil paint on paper, 2 paintings of a sleeping boy

Written in a notebook on February 2022 In Paris

I have a headache from alcohol and cigarette smoke from the tiny room where I shared a cigarette with a boy I wanted to stand closer to. The smoking area was small. My clothes still have their smell. Everyone in the club seemed younger. We stayed in the club for 15 minutes. That evening we moved from bar to bar to a club, tour apartment. We traveled through the city at night with a group of 4.

Me and my roommate went to a cafe to meet a boy that she had been seeing for a couple of weeks. I had met him before when I went for dinner with her a couple of days before and he joined. They're not together but he lingers around her, absorbing the little free time she has. I can tell she's calculating if it is worth it, but she wants to see the best in people. She was happy to see him happy when he greeted us. I try to like him for her.

The bar we went to had a small opening in the front and a long narrow hallway towards the back with one line of tables. We got the table all the way in the back. It was quiet compared to the front of the overcrowded bar. This boy is good friends with someone who works at the bar. The little brother from the bartender joined us. He joined our table and seemed incredibly uninterested in our presents. He was on his phone chatting with a friend about the club where they wanted to meet. I was surprised when he asked us to join and realized that the disinterested was something I've made up. We were on our way to the club when we changed our minds and decided to go to a party with free entrance. We needed to kill some time in between. I showed them my favorite cafe. A hidden place in a quieter area. It seems like only people who have figured out these lives know this place. I'm not one of them, only pretending. Maybe they are too.

I ran into a friend I met here a couple of weeks ago. I didn't expect to run into her before leaving again and it felt like a relief to see her and hug her. We stayed for one drink and got offered shots after. I took analogue pictures of the boy that seemed uninterested. He didn't mind. I tried to tell him that I thought he was beautiful. That this was why I wanted to make the picture. When we arrived in the club, we shared a cigarette. I don't smoke.



We left soon to go back to the bar where his brother works, for drink “be- hind the curtains”, after closing. He’s brother had already left. We decided to go to our apartment. It was around 3 when we got there. We bought wine in a 24 hour supermarket. 3 bottles for 4 people. I’m not used to drinking more than 2 glasses in one evening.

It took a while before we got home but everyone seemed relieved when we got there and I wondered if this boy was going to sleep here or go home in a couple of hours.

We listened to music and danced really really ugly. I took more pictures. The apartment doesn’t have a Livingroom. My roommate has a one-per- son bed and a small couch. The room divided in 2 parts. A bedroom part and a living room part. We danced in the space between them and ended up on the one-person bed after the boys went to smoke. You must step over the bed to stand of the French balcony. The boy that I had just met that evening, he was wearing my sweater. He didn’t ask, he just took it before opening the window. When the boy that sunk down on the bed, he laid down on the little space that was left on the small matters. The sudden extra weight made my body sink towards him until I layed on his chest and we stayed like this.

The boy that is more or less involved with my roommate was on the other side of the bed and I hadn’t paid attention to him for a while until he asked, “You want to fuck him” I answered “What”. I tried to avoid answer- ing the question but needed to answer something so he wouldn’t ask it again.

I tried to avoid answering the question, because I didn’t want to say yes. But how else to say that you’re extremely drawn towards someone you’ve only just met and would approve of anything he’d proposed since everything in him seemed caring and gentle.

I avoided an answer, and he kept talking about how that wasn’t about sex, but showing appreciation through intimacy and I found myself disagreeing with almost everything he said. The wine made me blurry, and I didn’t want to answer. I told him that he had crossed a line by asking.

The boy that wore my sweater kissed me, when I laid on his chest, we were so close to each other’s faces that we kissed by a small tilt of our heads. The other people around us disappeared within this moment.

The boy that my roommate was seeing, I'd send him away later that evening. I had no idea what he wanted, but he wanted too much. We moved to the other room, which had been my room for the past month. It has a 2 person bed and it made more sense. For a moment everyone moved around, when to toilets, finished their wineglass and I just sat down on my bed. My room- mate joined me and kissed me. It felt like the entire month I lived with her built up towards this moment. I felt guilty for moving after that weekend. We had sex for a short moment. When I define sometime as sex with a woman is much different that a man. I called it sex. I found out later she did too. I was topless but still wearing my pants. There was a sense of safety within wearing this extra layer. The boy she was seeing. He got angry at her when I had sent him away. I heard them talk in the hallway. The boy I liked a lot. He had left the room for a short moment. He got overwhelmed from this other boy. There was something aggressive in his approach that no one seemed to like. He asked if he could kiss me. I said yes first, but not soon after. He looked at the boy I really likes, who then looked at me, as if he said, I don't want to do this either. So, I send him away.



8-5-2023

The boy that wore my sweater, that seemed uninterested in anything. He stayed till 3 in the afternoon the next day. We went to sleep at 7 in the morning. He slept almost the entire time he was there. I took a picture of him.

I made a painting from this picture.

I saw him again 10 months later. I tried to see him before, it never worked out during short travels to Paris for a couple of days.

We met the night before Christmas. For a drink, at a café. I stayed for almost 3 days. I met both his parents, separate visits to both of their current apartments. They had recently divorced. The boy didn't know how to deal with this new situation, or with life in general. He wanted to do everything right, he didn't know how so he drank, used coke instead in held my hand in the metro instead. I went with him when he went to buy Christmas presents for both his parents and he kissed me goodbye for the couple of minutes that we were in different stores. He asked me if I wanted to live there with him.

I said I couldn't. But I could visit. He said he loved, I said it back, but it wasn't true. But it was true enough, I think I could have, with more time.

This Christmas weekend was messier than how we had met. I saw him again 2 months later. I wanted to visit but he became unreachable. I was worried, he said I shouldn't be. He cooked me dinner, to apologize. He didn't eat, he took coke instead. I asked him when it would work out, when he's able to sleep. He said he didn't know.

We decided not to try to date. I was supposed to stay at his place that week. It didn't work out. I asked him if I could still stay that night. It was already late, and I had work early the next morning. He wanted to leave the apartment. I asked if it was because I was there. He told me not to think like that.

9-6-2023

Christian iconography to illustrate/ exedurate emotions.

I like to paint past lovers as holy figures, capture their radiance as if they're immortal.

to paint is to caputre a feeling. To make it life forever. A formula by adding all the time it takes to finish the painting as well as all the time it takes for a painting to desolve into nothingness. To make a temoraty memory something that could outlife me.





Videolab from Johanneke.  
a performative text  
an exercise to document a performative gesture.  
A text written for an assignment about the thought that keep you up at night

My mind is very active at night. It tires me in the day  
I'll wake-up in the morning feeling like I still need sleep. Tired from my dreams

Winter makes the lounging worse, or so people say  
I'm unsure if it's true  
A year ago I wrote, maybe some love only works in the winter  
written at the end of February what felt like the very first day of spring. Much brighter  
than the days before  
We ended things good, I thought. I was certain of it.  
you hope I'd meet other people, said you weren't the right one

I think we both wished you were  
I still think you could be  
around this time I also wrote how I think you didn't love me, but how you could if you  
decided you wanted to.  
A lot has changed in the short time of a year  
I don't want to tell you about it  
I hope you feel it when we meet again.  
hoped the fears cooled down  
We have a common friend who thinks I am your consciousness  
not that I'm in it  
or part of it. But that I am your consciousness  
When I asked for explanation there wasn't much besides that my being, my way of  
expressing and everything in my nature is in your too,  
but the hidden parts  
That we are the same and mirror parts of ourselves that we couldn't see in ourselves if  
the other didn't reflect them  
When I talk to them, they hear your voice, not mine  
you still speak through me, even after this long  
I don't know if you indented it to be like this.  
I wonder if it happens the other way around as well

I wonder what holds you back when you see me  
I'm too careful  
When I approach you, you say no  
or you did last time

why are you acting like I hurt you really badly?  
Did I?  
we talked, I checked, you said I didn't  
What you're feeling is so much bigger than the misunderstandings we had  
can you find me when they're cooled down?  
I run out of things to tell you so soon, I want to hold you, and I never wanted to hold  
anyone

I don't understand how this was different. I only know it was  
I don't know why this felt safe  
other people have been kinder to me, but I never wanted to be in their presents  
Sometimes I read books and I image myself reading the to you  
Hopefully visions are glimpses from the future, or universes parallel to this one, where  
we did better and managed to live near each other

I hope life unfolds in a way where we could  
a dream keeps coming back is us, in a house with a wooden floor, and blue book-  
shelves full with lp's and a record player on a coffee table  
dark blue bookshelves

I gave you my lp's from Prince, and the one I bought you for Christmas last year but  
never gave you

I'm very sorry a past lover contacted me  
I didn't know why, she seemed hurt, I wanted to approach it with care  
and with this, I didn't cut her off  
I should have  
It was a one sided conversation where she talked and I barely replied, she advised  
energy healing, a spiritual practice, that she said, made her feel lighter, she brought it  
up as a suggestion, that it might resolve my never ending skin irritations

In the mentioning of healing I feared the subject that made her feel heavy would come  
up, and I didn't want to talk about you  
I asked her if I was the right person , if we knew each other well enough,  
if it wasn't uncomfortable because I was closer with you than with her.  
she asked me straight away if we'd slept together  
I didn't want to lie  
I thought the reason for her to reach out to me could be because you already told her.  
I tried to tell you  
you didn't give me the space  
you were angry at me far before is.

I tried to tell you early January, before I could say anything you mentioned how you  
dad was never there growing up.  
not in an attempt to talk about that, but to portray an archetype you could relate to  
one that is always chasing an ideal, searching for new forms and new possibilities in  
life, in art  
meaning  
I shouldn't expect an answer on a text  
or any communication  
you'd be too busy floating between everything that feels like possibilities

you live the biggest paradox contemporary culture can image

You long for the artist life, but art, in essence rejects capitalism  
while being the face of contemporary capitalism, fashion, don't you see?

you explained that you don't look conventionally pretty  
you don't  
but like something that can easily be seen as whatever the watcher wants to see in it

how one photographer point out how you remind them of the rolling stones and the  
other mentions John Lennon  
but it's just a strange face hidden behind slightly long hair  
we are the same in this  
I got the same references  
I had people call me John Lennon, Mick, Bowie  
I like Bowie most  
I try to keep that

you know, you don't have to keep the person's people put on you?  
you can choose the ones you like

We both resemble feminine artists that have penises and made music that changed  
culture  
the pillars that hold up societies idea of the artists life  
the one you're still chasing while already embodying it

I know you don't like patti smith but you resemble her a lot, there is this one picture  
where she lays on a couch with a guitar on her body, face calm, as if she's sleeping  
you remember her in this picture  
narrow face, slightly too long nose, framed with her hair that does not quite yet touch her  
shoulders  
it's this picture as well as in her constant doubt about whether you are an artist or not  
you're trapped  
bound in the paradox  
escapism in the alter ego's you play in work  
they leak over in conversations when you try to protect yourself  
it is so vulnerable, hurt people can bite so much  
you already sacrificed so much  
too much to let go of it now  
unable to imagine another life, cause you know this one fits you so well  
the artist life, the arch rebel beyond all rules and laws  
a role that devotes strength and talent  
but still, nothing but that  
a role society allows you to play

this is quoted from the introduction of a season in hell, by Rimbaud, about 2 men who  
had a passionate relationship with obsession and love and desire to live this lawless life  
in the 19th century, to find new ways to create art.  
one almost killed the other  
they separated because one went to jail for this  
a friend gave me this book, said it reminded her of me. I know she means it in the sense  
of living for art and the passion for this and how it all doesn't mean anything with-  
out money because it has no means of existence

I read about those 2 men who almost killed each other and thought, this is us if I had  
a penis, if my nature was more violent  
men and their anger  
you carry so much of it  
you were never truly angry at me  
your emotions were much bigger than the misunderstandings we had  
old grievance about all that could have been rise up  
constantly feeling like you've been here before  
not wanting to repeat mistakes  
there is a lot of shame  
I think the shame holds you back  
she has an unjustified anger outburst that isn't about me.  
that I shouldn't be near you  
cause you can't stop them from coming out

could you believe me if I'd said I could see it wasn't about me? That I carry this anger  
too?

I thought myself to keep it in  
that your emotions are the most beautiful thing about you  
that I want you to teach me how to feel them. The world puts so much shame on anger

some love only works in the winter  
life passes too fast in summer, too much to feel  
touch, people to talk to, perspectives to learn  
rushed to get it all in  
a sense of time being limited  
fear that someone expects you to slow down for them

allow yourself to circle back  
you know how to find me  
I wish want to  
I know you want to

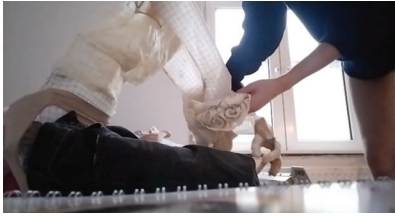
I hope the time is right  
I think both wish it was



As a lover I need hope

feedback session 7-6-23

Video lab assignment, 2 minute video about artistic practice  
video contains a voice over about the sculpture



On sexual violence

The sculpture.

metal/fabric/ paper tape/ pur foam

5-05-23 05:50 p.m in the train towards Amsterdam.

In the gathering of texts I considered to look for a text in my google drive, that has no title. I know how to find it but I'm scared to open the document. I wrote a 2 pages long letter. I brought it with me to the police station. I had an appointment in the summer of 2020 to talk to a boy that had raped me. It was a year later, I'm not sure how long exactly but long enough that the police wondered why I even decided to be there. The letter was written some days before, or weeks before in a model apartment. With girls I would never see again as support in this dreading attempt to find words for the physical pain inflicted by the feeling of helplessness.

I remember sitting in the red couch in the apartment that looked like an Ikea showroom. With a bright red couch that left marks on my legs and staring at the screen.

I had decided to continue with the report after being advised not to. I had 2 options. Dropping the report, and he wouldn't know I had been to the police in the first place. Or going again but having to speak to him myself. While it would be monitored by 2 women from the station. It wouldn't be recorded, like how my report was recorded. , because it wouldn't be an arrest and no further investigation would be held. He would have the choice to show up. No further consequences if he didn't.

I chose the second option. To speak with him. He was praised for showing up.

He didn't deny what had happened but said he didn't see himself as someone that would do that.

I can't recall what I had written but I'm scared to open it.

I wrote the letter in case I had to leave the appointment early. If I wouldn't be possible to make him aware how he was wrong. How he had hurt me. How the heaviness of distrust. glued my physical body to my bedroom. If been scared that every man I'd met looks like him. because he wasn't a bad person. He admired things about me. He didn't want to be turned down so he pretended that didn't happen. Repeatedly saying no didn't work cause he had already idolized me in his mind

the letter had to be good

To make him aware that everything he thought to be true was wrong.

I had to catch a flight that night. 20.30, to Milan. An appointment in the office of Dolce & Gabbana for a fitting. The show would be a week later

The objectification continues. Just in different forms.

Where my voice does not matter and I'm only in the room for my physical body and the fantasy other projected into it

He knew it was all wrong

he asked me if I was going to wear a pyjama pants.

Asked it in a way that suggested he hoped I wouldn't.

I told him I didn't have one here.

There was a silence

He wanted to sleep next to me with his body against mine.

I didn't

that didn't matter

only in the realization that I didn't bring clothes to stay the night he realized I was never supposed to be there. He told me a story about an older guy sneaking up on him in a corner of a nightclub during a fashion week after party.

He needed confirmation that he wasn't like the older predatory men in night clubs. I couldn't give him that.

He talked about how he would get into it if he saw anything like that happen.

I didn't think he would. I think he hoped someone else would have when he was in this place, against the wall.

He slept with his arms around me. I couldn't move.

I didn't give him the letter at this day at the station. But I stood up first. I said I needed to rush to the airport, because of a show. I mentioned the brand, someone must have asked.

I rushed towards that place where he ones wanted to be, but could never make it work. Maybe paralyzed by a fear that comes back in such places. He mentioned that night that he gave up the attempt to make it work. Early in the evening he mentioned how unsafe that work field could be. The irony.





It is difficult for men to measure the enormous extent of social discrimination that seems insignificant from the outside and whose moral and intellectual repercussions are so deep in woman that they appear to spring from an original nature. The man most sympathetic to women never knows her concrete situation fully. So there is no good reason to believe men when they try to defend privileges whose scope they cannot even fathom. We will not let ourselves be intimidated by the number and violence of attacks against women; nor be fooled by the self-serving praise showered on the 'real woman'; nor be won over by men's enthusiasm for her destiny, a destiny they would not for the world want to share.

Simone de Beauvoir. *The Second Sex* 1949

The bathroom mirror is different than any other in the house. It does not hold any judgement. It is the only one that can hold my naked body.

I try to soak away fear. Dissolve it with the pink salt. It helps with the red- ness of my pimples but not much else. I still try.

I try to read but there is no comfort in most books. The books lays next to the bath with wet fingertips on the cover. It is a different one it's time.





# Notes. reflecting back on Den Haag

the assignments all resolved around, what's the question you wanted to ask you audience? in this case being strangers on the street.

I don't want to know anything from strangers in the street

I almost never interested or curious about a reaction from a random crowd in an urban environment.

It made me question if this study was the right choice

I do have interest in collaborative project

but not with anyone that randomly encounters my intervention in the public space

I have no interest in the public space

I don't feel safe in the public space

For the sake of the assignment I formulated a question and asked it through spreading out an earlier work, a new paper.

I wrote the question down

can you send me a picture of your favourite piece of clothing?

I later changed the question to

do you think clothes hold memories?

I thought about a set of clothing I'm holding on to for 4 years

I rather hold on to it than sending it into to world not knowing where it ends up and who will be affected by the negative energy it carries

It's the clothes I wore when a boy raped me

I might make a sculpture with the clothes as material

an exorcism

The assignments were in Den Haag

I'm not familiar with the city besides childhood and early adulthood stories of skipping school to skateboard of trying drugs in anarchist club houses

stories told in the smallest apartment I've ever been in, 5th floor. the most bougie neighborhood in Paris

Ed van der Elst shot a lot of pictures in the area.

It's just below the river

The whole apartment was shaking when the metro underneath it would pass by

I only noticed at night

I became familiar with Den Haag through the stories told in Paris and felt incredibly homesick to the grey skies of Paris winter

It was my birthday somewhere in the middle of those 10 days

my new found artistic family joined me for a dinner in our temporary living space

a friend from Amsterdam visited

I flew away to cafe's for overpriced espresso's whenever time allowed it, overwhelmed by the new people and sad because of homesick feelings

I had no interest in talking to strangers in the street

or talking to anyone

or try out an intervention

I came up with a question, just for the sake of it

I had no interest in talking to strangers in the street  
or talking to anyone  
or try out an intervention  
I came up with a question, just for the sake of it

If I needed to do anything in the public space, I didn't want to be there, rather place something there instead of me  
I had a sculpture in mind of 2 bodies, hugging each other  
just upper bodies and arms, losing their human shape and being one shape together  
one needed to symbolise me  
the other my person from Paris

lovely irony, I run out of time and only made one body  
I dressed it in my clothes to make it more human  
the sculpture wasn't holding the clothes, the clothes were holding the sculpture  
without the stiff denim pants, the lower half of the sculpture would fall apart and lose all human references

the fragility seemed incredibly relevant,  
the lack of time, as well  
only one body  
my hand had scars from the iron wires that connected the pieces  
the sculpture has thin fabric skin

it's a human body, lacking any indication of gender  
shoulders the same width as mine

I was lounging for the safety and intimacy I had known for only a couple of short winter weeks  
I had a sculpture in mind that would embody this  
I failed tremendously in giving it this shape  
It embodied something else that I suppose needed to be exposed first  
I was confronted with the proportions of my body,  
seeing it mirrored outside of myself

My body image had been distorted ever since a boy touched it unconsensually  
I've been strict and unkind towards it ever since  
I blamed it for not being able to protect it

hormones influence the way a body reacts towards high stress situations  
where the masculine body more often is met with a rush of energy, active  
ready to defend itself, but often manifesting itself in violence  
the female body is more often met with fear that makes the body freeze

I wondered if I would be able to protect myself if other hormones moved through this physical body  
I'd do anything to get rid of this lifelessness that lingers on after fear moved through it  
thought hormone therapy could do it

I couldn't look at my body without dislike  
the way it looked got me in this place  
and when it was there it was unable to protect oneself.

than I made this sculpture (without breasts)  
with my hip width and shoulder width  
it moved me  
it's fragility became more and more clear when it was placed on a bench in a public space  
It did not belong there  
vulnerable, unable to protect itself from strangers that walked by

The current work that is still in progress is a screenplay making outfits have always felt like making characters. I wrote fiction from the stories I know



From Wikipedia

Waiting for Godot ( GOD-oh)[1] is a play by Samuel Beckett in which two characters, Vladimir (Didi) and Estragon (Gogo), engage in a variety of discussions and encounters while awaiting the titular Godot, who never arrives.[2] Waiting for Godot is Beckett's translation of his own original French-language play, *En attendant Godot*, and is subtitled (in English only) "a tragicomedy in two acts".[3]

My high-school art teacher talked about this play.  
I looked it up again 3 days ago

I haven't seen scenes from the play since highschool.  
My teacher (Bibi) said "They're endlessly waiting", looking at the screen that held images of film stills.

A girl sitting against a wall, alone, staring in the distance

3 girls sitting in line, in bathrobes waiting to be photographed  
a line of girls sitting, waiting to walk back and forth on their heels  
waiting to be judged

waiting in front of a bar, for a person

I wrote scenes that illustrate modeling work as close to the truth as I know how, the only visual representation to show those rituals is to show the waiting before you are allowed to participate. Because you need to be allowed, you to approval.

Waiting before being allowed to enter.

pretending to be new to gain attention. The cult of the newness, and when you've entered, the waiting for approval starts over again.

When you wait, the only thing you can do is adjust the imperfections. But you don't know for how long you have to do this and when it is enough.

There is one scene in French. My extra/models in the casting scene were mostly strangers that wanted to help me after finding the project through instagram. One of them spoke French. In this fictional world this casting took place in Paris, when in reality it was an empty office in Amsterdam. To make the fictional reality fit I asked them to speak French

It is an awkward smalltalk conversation between strangers, about waiting. I asked the French girl to read a book, to have something to do, and to do the most typical ritual of a casting. To change comfortable shoes to heels.

I searched for the play, waiting for Godot, after agreeing on the conclusion that all film stills capture people waiting. The opening scene of the play is a man sitting under a tree fixing his boot. I made a scene of a girl waiting at a casting, changing into heels.

In both fictional worlds, the conversation about waiting starts

waiting for Godot is an absurdist play, with many debates on its meaning. Written shortly after the second world war

the two debate when Godot will come, why they're waiting and whether they're at the right tree. The question, what should the characters do?

They're waiting for this vague figure. Waiting for this man to give them meaning

theater of the absurd is a movement that emerged after the second world war. Artists carry the trauma of the past years with them, questioning the meaning of devastation.

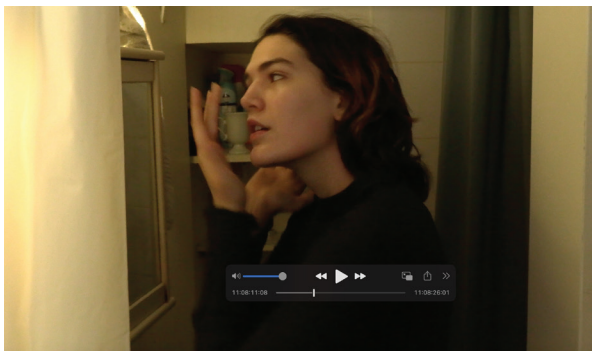
It felt fitting. I can't relate to questioning devastation but surround myself in questions about the superficial nature of this illusion we're all asked to perform. Creating this perfect image. Why we need it, why we do it, why there is so much money involved in it that gives it the importance and power that it has. How it influences and takes over the private life and the lie that the illusion becomes reality after waiting just a bit longer. If you name it like this, it does sound like something close to devastation.

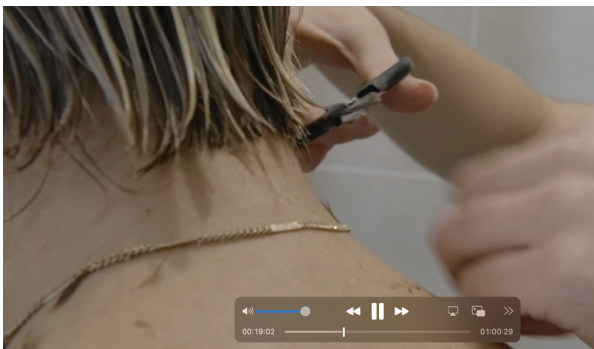
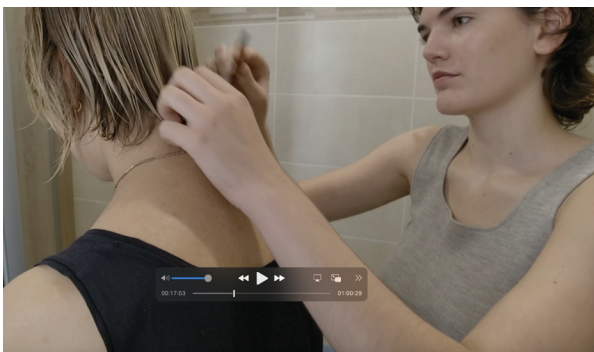
the waiting illustrates the uncertainty

Seeing the scene that accidentally looked like the opening scene of waiting for Godot felt like an approval for vagueness.

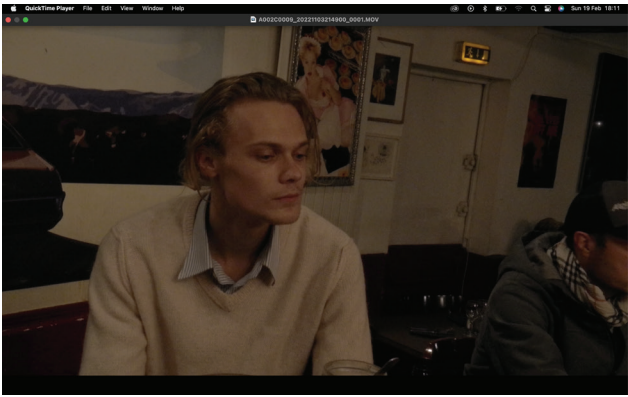
scene of people who are waiting carry meaning on itself and is not just a means to pass time before entering a tension curve.

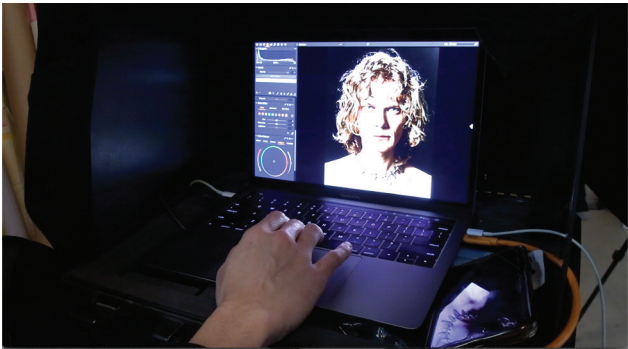












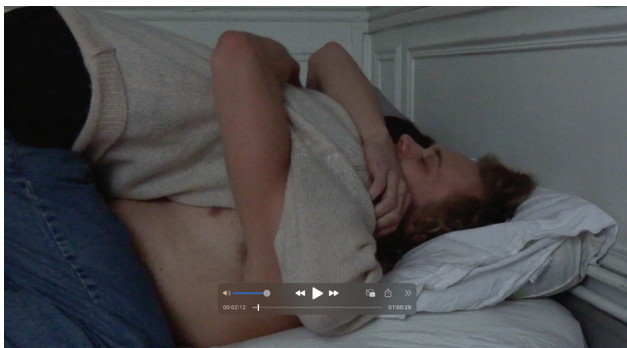


## Desire/Love

from the preface.

I have gather something about love from worrying about the problem of getting exemplification right. The example is always the problem for love/desire. The power of any particular case of desire/love. has to do with the ways it taps into - embodies or seems to transcend - consious and unconscious fantasies. Another way yo say it: where love and desire are concerned there are no adequate examples; and all of our own objects must bear the burden of exemplifying and failing what drives out attachment to them

lauren Berlant



setlist. All the scenes.

Yellow is already done,

green is the original idea, but can be replaced with shot's that are already made

Pages below for setlist with picture references. Pictures with yellow outline are the ones we already shot

## part 1. New relationship

alternative opening scene. Ingmar/Sasha smoking outside, conversation about how they used to be a couple, not said literally.

Talking about going abroad for work, working for the same brand for the first time in a long time.

purpose of the scene is Smalltalk about dark circles, the pressure about their appearance and the insecurity of the work field.

Sasha plays a very cold character. It illustrates the fear of Jules about a partner leaving

opening scene, intro titles over the screen. Shot in front of the laundry place

### scene 1: Paris

In the metro, Noa reads a book, head on the shoulder of Juul. no dialogue

### Scene 2: Paris

Filmed directly after scene 1, in one take. Purpose is to show that the film is set in Paris

### scene 3: dialogue Ingmar/Sasha

scene 3.5: Paris, table with a magazine on it, picture of Juul on the cover, small round very Parisian table, ideally wind that opens the magazine

### scene 4: Amsterdam (29 jan)

casting scene. Very crowded space, lots of models, and a small white room. models have to walk back and forth and take polaroids in the same space as the other models. very awkward, surreal scene

scene 5: bedroom in paris, they wake up in the apartment of Juul, short conversation about having to go to a casting (another one)

part 2. breaking point in their relationship/ individual portraits/ they separate.

(in between scene where they have a fight, no dialogue, music for tension build up)

Personal portrait a very still shot of them separately

solo scene Charly.

scene 6. Groningen

In the netherlands, big backpack, Noa opens a door, hangs her coat up, she gets a phone call

solo scene Charly

scene 7. Groningen. Noa lays in bed reading, gets up to write something down in a notebook (camera movement like scene from Fallen Angel) Or scene with installing a film projector.

solo scene Charly. scene 8

Putting up a beamer/projector in the bedroom, laying in the bed, watching a film

solo scene 9 Charly. Sleeping. daylight

scene 10: Amsterdam

Juul in hair/makeup at a shoot, close up of his face

solo scene Ingmar

scene 11: Amsterdam

Juul getting dressed with a stylist at a shoot

solo scene Ingmar

scene 12: Amsterdam

Juul at the photoshoot, closeup of his face while you hear camera clicks on the background, photoshoot flashes merch into club light flashes

solo scene Ingmar

scene 11 Rotterdam

Juul alone in a techno club

extra shot in more crowded techno club

solo scene Ingmar

- scene 12 Juul in techno club where he talks to a girl he had seen before on a photoshoot

- face close-up, eye contact Elle

- shot walking through the crowded space

- shot Sasha dancing

scene 13: hugging in front of a bar. long slow scene (meet again after separation)

Scene 14: Groningen

model apartment, Noa in a bed, reading a book, another model is sleeping in the same bed next to her

Scene 14: Groningen

model apartment, Noa in a bed, reading a book, another model is sleeping in the same bed next to her

scene 15: model apartment Noa cuts the hair of another model

Scene 16: possibly another casting scene

possibly this dialogue can be recorded in the Netherlands, but put over a scene we already did and create one extra scene with the dialogue in front of a white wall

scene 17: Paris

fight, in an apartment. Apartment where Juul lives, he's really stressed about a coming big work thing, they talk about silly things like how he might get bangs again.

Juul is very frustrated with Noa suddenly being there again without much notice before hand, they have a big fight in the bedroom of this apartment. the main reason for this is that he doesn't want a relationship with her as long as it's not sure if she can stay there. It's the constant frustration of waiting for the other to leave again cause they're out of work option

part 3. they meet again but the relationship is awkward and distant

scene 18: scene in amsterdam (29 January)

Noa walks on the streets of amsterdam and passes a bookstore, she's confronted with a magazine cover of Juul bookstore or a wall with pictures of this magazine cover

very unsure if this scene stays:

scène 19 dream. Groningen (or photo studio in Utrecht)

You see a scene which in inside the head of Noa, an all white space, the ground filled with magazines, pages move in the wind. One closeup of a magazine, there are no real magazine pages. You only see pictures inside of Juul sleeping (images of a very early scene)

scene 20 they run into each other at a bar, and they don't know how to talk to each other

- Charly alone at a table

- Shot from outside

- Ingmar alone at the bar

---

setlist as before the last trip in March. first film day on the 19th of March

all the green scenes were filmed.

scene 1,2, 17

extra scenes, 14

an extra version of scene 6, later called 6b (jules his side of the phonecall)

## scenes with picture references / Dialogue

Openings scene intro titles over the screen (possibly instead of the metro scene)  
longer quite scene, possibly already with music, introducing both of the main characters. slow long seeing so the audience can adjust between the contrast of the real reality and the cinematic reality.



scene 1/2

metro version:



Juul and Noa sitting next to each other. Noa reads a book. She highlight a sentence with a pencil from her pocket, she shows the sentence to Juul.

Noa is really calm and relaxed, places her head on his shoulder, Jules is a bit restless and looks up at the board with the names of the metro stops. He stands up first after 3 stops, Noa follows him, camera follows them outside.

the orange metro line. Place d'Italie towards the city center (this part of the line is mostly above ground)

Filmed between 19th / 21th of March  
not looked back yet, still on the harddrive from heleen



Openings scene. Conversation Ingmar/Sasha. Scene 3  
(similar frame to the still from the laundry place)



they stand outside, Sasha in a bathrobe, Ingmar in normal clothes. Sasha isn't dressed right to be outside. They're outside at a photoshoot set. Sasha went outside in a bathrobe to smoke for a short moment. Ingmar's call time was later, and he just arrives. Still wearing his own clothes. They used to be close friends when they worked together very often for this brand. They stopped booking Sasha, she's back after not working for a couple of months. Her agency arranged a trip that she could go far abroad (China/Japan, outside of Europe) for an unknown amount of time. They talk about trying to stay in touch. Sasha doesn't want this.

Ingmar: I suppose so  
Sasha: I think I might lose this job because of them  
Ingmar: no, they can't do that  
Sasha: of course they can  
Ingmar: When is your next fitting?  
Sasha: I think I have to go back any moment, I sneaked out.  
short pause, smokes  
I really thought they wouldn't book me anymore, it's been a long time. I haven't been here in months, they only wanted new faces the last 3 seasons

Ingmar: You want to try to stay in touch?  
Sasha: That sounds like a joke, we only stayed in touch when we booked the same jobs and they stopped booking me  
pause  
Sasha: no, I don't want to try that ..... we'll be in different time zones anyway

She puts out the cigarette, as if she's in a rush to get inside. They don't look at each other during the conversation. Before she's ready to go back inside she looks at him.  
she reaches something on his face.

Sasha: there is an eyelash on your cheek, stay still

Removes an eyelash from his cheek

Ingmar: wait, your cold  
he gives her a hug, a short fast one, in Sasha's body language you see she's in a rush to get back inside. She smoked the cigarette in a really short time during the short conversation (or throws the last bit away) possibly still holding the cigarette here, during the hug, or puts it out just before (what is most natural in the moment)

scene not filmed yet

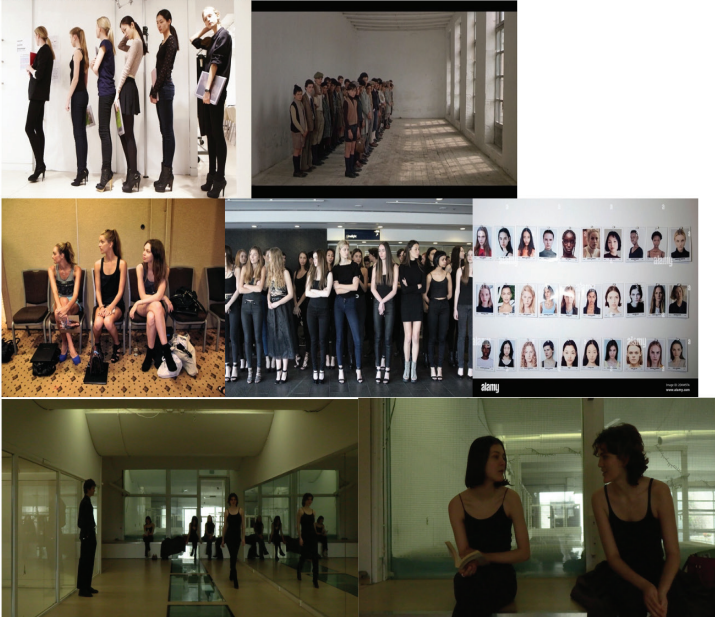
scene 3.5 Magazine on table, pages move in the wind

**scene 4. Amsterdam**

casting scene. Very crowded space, lots of models, small white room. models have to walk back and forth and take polaroids in the same space as the other models

room with mirrors on one side, to capture 2 activities in one shot without cutting. One with the dept of the room, mirror wall on the right, models standing/waiting on the left side, camera makes a turn from a static point when Noa walks, you see the other models watch her through the mirror

reference. Might do again to create this effect of scene 19

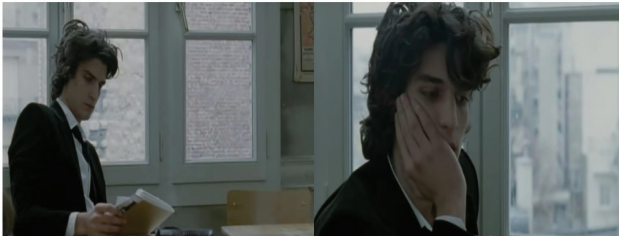


**scene 5: bedroom in paris, they wake up in the apartment of Juul, short conversation about having to go to a casting (another one)**



### scene 6.1

Phone call, dialogue on next page  
Noa at home in the Netherlands  
Jules in his apartment in Paris



solo scene Charly.

### scene 6.2. Groningen

In the Netherlands, big backpack, Noa opens a door, hangs her coat up, she gets a phone call

Purpose of the scene: Jules think they have separated after this. Jules calls Noa to ask her where she is, he's ~~supposed~~ she's back in the Netherlands, the tone of his voice is a bit angry. He is frustrated. It makes clear why Jules doesn't want to commit to the relationship. It shows the unreliable factor.

In this scene Noa is very naive and optimistic, she has the idea that she will be back soon despite having no certainty over this.

Juul is convinced that this is not the case

"owh I'll be back soon" without knowing when she'll be back

Dialogue (in Dutch)

telefoongesprek.

Noa: Hey

Juul: Hey, waar ben je?

Noa: wacht, ik zet je op speaker, ik ben mijn jas aan het uitdoen.

Noa: ik ben thuis

Juul: thuis?

Noa: Nederland thuis

Juul: owh

Noa: owh?

Ik ben net aangekomen

Juul: had je niks kunnen zeggen?

Noa: ik kon je niet bereiken, ik heb je gezegd dat ik niet wist hoe lang het zou zijn.

Juul: weet je wanneer je terug bent

Noa: geen idee, als ik weer castings heb

het is bijna february, bijna fashion week

Juul: ja, weet ik, dan waren dit pre-castings

Noa: ik denk het, geen idee

Juul: maar je weet dus nog niet wanneer je terug bent

Noa: nee, hoezo?

stille

zou je willen dat ik terug zou komen?

dialogue starts shortly after Charly walks in, she walks to the place to hang her coat, put down a big backpack, walks towards the end of the hallway, stays there to continue the conversation, she leans against the wall, you see her side profile

phone towards the door  
dialogue starts shortly after Charly walks in, she walks to the place to hang her coat, put down a big backpack, walks towards the end of the hallway, stays there to continue the conversation, she leans against the wall, you see her side profile  
phone towards the door

Filmed between 19th / 21th of March

not looked back yet, still on the harddrive from heleen



6.5 Ingmar alone in his room, Paris (Fanny's room) holding the phone, no dialogue, listening to the phone, holding a call card that ~~008~~, left behind by accident. Him sitting on his bed or close to the window

solo scene Charly. scene 7 Groningen

In the scene Charly reads a book, lays down while reading, gets up, camera moves with her, handheld camera. She gets a notebook, lays down again, makes a mark in the book, and write the quote down.



scene 8

setting up a projector. Bed in the background



In the scene Charly reads a book, lays down while reading, gets up, camera moves with her, handheld camera. She gets a notebook, lays down again, makes a mark in the book, and write the quote down.

Alone at home in the Netherlands

It needs to capture a sense of boredom. One shot where it's dark/evening, reading or setting up the film projector.

One scene during the day where you see sunlight and Noa sleeps



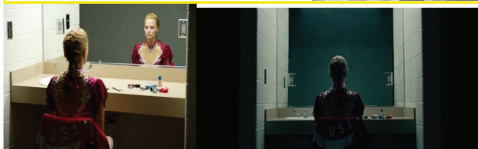
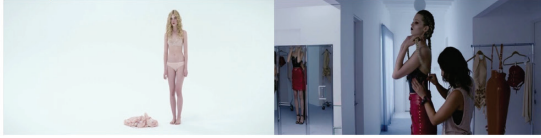
Scene 9. sleeping



solo scene Ingmar

scene 10: Juul in hair/makeup at a shoot, close up of his face

reference pictures from Neon Demon:



(references for shot, alone with a mirror, in hair/make-up before the photoshoot)  
Not the right kind of mirror available on location, possibly doing this shot again.

# Description as copied from the work document used on set

bolo scene Ingmar

scene 13 Rotterdam, close-up Ingmar's face (eye contact Elle), crowded space in the background.

scene 14. Jou talking to Elle, girl he met before on the work photoshoot

scene 15. Walking through the crowded space

scene 16 Sasha dancing



Still from film fallen angel

2 pictures, unknown source, visual archive from Heleen

picture from an earlier shoot day

still from music video from singer Tamino

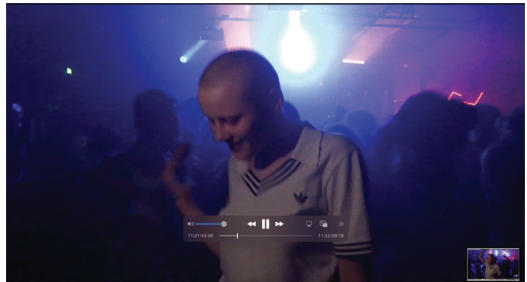
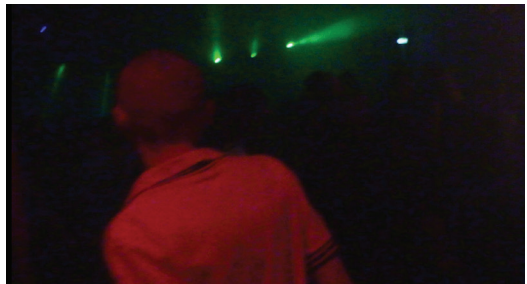
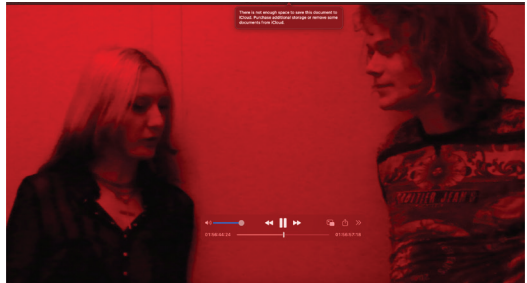
The shot

Seperated in 2 film days  
2 different club evenings.

second and last picture  
were on the first shoot day  
Those were filmed by my-  
self with Ingmar and Elle  
as actors.

The other were shot later  
with Heleen for the cam-  
era work.

one of the early pictures  
is added in the later work  
document



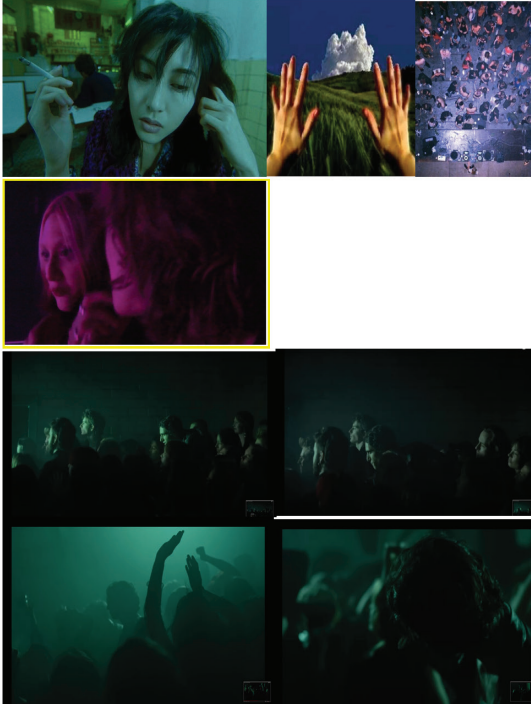
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scene 14 Juul talking to Elle, girl he met before on the work photoshoot

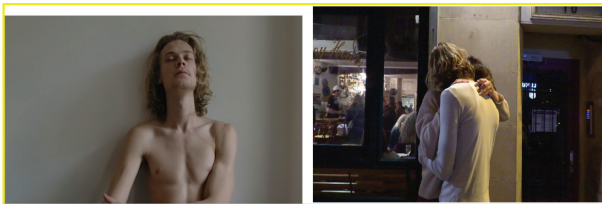
scene 15. Walking through the crowded space

scene 16 Sasha dancing



scene 17

extra shot. Ingmar alone after the club night



scene 18: hugging in front of a bar. long slow scene (meet again after separation)



19. extra scene. in Airbnb die aansluit op de knuffel scene  
 possibly, neck kiss: focused on the top of someone's head and the back of the head, so you see mostly hair. the faces stay quite anonymous



Like previous picture a sense of anonymity, where you don't see the faces, the back of one of the characters as the center



Legs twisted around each other, one wearing jeans (just for the confusion, and the contrast) shot from the end of the bed

solo scene Charly Scene 20: Paris  
 model apartment, Noa in a bed, reading a book, another model is sleeping in the same bed next to her. Call Cards on the ground, close up on a suitcase with heels in it and the callcard  
 extra: Bianca (like in the haircutting scene)



scene 15: model apartment Noa cuts the hair of another model



scene 21. Nog een casting scene. Met meer figuren (vanwege afzeggingen bij de vorige film dag) Laatste film dag, omdat niet zeker is of deze scene nodig is.

# References: scene 14



picture from boys in a shared model apartment 2017.  
Milan fashion week  
picture from Tumblr  
still from the Film Cold war  
picture of James Dean reading a magazine, a friend  
sleeps next to him  
picture from tumblr  
picture from tumblr

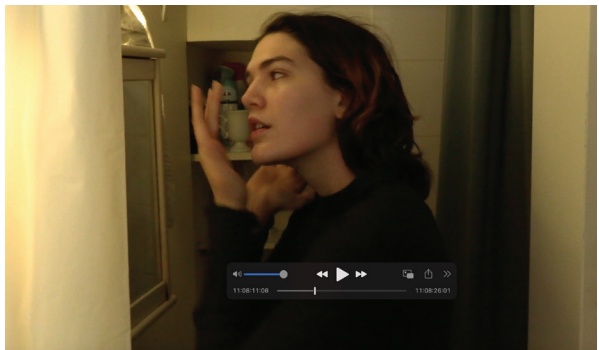
## Scene description

Model apartment. Charly/Bianca (part of the hair cutting scene)

1 full body shot

head to toes, 2 people in the low bed of the buckbed. as much distance as possible in the small space

## The shots



It was not possible to get enough distance from the bed for a full body shot this was an airbnb in paris. around 60 euro for a night. Was booked for one night. The scene was shot in the morning before we left.

at 6.30 in the morning, before Charly went to school

Me and Heleen stayed here after we went out on our last night

We tried to do the scene in the evening, the sd card was full

scene 22. Paris frans appartement. Airbnb

Ruzie scene in Airbnb

Dit is het appartement van Jules. Een andere scene in zijn appartement is de ochtend scene op de slaapkamer van Emy. Deze scene moet in de woonkamer, zodat het lijkt alsof je in hetzelfde huis bent. De kamer is heel klein, er mogelijk probs, etc. zichbaar zijn; Spullen en kleding van Ingmar

Deze scene zit aan het einde van de film. Het begin van de film geeft de relatie weer zonder problemen. De casting van Noa is geweest en de scenes waar ze in haar huis is Nederland is. Ze is onverwacht weg gegaan. Jules had verwacht dat ze niet meer terug zou komen. In de ruzie houdt Noa vol dat ze had gezegd dat ze weer terug zou zijn en Jules probeert haar uit te leggen hoe onvoorspelbaar het is het en hoe het ook maanden had kunnen duren voor de terug was.

Het is ochtend, ze drinken koffie. Jules heeft haast en moet om 10 uur op werk zijn. Hij is onrustig. Charly staat stil op 1 plek in de kamer, Ingmar loopt heen en weer, trekt een jas aan, pakt een koffie kopje op etc.

Jules probeert een serieus gesprek te vermijden omdat hij snel naar werk moet, Noa vraagt door omdat ze door heeft dat er iets niet goed zit. Improviseren zoals de scènes die we op straat hebben gedaan.

Charly staat links bij het raam. Ingmar beweegt door de ruimte, loopt van de tafel naar de koffie machine, naar de spiegel recht van de deur om te checken of hij er ready uit ziet voor het werk dingwaar hij naar toe moet. Opent het raam om te roken.

Charly heeft een koffie kopje vast



weinig tekst, je merkt dat Jules onrustig is en ergens meezit. Noa staat stil, drinkt de koffie, kijkt naar hem

## The script:

Charly staat links bij het raam. Ingmar beweegt door de ruimte, loopt van de tafel naar de koffie machine, naar de spiegel recht van de deur om te checken of hij er ready uit ziet voor het werk dingwaar hij naar toe moet. Opent het raam om te roken.

Charly heeft een koffie kopje vast.

weinig tekst, je merkt dat Jules onrustig is en ergens meezit. Noa staat stil, drinkt de koffie, kijkt naar hem

Charly: je bent zenuwacht?

Ingmar: nee

(kijkt haar niet aan, is bezig met andere dingen)

Charly: nee?

oogcontact, kijken elkaar aan

Ingmar: jawel

stilte

Ingmar: Ik denk niet dat je het snapt, het gaat echt om een hoop geld

Charly: maar dat heb je vaker, er is iets anders

Ingmar kijkt weg.

Pakt een pakje sigaretten, doet het raam open, ze staan tegenover elkaar in stilte

Charly zet haar kopje neer, geeft hem een knuffel

Charly: het is omdat ik weg ging?

stilte

Ik zij toch dat ik terug zou komen?

Ingmar is nog aan het roken terwijl Charly de bovenstaande tekst zegt en hem knuffelt. Zijn houding is redelijk passief

Hij doet de sigaret uit in een schaalpje dat op tafel staat

omhelst haar terug als de sigaret weg is

camera perspectief veranderd. Naar close-up op de gezichten

Ingmar: ik dacht dat je niet meer terug zou komen

stilte

de meeste mensen zouden niet terugkomen

hoofden tegen elkaar (zoals onderstaande foto).

Ingmar: Ik weet niet of we dit kunnen blijven doen.

stilte

Ingmar: ik weet niet of ik het wel als we niet weten of je hier blijft

Charly: weet je het zeker?

stilte

Ingmar: ik moet gaan