

PARANYMPH (Slush Puppies)

AARO MURPHY ^{FIN}

ARIE DE FIJTER ^{BE}

CAROLIN GIESSNER ^{DE}

EVA HOONHOUT ^{NL}

KIM WAWER ^{NL}

KRISTOFFER ZEINER CHRISTIANSEN ^{NO}

LILY LANFERMEIJER ^{NL}

MONICA MAYS ^{SPA}

NEELTJE TEN WESTENEND ^{NL}

SHIH HUI HUNG ^{TW}

STEF VAN DEN DUNGEN ^{NL}

paranymph (slush puppies)

GROUP SHOW

DE FABRIEK, Eindhoven
June 4th — 12th 2016

Works by STUDIO FOR IMMEDIATE SPACES, 2016

Aaro Murphy, Arie de Fijter, Carolin Gießner, Eva Hoonhout,
Kim Wawer, Kristoffer Zeiner Christiansen, Lily Lanfermeijer,
Monica Mays, Neeltje ten Westenend, Shih Hui Hung, Stef van den Dungen

Curated by Ivan Cheng

PUBLICATION

by STUDIO FOR IMMEDIATE SPACES
with texts by Ivan Cheng, Annie Goodner, Nolwenn Salaün

Photography by Ivan Cheng,
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THANKS TO

Paultje, Koen, and de Fabriek Eindhoven.
Ezra Fieremans, Anna Reutinger, Nolwenn Salaün, Annie Goodner,

Sarah Soethoudt, Miss Nederland
Studio for Immediate Spaces / Sandberg Instituut



paranymph (slush puppies)

someone's been mixing the kaas croissants
with the ham and kaas croissants
 apotropaic pyrrhic dancer...
 shades of orange, current situation
 a dog named snowflake...

everyone involved in this exhibition is not a vegetarian.
I find this strange. the first day that we found ourselves
together as a group of thirteen (SIS + me) was Sunday,
and Aaro and Caro cooked tricolore pasta spirals, deviant
carbonara. bits of ham.

a line and a wave
dirty fucking curves
no in-roads, not an about
way of making a round

when I arrived the night before, I walked up the road to
doner dream and ate a kapsalon. pensive tap into iPhone

Ijsblock taxi
Everest

Storage?

Put into skin
Dog whisperer
Obstacles
For a wedding Underground dog fighting
Eating donuts

Looks fine but where's the tension?

Hair
Booga nose
Or like, lower subjectivity
Light saturation

on Monday, Kim made a soup with sausage through it,
porcine cylinders, with lentils and avocado salad.

and on Tuesday evening I played 'masterchef' in a burrito
salon, wearing an apron while monica and caro and lily
prepared beef and beans. I grated cheese and went with my
tail between legs to the jumbo to buy extra onions and cherry
tomatoes for pico de gallo and the guacamole. (we had made
a bit of a fuss about being carded for buying beers)



KRISTOFFER ZEINER CHRISTIANSEN



TOILET, TOILET REFRESHER,

POLYPROPYLENE, STEATITE, A4 PAPER, RUBBER STYROFOAM, BOOK SHELF, WATER KETTLE,

POLYPROPYLENE, OAK, CLAY, NYLON WIRE, BEECHWOOD, RUBBER, RUBBER STYROFOAM,

the jumbo supermarket is a support structure, filled with support structures. there is a coffee machine, and nearby a wooden roundabout bench brimming with a display of stroopwafels. our dinners each evening are budgeted to cost each eater around two or three euro.

collection is difficult.

difficult location of the economies in the exhibition?
difficult recollection of the economies of the exhibition.

in an essay titled ALL THAT IS SOLID MELTS INTO SLUSH, Mathew Abbott continues from a Benjaminian conception of collection: *the essential “heritability” of true collections: they are attempts at transmitting something. The hoarder, on the other hand, refuses this relation with the future, and cannot conceive of passing on his collection.*

When the collector dies, he is survived by something relatively solid, ordered, and transmissible. When the hoarder dies, he and his hoard are condemned to merge with the capitalist slush they were originally trying to resist.

brain occupied by the quick churning out of material
for this to appear on page. print deadline

In this show, perhaps time empties itself out?

This is an exhibition that marks the end of the first year of study for the Studio for Immediate Spaces, a department at the Sandberg Instituut, Amsterdam, under the direction of Leopold Banchini as Anne Holtrop leaves.

- heavier departures - - ^ - - As I write, a type of emptiness from the news of Sara Ahmed leaving the Centre for Feminist Research that she was so deeply implicated in at Goldsmiths, for the institution's inability to deal with sexual harassment. Institutions and the possibility of dismantling. The power of the particular over the general, of addressing the problematic 'foundations' upon which many relationships are constructed. -

so in this form, forum, of a mid-masters-degree marker show in which my primary interest was trying to activate an awareness of affective economies in which their professional lives might (or might not) proceed, i may have made a grievous error, letting the stakes lie in perpetuating market structures and encouraging each student I met with to focus on the physical and conceptual manipulation of materiality and to be able to stand beside their choices.



KRISTOFFER ZEINER CHRISTIANSEN



STEATITE, A4 PAPER, RUBBER STYROFOAM, BOOK SHELF, WATER KETTLE,

TOILET, TOILET REFRESHER,

POLYPROPYLENE, OAK, CLAY, NYLON WIRE, BEECHWOOD, RUBBER, RUBBER STYROFOAM, BOOK SHELF, WATER KETTLE,



STEF VAN DEN DUNGEN

As an unpaid but invited 'curator' and colleague from the Critical Studies program from the same academy, I attempted to emphasise my interest in individually supporting each student rather than interfering directly in their developing group dynamic. But hopefully it can be read as a negotiation of latent collectivity, a refusal to necessarily impose a group-ness or a for-the-sake-of-producing type of collaboration.

not sure if I'm too defensive in this text, a support structure for this exhibition that marks the end of the first year of study for the Studio for Immediate Spaces, a department at the Sandberg Instituut.

a faltering standee

what function can end of year exhibitions perform and how do we impose interests over each other? how to negotiate space when it can't truly be immediate, when one is mired in the intermediate?

growing to know / getting to know / trying to know (to pass)

crippling trust

--- carries out the eclipse of concretion,
and eclipse to which expression is refused
by a reality in which the concrete continues
to exist only as a mask of the abstract
adorno – aesthetic theory sentence pt1

a paranymp in the academy
paranympae to each other
paranymp curator
artist as paranymp to work
paranymp for your wedding day

marriage became centred, a
display of relations
look, marriage is a metaphor. marriage between
student and institution, person and history

yes, over dinners there have been literal remarks about coming to know each other better, for instance, that Stef has the ability to inhale a stretched out condom through his nostril and pull it out through his teeth.

we've discarded the proposal of making a film which might be a narrative psychodrama about dogs, objects from the show turned into props out of their real meaning, real meaning created out of 'natural behaviours' and projection of human qualities onto the work.



KIM WAWER

a dog show where these interdisciplinary cross-breeds are judged against each other.

later that evening we were negotiating how to leave bikis bar, damp with sweat and grim with tobacco. they say, ivan have you seen this yet and I say no so I start walking in the right direction. how did you know they say and I say, it's my sense of smell.

there are skeletons displayed under filthy glass at the steps of the cathedral. the skeletons are tall, Kristoffer tells me that Dutch men are the tallest etc Monica's face is not so far from mine and she says that maybe instead of a marriage, it should be a funeral. it's a bit rainy seeming as well. I tell her I don't think it's such a good idea to invite the idea of death into our show in this way, there are delicate situations with a few of the group and it is not the most interesting thing to torture work like this to force it into submission as a memorial for potential.

Constancy and Consistency
the idea of defense, and teaching defense.
predication on lack

The dog named was Golda, the recently deceased collie of my piano teacher's widow.

Such stature
Nolwenn Salaün

There is a curious melody coming from the room next door. The player obviously knows what they are doing. A sound controlled is always appealing. A sound controlled? The sound of control, perhaps. It's first impressive, then attractive. And I want to be part of it. I want to be in it, to have the feeling of being it, of being a piece of the hosting chamber, one of the things forming the resonance of the chamber and the music, simultaneously.

Chamber, music.

Chamber music: a tonality specific to a location, a flavour emanating from the space between two or many bodies, between two or many fences.

Chamber music: it used to gather small ensembles composed of different instruments, each of them so particular, each of them shaped and sounding so singular. But they are meant to match, they are meant to compose, together (they are meant to).



CERAMICS, FABRIC, VIDEO,

PERFORMANCE , FABRIC, VIDEO,

CERAMICS, FABRIC, VIDEO, PERFORMANCE , FABRIC, VIDEO,

There lies a circle, a warm space, a safe corner.
 The instruments are conversing, their voices
 respond to each other, in accordance with the other,
 in accordance with the audience. The goal is to maintain
 a presence, to maintain a tone and respect a volume.
 Not too loud, not too slow.
 The goal is to maintain a presence, its simple existence
 on the score, in the score,
 or its inhabitation of the room, of minds, its settling
 of memories. By reflecting the enveloping unity, it fills
 the floor and other cavities: a room, a brain. Spatial, cranial.

You notice, after having approached your seat and
 prepared to play your part, that you are stuck in a
 carcass: the carcass of your seat, the structure of
 the space, the carcass of the beat.
 Once you've touched the door, walked on the wooden
 ground or the tiling, you follow their lines, curves and
 straight surfaces, and they follow you; you're just an
 intermediary. The sound was there when you arrived,
 the sound will be there if you quit.

It seems that your skin is turning slightly grey-ish.
 It's funny, you've started to match the other bricks
 (the other pillars, the other players).

Make an impression and cultivate distance / don't slip
 but slide between walls and doors and pores / turn around
 and go round to potentially play around / the compromise
 is the disguise, you enter and you flatter / you flatter your
 way in, but it has just started / embrace the pitch, avoid
 friction / facing neighbours, faking collaborators.

Your skirt has never been a better apparatus. You use it to
 flirt, to get yourself closer. Once inside, you don't use it
 but mimic it, you go around, distance yourself with subtlety and
 walk along the walls. The retreat is less foreseeable this way,
 less predictable — less suspected.
 Does attraction always morph to deception {délusion},
 disillusion? a trap.

They have installed amazing chairs lately,
 they literally embrace your body, back and butt.
 You couldn't be in a better situation, better position,
 better condition.

- - <http://mentalfloss.com/article/64333/brief-history-slush-puppie>

Despite the juice content, the slushies are filled with artificial colors, preservatives, and some varieties have high fructose corn syrup added. An eight-ounce Slush Puppie contains 119 calories, which according to Calorie King, would take a 31-minute walk to burn off. Yet, it tastes delicious.

Radcliff's flavored ice pellets beverage gambit took off and by 1999 sales had escalated to \$25 million a year—that's a lot of slush! An astute businessman, he eventually parlayed his idea into a global phenomenon; Slush Puppies have



SHIH HUI HUNG



LATEX, WOOD, STEEL, VIDEO, WOOD, LATEX, STEEL, LATEX, WOOD, STEEL, VIDEO, WOOD, LATEX, STEEL, LATEX, WOOD, STEEL, VIDEO

found their way into 62 nations, including parts of Africa and Europe, via 650,000 machines. “If it ain’t fun, to hell with it,” was one of Radcliff’s favorite aphorisms, though he admitted to the Cincinnati Enquirer in 1998 that, “It doesn’t always work that way all the time, but that’s what we shoot for.”

Because of his successful concepts, Radcliff had earned enough money by the age of 40 to purchase two Learjets and a Mercedes S500 with the license plate “1 SLUSH.”

Unfortunately, Radcliff died on September 18, 2014 in Cincinnati, due to complications from a fall. He was 74 years old. His utilitarian Cincinnati home is currently on the market for a cool \$695,000, and features a laundry chute, a dumbwaiter, and an elevator. Even though Radcliff’s no longer around, his legacy will live on. His infinitesimal contribution to the world doesn’t seem like much, but on any sweltering summer day, parched adults and kids alike should think of the maverick businessman as they suck down their favorite flavor of Slush Puppie.

Toothy Presence
Annie Goodner

The school hours were running out thinly, and the period dragged after assignments have been handed into the cubby atop Mr.----’s generous desk. Thunderclouds loomed and the stretch of grass directly outside the classroom window had fallen under a shadow. Here in the alternative pedagogical primary quadrant (APPQ) ages mixed, she’s allowed to take advanced math, to read with the class across the hall, expectations are hurled forward, looking into the distance towards Junior High School: “Will she integrate?” “She has the personality for it”. “Will she make friends, though? The kids from down the Valley Road School are supposedly entitled, lip gloss, expensive jeans”. “She’s funny, she’ll assert herself, smart, a leader”. Ideally, the older kids in the classroom mentor the younger ones. Their skills should be woven with their humanity, so never mind that the flags made of colored paper strung up along the diagonals of the room showed moments of drooping color, eyesores; or a perfect flower, shading and subtly, enmeshment with suns and landscapes resplendent in superiority. A family unit, always, with chores and expectations, where and when to grab the spelling card, first names used for elders with indoor voices, the classroom pet rats had been fed and given water, though their cages were cleaned after hours by Mr. --- and a few advanced fifth graders.

Roughhousing is the not so subtle line between play and chaos. One rarely identifies as a roughouser, rather it’s a term bestowed on those who push and shove and yell too loudly, a status of being misunderstood. The day wrapping up and closing down, led to heavy blue chairs stacked by so many short people, awkwardly, atop the conjoined tables. The room had been opened up for game playing. Soon these 25 short people in total, dirty trousers and messy hair bounded around with condensed, energetic steps. She, with her bowl cut and little blocky sideburns, moved her weight, 1,2,3, and then a step forward. Little teams have begun to form on the fringe of the classroom, taking light from the rat cage, making the paper flags jump.



EVA HOONHOUT

WOOD, PLASTIC, ALUMINIUM, FABRIC,

PLASTIC, WOOD, ALUMINIUM, PLASTIC,



WOOD, ALUMINIUM,

FABRIC, PLASTIC, WOOD, ALUMINIUM,



NEELTJE TEN WESTENEND

And then the beat goes off, and 1, and 2, and 3, pop...!, her stance weakened, the up-tempo atmosphere of the room brings feet slipping downward and the mouth wide open against the side of one of the conjoined tables.

Her tooth is on the floor, not the whole tooth, but pieces, those not stuck to her lip. There they lay, small white morsels, nestled on the matted carpet. Faces fall, those who have witnessed the outcoming in direct vicinity, while the rest are held in the action of the game, beating around the room, jumping and jibing.

Mr. --- was a fallen face, a transference of cold air and nerves twitching now reflected in the hanging jowls, the bristle brush moustache grim and drooping.

“I think I chipped my tooth” is blurted out by her, innocent, not having seen it, just having felt the missing piece.

“Oh, my, God”, the response from Mr. ---
The shock of air now, streaming upwards, along her cheekbones, the dry air gulping and grabbing.

Use verbs. She feels anxious, what to tell Mom and Dad, how to return the tooth to the place it should be. Off through the halls, empty, sent alone to the nurse's office for no conceivable reason, the enamel still sitting in the rug like thorny tufts.

Little pieces missing now, lodged in the throat of the carpet. The dread glued atop Mr.---'s face, is thick and so he calls out an exclamation meant to soften the exigencies of the tooth. There she is, Anna is her name or Anna pronounced Ah-nuh, all alone. Anna waits in the nurse's office with the nurse, resigned, waiting for the school day to let out. Anna holds the big office phone against her ear, the phone's shoulder prop bulky and useless, a plasticized banana. The echo on the other end of the line, a long silence between rings. Dad finally picks up. I chipped my tooth, Anna speaks out quickly, finally. The burden escaped with a gulp of frigid air up into her jaw.

Jenny Diski wrote about skipping out of school at age 14 to ride the London Underground Circle Line, to read voraciously. In between rides, in the afternoons and throughout adjoining periods, she would smoke. Smoking was a reason, a subject, another person in the room, and the cause of her inoperable cancer later in life. Smoking creeps into Jenny Diski's writing in a straight commanding line “cigarettes formed the humming rails of my train”; cigarettes as social lubricant, as coming into one's own, sitting in the train car smoking, in the smoking car. Smoke through a broken tooth, curving, no veneer cover-up, lipping upwards. If Anna were to write or to become a writer, if she were to be a smoking writer, the smoke would creep in from around the corners of her mouth, perhaps she should leave the tooth as it was, jagged and uneven.

Jenny Diski wrote more recently about the death of Doris Lessing, who took her into her home and out of an unstable family life, though she wasn't her mother. She wrote in a stream. She remembered a pink cigarette pack when Doris died. So many texts have been written by Jenny, about Jenny, about Jenny by Jenny. Even Doris wrote about Jenny, but named her Emily instead. Anna's mouth was open; she was speaking when her tooth came down hard. She would never maintain an “enameled



WOOD, PLASTIC, ALUMINIUM, FABRIC, PLASTIC, WOOD, ALUMINIUM, PLASTIC, WOOD, ALUMINIUM, FABRIC, PLASTIC, WOOD, ALUMINIUM,

presence”, the shattering proved that in the most literal terms, but Anna was still buffeting, pushing, blowing air in the presence of smoke. In the end there was a trip to the dentist. Anna was picked up from school, driven in near silence. The dentist was empathetic, while he pried open her lips, several gloved fingers at a time. It was the most cost-effective, the least amount of labor, to simply shave down the errant tooth. A few millimeters shorter than the neighboring incisor, that broken tooth appears a little bit fragile, hanging around instead of deep and rooted.

Anna isn’t such a hard name to say, vowels sandwiching a gentle tongue thrust. In intervening years, she would encounter other bristly moustaches and sinking jowls. Those belonging to the tooth teacher— who was in fact quite generous and large like his desk, but still short sighted— would be followed by tighter and sturdier versions; generosity was replaced by men too tall, too shy and too shamed. Tortoise shell glasses slipping off the face, the Gregory Peck variety that flair out slightly along the cheekbones, but in fact there were flattened cheekbones, little definition and so the glasses needed the occasional vigorous shove with a forefinger.

Teeth are like ice; they break quite easily once you put your weight into it.

r.i.p jenny disk
8 july ’47 – 28 april ‘16
what I don’t know about animals (2010)

chris kraus’ dog cemetery in baja
but her phone is dead and she puts it
in the charger.

spirit(ed) animals

glaciers calving, ice slipping off
melting ice and grinding something down
grinding down teeth possibly
chompers

the gaming the gaming

rough voices

okay, what are the specificities of the
competition, how does time unfold?

could this ever be a wedding album
or a dirty zine? Hui talks about grinding
her teeth. should Kristoffer and Kim get
married? I could officiate the ceremony

we could eat cake and drink champagne

but then Hui needs a visa, and I realise I do
too. (too real, what are we running from?)
could the marriage be between the group,
or a marriage like a catholic confirmation
between the chaste and the unseeable
institution

Stef comes to me quietly and lets me know
he’s interested. he will get married in a year
and maybe..

-all these associations weighing me down

I tell Caro over breakfast that I’ve read an
interview that a friend is giving where she
likes a quote that she’s attributing to Diane
Keaton, because Diane might have said it
in a film. marriage is not about a 50/50. it
involves a negotiation of 100/100

and the determinate particular is
nothing more than an exemplar of the
universal that serves as its camouflage
and is fundamentally identical with the
ubiquity of monopoly.
adorno – aesthetic theory sentence pt2

--



CAROLIN GIESSNER



FLUORESCENT LIGHT, WOOD, PAINT, BRASS, STEEL, SEEDS,

FLUORESCENT LIGHT, WOOD, PAINT,

BRASS, STEEL,

WOOD, PAINT, BRASS, STEEL, SEEDS,

FLUORESCENT LIGHT, WOOD, PAINT,



FLUORESCENT LIGHT, WOOD, PAINT, BRASS, STEEL, SEEDS,

FLUORESCENT LIGHT, WOOD, PAINT, BRASS, STEEL, WOOD, PAINT, BRASS, STEEL, SEEDS,

FLUORESCENT LIGHT, WOOD, PAINT, BRASS, STEEL, SEEDS



LILY LANFERMEIJER

CERAMICS, SPRAY PAINT, CHROMA-KEY GREEN COTTON, GLASS, WOOD, PLASTIC, PLANTS,
CERAMICS,



CERAMICS, SPRAY PAINT, CHROMA-KEY GREEN COTTON, GLASS, WOOD, PLASTIC, PLANTS,



CARDBOARD, STEEL, PERSPEX, CARDBOARD, STEEL, PERSPEX, CARDBOARD, STEEL, PERSPEX, CARDBOARD, STEEL, PERSPEX, CARDBOARD, STEEL,

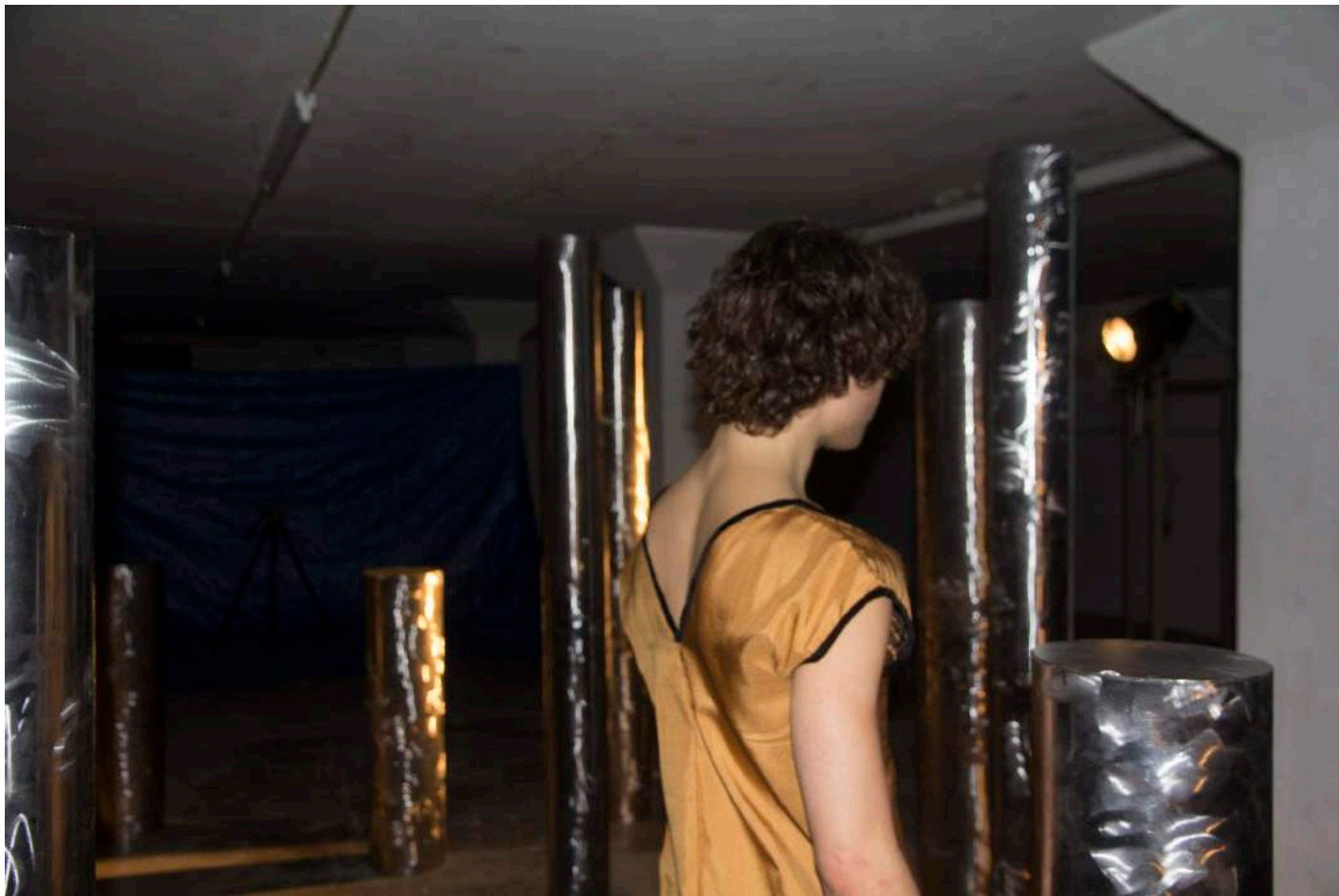


ARIE DE FIJTER

PORCELAIN, TRANSPARENT GLOSSY GLAZE, BRASS



TRANSPARENT GLOSSY GLAZE, BRASS, PORCELAIN, TRANSPARENT GLOSSY GLAZE, PORCELAIN, BRASS, TRANSPARENT GLOSSY GLAZE, BRASS



MONICA MAYS

15 POLISHED STEEL PILLARS, 15 POLISHED STEEL PILLARS, 15 POLISHED STEEL PILLARS, 15 POLISHED STEEL PILLARS, 15 POLISHED STEEL PILLARS, 15 POLISHED STEEL PILLARS,



AARO MURPHY

MDF, PROJECTOR, SPEAKER, STEEL, MIRROR, DIGITAL LASER PRINT, MIRROR, DIGITAL LASER PRINT,



MDF, PROJECTOR, SPEAKER, STEEL, MIRROR, MIRROR, PROJECTOR, MDF, MDF, MIRROR



AARO MURPHY

MDF, PROJECTOR, SPEAKER, STEEL, MIRROR, DIGITAL LASER PRINT, MIRROR, DIGITAL LASER PRINT, MDF, PROJECTOR, SPEAKER, STEEL, MIRROR, MIRROR, PROJECTOR, MDF, MDF, MIRROR



1
KRISTOFFER ZEINER CHRISTIANSEN
TOMPOUCE
polypropylene, steatite, A4 paper, rubber styrofoam, book shelf, water kettle

DINGLE
toilet, toilet refresher

HERE I AM LORD
polypropylene, oak, clay, nylon wire, beechwood, rubber

3
SHIH HUI HUNG
/7
latex, wood, steel

5
CAROLIN GIESSNER
THIS TOPIA
fluorescent light, wood, paint, brass, steel, seeds

7
ARIE DE FIJTER
Lultzhausen
porcelain, transparent glossy glaze, brass

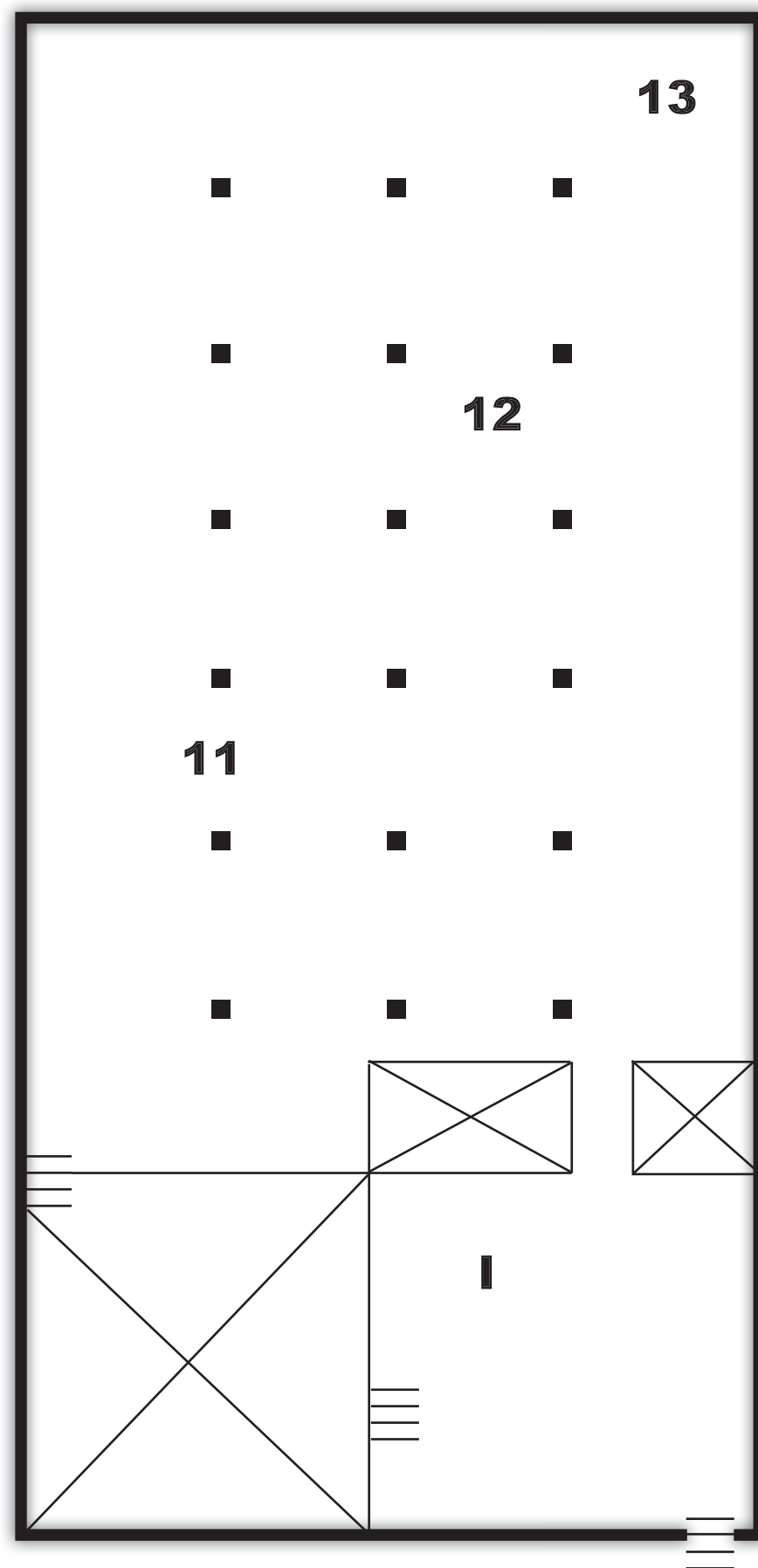
14

NADJIM LABIGUE

Caramel without cake
*plexiglas, numeric photographs inkjet
printed on satin paper*

Proof without contradiction
cardboard, vinyl stickers

10
AARO MURPHY
Synaptic Transfer
MDF, projector, speaker, steel, mirror, digital laser print



DOWNSTAIRS

11

NEELTJE TEN WESTENEND

Moving in lines and circles

3 channel HD video

12

MONICA MAYS

Ma (synopsis)

15 polished steel pillars.

with wardrobe: Elise Ehry, Timna Weber, Joséphine Péguillan, Monica Mays

13

SHIH HUI HUNG

NOT HOLEY #1

video

NOT HOLEY #2

video

I

IVAN CHENG

A Curational Note With Three Texts Inserted

PERFORMANCES

Friday, 3rd June

20:00 STEF VAN DEN DUNGEN

Clouds

and throughout 4–5th and 11–12th June

20:30 KIM WAWER

Abject Shell

Performer: Sarah Soethoudt

and Sunday 12th June 14:00, 15:00

later ARIE DE FIJTER

Lultzhausen