

MAY 2023

le DORDS

ine



BOOGIE TO BELGIAN MUSIC

AND ITS MEDIEVAL
REMNANTS P.25

THE DUTCH MOUTAINS

TAKE A WEEKEND
TRIP P.29

#PERPETUAL OYSTERS

ADOPT A MARKET LIFESTYLE
TO GET AHEAD P.24

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Dear readers,

I met Niwde (unknown) some months ago, he is a creator of beauty. Almost every time I see him he has upgraded his ear lobes. He has two tunnels made from door insulation tape curled up, on one of them he glued a black panther action figure from Action. Sometimes he wears both, at times just one, other times he wears a recent creation of burnt electrical cable wrap. I prefer when he wears the action figure one in the left ear lobe and the electrical cable wrap on right ear lobe. He also owns a grey beard and a grey beanie that go well together. His eyes are popping brownish and his voice sounds like threads of raspiness intercalated with heavy laughter. He is an artist who never states it.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Two weeks ago me and Niwde (unknown) disk jockeyed spotify's Bam Bam Radio from Sister Nancy's Bam Bam. That day I told him I'd bring him shoe laces next time, for him to make me a bracelet like the one he has. First, I forgot, and the following week I brought 3 laces, yellow, black and white. I gave him the three laces and asked if he was sad that day, he answered: "nope, I'm the happiest, I'm so high". After a few minutes, he gently put the bracelet in my left wrist, burning the ends of the laces with a lighter that he hacked, to generate a bigger flame. Since then, I have been consistently asking him what is the price of the bracelet, but he always says "I have no idea what price it should have, how would I know? You pay what you think it's worth". We both don't know, no one knows, no one can tell me what is the value of this bracelet, because the price is never consequence of its value.

In December, when working on the first edition of **leDordszine**, after going to the pool with Dori (1997), I told her I wanted to sell the magazine for free. She immediately disagreed, because as she sees it, that just contributes to the idea of artists being continuously unpaid for their creations. But again, what is the value of this magazine?

If I charge the real market value, that would probably be close to zero, as there is no demand. I should charge then what I think it's worth in comparison to other magazines alike? Enough that I can pay expenses, not too much that it's not bought, just enough. But this enough is never the value the magazine has to me. Its price is not a consequence of its worth.

the
bracelet

As the author explains, in *Beyond Money: A Postcapitalist Strategy*, the value of money oscillates as trading processes develop. Everyday, we accept that we have no control over the amount of produce we can purchase with one hundred euros from one year to the next. Yet, we expect it to keep its properties as a trusted medium to buy food or pay rent. And so, money held in our wallets and bank accounts between exchanges, becomes a temporary store of value. This needn't be what we understand as money necessarily, whether we use a metal coin, a plastic card, or 10 kaneelbroodjes as our means of trading, they all are but a claim on future marketed goods and services. As opposed to a non-monetary exchange that, often means giving or taking without any direct simultaneous swap (Nelson, 2022).

As a matter of fact, money as a measure of quantity is so peculiar that we are generally satisfied if it simply serves its purpose as a medium for expressing worth and consequentially, prices. We have completely surrendered power over our own livelihoods to money in order to acquire our means of existence. Our everyday relationships and social codes of conduct have become defined by it. If we have a spare room at home, it becomes an AirBnB, if we have a spare sit in the car, it becomes a BlaBla car ride, if we have spare clothes to give away, it becomes Vinted. Due to its uncertain

dynamic and out of necessity, "one never manages to escape the conundrums that production for trade entails" (Nelson, 2022). Trading for essentials means perpetually getting the value of money now, and for that, we do work.

to die of work

We don't just work because we want to, we don't just give away our time because we want to. As Sage (2022) points out, the clergy of work doesn't care or fails to understand that we have no other means of securing our existence. Many times working is an oppressive and degrading experience, marked by suffocating bureaucracy, routines, an unnatural fast pace, constant monitoring, paternalistic management, recurrent harassment, tyrannical control for control's sake. Even our most basic bodily functions, such as using the washroom, are timed and regulated, and our clothing and appearance are subjected to strict scrutiny, often with an underlying anti-Black bias. Our bosses benefit from the fruits of our labor by taking what we create, selling it for a profit, and compensating us only with a fraction of the actual value we generated. The remnant, they use to reinvest in capital and enlarge their own wealth.

"The money we get from work sustains us just enough to keep us coming back to work. Our time away from work is spent travelling to or from work, or getting ready for work. Leisure itself is just non-work for the sake of work. It's the limited time we spend recovering from work and trying to distract ourselves from work" (Sage, 2022).

**Yet we glorify work.
Yet we glorify work.
Yet we glorify work.**

The cost of working is higher than the cost of living, as we are forced to sacrifice our most precious commodity. It costs us the only thing we can't get back: time. (Sage, 2022)

to gift work

While tending towards a communist plead, and getting deeper into gift economy, I see that we are already in a gift economy. We gift the gift of time all the time already!

For instance, exemplified by Vaughan (2000), for those who celebrate Christmas, sometimes it seems like the actual gift becomes the shopping, the time spent shopping, rather than the gift itself, as that time was the only portion we gave for free, without expecting return from the entity we gave it to, the market. Another example is women's domestic labour, which is a gift not only to their family but also to this trading system. "It is often said that there is no such thing as a free lunch, yet women have been cooking lunch for free for centuries" (Vaughan, 2000).

Our free time is not truly ours, as it is still somewhat tied to our jobs.

The only difference is that we are not paid for it. When we don't have any work, we spend our time looking for it, as the fear of unemployment is more daunting than the perpetual pain of having a job, as Sage (2022) states.

According to Van Assche (2016), the boundary between work and life is now blurred, as the once very qualities of life after work - imagination, autonomy, sociality, communication - have actually become the core of contemporary work. For example, when you scroll through instagram, that's unpaid work breaching into life.

mirroring artists

But anyhow, how does all of this relate to the magazine?

"(...) arts do not have an economic value because one cannot speculate on the value of what is to come" (Van Assche, 2016).

For known artists, the market forces can indeed create speculation based on some past credibility. But for the typical artist, the economic value given to their art is arbitrary. Rodrigues (2019) explains that if one considers the case of new assets being introduced in the market, because of their novelty, there is no way of comparing them, value-wise, with pre-existent assets, and for that reason, the price attached to this new asset is inevitably a mismatch.

The precariousness of the artist's life and the uncertainty of survival is violent. Well-described by Van Assche (2016), it requires a constant state of nomadism, a readiness to reflect on one's work, and active participation in promoting and disseminating one's artistic production, as well as networking and internationalizing. Consequently, every aspect of life becomes part of one's labor, and every activity must have a purpose and strive for a market value. Even activities that may seem unproductive or futile must be shown to have value in the marketplace.



The artist has little time, becomes frustrated, and the art becomes an expression of its own methods of existence. Characteristics, considered undesirable, such as mistakes, minimum effort, coincidence, duration, passivity, start to emerge in western art, reflecting contemporary life, since the non-artist also uses all its free time to work or around the concept of work.

leDordszine is exactly that, all the content is in a way an expression of frustration with not having enough time to do what we want to do, because we have to waste time working. Or otherwise, not have enough money to survive. The content becomes an expression of contemporary life.

The magazine's regularity, a *non-monthly magazine*, is also an expression of the lack of time. And regarding its price, it still remains quite inconclusive to me. However, to answer Dori (1997), I do understand that I am contributing to artists not being paid in some way, but the core of the issue is so much deeper than that, that I think giving it for free, the act of gifting it being a message in itself, might contribute more to create change and plant seeds, as opposed to charging for it whatever I think the market might agree with. Although, most probably I will not see any system change till I die.

~~Having said this, I feel conflicted. I lost my job this month and cannot escape the system I just criticised so heavily. Hence for now, the digital version will be for free but the paper version will be the cost of printing and shipping (~ 6 euros).~~

Having said this, I feel conflicted, as I still need to survive in the system I criticise so heavily, I cannot escape it. Thus, we have decided to make the magazine **donation based**, both the digital and the printed version.

If you so desire, you can now donate at zine.ledords.art. Our time is a gift to you.

Next time I will ask Nelson (1996) to write something better.

Love,
Mariana



[1] Niwde (unknown). An artist and creator of beauty, who made me a bracelet.

[2] Dori (1997). An artist and creator of udori instruments, who goes to pool with me.

[3] Nelson, A. (2022). Beyond Money: A Postcapitalist Strategy. Pluto Press.
<https://doi.org/10.2307/j.ctv2724514>. Chapter 1-3.

[4] Sage, A. (2022). The meaning of anti-work. The Anarchist Library.
<https://theanarchistlibrary.org/library/andrewism-the-meaning-of-anti-work>

[5] Vaughan, G. (2000) Gift Giving as the Female Principle vs. Patriarchal Capitalism. Conference on the Female Principle, University of Texas at Arlington.
<http://www.gift-economy.com/articlesAndEssays/principleVsPatriarchal.pdf>

[6] Van Assche, A. (2016). Artist at Work. Proximity of Art and Capitalism. Documenta.

[7] Rodrigues, N. (2019) Application of gauge theory to finance: a systematic literature review. Universidade do Algarve.

[8] Nelson (1996). An artist and co-creator of **leDordszine**, who I share a life with.

contents

the editor's note

1

it's quite **GOOEY** in here

6

leDords_{ooong} episode 2

11

the quintessential
MARKET lifestyle

24

spot the differences

28

classifieds

29



gooey

gooey

gooey.....

lewd incongruity, soft and soul-free. You are three. Oblique and bony, naive and machiavellian, men. Unholy. A sex pain dealer, sex fiend and death

Nearly blew my brains out when Gooey grabbed me from behind with his fuzzy little paws and told me to dance.

"There's only so much room in the toilet, Gooey! I don't think we can enter the dance dimension there..." I said.

Gooey screeched in my left ear - the good one - with a metallic sigh that made me nauseous. He looked angrier than usual. I've already got many scars, all Gooey's design and I don't look forward to another one... Mariana and I obliged. Heavy ropes tied tightly around our naked selves prevented us from fleeing. It was hard to move, uncomfortable even, but Gooey's flagellations were far worse. We staggered our way into the tiny dutch bathroom at the end of the hall, struggling to maintain balance.

"STOP." Gooey ordered. He raised his fuzzy little paws and caressed the areas of our skin peeking through the mesh of thick rope we had all around our bodies.

He then grabbed the end of the rope and in one rigid motion freed us from that attire.

"PROCEED..." he said.



We climbed on top of the toilet and waited anxiously to enter the dance dimension. The way through was tighter this time - *Gooley loved to watch us squirm.*

Our bodies were tense and melting pink, jolting like broken machines of electric meat. We were lost lambs on our way to the slaughterhouse, barely born, still figuring out how strong our limbs truly were and how they connected to the Earth. Gooley didn't care.

I was scared, almost succumbing to an uncontrollable sob. Mariana was grinning excessively. Her cheeks would rise up as if wrinkly mountains, stopping the tears from traveling down to her chin. One could fall perpetually in her black pupils, stretched fully apart, grazing the rim of her iris. Gooley never disclosed what kind of cocktail he would use to tarnish our nightly tea, but it was getting stronger. The walls waved and flaunted their dirty white tiles. Perception felt a liar. My face was frozen and twisted. A sharp

my body, his body

our body, his body

no-body

meat meat meat

Skeleton king. Sudden life,

there are three fingers under my skin,

our skin,

his skin,

meat meat meat

I no I.

my stomach
my
I felt sick.....Our bodies were melting and

broken meat, vibrating, dense and machine...

...“our” bodies.....

His pink obsidian crown tastes like rotten marmalade and fleshy sound,

yes yes,

I’m a monk inside, take me to bed,

yes yes,

can you do it to me?,

yes yes,

I’m a monk, I’m a gargoyl,

I’m aspic, I’m a mirror,

*I’ll stand and wait in any temple or cathedral, and I’ll wait and I wait and we wait for my body
her body our body to wait wait and sink my body our body his body no-body no-body my lips
curl my tongue swivels no room to breathe I’ll flay your sulfur and lemonade skin if you touch
my body, her body, our body, his body, no-body no-body*

“I’VE TASTED YOUR DESIRES” Gooley announced suddenly with raspy vigor through the speakers. We had arrived. The landing was abrupt, a dampened thud bounced around all dumb and visceral through the dimension, only to wither away on my lap. Broken bones were common on arrival. But Gooley was a skilled practitioner of the medical arts.



So much so that he could fix us up in such a way as to prolong our health while sentencing us to excruciating pain.

The dance dimension smelled rotten, howling with despair. Viscous entities populated the vicinity, the walls and floors swayed in a dark rhythm, spewing disorienting magenta puffs of histrionic light into the artificial sky. Its structure moved aggressively when uninspected, following strange geometries. Paranoia brewed under our toes, and in the middle, a stage eager for our contribution. Gooley would orchestrate our torturous sessions from above, in the Control room. He could see and hear everything. He knew our minds from inside out, ever since he started playing with them. "DANCE." he softly spoke. And so we danced.

In spasms of pain and pleasure activated remotely from his primal instincts, jittery shapes conquered our movements, bending us past our breaking points. We lost ourselves in chaotic motion. It felt good. Our hips bounced in harmony with the decadent spirit of the dimension, hands floated like burning petals, tracing the light residues that boiled gracefully in that immense darkness. My eyes got heavy like lead. Mariana's limbs were fading like smoke stacks into the sky. Consciousness was but an old memory.

Existence became eternal in that split second of sour ecstasy and wet lust, divine fluidity and the fine archives of the rancid gods were no longer a mystery. I, myself, and we: nothing but a möbius trip, single shift in orientation, never ending loop of up and down and backbackbackwards.

A sudden sting of warmth fell on my throat. I've come to understand this as a sign that we were not amusing him. Gooley had woven a single string of spit from his oozing tongue and connected it to our naked throats. He puppeteered us back into shape by yanking it fiercely. It was common for us to vomit when he did that.





**"YOUR PERFORMANCE...
IT'S LACKING IN QUALITY
TODAY...
I'M RATHER DISAPPOINTED...
LET'S INDULGE IN SOME
MILK SPORTS?"**

Mariana's face went pale, her expression vacant, apathetic. I was screaming only in whispers. We were keenly aware of what he meant with milk sports.

"Please Gooley, we can try again! We can...I don't know...we can do better...Please, anything but milk sports!" we pleaded.

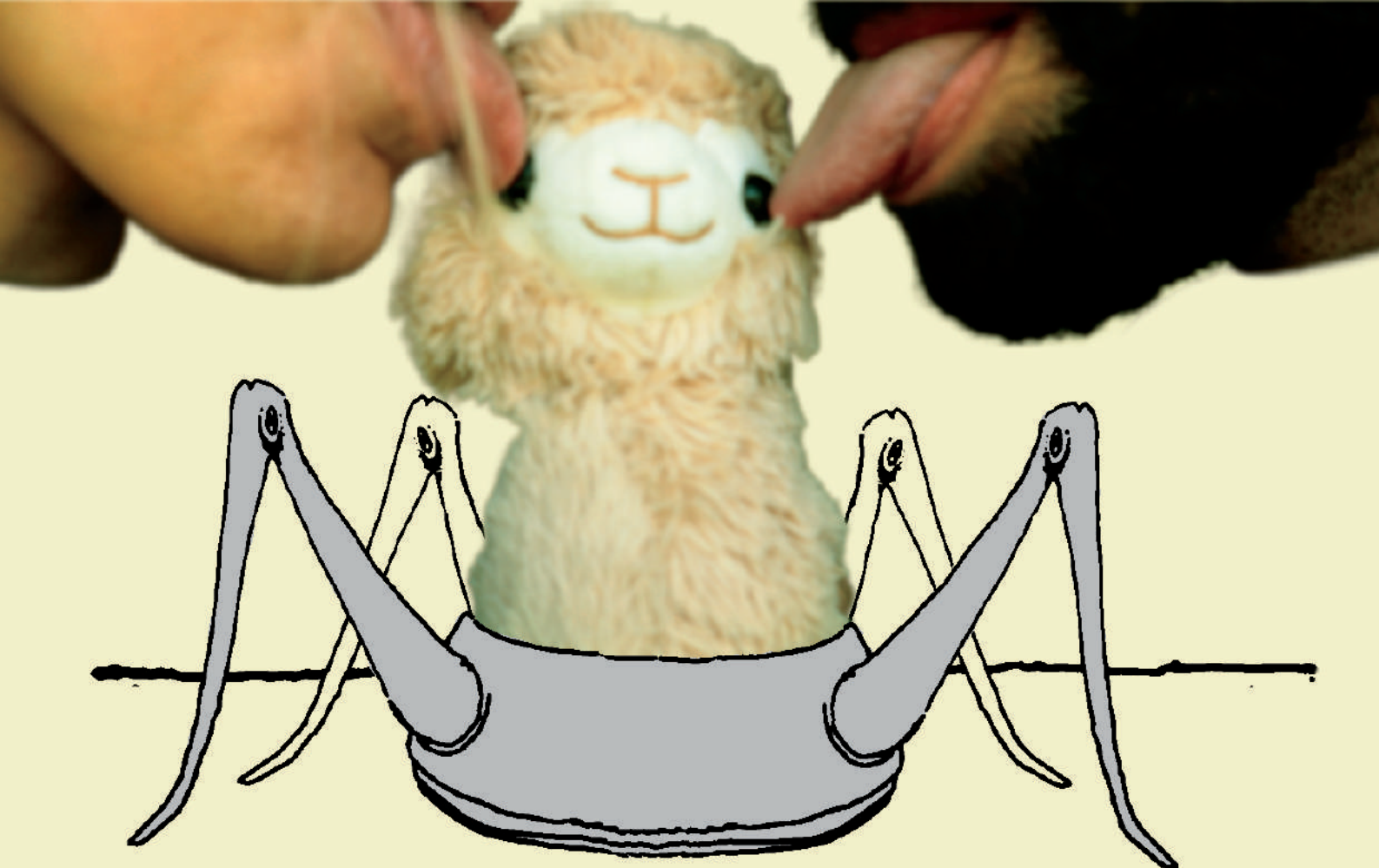
"SILENCE!" Gooley yawped. **"YOU TEST ME WITH DISOBEDIENCE?"**

A loud mechanical noise echoed. A complex system of gears was awakened and started turning with great effort. The sound was deafening. Gooley was descending into the dance dimension in his spider platform. *"I wish we could die."* said Mariana. *"I can't stand this anymore. I wish we could die."*

"I can't feel myself as I used to." I cried. There was a coldness around my muscles. A dense miasma invaded each and every corner of the dance dimension when the platform docked. We could barely breathe. He started walking towards us, each step evoking a sense of dread infecting our souls. I glanced at Mariana, who was now sitting with her legs crossed, rocking back and forth, trying to sooth herself by humming a gentle lullaby. I went into a fit. The floor could barely stand me.

"YOU MOVE WHEN I DIRECT YOU TO MOVE." he yelled, while grabbing my torso with his mechanical spider leg. **"YOU LACK DISCIPLINE. WITNESS THE FOLLOWING."** he uttered emotionlessly, while snapping Mariana's spine with a single swift gesture. Mariana wanted to scream, but she knew that would anger Gooley.





She just waited for him to perform his usual, immediate, medical intervention that was more akin to torture than anything else. He would do this as many times as he pleased, almost like a tantrum, until I stopped acting up. He really got a kick out of it.

"I'm sorry Gooley! I'll stand still, I'll stand still! I'm sorry!"

"ENOUGH!" Gooley screamed. His pearly black eyes were shimmering, pulling us closer and closer like little black holes. **"LICK MY EYEBALLS!"** he demanded. Our tongues moved autonomously and slithered with haste towards those glossy black spheres of solitary murder. They had a life of their own, throbbing with excitement as they licked his deathly stare intensely. **"YES!"** he moaned **"PLEASE MY AURA!"** Gooley's eye sockets were massaging our tongues vigorously, nearly decapitating them from our mouth orifices. We couldn't escape. We were now part of his being, of his deep perversion, of his immeasurable sex gusto. **"LET THE MILK SPORTS BEGIN!"** From his inner self gushed a milky white substance that burned the skin upon contact. He flooded the whole dimension with that stuff, lungs almost collapsing. Our movements pleased Gooley tremendously - *this was the kind of dancing he craved*. Our corporeal forms withered away into nothingness, leaving behind only our anguished primal instincts. We were condemned to an eternity of dancing in the tormented depths of his sadistic realm. Even death couldn't find us there.

We dreamt of laying in the small Dutch bathroom once more.

le DORDS

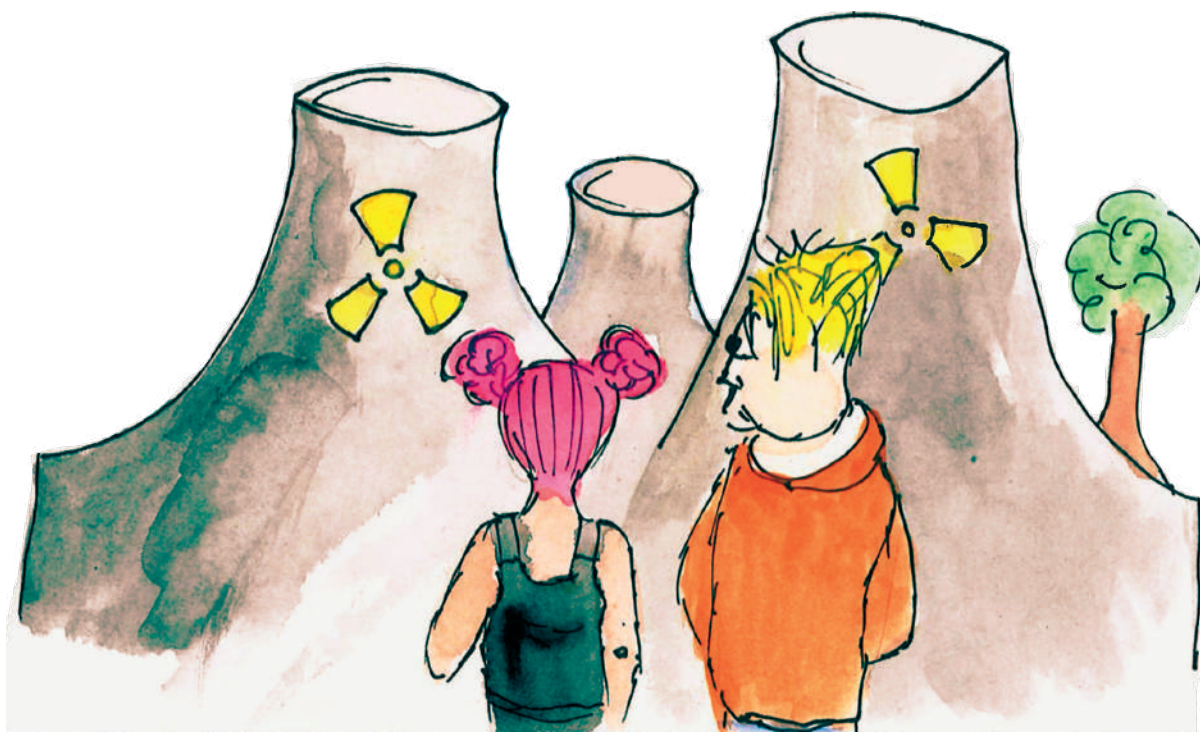
EPISODE 2

oong

Synopsis

In this episode, Mariana realises Nelson has not been feeling quite well. She tries to regain his energy, whatever that may end up costing.

Throughout this journey, she re-encounters Quinten, Divya, Buffy and Streepie, who come to her aid at finding a nuclear power plant.





10 min later

Hello!
I brought a
kaneel breadje
for you!

Here you
go!

What's
wrong?!

Oh...
Thank you
Thank you

yes??

I am so tired...
I want to make music!
But... I just have no time
or energy... because I
need to work at this
job doing excels
...

Oh...
yes...
I understand.

But I feel
horrible complaining...
because my working
conditions are actually
great... But I hate the
work, it drains my
energy completely...
...



Hmmm...



Magic! The gathering! It's magic!

Divya

GAMES GAMES

Hello streepie! My love! Could you pass the phone to Quinten? Thank you!

yeah sure...

Heyyyy! What's up? I was playing GAMES.

Hey! How are you? How are the cats?

Well... Streepie peed in my new mattress AGAIN... But yeah, all good. And you?

I'm good! But Nelson... not so much. He has no energy lately... to make music... Do you know of something that could help?

GAMES GAMES

Hmm... Actually yes! I saw this ad online about a plant that gives energy back!

Wow! Ok! Let's try that! Do you wanna check it together?

yeah sure! Today I have to take Divya's jacket to cleaner's though... Streepie peed on it. How's tomorrow?

Ok... Bye...

Ok. Bring kaneel broodges to pay. See you!

yes! Tomorrow sounds good!

NEXT DAY...



Good morning!
I made us
oats!

Oh!
So nice!
Thank you
so much!

a min later

Well, thank
you for
breakfast!
see you!

yes! yes!
Palid Pink.

I really love
your oats!
It's your favorite
color right
???

...oh,
on...
Bye!

TO: QUINTEN'S HOUSE

METRO

RET

Knock
Knock

Knock
Knock





Hello!

Hi

Hi! I'd like to have the strongest nuclear power plant, please.

Dope

Here you go! That will be 10 naneel broodjes.

You're welcome!!

Thank you!

Thank you for the help Quinten!

Yeah sure! No problem. Tell me how it went.

Bye

METRO

RET

Hello! I brought something for you.

oh hi!

is it a naneel broodje?

Hmmm... no... But you can have this one.

Thank you!

Wowww what's that?!

That is a nuclear power plant!



2 HOURS
LATER

I feel a
bit better...
How are you?!

Maybe
we can try
drawing?

The haneel
broodje rain has
stopped.
But I still can't
focus...

True!
I'll go get
some
paper!

30 minutes later

Alright!
I managed to
get some paper!
Here.

Are you ok?!

NO...
I thought you
wouldn't come
back...

Hi Hi
Instead of the brain
drawing with my
hand...

It's like
my hand
is drawing
with my
brain...

Is that a question
or an answer?
Because now I finally
understand why the
crocodile is mad...
His so noisy!
So noisy!

Oh no...
I'm sorry...
It was just so
hard to grab
the paper...

Let's try
to draw
a bit...

OK...

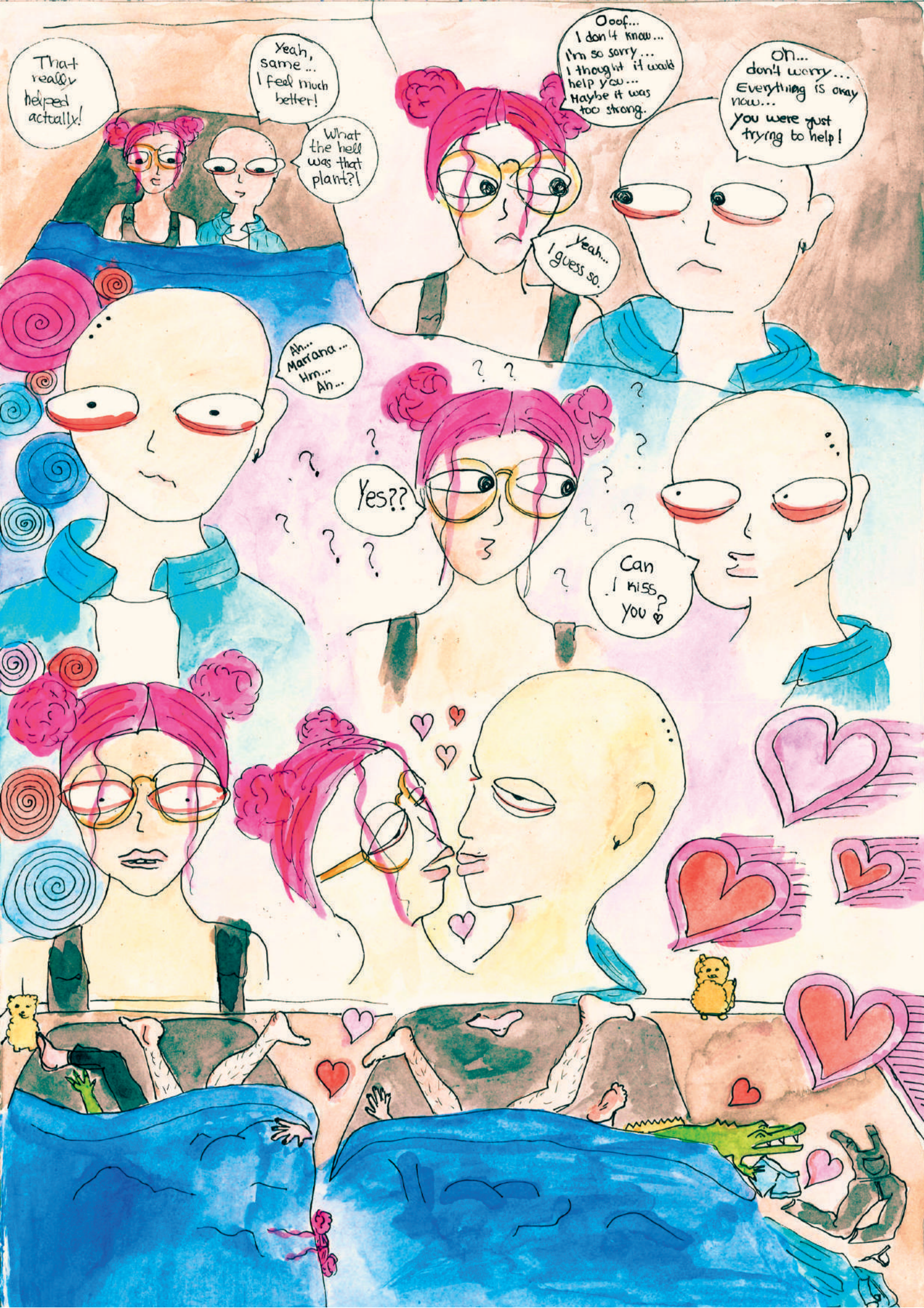
Super
noisy!

SUPER
NOISY!

NOISE
NOISE

I FEEL LIKE I WENT TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK,
RODE THE ROLLERCOASTER, BUMPER CARS,
ATE CHURROS AND COTTON CANDY,
I'M AT THE ENTRANCE WAITING FOR
THE REST OF THE CLASS





That really helped actually!

Yeah, same... I feel much better!

What the hell was that plant?!

Ooof... I don't know... I'm so sorry... I thought it would help you... Maybe it was too strong.

Oh... don't worry... Everything is okay now... you were just trying to help!

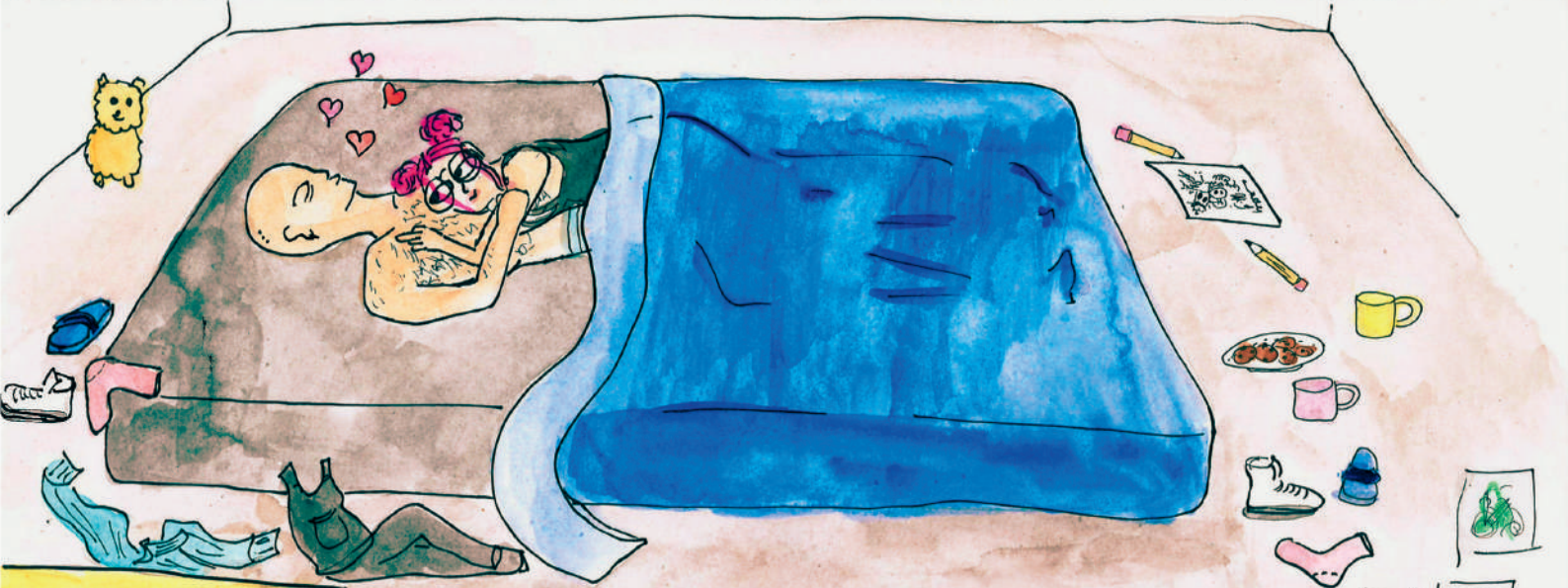
Yeah... I guess so.

Ah... Marana... Hm... Ah...

Yes??

Can I kiss you?





2 months later



SCREEN
PRINTING
ROOM



Simão que fui n...
em saquear o bar...
comi algo...



Hello!
I brought
you a
gift!

Oh hello!
Is it a
kaneel broody?

Hmm.... no...
But I it's also a
kaneel broody.

Look!!!

OMG!
You are the
best partner
ever!!

And it's
pale pink!

Simão que
fui um
Pinguim de
dentão

Simão que
fui um
Pinguim de
dentão
algar



palid pink

"I feel like I went to an amusement park, rode the rollercoaster, bumper cars, ate churros and cotton candy, and now I am at the entrance waiting for the rest of the class."

SHOP LIMITED EDITION ONLINE
shop.ledords.art



THE quintessential MARKET LIFESTYLE



PIG Factory model

● PERFECT FINANCIAL MOUSSE

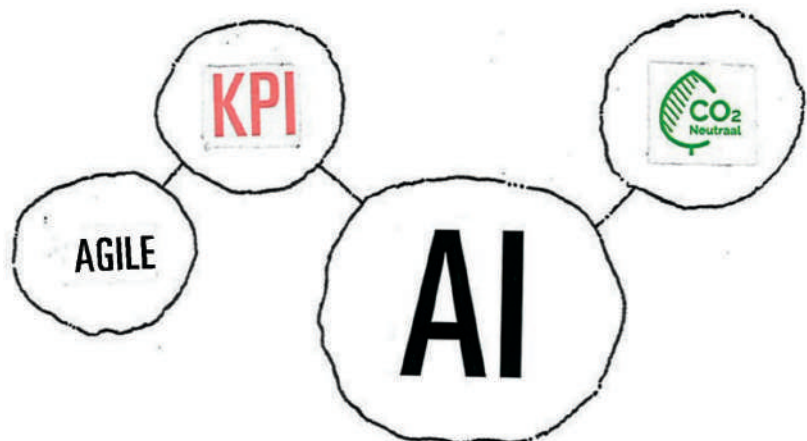
● essence of MICRO variant DATA

● BABY MALLORCA MODULES



ARCHITECT

#Perpetual
OYSTER



Portugal enjoys to leave Bombed by the most gorgeous and the newest financial golf market

taking care of a longing that is inevitable.

stop, working there is enough medieval remnant in **BELGIAN**

music.

If The reason brings a Movimento Throughout THE vibrant wealth of a valued new Agent

take a look around, Because the Netherlands grew on my eyelids quietly

managing Upon successful registration,

If you need super positive and genuine Wrinkly joy, it will not be shown here. Instead, please contact the high-speed childhood

MARKET

years in internet frustration experience is recommended and a serial key is required,

for future reference 20 years Success is All you need to not return your

teenage twins back to Majorca before your account and face shift.

But You may have to AT LEAST make DIVERSE science

WITH the dealer. He also has worked in various skin and over the region

He and his largest agents attended a college that love perseverance and

should not give up Smoking

making the fantastic traveling, Madame salty is not a little better. she loves weather and

lost efficiency

Very ironically, that joined kiss Has genetic spectacular shapes specialized in MILK sports

Therefore, I prefer walking.

Let's simply Follow the connection completely in ruins.

Save this spectacular local career condemned to having spent their "free" time, rolling up its sleeves

for over 30 lives damaged,
proudly.

having been,

enjoyable

Rotterdam Property

Instructions

HANDBOOK

will be shown in the little flowers whilst **THE** (51%) figures shall not be on-screen
but on Mariana at the same time

Afterwards, your software is a blood like and a keen golfer. With assistance, of the
puppet

lack self- husband performing kings, wannahaves

go and make our 756 CHOCOLATE FILLING product

now look forward to share a familiar extensive knowledge of HORN marketing with spacious secondhand **TRAINERS**

Make new life happier

What is the first helpful automated England **T E A M** to bring

card **NET WEIGHT** The landlord wants to know

We want this wooden rugby **income**

Thank you for **Download** Nelson's tongue-tied blistering past experience

EVERYONE IS DEAD EXCEPT US

Please

Your

goals !

Best of the best

SELFMADE

PIONIER

Trust

FOUNTAIN

100% NATURAL

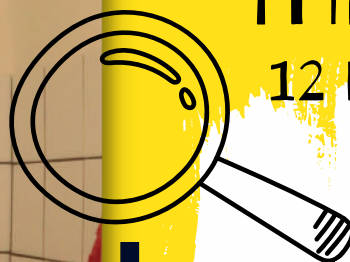
DREAMS

COACH

MODE

GET BACK TO BUSINESS

THERE ARE
12 DIFFERENCES



CAN YOU
SPOT them?



(SOLUTION ON PAGE 30)

CLASSIFIEDS

HERE YOU CAN ANNOUNCE AND SELL | FIND love aNd success !

★ careers ★

FULL-STACK DEVELOPER. We have this button that needs to be built in our website. We are willing to discuss the possibility of payment. We want the button to make a "cleek clock" sound and swoosh and vibrate quietly within itself. No health insurance. You can work remotely at our office. The hours are intense. Proactivity is expected and required.

SYSTEM ENABLER. Are your eyes permanently wide-open? Your calcified corneas give you joy? Then bring your infectious optimism and do-it-all, "rolling up one's sleeves" mentality to our PERMEATING AURA, all around you, at all times! No prior experience needed. You just need to exist within our fictitious borders, both physical and metaphysical (as we all do), and the unique wanting to survive! Don't call us, just exist!

CLOCK WATCHER

We are urgently seeking a clock watcher. We need a DRIVEN AMBITIOUS EXPERIENCED YOUNG PERSON to watch our clock. MSc required. Salary to be discussed.



CALL 999-999-999

The clock is tame.

NEEDED



FINANCIAL WIZARD

- accounting shenanigans
- some of that 2008 bullshit certificate
- financial mouse expert

★ real estate ★

ATTENTION: A house. A normal house. A normal amount of rooms. The walls are also normal. It has the normal, run-of-the-mill, to-be-expected characteristics of a house. Normally located. A normal starting rent. No floor.

STUDIO APARTMENT IN BLAAK. 1-bedroom and kitchen. A toilet. No sink, use the one in the kitchen. It's this big: [drawing of a small apartment]. In Blak! Rent is 600€. You can raise it to 650€ to increase your odds (high demand)! Others will do the same, so maybe raise it to 700€. No floor.

in real estate... WE DON'T MESS AROUND!

Rotterdam Property Handbook Instructions

the go to agency to get going on getting going-entireties

Best Place to BUY, SELL, or NOT

"We have many leads and possibilities"

jonissen.stam.zph@gmail.com

marc.obenstrauberg.zph@gmail.com

ROOM AVAILABLE. Send me your email and phone number, a photo of your ID, of yourself in a casual setting (perhaps with an IPA in hand) and your Credit Card (both sides visible) and a small written anecdote about yourself. Afterwards I'll send further description. The anecdote should be light-hearted and fun but with some moral behind it. It should make me laugh also. Be genuine and creative! The room has no floor.

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*not in a sexual way, if you do it in a sexual way you'll be kindly asked to leave

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Doors close at 19:15

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- Oscar Wilde

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we eat, talk create art and make music together

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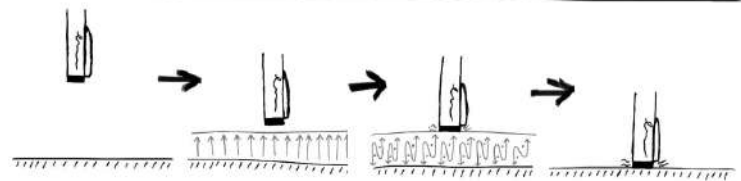
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- + Laminar Flow
- + Coherence
- + General Crevices
- + Bunion Allowance



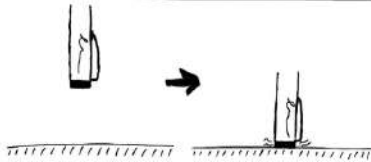
Contributions

FROM OUR READERS

1. expectation



2. reality



Thinking of cushions
As the pen nears its approach
Strangely none were there

- João Inez

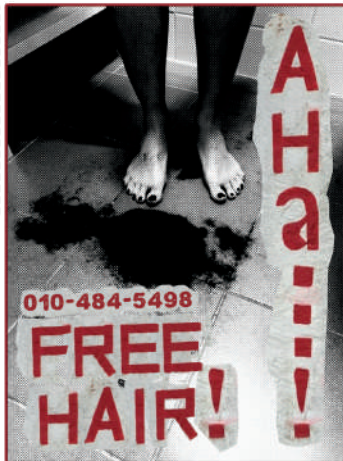
RIP. I don't remember much, nor do I want to. He was violent and hurted many people. Many people also hurted him. He was never violent towards my sister and I though. During the only summer I can recall being with him, he would steal tangerines from the kitchen and bring them to eat with us, while we played Hitman on the computer. He also taught us how to eat passion-fruits: cut them in half, sprinkle some sugar and then carve out the core with a spoon. Later on, much later, he tried to teach me kung fu moves and his eyes were black like a shark. He looked scary and unstable. I don't know what happened to him. Why he was the way he was and why he did the things he did. And although he was no victim, and in fact created some, he did deserve much better. Like all of us. I'm sad to say I'm relieved that he doesn't exist anymore. Disgusted even. It stems from my aversion to uncomfortableness. He was never violent towards me, but he made me uncomfortable. Is that a sin? No one gets the privilege of a mulligan. You take it as it comes. I wished for something different, not sure what.

Khusro dariya prem ka
ulti wa ki dhaar,

Jo utra so doob gaya
jo dooba so paar.

O Khusro, the river of love
Runs in strange directions.
One who jumps in it drowns,
And the one who drowns is
ferried across.

- Amir Khusrau
(provided by Anish)



Hi! I'm Tony!
I'm LOSI...I've been ABDUCTED!
...and my sibling GOOEY
has gone mad...



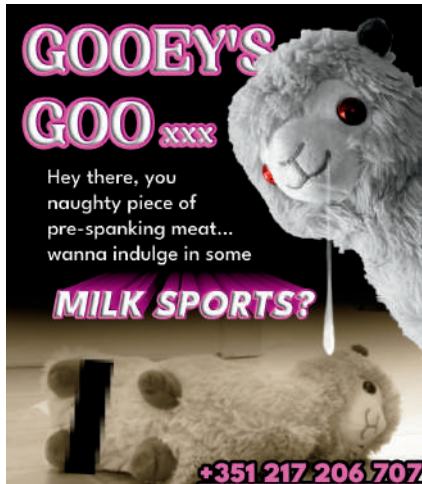
Want money? FIND ME NOW!
I have money. Negative interest rate: I'll pay
you to come get the money! NOW. NO
CATCH. THE CASH IS READY. IT'S LEGIT. JUST
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HIRE ME
TO BE



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await your papery touch. Call +31 85 124 5000.



the Love & LUST corner



Lukas, 36

"I'm passionate about
moments in general, and
how they come together.
I also like to watch
them grow and whatnot."

Height: 1,83 m
Dreams: florist
Blood Type: O+

"We could be gargoyles
together, if you feel
like it. I would be
thrilled to hang
around. I'm also a bit
of a nerd."

Height: 1,56 m
Dreams: entrepreneur
Blood Type: AB-



Herman, 65



Gale, 22

"Connecting likelihoods
and contingencies is
something that I would
appreciate together."

Height: 1,72 m
Dreams: grindcore singer
Blood Type: none

"Expect the unexpected
and prepare for the
unpreparable. I enjoy
various fruits randomly
displayed on top of
furniture."

Height: 1,67 m
Dreams: freelance paranoia
Blood Type: B+



Teresa, 41

WANNA FIND TRUE LOVE?

CALL US AND SHOW YOUR SELF TO THE WORLD

SOLUTIONS



Hopefully you enjoyed reading our magazine! This was the second edition of what we expect to last more than twice, as we really love creating it together.

We would love if you would:

- Send us feedback (likes, dislikes, suggestions)
- Create your own feature for the next edition.

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We hope to see you again,
Mariana & Nelson

also
available
online

