



jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

Newsletter 7

16 berichten

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

21 februari 2025 om 00:34

Bcc: fionnuala bloem doran <fionnualabloemdoran@yahoo.com>, vancaekenberghemarianne@gmail.com, marthe.perret@student.hogent.be, Puck Van der Poel <puckvanderpoel@icloud.com>, shinomatsuura@gmail.com, akke Jalink <jakke.jalink@live.be>, Bousard.stijn@gmail.com, Enricomarcon99@gmail.com, dilleach@hotmail.com, Pluymers.lois1@gmail.com, Kaboreeemy@gmail.com, Daria.L.sh@gmail.com, psychedelic.vm@gmail.com, solenickiantonela@gmail.com, Verhoeven.benjamin@gmail.com, louise_souvagie@hotmail.com, logan.dso@hotmail.com, Infolorenzosilvestri@gmail.com, timo.correwyn@gmail.com, hanna.de.grave@gmail.com, Theoempires@gmail.com, Biogalartist@gmail.com, emmadecokere@gmail.com, edo2000bb@gmail.com, Laura-Maria Vahimets <laura-maria@vahimets.com>, marielouchateau@gmail.com, Lilla Lukács <lillalukacsilla@gmail.com>, tatiana.thielens@gmail.com, Karlina Zaksa <kazasmood@gmail.com>, Margot De Grave Loyson <margot.de.grave@gmail.com>, Anna Margrieta Legzdina <m.legzdina@gmail.com>, freya.devel@gmail.com, Hélène Verbeke <helene.verbeke@hotmail.com>, Senne Wettinck <senne.wettinck@hotmail.com>, nina.bossuyt@telenet.be, lunaschuddinck@gmail.com, tomjansenklomp@gmail.com, rpleyre@hotmail.com, gertjan.oskar@gmail.com, Zeger Vettters <zegervettters@gmail.com>, Jules.gooris@gmail.com, Lotta Kestens <Lotta.kestens2@gmail.com>, Jonas Van Geel <vangeeljonas@gmail.com>, Simon Delobel <simon.delobel@hogent.be>, Ole.van.Helvoirt@gmail.com, ninajoythielemans1@gmail.com, toscamonteyne@gmail.com, Maartje Claes <claesmaartje@gmail.com>, V.avanzini95@gmail.com, Josse.mahieu@hotmail.com, Errorasker@gmail.com, lennert lefever <lennertlefever@live.be>, Margo Vanneste <Margovanneste@gmail.com>, Indrè Butkutė <indreibutkutei@gmail.com>, seppe.vuylsteke1@gmail.com, zoewevelgem@icloud.com, keksekeksekek@gmail.com, millavandergraaf@gmail.com, jespersleon@gmail.com, vanhoydoncklynn@gmail.com, clelia.perego2000@gmail.com, pattynruben2@gmail.com, Salinsreinis@gmail.com, Mark van Hoek <markvanhoek@outlook.com>, ellenpichkhadze@gmail.com, charlotterood@live.nl, flore van sparrentak <florevs@hotmail.nl>, j.kristbjorg@gmail.com, angusxin@yahoo.com, wumaoart123@gmail.com, arthur.vankeirbilck@gmail.com, Honoré d'O <honoredo@gmail.com>, Sébastien Bovie <sebastien.bovie@gmail.com>, "Hakim J. Msdk" <hakimmsdk@gmail.com>, Marechal Anne-Cecile <acmarechal@1030.be>, meesnoordzij@hotmail.com, Bram Van Damme <bram.vandamme@hogent.be>, frida.dyekjaer.giese@gmail.com, michal.j.romaniuk@gmail.com, Sari Middernacht <sarimiddernacht@gmail.com>, Kiara Govaert <kiaragovaert@gmail.com>, ginger cunt <jacobie.lambrecht@gmail.com>, Lola den Dunnen <lolaangels04@gmail.com>, Noël.callebout@telenet.be, "b.cornelissen2000@gmail.com" <b.cornelissen2000@gmail.com>, lukasdewaaij@hotmail.com, daniel-albers@outlook.com, "danazoutman@gmail.com" <danazoutman@gmail.com>, Madeline Olmer <madelineolmer@gmail.com>, verbeeksiene@gmail.com, juliusmaxtaal@gmail.com

Hey everyone

I am back!!!! I never really left but the rythm of the newsletters is sliding a bit, but that is okay I hope. In the past two weeks there has been some young sunshine here, the time of rebirth has begun.

- The past time
- New friends in Rotterdam
- Today I will find out if I win 10 000 euros or not (I did not)
- I am in decay
- Shirts & clothing
- A quote by WANG Min'An I encountered at a talk.
- closing message

Links

- collective imagination/meditation story. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b2qVTdnGPoc>
- cupping therapy at 2am. <https://freejacob.com/16-02-2025/>
- I am in decay <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VqvfgZyynsk>
- A reminder <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FLE3a2hZ05Y>

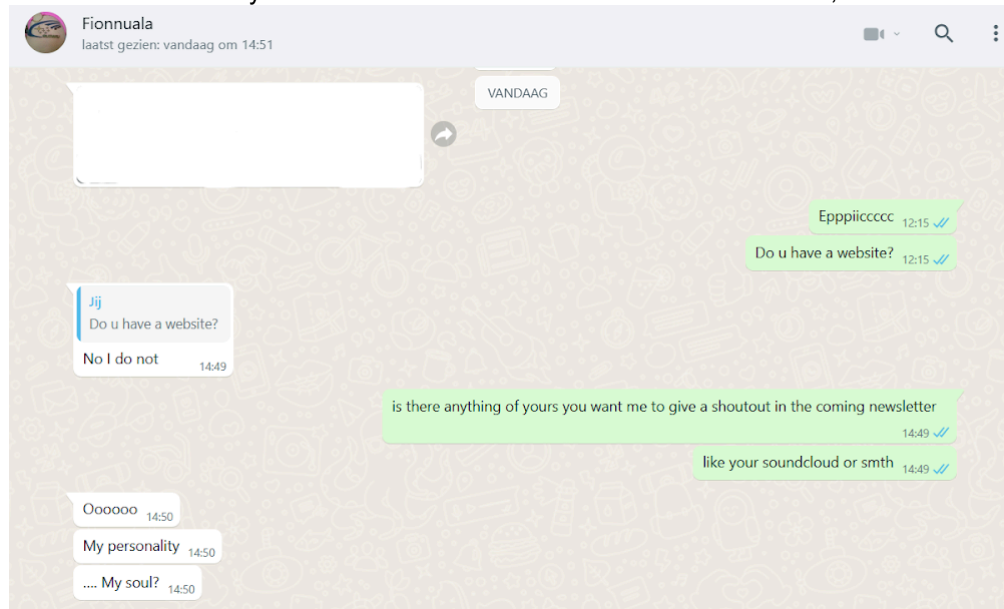
The past time

In the past time I have dedicated myself a lot to the unspectacular nature of daily life, love and friendship. I am starting to feel a little bit at home in Rotterdam and it makes me really happy to have this sense of ease and fulfilment. Not too many obligations, no spectacular undertakings, just fully investing in discovering the city, people, and friendships it holds. It is very similar to what I was doing (or trying to do) in Lubumbashi last year, with the difference being that it is waaaaay easier for me here. The only thing is that my time is quite limited since I will already leave at the end of April. The fact that I have such nice prospects for this and next year also allows me to just follow my artistic impulses without much sense or need for big ideas, here and now. That is a big source of pleasure. I also go to events and workshops regularly. A few weeks back I went to a writing workshop on 'the monstrous'. And after doing some

guided meditation / imagination and body exercises, we wrote what we saw during the imagination. I translated it into a nice video. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b2qVTdnGPoc>

New friends in Rotterdam

There is a place here, outside of the city on an island-ish piece of land where every friday they fire up a pizza oven around which they built a sauna. So you can spend all evening eating pizza in the community space and hanging out together inside the sauna. It is one of the more magical and effective community spaces I have seen in my life. I have met a bunch of people there and with a few of them I have been getting along really well. This resulted in multiple nights of going out and hanging out in the past week. For the first time I really felt part of a friendgroup here! So blessed! One of these nights we were hanging out and Fionnuala pulled out her 'cupping set' and cupped the other three of us. As 'Maggot brain' by funkadelic was playing, these cups were sucking on our backs at 2 after midnight. It was a very unique moment. I made a rendition of it on my blog: <https://freejacob.com/16-02-2025/>. One of these friends has this website, <https://pvanderp.be>, check it out if you want :). And send me your own cool website if you have one!! I am always curious about it. Also shoutout Fionnuala's soul ;



Today I will find out if I win 10 000 euros or not (I didnt)

I was very close to being rich for a little bit hahahahaha. I almost won a very big grant, but it will have to be for another year ;). Stay tuned for my future fortune 🤪🤪

I am in decay

Strangely enough I have become aware that growing old will probably be a very difficult thing for me. I am very aware of the small ways my body ages and the wrinkles that i did not have before. When i say this to people they scoff and roll their eyes, and rightfully so hahahaha. Still, I better start accepting my own decay before it actually happens. To this, and other ends I made a short video.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VqvGzynnsk>

Shirts & clothing

The project with the clothing keeps developing, I will add a few images here. I am making many more but havent yet documented everything properly. I have to thank the people who inspire the text. The first one was suggested by Zeger, the second one by Emily :)



A quote by WANG Min'An I encountered at a talk.

"people trust the refrigerator's ability to preserve food, but often, that trust is abused."

Closing message

An important message. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FLE3a2hZ05Y>

Thank you for reading, being my friends, existing and not giving up !!! And as always, call me if you feel like it or want to announce something. Or simply email me, I always really appreciate the contact ♥.

I have a new number by the way, please save it under my name:

+31617801725 Sorry for changing number so often.

Much Much love. Big hug

Jacob

flore van sparrentak <florevs@hotmail.nl>
Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

21 februari 2025 om 00:42

<3

From: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Sent: Thursday, February 20, 2025 11:34:56 PM
Subject: Newsletter 7

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

Simon Delobel <simon.delobel@hogent.be>
Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

21 februari 2025 om 09:05

Good to read you, my friend!

Decay!?!?

I just got sterilized yesterday.

We all face our own issues!!!

Lots of love from Antwerp, recovering from the surgery

Simon

From: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Sent: Friday, February 21, 2025 12:34:56 AM
Subject: Newsletter 7

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

Lorenzo Silvestri <infolorenzosilvestri@gmail.com>
Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

21 februari 2025 om 13:34

Love the shirt I want one

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: Simon Delobel <simon.delobel@hogent.be>

21 februari 2025 om 15:17

Hey Simon

Hahahahahahahh je stelt het zo mooi. Heel fijn om van je te horen. Ik was al van plan om je nog eens te sturen. Hopelijk is het geen te grote issue en heb je een vlot herstel.

Sterilized like a boss 🤖.

Misschien is 'decadence' nog beter in plaats van 'decay'.

We are in decadence !

Lots of love & vlot herstel!!
Jacob

Op vr 21 feb 2025 om 09:05 schreef Simon Delobel <simon.delobel@hogent.be>

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: Lorenzo Silvestri <Infolorenzosilvestri@gmail.com>

23 februari 2025 om 01:12

Come get it xxxxxx 🤔 🤔 🤔

Op vr 21 feb 2025 om 13:35 schreef Lorenzo Silvestri <infolorenzosilvestri@gmail.com>

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: mateoperez2002@gmail.com

23 februari 2025 om 09:41

Op vr 21 feb 2025 om 00:34 schreef jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: flore van sparrentak <florevs@hotmail.nl>

23 februari 2025 om 13:15



Op vr 21 feb 2025 om 00:43 schreef flore van sparrentak <florevs@hotmail.nl>

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

mpgdp <mateoperez2002@gmail.com>
Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

25 februari 2025 om 10:58

Hey Jacob!

Thank you for sharing your newsletter. I like your writing and your light approach to life. I feel you with the im in decay. Lately I've been feeling like a kid and an old man at the same time. It is not decay I fear though, but the fact that it's so easy too lose touch with all this thats reality. What kept me alive and stopped me from losing reality was to realize that all you got is this, whatever's in front of ya'. So if thats wrinkles, lovely! You got sum' life in ya'.

Thank you again for sharing, and hit me up to hangout in Rdam! I usually go on Wednesdays to Bird, they have free live jazz :)

Take care!

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

Karlina Zaks <kazasmood@gmail.com>
Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

27 februari 2025 om 11:26

hi hi hii, Jacob!

It is great to hear about your adventures!

I read this mail one morning but had to go to lectures, now I have a free day till 13.00 and I'll be going to my last drawing exam ever. It is a mandatory thing for the 4th year students. We are drawing this beautiful gypsum man. His body is twisted in this stiff way and mouth slightly open, he might be in pain, shouting at something or taking his last breath, who knows really.

It has been a fun few weeks after getting back home from Italy. That Friday morning started in a very funny way. The night before we bought train tickets for 39euros, the train leaves at 9.20 in the morning and we would arrive at the airport ~1,5h before the flight. Before we were supposed to leave, the train got delayed and we were on the cusp of missing the flight. Luckily our project manager Alessio saved the day and drove us 3h to the airport by his car. Forever thankful for this kind gesture.

The poetry video was really good. The music and the eeriness of the text. Reminded me of Russian cartoons I used to watch when little, the melody in a minor key and the electric keyboard. The poem about the dough and how it moves, feels reminded me a little of the last segment in the movie "The substance", when the woman turns into this collective of flesh.

Writing poetry is so interesting, it is a satisfying process, but humans can make it too complicated. I had a writing slump at the start of the year, but now I am getting back to writing more and like Karlina. I like that feeling. My favorite poems are about love or the process when the soul or the body dies. They are such powerful feelings and processes, it is hard to not write about them. As I fall out of limerence with people and see them as I should, I smile and laugh at times, how beautiful I saw myself then and that beauty stick to oneself when the circle has ended. I like to write passionately and with this magical touch to the paper. I look back and the stuff I wrote 1year ago was so pure and good. I hope one year from now I will look back and smile with the same admiration for myself and the love that seeps into the paper.

This evening I am going to a magazine opening. I have published some poems there myself, but I guess it is not really for me now. But my dear friend Una got her poems in and we will be going together to enjoy this evening. I love my friend Una, we are soul friends, bonded with nature, trees, moss, water and thoughts. We love going on adventures in nature together. Couple of months ago we went to a beach and had a picnic in the woods. Latvia is full of beautiful places to walk and explore, that is where I get inspo for my work. We are nature - bound to be turned back to soil.

After seeing the cup video, I thought that I need a good sauna session. In Latvia we call saunas "sauna", but we have a more traditional and stronger "sauna" it is called "pirts". In "Kalāči" they have a "black pirts", it is soooo much more stronger than the regular one. You have to get the fire started and let the smoke get it super heated, you open up the doors and the little window to get the smoke out, keep on the fire and at the end of the day you can use the black pirts. It is nice and dark in there, next to the pirts they have a pond to cool and wash off. In the pond lives a lot of goldfishes and other animals. It is a beautiful and grounding way of living.

It is inevitable that we will decay with time and look more like a piece of old dough, but it is beautiful. With age there comes a calm wave of gratitude and slowness, wisdom and endless ways to tell stories that have a different value now. With time there come more people and languages, books of poetry and recipes that dont need a book, because you have made the same soup many times now. With time there comes humor and tasty laughs. The feeling of death wont scare the old body that rests its head upon a clean pillow. But one thing that keeps the skin young are the eyes that never change, but get brighter and more pure with age, like a bird weaving a nest to keep its family warm and safe, your eyes will do the same - keep you warm and with company that doesnt die.

I still love the shirts, keep on making more!!

I imagined the *closing message* as a big poster in the city center. Important thoughts will never get dull and while they live on in humans, they live on around us.

I have a little time left before the exam.

Some things happening in Riga and outside of it with me:

_ I finished the entrance assignment for Aalto university and are super happy how it turned out. Will attach the pdf file for you to have a look at;

_ Finished making the visual planset/project for my diploma work. Will be making a design object out of concrete. It will have a place to grow moss with a glass top, an opening for **potpourri**, with a little cement lid with hole to open it and let it diffuse the aroma. Some free space will be left for the product user to place their everyday stuff on

;

_ Finished writing the first part of my diploma work research and development, it is in Latvian so cant send it to you, but it will be a 43page long paper on what the hell have I been doing for 1 year:

_ Next week will be presenting my idea to the big guns. I am not intimidated by speaking in public, all should be fine;

_ Went home to celebrate my name day with the fam. My big sister baked me and my mom a chocolate cake. My mom was on a work trip in Armenia;

_ Planted more yummy and beautiful plants. My roommate took care of the ones I planted in September, now I did some more;

_ Got a mild cold. It is cold here;

_ Eating good and feeling even better.

Hope you have a wonderful week. I used to say *goodbye* to my friends: "have a wonderful life", I think it is time to bring that back.

Have a wonderful life, Jacob!

Hear from you soon!

Peace and Love, Karlīna x



Vīrusu nav.www.avast.com

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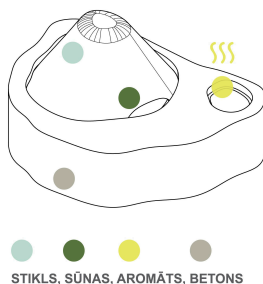
Karlīna Zaksa <kazasmood@gmail.com>

27 februari 2025 om 11:34

Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

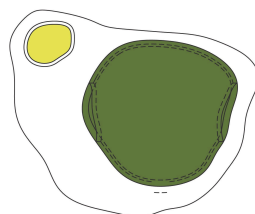
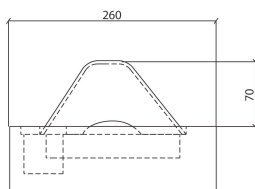
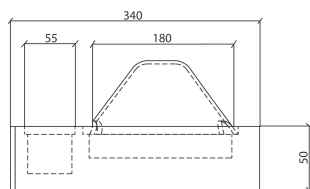
Project 🌻

Galvenais vēstījums ir mūžīgā sadarbība starp cilvēku un dabu, sūnām ar betonu. Produkta mērķis ir integrēt sūnas mūsu apkārtējā vidē, kā arī veicināt ilgtspējīgu domāšanu, atbildīgu attieksmi pret apkārt esošo. Betona objekta pamatnē atvēlēta vieta iedobei, no kuras izdalās dabīgu augu aromāts.



DRAUDZIŅŠ

SŪNU



MIKC RĪGAS DIZAINA UN MĀKSLAS VIDUSSKOLA
IZGLĪTĪBAS PROGRAMMA: PRODUKTU DIZAINS

AUTORS: KARLĪNA ZAKSA
PROJEKTA NOSAUKUMS: BETONA DIZAINA OBJEKTS
PROJEKTA VADĪTĀJS: INDRA MERCA
DARBA VADĪTĀJS: JĀNIS ZVIRGZDS-ZVIRGZDIŅŠ

2025

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

27 februari 2025 om 11:56

Aan: "veramachadodacosta@gmail.com" <veramachadodacosta@gmail.com>

Op vr 21 feb 2025 om 00:34 schreef jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

Hey everyone

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Jacob

Vera Machado <veramachadodacosta@gmail.com>

4 maart 2025 om 00:11

Aan: jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

hai Jacob,

Finally got the time to read your newsletter; life has been so beautifully eventful since we met.

Since I have so much to tell and share with you, and what feels like too little time, I will write some stories, partially, in the hopes you get to know a bit more of my soul.

(a bit of) **life before we met**

my first love(r)

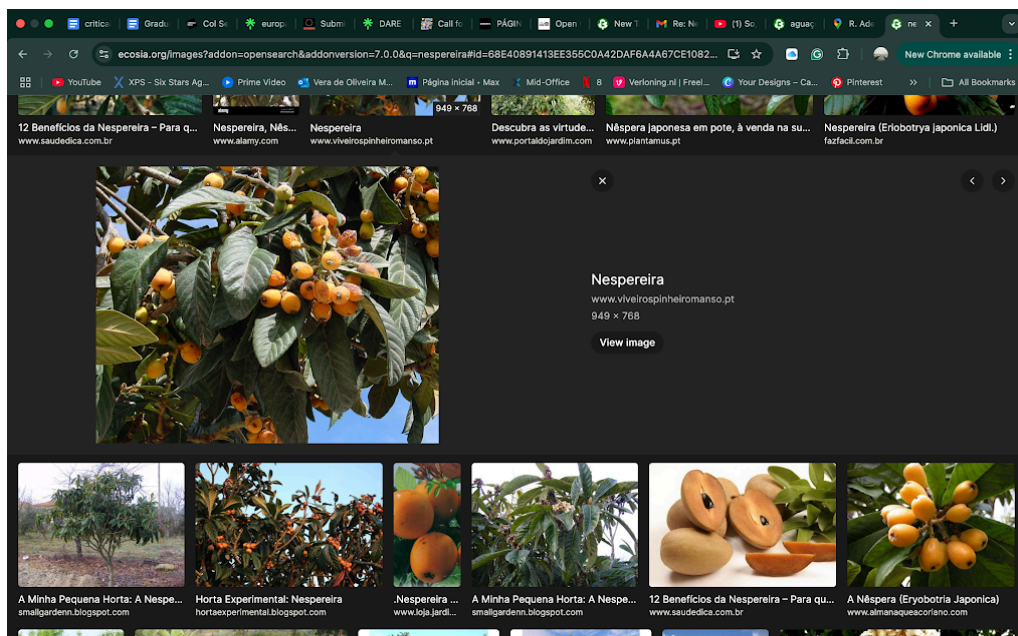
the story of how I met myself as a grandmother and fell in love with the notion of aging

(a bit of) **life before we met**

I was born on Sunday, March 11th in 2001. My parents had been dating for around 2 years only, and I wasn't per se planned. One month before my birth my dad was very scared and thought he couldn't be a father, so my mom, being the **Woman** she is, said he could go for two weeks and figure himself out; if he wasn't back in two weeks, he would never be in my life. He came back. And has done an amazing job as a father, a role model, and a friend. He has taught me my emotions are valid, that they move like waves and they aren't absolute, that my view of the world is precious and unique and should be nurtured with care, and that I'm, as he says, "interested and interesting". Growing up, he taught me how to climb medlar trees and get the most juicy orange medlar (one of my favourite fruits). We never bought them, we always found a lonely tree to pick from. He also taught me how to respect and move with the Atlantic, how to count the time in between waves, how to dive under them, where to stand when the tide is strong, how to read the winds, along with the moon and tides, to know the best corner of the coast to enjoy the sun and water. It's where the land meets the ocean that I meet my father, myself, my language, and my home. Whenever his mind is too busy, he goes for a swim. He has taught me, more unconsciously than consciously, that the water takes the worries away. This is something I miss dearly living in this city, running to the ocean, feeling the cold waters on my bones, controlling my breathing and gracefully dipping under the waves, letting my physical body bring me to the present, tasting the salty water on my lips, and watching it dry and create a layer of salt on my skin. Sometimes drops dry, and I'm left with salt circles all over my body. This is something I hope to introduce to you.

Lovely to think maybe someday I can show you, and we can sit in silence, looking outwards to the horizon that is painted in shades of blues.

i will leave you a picture of a medlar.



my first love(r)

My first love in life was and is São Pedro. I met him at the shoreline that I once called Praia do Pai. Since our first encounter, I was mesmerized by his dualities, imperfectly balanced, in how he moved in space, rigidity and fluidity, how he interacted with his environment and people in it, toughness and care, how he was not afraid of his own depth, secrets and truths, and how he saw me, how he made me feel seen, heard, and understood in our shared (loud) silence. Things got serious once I was in not such a good headspace. I was 18 and freshly diagnosed with depression, an anxiety disorder and two eating disorders. I didn't know where to turn; everything I held on to so tightly, with so much certainty, about myself and life crumbled the moment I exhaled for the first time. All these labels brought me to a duality of my own, I felt a subtle sense of peace in finally understanding that the weight I felt was real and not just in my head, but also that I didn't know how to relate to these tags. Like the uncomfortable itchy tags on clothes, could I just cut them out? did I have to keep being itchy?

He made me see that instead of being northless, I was set free by my own breath. He gave me all the space I needed to live, express, and suppress my experiences and emotions. He gave me the whole ocean. Every day after therapy or once my head got too loud, I left the house and walked for 14 minutes, following the maresia he left behind, just for me to find him. Head down, eyes locked at my feet, until the cobblestone turned dark shades of greys with a spiky texture, and the only thing between me and him was the urge to jump.

I wrote him a book of love letters and thoughts called *Desabafos a São Pedro*; someday I'll show you.

He was for me and I was for him. He went through waves of anger, resentment, sadness, sorrow, and saudade. And I was there, sitting, looking out, holding space for him.

he gave me clarity; he grounded me in myself by allowing me to come into his Self.

he gave me an ocean

he was the ocean

will leave you with a picture of him



the story of how I met myself as a grandmother and fell in love with the notion of ageing

Last year was one of the most beautiful years of my life, but it was also one of the most painful.. As above, so below. On my travels, on the 9th of March, I was raped by someone I trusted.. This is something to only talk about in person; after that experience, I went as far away from Indonesia as I could to the Philippines. Being alone on the other side of the world just made this experience harder. For 1 month, I didn't tell anyone, not my parents, friends, or strangers... I needed that month to prove to myself that I was not going to let that experience stop my travels.. by the end of the month, I exploded; I felt empty, lost, and broken. I had no one that made me feel at home or safe. So I went back to Bali, Indonesia, to meet Nikki. I was desperate and needed something/someone close to home.

I didn't like Bali the first time I went, but I have to admit, on the second try, I did find my connection to the place. One day I went to a womb wisdom workshop. My womb was hurting, and I wanted to let it and my body know I was not only aware but caring for both. In this workshop, we were guided into a deep meditation with some visualization exercises. At a point, we entered our own womb space, observing what feelings were coming up. She guided us to create our own altar, visualizing nature around the space and at its center an altar. My womb space was like a rainforest jungle type, with waterfalls everywhere and greens that seemed impossible, and at the center a dark stone arose. It had many levels, until the top. I started at the bottom and saw all my gods and goddesses, like Iemanjá, the Virgin Mary, Shiva, Ganesha, the pietà, abundance, and colors. I am spoiled by them. At the very top was a ghost-like figure. First, the only thing I saw were her eyes, my eyes. I realized I was looking at myself, and myself was looking at me. She had wrinkles so deep her skin looked like the bark of a tree, her hair long and grey, she had my mole under her right eye, her smile was the most calming, soothing smile, and her eyes were mine, with the three meteorites. I felt emotions/feelings/sensations that I don't think we have words for. A sense of being home, suddenly I became aware of how much I had missed that state of being. I felt peace, I felt LOVE, I felt her; and she was so very wise, so caring, so myself, but with lifetimes of experiences in each fold, each wrinkle.

In her presence, I felt the immenseness of the space around me. I felt presence sitting next to me; I wondered if I had the strength to move from her gaze into what was the unknown. I did. I looked to the left and was in utter awe. I saw a Vera for every year I had lived until then, all looking at me with so much love, pride, and care. I saw my 6, 13, 16, 20-year-old self... I saw all of them, 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

Curious as I am and honestly filled with energy by all of me, I wonder what was to my right. I turned my head and saw an infinite number of older Veras; I couldn't see the last one because there were so many. One for each year to be lived, my 26, 30, 34, 36, 40, 50, 60, All of them were sitting with me, looking into my eyes. I crossed eyes with one of them; she was around either 28 or 30 something, a beautiful young woman. In her eyes, I saw so much, but I wanna tell you the rest of this story in person.

This experience put life into perspective; I understood that all those veras live with me, in our shared present, we all have the same eyes, the young and old. And honestly, i saw so much life in my otherselves, so many experiences, looking into the eyes of each decade, seeing how much life shaped me, how visible it was that I have lived a full life. I think in decay there's life, or the memory of life. What stays behind after a life lived to its extent? the wrinkles on your face, the roughness of your hands, the pains and gains of a body that did so much.

In decay, you know you lived, so much that you are coming to an end.

i find that beautiful, and im excited for it

(it might also help that i don't believe life is done after death)

will leave you with a picture of full bloomed agave, from my coast-line to you.



Anyways, You are currently waiting for me to jump in the shower together,
so I think I'm going to wrap my letter up, still wanna write you so much more <3<3
Talk soon and see you now

sooo much love <3<3<3
Vera da Costa

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: fionnanmurphy@gmail.com

4 maart 2025 om 12:07

Op vr 21 feb 2025 om 00:34 schreef jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>

Hey everyone

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

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[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

Jacob

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: mpgdp <mateoperez2002@gmail.com>

4 maart 2025 om 12:36

Hey Matteo

Thank you so much for reading and responding. It always means a lot to me. The night we met for an exponentially long time I felt what you describe in your email. about 'losing touch'. You put it very beautifully and make an essential point. It is way scarier to lose touch then to grow old. I was thinking a lot about this last year. thank you for reminding me of this.

Sorry for responding so late. I have been having a really crazy and fast life here in roffa for the past week(s). It has been incredibly fun but now i feel I need to step aside from this tempo to take some distance again. Responding to sensitive emails like this helps :)

Hope you are good, I might show up to bird one of these days, Tomorrow my gf is coming back from nyc tough so it wont be then. and if I find the space I would also love to just hang out casually :). We keep in touch man.

Hope u are well xxx
bless you

Jacob

Op di 25 feb 2025 om 10:59 schreef mpgdp <mateoperez2002@gmail.com>:

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]

jacob lambrecht <jacob9lambrecht@gmail.com>
Aan: Karlina Zaksa <kazasmood@gmail.com>

4 maart 2025 om 14:01

Hey Karlina

I am really happy to hear so extensively from you again. You write so beautifully about things I have little to say about in this moment because I am socially completely drained, but I enjoy your writing deeply. What you write about decay also warms my heart. A lot of people responded to this point, but few do it so beautifully haha. It has really made me think and sit with it more for the last days. I really appreciate the faith you and others have in my decay. My friend put it very succinctly by responding 'just our bodies tough'. It sounds like you are also growing a lot and that makes me happy aswell.

question ; was your aalto application file only 6 pages ? Its fun but very little.

question ; I like the concept for your concrete/moss/potpourri.. but won't it be super heavy ? Looks nice tough, i guess the moss also filters the air in your room so thats a double ++. Did you already present to the big guns ? how did it go ?

Sorry for taking such a long time to reply. I have been the most busy I have ever been since starting the newsletter. And the funny thing is that I am not really busy with very serious stuff. Just with making friends and hanging out. Its not so serious but I consider it extremely important, more important then making art or being productive in this time. Shino left for nyc a month ago, and when she did we decided we would go on a relationship break. We agreed to this on the best of terms and with nothing but love and a bit of fear. Since then I have been pulled into a crazy whirlwind of new and old friends, parties and hangouts, social dynamics and for the first time in many years a lover. It has been one of the most engaging times i can remember of my life. I have been fully submerged and i feel ecstatic and also a bit exhausted :D. Shino comes back tomorrow and I don't know in what kind of headspace she will be. It makes me nervous. This entire new social group and world that I connected with trough freedom, curiosity and some beautifully flirtatious interactions is not something I really feel like sharing with her. I like that it exists seperately from our years of being together. I dont know if this is mean or not, or if she will care or not.

if you want to see a snippet of my life from the past weeks, i made this edit. ;)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cuuRRXURf3E>

I will keep this one short because I am feeling it is a big effort to write a lot hahaha im really quite drained but please send me poems if you feel like it, write me if you feel like it or even call me if you feel you need it.

love you Karlina :)
Jacob

Op do 27 feb 2025 om 11:27 schreef Karlina Zaksa <kazasmood@gmail.com>:

[Tekst uit oorspronkelijke bericht is verborgen]