

Putting a bottle before the cup  
A lobster claw hides in the grapes  
The shit on the frame points to a light in the darkness  
Don't shit on my frame  
Don't frame my shit  
Don't hang your paintings outside or else they'll go crooked  
Why shoot the cock when the goose is shot at Schiphol  
A full jar on the head is better than a drunk man in the field  
Pastapun met mint oysters

I think it was a proverb about the meeting between the jeugd and the old. The jeugd enters the room and is surprised to see the old sitting there. The jeugd asks the old, “How come you're still alive?”

And the old chuckles, “heh, heh” like that, and he says, “I'm not dead, oh no, I will survive...”

And he starts to sing with this kind of old black man voice, “Oh Death, ohhhh death, won't you spare me over till another year...”

The jeugd is quite fascinated by the old but he is also nervous because he feels he cannot grasp him. Then the old says, “I'm here, I will always be here. I don't do a lot, I'm just staying, just waiting for the best moment to make my pun.”

A good pun is like an oyster. It is fresh and slimy, attractive and disgusting at the same time. It is a contradiction of logic, and that is what makes it surprising. A pun has to be consumed quickly à la minute, but the taste lingers a long time in the mouth. The oyster is a mise-en abîme of the proverb itself, it symbolizes the power of the pun.

**OR** I heard that in 2043, The Hippos, an African American group, recorded a jingle advertisement for the product Retrospectacles. Many scholars argue *Pasta pun met mint oysters* appeared for the first time in that little diddy of a song.

*If you're looking for future fun from long ago,  
grab you're Retrospectacles and go go go,  
find a pasta pun met mint oysters,  
flip on back, Mr. Moishe Moister!*

Good people of Amsterdam, we've got something pretty special for you, I'm only staying here until yesterday and then I'm off for Kansas, so I want to tell you something awesome that we've got in store for you! It's a little bit time sensitive so I apologize for the interruption, but a little bottle of boogle dangle won't untangle you're groove, god damn no sireee! You've seen some really compelling demos here, they were slick, they were robust, this is nothing like that. This could go wrong in about 500 different ways, so tell me now, are you ready to step right up and witness the miraculous?

This is crazy, a bit nuts, but we want to present for the very first time in the Netherlands our very own, old fashioned never released, fantastical, get em while they're hot Retrospectacles! They put the jeugd, in yogurt, the cute in barbecue, and the spicy mustard in the ancient custard. They'll even let you log on to the network with a wink of the eye, if you know what I mean! Nudge nudge, say no more!

Are you feeling too retro metro? Do you ever want to travel forward in time to the patat of a different MoMA... San Francisco MoMA, New York MoMA, Eindhoven MoMA, Memory lane MoMA perhaps? Well don't be a square, try yourself a pair of retrospectacles! Pasta down from my great granddaddy, these shpeks will give you a new way to see the old and an old way to see the new. Don't sit on your tush fusili reasons, get up cause I'm going to tagliatelle you what these retrospectacles can do! Are you ready Freddy spaghetti for a surprise fine art people of Amsterdam?

I have lent a pair of Retrospectacles to my friend JP. He's an authentic hep cat oyster, he's really into radical predictions. We hooked him up with a pair of Retrospectacles to see what tricks he might do. Let's try and get in contact with him:

- JP Can you hear me?
- Yes DB, are you there?
- I'm here.
- I was listening your speech and it's sounds pretty cool.
- Thanks JP, where are you?
- I'm in the bushes.
- What are you doing there?
- I'm counting nuts.
- JP What do you see?
- I don't see anything special at the moment, just a few squirrels. For sure, I'm no longer in the impossible present, but what is amazing is that I can feel the Retrospectacles squeezing into my face. I can say that Retrospectacles adapt to the user's physical profile and work individually. I feel that the length of my nose reduces my eye gaze. Also it's amazing that the soft point on my forehead is responsible for my time zone senses. Basically it is a hip-hoptical tool, which simulates past pasta, Christmas presents and future furniture. I can feel that the algorithm of my memory and the time particles are constantly interchanging via reminiscential pasta spectrum.
- For example, DB are you still on retro?
- Yes.
- If you say past.
- Past.
- And I say present, then the conventional time rectangle shifts diagonally to the local time zone, which is UTC +1. That means that the pasta penne shifts to the present shape of cannelloni. And I see now that the Retrospectacles have an extra option. If the user wants to have more classical time flavor of the great narrative, Retrospectacles can put

the filter of the cheddar bastard cheese, which brings us to the general theory of pasta with ketchup. But if I would switch my spaghetti arrow on the faster tempo, DB, I say present, and you say...

- Future.

- Amazing. We can Retrospeculate the past and future at once. It means the general pasta globe collapses to tiny bits of grattini grains - and then bebop bebop just don't stop. The couscous knocks knocks at the future fiori and farfalloni on top, like a butterfly on the flower. But be careful, punt NL.

- I ain't coming on that tab JP. What you're saying is sexually very interesting but you're creeping out like the shadow, you're gammin up the glims, but at the same time your off the cob, and that's what I like about you pops, even when you got your glasses on, you lay your racket as a killer diller.

- I see a prediction. My grandfather is sitting on a canal. He is a child and he's taking a spoon out of his pocket. He's putting it onto his nose, turning to a tourist holding a camera... and... NOW it's uploading.

- Ok Retrospectacles, show me the future picture.

- Grandpa has disappeared, but the spoon is still here, it's being put onto another person's nose, and they are smiling posing for a painting. They are wearing mustaches, all of them, suspenders, my grandpa's glasses too, and they're eating sustainable local food. And there you are DB but you're very old, you're walking with a cane, and looking at the kids with the mustaches. You are clean-shaven, and well, it looks like I know what you're going to say, but you already said it. I'm remembering tomorrow now, and I'm just projecting, or Retrospeculating, but once we're there, I mean tomorrow, I think we'll know that during this live hangout we were alive because we knew the respectacle jive.

**OR** Pastapun met mint oysters was one of the special dishes served on the menu of Chez le Paris, a French style Eet cafe in the northern Dutch city of Groningen.

Oh yes! I remember Chez le Paris, oh my gouda kaas... they were so famous for their unstable tables. One leg would always be too short and then the table would gradually lean towards you, slowly, slowly, and... SPLAT! Foie gras on your bra! Of course this was not all the time, only happened when you put your elbows on the table. They made their tables that way on purpose to teach you manners, for those no good jeugd van tegenwoordig, them youngsters always with their elbows on the table, acting like it's some kind of a sloppy Joe joint. Didn't their mother's ever teach them...

Oh what a disgrace, next thing you know, people will be talking on their celery phones while in the rest or run like it's no big banana peel! You know I was waiting outside Chez le Paris the other day and there was a group of boys saying that they were hungry. Ik heb honger! ik heb honger! Well you don't know what hunger is, because you didn't experience the war! And now lord, they're saying that they're not just hungry, but that they're hangry, they're so hungry that they're angry!

Tell me, what do you see?

I see black monochrome smartphones. The whole history of the black smartphone is here. Look, here is the first one, made in 0.0, we can recognize it among the others with its special flatness and geometry typical from the Suprematism phone. Small and square, this Malevichian specimen represents very well the ideal of mathematical purity. The pure feeling of mathematics. We also call it the Magic Square. This brings us to the Minimalism phone, which was very influenced by the Suprematism. We can easily recognize it because of its flatness as well, but also because it is a rectangle, which fits into the pocket much more than the square one. That's why it was more popular than the avant-garde Magical Square, it was easier to use for the people. Back then it was called the Popiphone and all the other smartphones tried to copy it, like the Copyphone. But the original stays unique and still very contemporary. You can't say that the Popiphone is a case of Leftoversism or Oysterism, it just stays as it is and crosses time endlessly. This one is also quite amazing, a Samsung Expressionism, I will say from early 2.2. In contrast from the Suprematism, the keyboard is part of the matter, it is much more expressive and has different effects of volume and matter. This antagonism between the screen and the keyboard was the basis for the next movement, the Blackberry movement as you can see here. The Blackberry's statement is that the keyboard is like a valley, part of a plateau, I mean it is a component of a landscape that you cannot ignore. Of course there is a battle between these two philosophies. I can't tell you who is the winner for the moment, they are still both very actual and active in the contemporary smartphone scene.  
And, here we have a very glossy Nokia specimen. Look at the mirroring surface, it is amazing, it must be a Post-minimalism Popiphone I would say, maybe from the Pastapost Tonalism?

**OR** is that Alphonso Allais on the phone?

Twenty-three Zwarte Piets  
stealing lekker liquorish candies in the MoMA museum  
in front of the Malevich square  
at night.

Over radiated solarium girl  
desperately searching fOR her ING debit card in a fruit market  
while a sunset color hair salesman  
is trying to seduce her with a soup  
made of a quarter of semi-sized mashed pumpkin  
one sinaasappel, three carrots, a piece of chicken bouillon  
and all of that on Queen's day.

A group of prisoners holding spatulas  
raking a Zen garden in the snow.

A sad faced mime is watching a chess game on TV  
between a crazy zebra and a wild skunk  
but the program is interrupted by  
static noise.