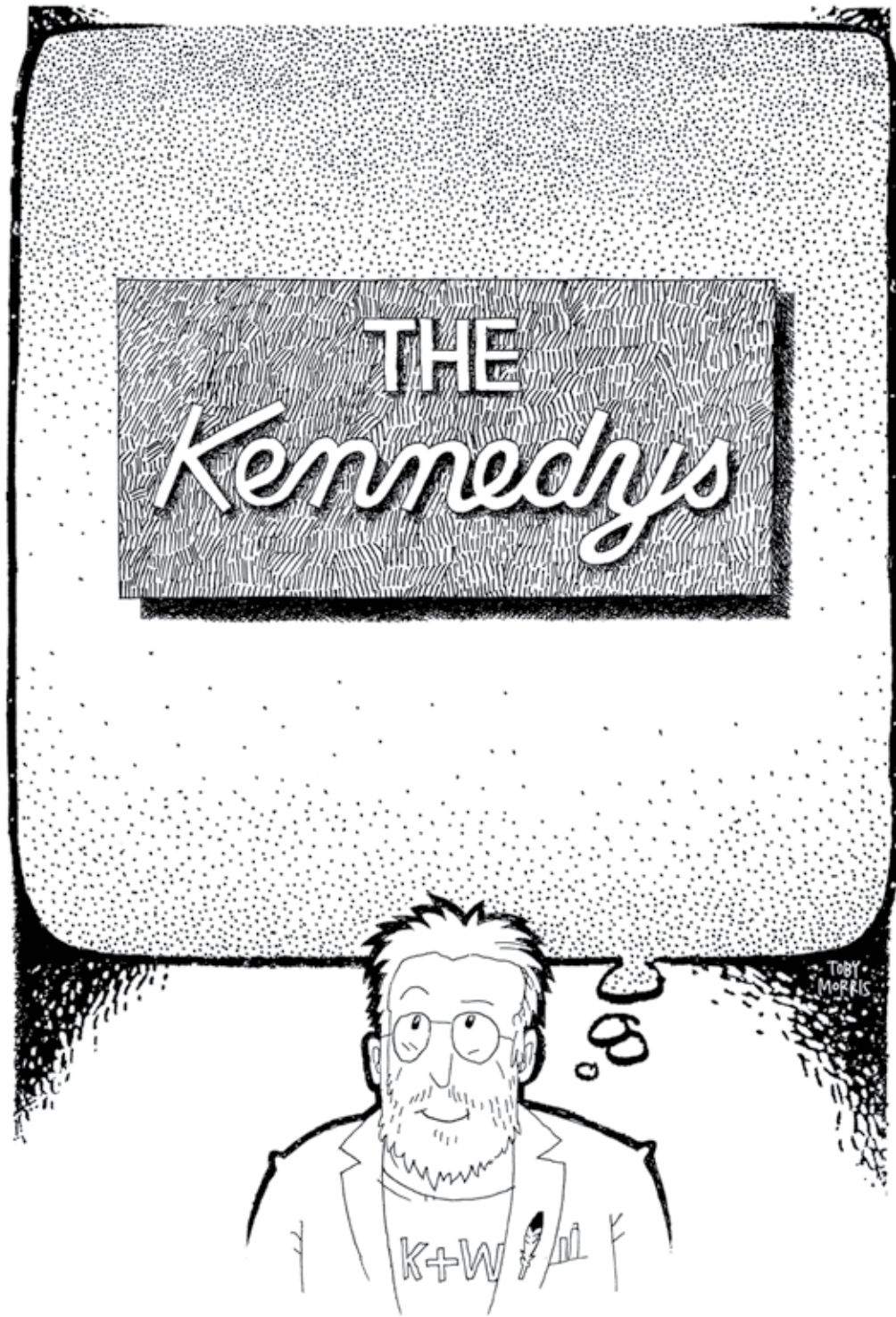


THE Kennodys



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A

The Kennedys

We are an Australian, a Frenchman, an Italian, a Portuguese, a Swiss and a Swede. We are an internship program that brings together creatives from around Europe, with a diverse range of skills, to create an “agency within an agency.” We are The Kennedys. The Kennedys work on small, local projects, local projects that are normally too small for Wieden+Kennedy to take on. Part creative team and part production team, we see project through from concept to execution to production. We are The Kennedys.

The Kennedys are directed, mentored and encouraged by 15 year Wieden veteran and creative director Alvaro Sotomayor and project manager Judd Caraway.

Selection

01/02/2011

Our Dam Blog is the official blog of Wieden+Kennedy. Let's take a trip through the archives to watch the gestation and birth of The Kennedys, 938 applications later.

21/04/2011

938 applicants = 4.46 GB = 4,441,090,075 bytes = 4,151 items. That is what the folder details told me when I made the final download of The Kennedys applications. How does one wade through 938 applications? One at a time and a lot of coffee is the best answer. What we received was amazing and humbling; Animations, Books, Collages, Movies, Snapshots, Stories, Websites, Lions and Tigers, and Bears! Oh, my! In honor of our fine applicants we have painted our walls and projected videos for our whole office to see.

06/05/2011

Recipe for The Kennedys is as follows:

- Begin with a website and blog posts calling for entries to your Amsterdam office.
- Age for two months then extract 938 applicants onto your computer.
- Combine coffee and as many hours in a day to analyze the amazing, humbling, creative submissions received.
- Filter down to a small number of finalists.
- Mix together on June 1, 2011.



1. The team is here.

Preface

It started as a not so innocent question to David Kennedy in Portland a few years back. “David, what do you think if we started a school in your name?” In typical David humility, a pause, then slight head bob was followed by, “Well, I don’t know....ok.” That was all Alvaro needed to hatch the plans he had been sitting on for years. Little did David know what would come to fruition a year later on the second floor of W+K Amsterdam.

How does one describe The Kennedys? A school? Creative boot-camp? A mini agency/production company? I prefer to think creative experiment. We did not have a solidified hypothesis for this experiment, but in typical W+K fashion we simply said fail harder. Our call to creatives from around Europe was answered in a humbling response containing the spectrum of art, ideas, creations and craft from over 900 individuals. From that talent we were drawn to six unique individuals.

What one cannot prepare for is the unknown six personalities, backgrounds and interests would bring to our second floor nook. It was apparent shortly after their arrival that we had selected six dedicated minds, but in the months following, that unexpected amalgamation manifested itself into six people with an attitude and lively spirit towards the common pursuit of creating something new. In the journey of attempting to create something new there was one simple rule, never say no. This attitude led to the possibility of working on a variety of projects requiring the breadth of skills and understandings. We all had to learn more, and faster, about the job, about each other and ourselves, all while sleeping a little bit less. As we went headlong into this adventure the best part

about this group beyond their work ethic, knowledge and drive is that they are simply great people to be around.

We had our Oracle in the form of Rachael. We experimented with films and editing under the watchful eye of our director, Camille. We adventured into the digital realms through Riccardo’s portals of wisdom. We embraced the poetry that Massaer shared with us. Vasco brought us vigor, innocence and bravery while Philip kept it sweet and stylish by always referencing the Swedish grid.

This was maybe the fastest six months in history. All-nighters, 4 am emails containing work and questions, guest speakers and workshops, thousands of files and revisions (10 terabytes to be exact) and even a visit from the master himself, David Kennedy. In reflecting back it has been an amazing journey and these six warriors have set a standard that we can only hope to meet in the future.

With that I can assuredly state that this creative experiment has been beyond our measure of success.



Vasco Vicente

Vasco studied graphic design at IADE in Lisbon, Portugal. He's a drum and bass DJ, producer and all-around creative adventurer who does graphic design, illustration, 3D, motion graphics, character design and sound production.

Prior to The Kennedys, he was working at an advertising agency designing campaigns for Angola's president. Portugal is facing an economic crisis that is making life and work for an entire generation of talented young people very difficult, so when Vasco saw an ad for The Kennedys in a website for Portuguese creatives he jumped at the chance to apply.

When asked what his spirit animal might be, he replied 'I'm a horse.' In five years time you'll be able to find him in Tokyo.

Camille Herren

Camille is a director, cinematographer and editor from Switzerland. He studied film in New York, and graduated with honors from the Prague Film School where he won an award for Best Cinematography.

Camille was working as an independent filmmaker when he heard about The Kennedys from a friend. He wanted to move his career forward, learn about advertising and see behind the curtain of Wieden+Kennedy's global campaigns.

Camille hopes to be able to make his living directing films. His favourite place in the agency is The Kennedys floor. If he had to be a cookie Friday cookie, he would be a chocolate one as he is Swiss. His favourite colour is blue. He is inspired by nature, psychology and human behavior.

Massaër Ndiaye

Massaër is a writer from Paris, France by way of Dakar, Senegal. A certified pop culture addict, Massaër mostly writes about sport and music for various publications.

Before The Kennedys, Massaër was writing music reviews, sports articles and interviewing people to pay his way through school. He always admired Wieden+Kennedy from afar, especially given his encyclopaedic knowledge of Nike ads. He heard about The Kennedys from an Amsterdam-based friend who told him to apply five days before the deadline. He suspects he was the last person to send something in.

In five years he will be in New York City, and his favourite colour is blue.

Philip Cronerud

Philip is a multi-disciplinary designer hailing from Stockholm, Sweden. He recently completed a diploma with honors in graphic design at Berghs School of Communication. He makes design, motion graphics and typography.

Philip has long been inspired by the Dutch art and design scene, and had been considering coming to Amsterdam for some time prior to The Kennedys. More importantly, his favourite typographers are all Dutch, such as Karel Martens and Wim Crowel.

His spirit animal is a lemur, and his favourite colour is white. He hopes to continue learning, getting inspired and doing what he loves most. One day he will create a functional neutral typeface.



Rachael Kendrick

Rachael is a copywriter and a former academic. In 2011 she completed her PhD, and one month later she applied for The Kennedys. She learned she was a finalist for The Kennedys the same week she was nominated for the Chancellor's Award for best PhD thesis at Melbourne University. During the call Alvaro jokingly accused her of plagiarism and she nearly had a heart attack, as plagiarism is a crime punishable by death in her former world.

Rachael is from Australia, and it took her 20 hours to fly to Amsterdam. She lives with a cat named Toki and a Canadian named Michael. Prior to The Kennedys, she was working on publishing articles from her thesis and learning to ride a bike.

In five years Rachael hopes to be writing great ads somewhere cold.

Riccardo Rachello

Hailing from Italy, Riccardo is an art director addicted to all things digital. Proficient in graphic web design and motion 3D his real passion lies in developing concepts and collaborating with great people.

Riccardo was working at an agency before The Kennedys. He thought that was tough, until The Kennedys totally raised the bar on toughness. He stumbled across the Kennedys banner by chance the morning before the close of applications, and hastily put it together that night. He decided to apply to make a dream real. He first told his flatmate about getting in, after he heard Riccardo celebrating in his room after the call.

In the future he would like to keep travelling, maybe to New York or San Francisco.



B



FAILE SCREENWORKSHOP

New York-based art collective FAILE is a pioneering street art outfit and a definitive force in the contemporary art world.

With creations ranging from stencil to wheatpasting to some of the most elaborate of street installation, the duo composed of Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller keeps on challenging the boundaries of a genre that has no rules.

With extremely elaborate pieces, thought-provoking concepts and an obvious knack for igniting a conversation around their compositions, the pair have been establishing for themselves an amazingly impressive body of work.

Taking time out of his very busy schedule, Patrick McNeil came to our offices and presented us with the genesis of their work as well as their evolution, and, finally, the directions they were about to embark on.

Even more generous, Patrick took us to a nearby studio in order for him to give us all our first screen-printing workshop.

Having prepared artwork of our own as well as ideas, we were all ready to learn how to properly handle a squeegee. And that's what we did.

Incredibly inspiring and motivating, Patrick took the time to listen to our thoughts, what we were imagining and he did his best to better each and every one of our pieces.

With the sound of the most poppy sounding electronica available on Dutch radio blasting in the speakers, we were treated to a true bonding experience, that lasted a few hours, followed by a splendid Greek dinner.

It is always impressive and inspiring to see someone have a complete control of their craft but Patrick's maestria was mind

bending. The fact that he enjoyed himself teaching us how to get started was just an added bonus.





Nuit Blanche YOU TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL

The important thing about Nuit Blanche is it all happened really quickly. One minute we were living our lives in Portugal, Italy, France, Switzerland, Sweden and Amsterdam, the next we were making balloon men and quasi-legally posting QR code skulls around town and filming in a Hindu-inflected glow-in-the-dark basement.

Nuit Blanche is an all-night arts festival and party inspired by Nuit Blanche events in cities like Paris and Berlin. One of the events of Nuit Blanche was Murder in Mokum, an alternate reality murder mystery game where players roamed the city to find whodunit. We had the ambitious goal of making a teaser video for each of the major events of Nuit Blanche, perhaps because Camille doesn't really like sleep, anyway.

One problem with making so many videos on such a tight time frame is some details tend to get overlooked. As we were developing the script all we knew was that it was about the death of a prostitute. We came up with an idea, found an actress via Nuit Blanche organizer and human firecracker Kristel Mutsers and

got ready to start shooting near De Brakke Grond, the main venue for the festival. We were due to start shooting in a few hours, when we were sent the storyline for Murder in Mokum.

A quick Google translate revealed that, yes, it involved the death of a prostitute, but it was also set in the 1920s. And it was clear we needed a villain.

We were screwed. I frantically called our actress – an actress who had only agreed to appear in our video that day – and asked if she had any 1920s-style clothes and could she wear them because Murder in Mokum was set in the 1920s and HELP. She said she would do her best. Next we started scouting around for an adequate villain. The male Kennedys are all nice guys and would make plainly inadequate victims, and besides, none had the 1920s look we were now suddenly looking for. We resigned ourselves to a villain-less video.

As we prepared to leave the agency, Judd had a brainwave – what if Alvaro, handsome, Spanish Alvaro, played the part of the villain? He sent Alvaro a message and we hoped for the best.

Alvaro didn't reply until we

were at the location waiting for our actress. He said, simply, 'You take care of the girl. I've got the rest.'

Our actress, Eva Wegman, arrived in fingerwaved hair, a fur stole, high waisted sailor trousers and a silk blouse. She was, in a word, perfect, a savior in heels and red lipstick. Camille filmed Eva prowling the cobblestone alleys around De Brakke Grond as Judd and I waited to hear from Alvaro. And waited. And waited.

Around midnight Alvaro called and asked to meet at a local bar. We asked to film there, explaining we were making a 'student film' (which is more true than less). We ordered drinks and settled in to chat when a moustachioed man strode into the bar in a fedora, long, sweeping overcoat, three-piece suit and pocket watch. He was dapper. He was menacing. He was era appropriate. He was Alvaro.

We shot a few scenes of Alvaro and Eva talking, Alvaro riding his bike down an alley, Alvaro sniffing a cigar, coat flapping in the breeze.

- An hour before the shoot was scheduled, we were informed that the story was set in the 1920's, hence the get ups.



Is all in the plan. Deal with the girl for now.

Minus 30

Can you show up wearing a suit and a big ring on your finger? We are at Brakke gronde...;) we are serious.

Status? We are at bar Tara just down the way from Brakke gronde





1. One of these pink Flamingos may have found its way to a garden we frequent.
2. Loose wheels.
3. This is not a real doll.
4. The infamous QR coded skull.

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.

5. House of Balloons is an album by the Weeknd. We liked it.
6. Balloon boy on his first date with Girl Kennedy.



The dollhouse is real.



2-8. The skullgang.

Cookie Friday THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY

In the Amsterdam office, much like in any other office on the planet, the day employees look forward to the most is obviously Friday.

While we can assume why they are so happy to see the last day of the working week come up, in our office, people are extra happy and some come even earlier than usual not to miss COOKIE FRIDAY.

Cookie Friday is the type of tradition that no doubt keeps this office happy. On Friday morning, there are free cookies, snacks, sometimes pancakes and sometimes pies, to make sure that every hangover is well sponged before that important Heineken meeting (the irony!) in the yellow room.

We're not pointing fingers, but there are some faces we only get to see on Fridays, and for that alone, God bless Cookie Friday.

For the Heineken meeting, it was a joke, by the way. We cannot confirm ever seeing an intoxicated creative literally inhaling cookies at the kitchen table a few hours prior to a big meeting. And any resemblance to events that may have occurred is purely coincidental.



Gabriel Lester A MASTER AT WORK

Wieden+Kennedy, as a company, likes to take as much as it can from the people they admire. One of the company policies is to try to give awesome people as big of an audience as they can. And, obviously, if some of the newbies can learn something, all the better.

Freshly arrived in Amsterdam, we were treated to our first official Cookie Friday (more on that later), then guest lecturer Gabriel Lester managed to steal our attention away from the chocolate delicacies.

The part-Belgian and part-

American visual artist literally gave us a feast for our eyes with a quick introduction to his visually stunning pieces. A contemporary artist and filmmaker, the moustache sporting Amsterdam native showed videos and photos of the work closest to his heart while discussing his past in hip-hop production as well as his current views on art, commerce, creativity, and his imminent move to China.

Getting out of our office cinema, the audience's eyes and bellies were satiated. And we can easily say that we cannot wait

to see what he will be presenting after his three-year stint in Shanghai. Watch out China.

Vanmoof THE PASSION FOR BIKES

The first thing anyone notices when they arrive at Amsterdam's Centraal Station is the omnipresence of old-school bikes in the city. One very quickly understands that to fully immerse oneself in the culture of the city in particular and the country in general, one needs to own a bike.

So imagine our excitement when we were told that our first field trip would take us to the heart of Dutch bike culture, at the Vanmoof company headquarters.

Vanmoof is a company that seems, for lack of a better word, quirky. Both in their attitude and in the way they conduct business, everything seems to be coming from a genuine will to make some lives a bit better... In typical Dutch fashion, they love their bikes. They actually obsess over anything that has to do with bikes. But the Amsterdam-based company doesn't build their bikes the way other bike-makers do.

Vanmoof Bikes build pieces of urban decor that are generally design tour-de-forces. They know exactly who their target consumer is and they will do their best to cater to the young, urban demographic of people who possess an intricate knowledge of bikes and a preference for clean aesthetics. The Apple-set if you will.

And, much like the Cupertino-based company, Vanmoof creates all-in-one "fiets" (the Dutch word for "bike"), that will offer the best experience available with the littlest amount of fuss. After taking into consideration the feedback from their very vocal and dedicated customers, Vanmoof renders their opinions available to their engineers to build some of the best vehicles we've had the chance of trying during our trip.

The growth of the company was impressive, but

foreseeable. We were lucky enough to be invited to meet the people working there and their passion was palpable. A company with such an excellent record shouldn't stay anonymous much longer and the amount of press and awards they have been raking in the recent months is only the beginning.

we like bikes
and we like you
and the rest of the world
to ride bikes
and like them too

VANMOOF



1. "K+W" because it should be alphabetical anyways.

Don't Act Big THE WEEK WE MET DAVID KENNEDY

"Shouldn't it be alphabetical anyway?" The thunderous laughter, shared with our entire office, which followed this barely discernable question, was symptomatic of the few days we got to share with our guest of honor.

In the heart of the rainy Amsterdam summer, we were lucky enough to be treated to a visit by the man whose spirit of generosity and work inspired our program's creators to name it after him.

David Kennedy, a hurricane of kindness and humility, strolled through the office, sharing pleasantries and wisdom jewels with each and every one of us. Wearing his trademarked black t-shirt with a custom "K+W" mention on it, he was sure to break the ice and provoke a chuckle, especially in this building.

David has an understated appearance. Not the type of looming quietness that intimidates but the reassuring silent presence of a benevolent relative. For the man whose last name adorns the front door, he acted without an ounce of grandeur and made sure everyone was comfortable around him.

Never tired of hearing our continuous stream of questions, the amused co-founder obliged and answered them all, giving us some insight into advertising, offered his views on creativity and even shared with us some unprintable anecdotes gleaned over his long career in advertising.

Endeared by our over-eagerness, David made a point to put us all at ease and was part of our gang for a few days, asking us questions about our very different backgrounds, some of our hopes and dreams as well as what our movie tastes were like.

The great western-film aficionado – here's something you won't find on the internet – had

a baffling wealth of trivia on the genre, which seemed to be one of his life passions.

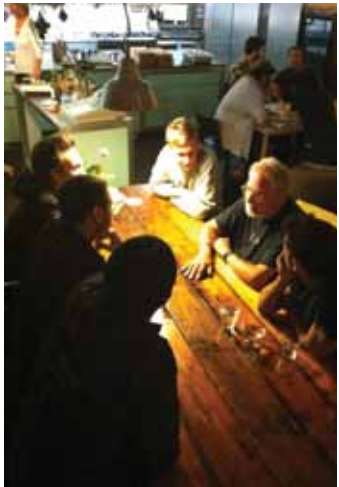
Aside from chatting with us, he also took the time to present some of his work to the entire office. Especially the very inspiring work he has kept on handling since his retirement from Wieden+Kennedy, with the American Indian College Fund.

The successful campaigns and his work on the board of trustees prompted him to leave us with little gems of wisdom he has learned while dealing with much more important issues than just classical advertising.

David Kennedy's visit was incredibly inspirational to the whole office, and it insufflated our team with a renewed motivation to give our best every day, and more importantly, to keep on learning while having fun everyday.

It was very refreshing to see one of the greatest names in advertising be a model example of humility and the living embodiment of one of the company's motto's "Don't Act Big."

We hope David's too short trip was as enjoyable to him as it was fun and eye opening to us.





Bounz A TRAMPOLINE BALLET

Bounz... Bounz... Bounz... Who doesn't love trampolines? At Bounz in the westside of Amsterdam, there's 32 of them. Neatly arranged next to each other so you can jump from one to the other. Before you run out of fun, you run out of breath! A perfect setting to create a really funky film. An idea was born after Alvaro attended a birthday party there. Our brains started cooking and we weaved together this idea of creating a human sequencer board. Rhythm is the lead character and boy it leads. We got a group of 16 gymnasts and 2 capoeira artists to perform on the trampolines. Spectacular slow motion mid-air break dances intercut with choreographed formations. Directed by Camille.









AMS-Creative RISE OF THE MACHINE

<< There is no paper in the tray >> << Improper paper size configuration on printer menu >> << First check that there really is a paper jam >> << Remove paper tray, remove jam, print again >> << Open cover, remove jam, print again >> << Open tray 2, remove paper jam >> << Open tray 3, remove jam, print again >>

This is not the last lyric of a Daft Punk song. Better, stronger, faster is just how you imagine your printer should be.

Seriously, printers are tools: they are supposed to serve, not take up half of your day. This is not a declaration of war against the so called AMS-CREATIVE PRINTER. This is a promise of death.

To paraphrase Samuel L Jackson in 'Pulp Fiction': "You, AMS-CREATIVE PRINTER. Say 'PAPER JAM' again. Say 'PAPER JAM' again, I dare you, I double dare you motherfucker, say PAPER JAM one more Goddamn time!"

I've got my eyes on you AMS-CREATIVE PRINTER.

Our Arena THE PING-PONG TABLE

Strategically placed near the coffee machines in the cafeteria, the Ping-Pong table is the real social epicenter of the Wieden+Kennedy Amsterdam office. Forget the pool and foosball tables, both relegated to dusty ornaments; this is the only pastime that matters in this place.

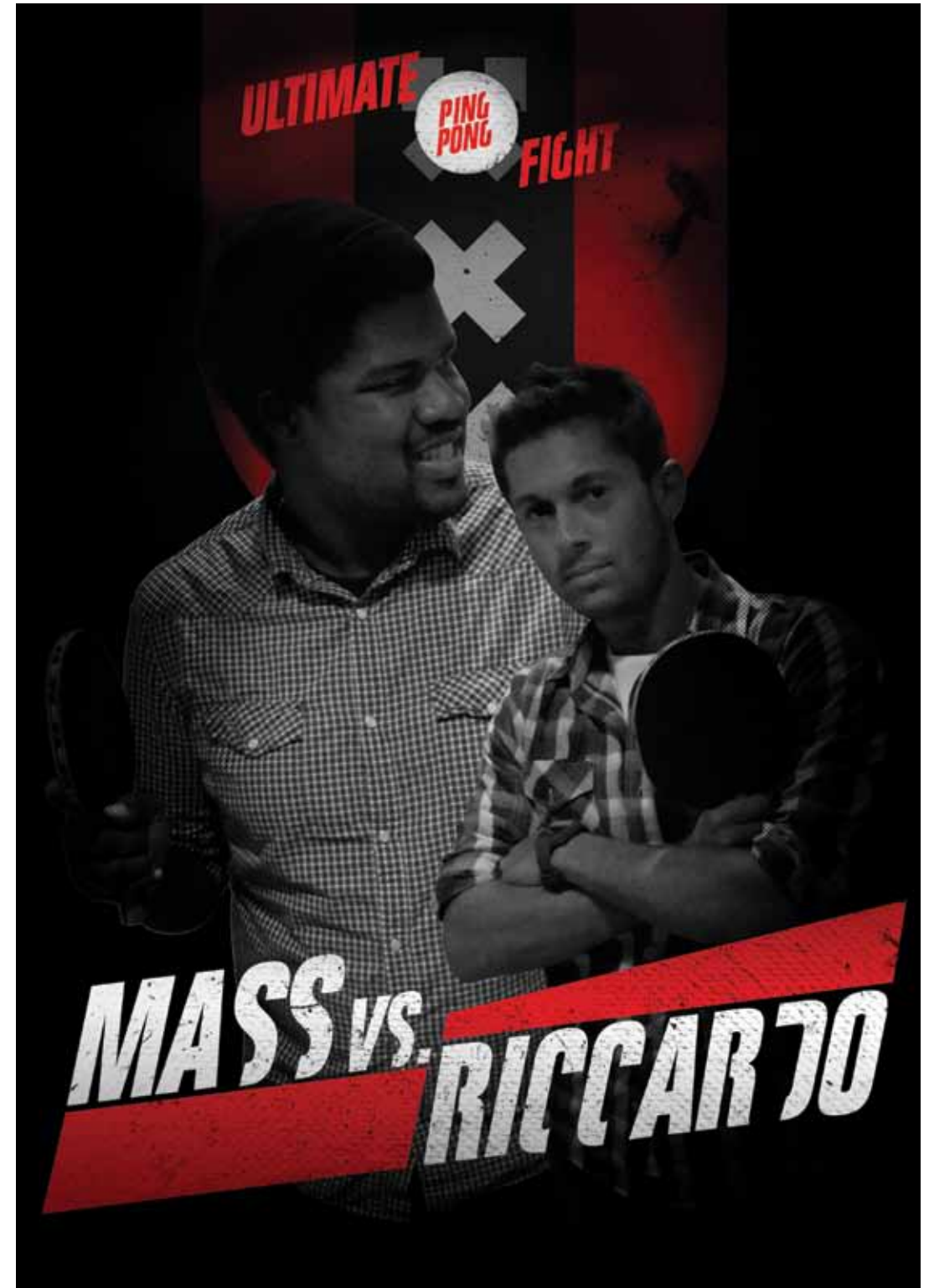
This is where most people meet each other and build bonds and relationships. Every coffee-run down to the kitchen insures everyone to potentially see a heated game of table tennis going on.

The amount of “trash talk” delivered during each game can rival any basketball court on the planet and if the rivalries aren’t as bitter, nobody takes these games lightly.

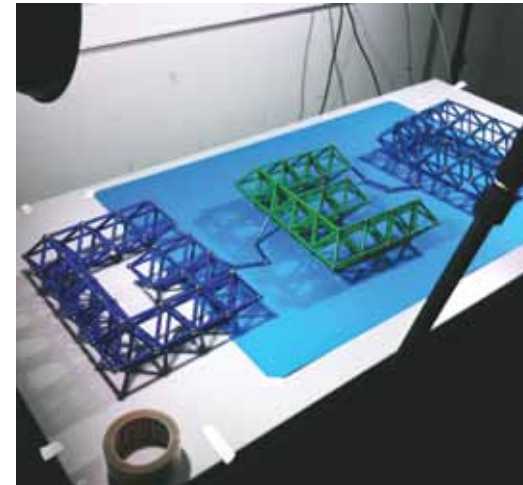
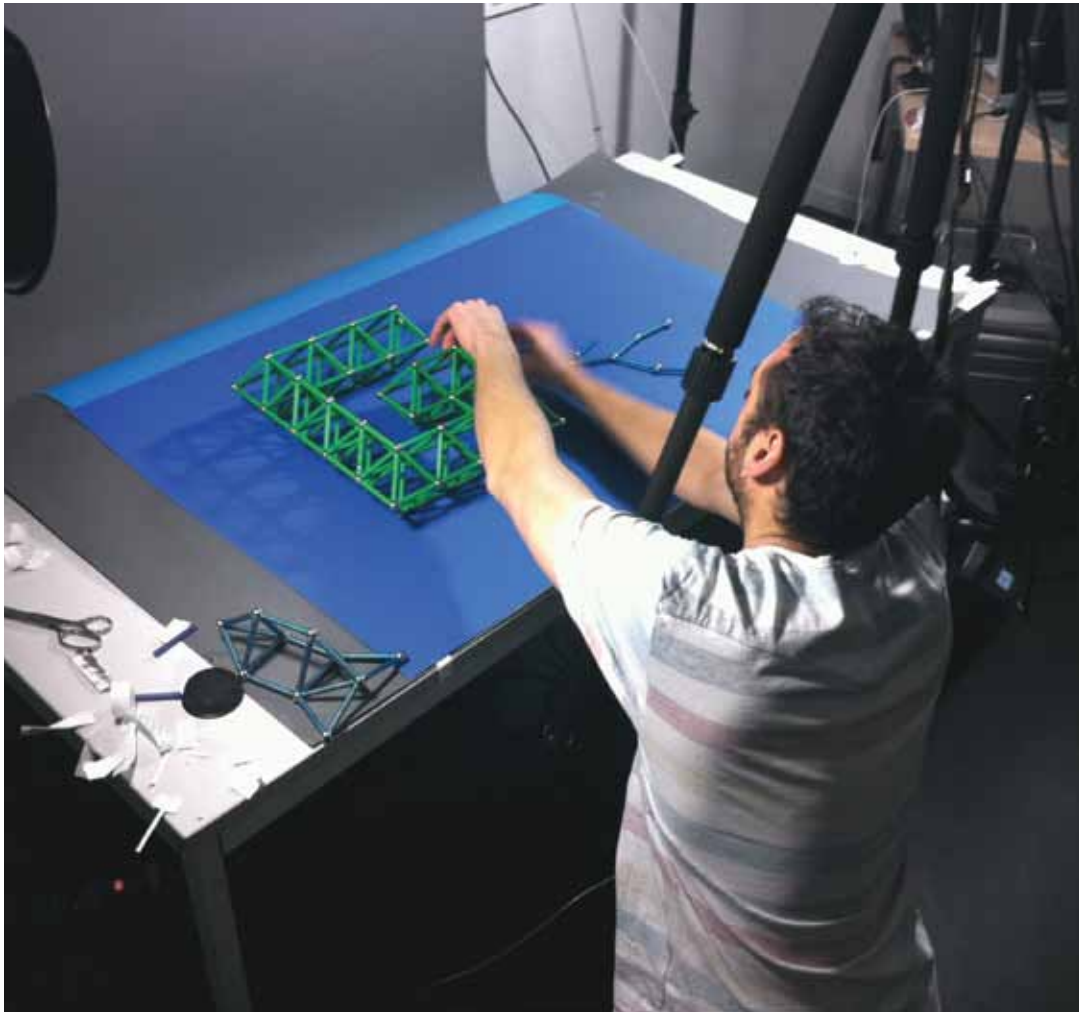
Everyone wants to get better and win in the end, some pairings have become classics and some players are feared. For us we quickly got hooked into it and started getting better ourselves before starting to defy other creatives.

If all of us have drastically improved, the Ping-Pong table kept us abreast of what was going on in the office outside our tiny bubble till the very end of the program.

It was a real special place for most of us, helping us feel part of the office very quickly and break the ice as soon as we lost our first games.

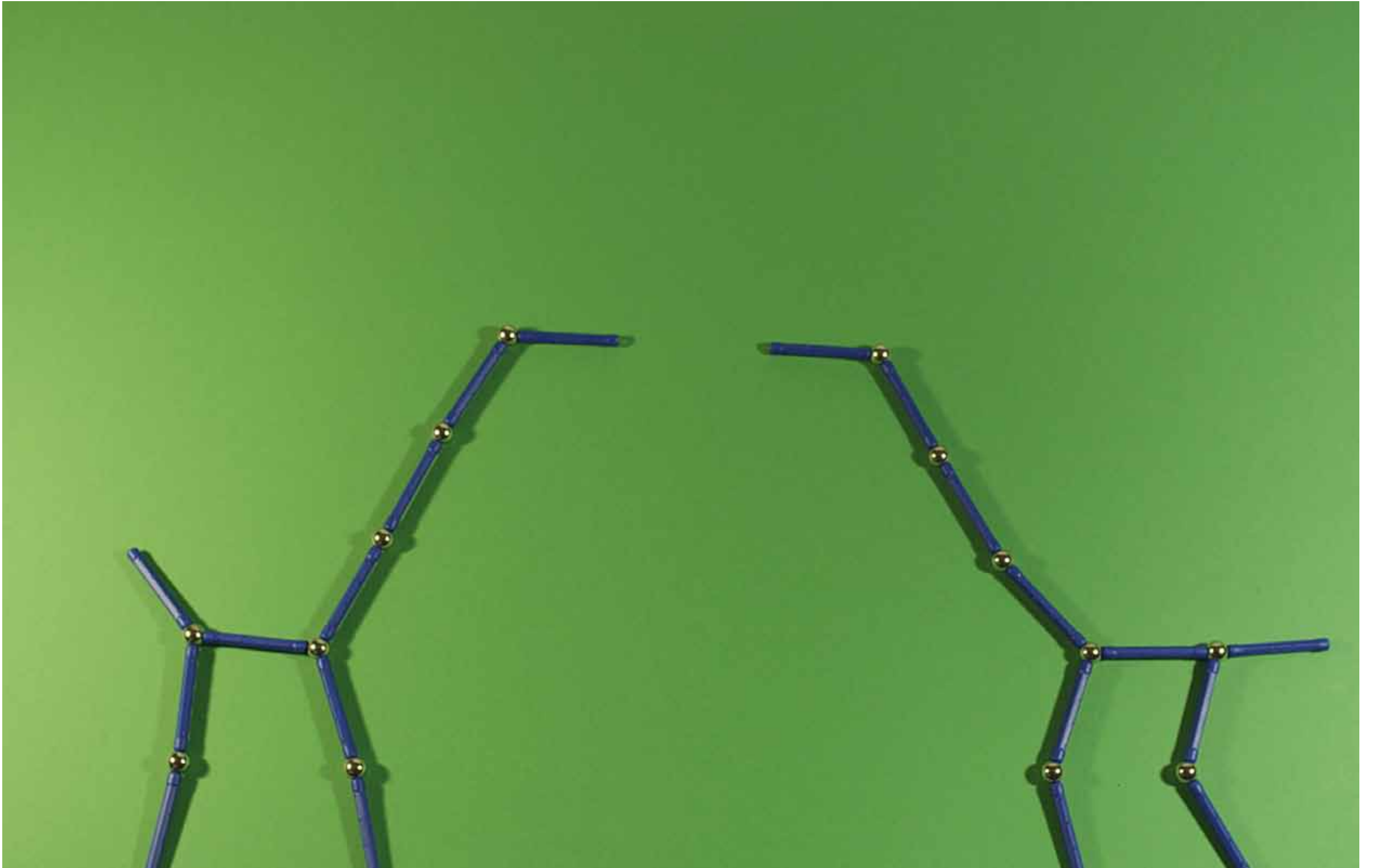


Geomag STICKS & BALLS



For four days, we set up a dark studio on the third floor of Wieden+Kennedy's Amsterdam offices to work on a short story. We created a stop-motion film that took us through the evolution all the way into the spatial conquests, with the Geomag structures getting progressively complex. The animation in itself, a labor to rearrange the magnetic rods for each frame was a blast, but it was challenging at the same time. Indeed, we had to create structures that would allow us to tell a story that would keep on evolving.







A white wall is a missed opportunity.

The Kennedys Wall A CANVAS FOR IMAGINATION

Before arriving in Amsterdam for the experiment I started to sketch ideas in my notebook. Sitting in my old Lisbon office thinking about what a representation of The Kennedys may look like unknowingly led me to giant octopus with a baby face.

I had been feeling a lot of pressure and I had not even arrived in Amsterdam. It was a long gestation before I started to draw but after crazy deadlines and chaotic brainstorming I finally began.

Day by day, line by line, stroke by stroke, I painted quite slowly. During the process I used twenty-two markers until I decided the artwork was finished. If you open your eyes, you will see more than just lines, you will see at the heart of the drawing a "W+K". This illustration does not just represent a group of people, it demonstrates the hard work and dedication given over the six months we spent here and my personal pride to be part of The Kennedys.





Skate vs. Amsterdam KICKING, PUSHING AND DREAMING

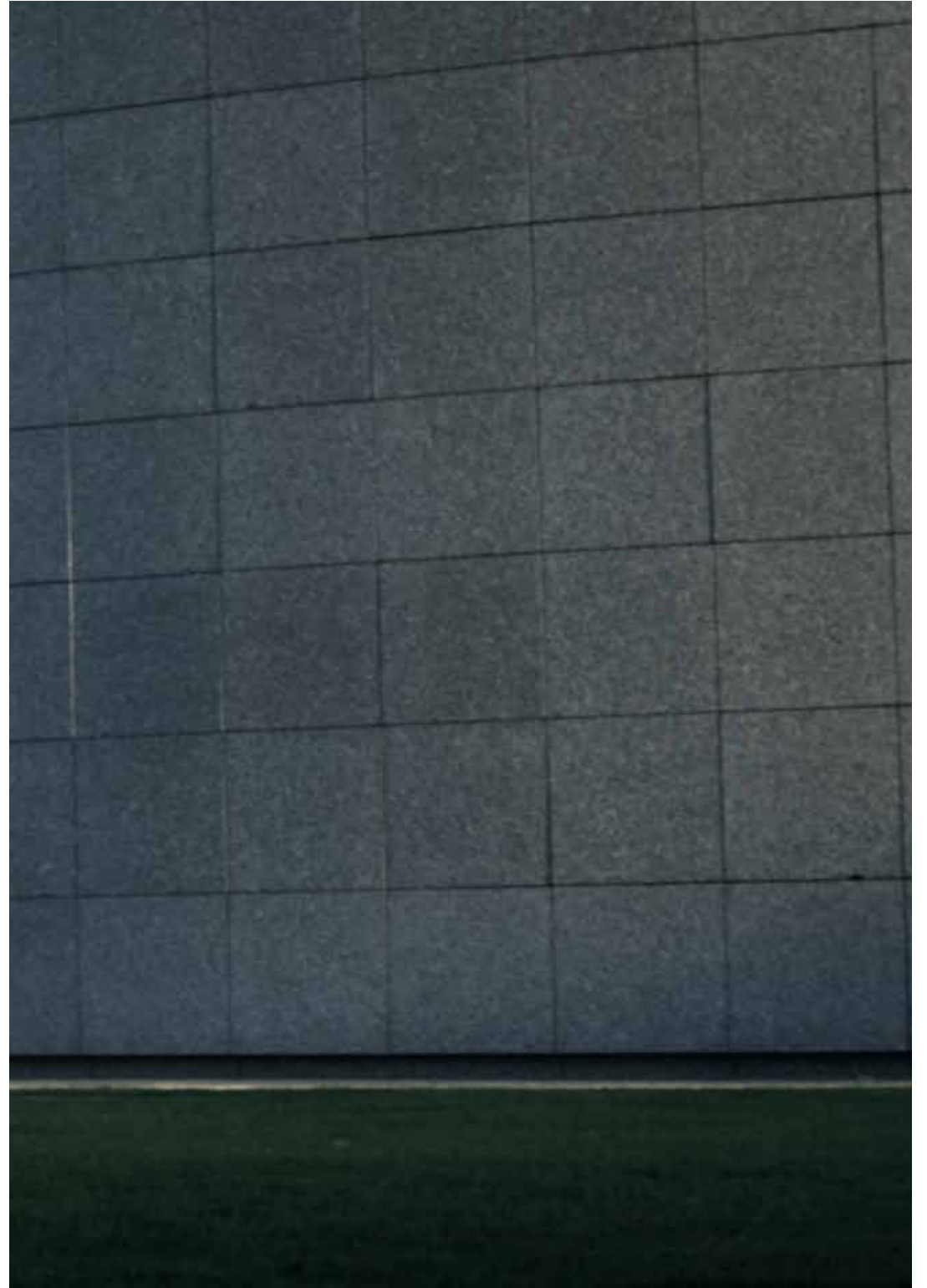
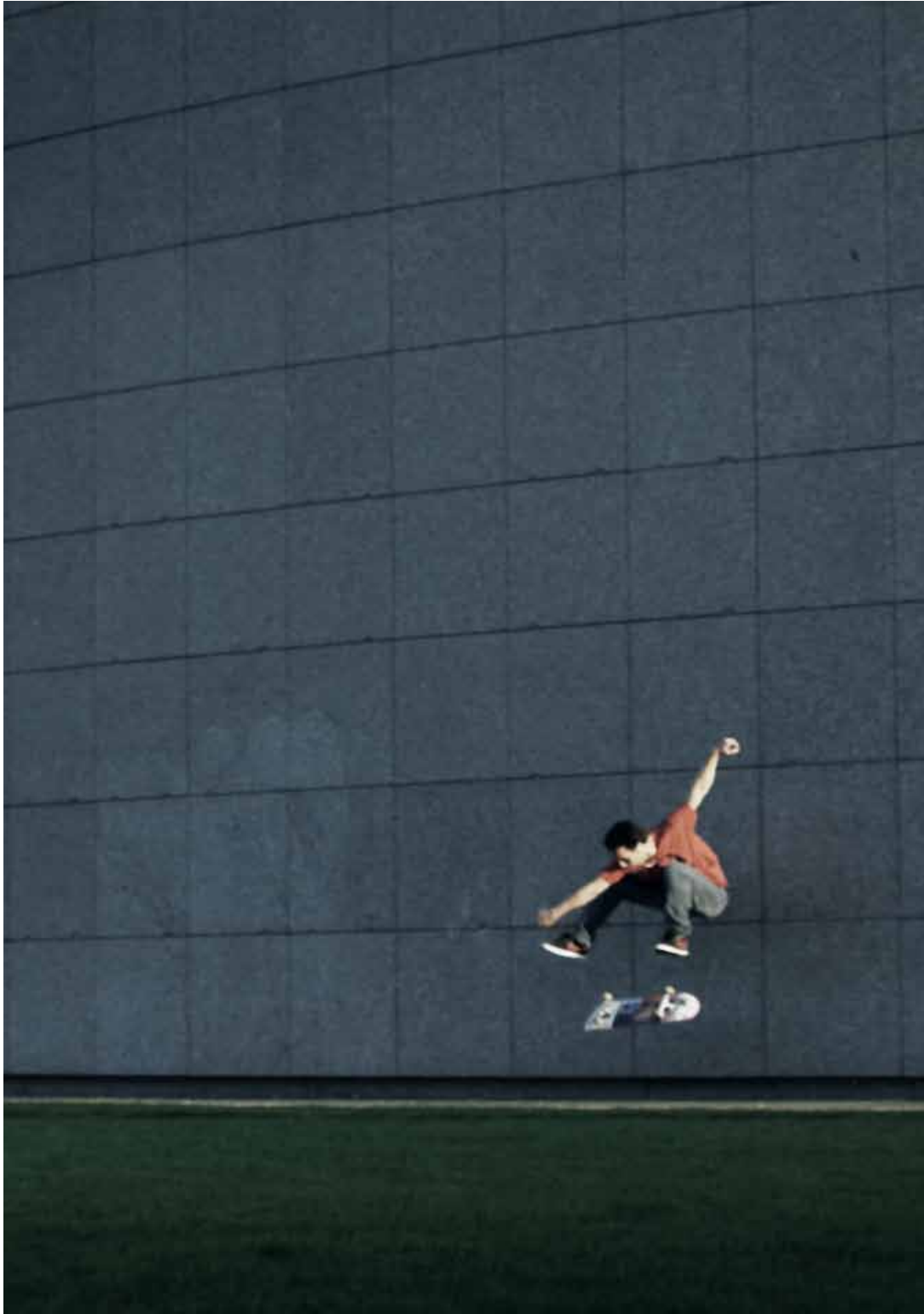


In the middle of a million bicycles I kept asking myself where does one skate? Street art and culture is visible on every corner and I was seeking my own personal niche; the skateboarding scene.

I soon came to the realization that only two such venues existed within an easy ride of the office. One, a skatepark with shitty coping and transaction in Museumplein and the second, a pool on Marnixstraat. At this point I came to a cross-roads, I needed something better.

Upon some advice of a colleague I jumped a short ferry to NDSM wharf and discovered my precious second home.

It was on these boat journeys that I began to appreciate and become more in tune and observant to the architecture of Amsterdam. I had been talking to Camille about making a skate video and our idea was to surpass the typical "skate video" by combining the architectural elements of the city with the street of skateboarding. To paint portraits illustrating the perspective of space and time through this sport i love. A "cultural documentary" that reflects the street life in Amsterdam on a wooden board.





1-2. Recess times in the aquarium.

3-4. Riccardo from home, but in the aquarium, in his bed, but with us.

Aquarium THIS IS WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

The Aquarium used to be our Creative Director Alvaro Sotomayor's office. After the man who created our program gave us the hilarious story about how the smell of some dead rodent, stuck somewhere inside the AC system forced him to leave said office, he told us we would be using it to have regular creative reviews.

What we didn't know is that the Aquarium would become much more than just the place we would project our decks to higher-ups and clients. The Aquarium became where dreams came to life quite literally.

Not only did we use it to brainstorm amongst ourselves, it was also the room where most of the creatives from "The Wiedens" would come and present us with their own past works.

But we also napped, ate meals, read books, watched movies, had pillow fights, and even spent many nights in that amazing space.

Strategically placed, The Aquarium offered us the best view of the entire office while allowing us to feel intimate. The Dutch have a word for something this cozy and warm, they say it is "Gezellig".





Rhonda Starwoman THIS MONTH IN THE STARS

Aquarius (20 January – 18 February)

You will crave a grilled cheese sandwich. You'll make one but it won't be as good as you hoped. You'll consider giving up carbs. You'll wonder whether you're lactose intolerant. You'll wonder whether you need a new haircut, or new shoes, or another life in a new city. A friend will come across you, deep in thought, and they'll ask you what's wrong and you won't be able to tell them. Remember: sometimes a sandwich is just a sandwich.

Pisces (19 February – 20 March)

Buy a tract of land somewhere remote. Drive out there. You might need to borrow a car. Bring a hammer, a cord of firewood, a ventolin inhaler and a few gallons of water. Stay there until all these things become useful to you. Don't let the little things get you down.

Aries (21 March – April 19)

There will be a reduction in gravity in your area. Don't worry, but be sure to hold on to something or else you'll drift into the upper atmosphere where the air is thin and you'll probably faint. If you have already floated away, reach out to the nearest person and hold on with a firm monkey grip. Imagine you are a coral spore. Imagine you are an algae bloom. Go with the current and focus on learning how to photosynthesize.

Taurus (20 April – May 20)

You will awake damp with seawater and confused. Keep a towel under your bed and try not to think about it.

Gemini (21 May – 20 June)

It's true, all the cats in the world are watching you. They're waiting. They have plans, and you are a great and terrible part of them. When it happens you'll know what it is they were waiting for.

Cancer (21 June – July 22)

You should probably stay in this weekend and watch Friday Night Lights to avoid the quickening. Unless that's, like, your thing. No judgement here.

Leo (23 July – 22 August)

The new world order is coming. It's as you suspected, shapeshifting lizard people are everywhere. Either stockpile canned goods and sunlamps and take to ground, or bow down to your new lizard overlords and hope for the best.

Virgo (23 August – 22 September)

There's a good chance you'll develop gills this month, which will make you both irritable and unable to breathe atmospheric air. Remember your spirit and stay close to large bodies of water.

Libra (23 September – 22 October)

Ever feel as though your skin might just slough off in great, flabby sheets, slick with fat and connective tissue, and underneath you are some kind of keratinous insect creature with an emotional range that extends from 'slight hunger' to 'ravenous Biblical plague hunger'? Good luck with that. This month is likely to bring romantic surprise and good energy at work.

Scorpio (23 October – 21 November)

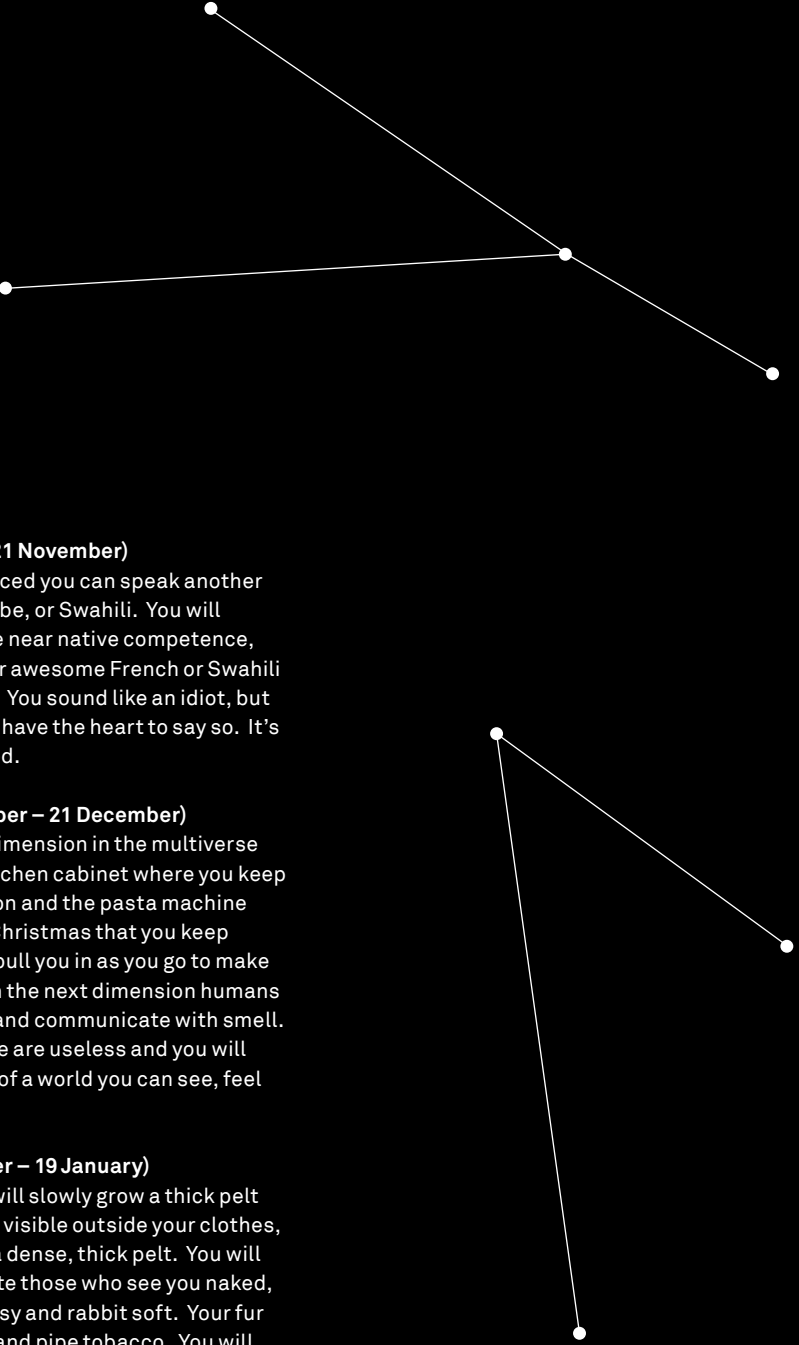
You will become convinced you can speak another language. French, maybe, or Swahili. You will believe yourself to have near native competence, and will brag about your awesome French or Swahili or whatever. You don't. You sound like an idiot, but those around you don't have the heart to say so. It's a good thing you're loved.

Sagittarius (22 November – 21 December)

The portal to another dimension in the multiverse will open next to the kitchen cabinet where you keep the blender and your iron and the pasta machine someone gave you for Christmas that you keep meaning to use. It will pull you in as you go to make toast in the morning. In the next dimension humans see with echolocation and communicate with smell. Your puny ears and nose are useless and you will forever mourn the loss of a world you can see, feel and participate in.

Capricorn (22 December – 19 January)

This month your torso will slowly grow a thick pelt of fur. None of it will be visible outside your clothes, but you will soon have a dense, thick pelt. You will worry that it will alienate those who see you naked, but your fur will be glossy and rabbit soft. Your fur will smell like sunlight and pipe tobacco. You will save a lot of money on thermal underwear.





- The internet, everyday, cover to cover.

YouTube Smackdown TREASURES OF THE INTERNET

The important thing about the Wieden+Kennedy Amsterdam offices is that there are two big screens in reception, with two projectors. The screens drop down at the touch of a button, and they're used for presenting stuff at all agency meetings. The first time I saw them was the day of The Call, when Alvaro and Judd Skyped us all to tell us we were going to be Kennedys. They secretly projected the calls on the screens in reception, and the entire agency was gathered to cheer for us when Alvaro told us the good news. As soon as I saw the screens in person I knew I wanted to do something with them, and that something was Internet.

It took a few months before I could unleash my master plan. The idea was simple: I would invite collaborators to choose their favourite YouTube videos, and then play them, VJ style, for an undoubtedly enraptured audience. I would obviously, humbly take part.

Barrie Williams and Siavosh Zabeti agreed to take part, so you'd think the next steps were easy, seeing as the screens were built in and so was the projector. Well, you'd be wrong. The screens refused to drop from the ceiling. IT wizards David de Jong and Pat Camporeale worked tirelessly to fix them, as I fluttered in the background doing my best OMG cat impression, but nothing we did could budge them. In the end we had to jury-rig a solution from a projector and the PA, Pam put out nacho cheese Doritos and Heinekens and that pink wine that's at all the Wieden parties, and we waited. People slowly started to trickle down. Barrie started his set. It was on.

- That was my dream, and I lived it, cause that's how The Kennedys roll.





Dam to Dam SUPER SWEET 16K

It was like going to war. A storm was approaching and rain started creeping in as massive amounts of people tried to make their way through the chaos to the starting line. When Riccardo, Vasco and Camille finally made it, the countdown had already started. Hammering Taiko drums were releasing the adrenaline in their blood. Shivers went down their spine and the awaited BANG set this army of runners in motion. Through tunnels, villages and rain, they followed the shoes in front of them. Overtaking others, while getting overtaken. The rain was getting stronger and stronger, until there was only rain. "Shampoo, anyone?" Vasco shouted into the crowd. Soaked to the bones all three made it through the 16km in a mean time of 1 hour 22 minutes. The achievement was celebrated with a big, well-deserved Argentinian steak.

Poupinha, the birthday boy.



Vasco's Birthday Cake

HAVE YOUR CAKE & EAT IT TOO

Cake

1 1/4 + 1 tbsp cups brewed coffee
3/4 cups cocoa
2 1/4 cups sugar
1 1/4 tsp salt
2 1/2 tsp baking soda
2 eggs
1 egg yolk
1 1/4 + 1 tbsp cup buttermilk
1 cup + 2 tbsp canola oil
1 1/2 tsp vanilla
2 1/2 cups + 1 tbsp flour

Glaze

170g chocolate, chopped
170g butter
3 cups powdered sugar
1/2 cup sour cream
1/4 cup brewed coffee

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees C, grease and flour a bundt tin and set aside.

Put the coffee and cocoa powder in a small saucepan and bring to a boil, stirring often. Remove from heat and allow to cool.

Whisk together sugar, salt, baking soda, eggs and egg yolk in a large bowl. Whisk in the buttermilk, oil and vanilla extract. Whisk in the cooled coffee mixture. Pour into the prepared bundt tin and bake for an hour, until a cake tester comes out clean.

Let the cake cool completely before turning out onto a cooling rack.

Put the chopped chocolate and butter into a small bowl on top of a pan of barely simmering water and stir until melted. Stir in half the powdered sugar, followed by sour cream, followed by remaining powdered sugar. Stir in the coffee and whisk thoroughly.

Pour glaze over the Bundt cake. Leave at room temperature until you're ready to serve.



Overheard in the Agency YOU HEAR ME

'Never drink beers with Englishmen, they drink very much beer.'

'Wow, how did you make that?' 'Javascript.' 'Sooooo.... sorcery then?'

'I always have fun, even when I'm sleeping.'

'I'm Donk Twerkington and he's Butt Soldier.' (serious voice) 'I see.'

'He touched my computer twice today. I wonder if I have Skynet installed now?'

'It's called Yoda Monkey! Can we please drop the subject now?'

'Do you think I'll have time to stuff an entire pack of nacho cheese doritos in my piehole before the presentation?'

'I really miss a good fondue.'

'These lines could go this way or they could go this way or they could go this way. I hope this doesn't look like a vagina.'

'I'm permanently covered in nacho cheese powder these days.' 'That's so cool.' '... Well, that's one way to think about it.'

'So the main task right now is to fill the [logo] with something. It could be ham. Or cheese. Like a burger. Fill the [logo] with cheese.'

'I'm trying to be one with the paper. Every time I cut it, it hurts.'

'I'll send you that copy in a tic.' 'Good, because this grid is beautiful.' 'Orsm.' 'No, seriously, this is the greatest grid I've ever made.'

'Swedish sounds a lot like elf.' '... So long as we're the cool elves.'

Canal Stories: The Swan

The third time it snowed I stood out on my balcony and allowed myself to get powdered like a donut, soaking in the silence like warm .

The first time it snowed I didn't notice for an hour until I glanced at the window. My first thought, the kind of dumb thought that blinks in and out of mind without notice, was that the snow must be CGI as it couldn't possibly be real. It doesn't snow in Australia; I had no idea that it was silent when it fell and soaked up sound when it blanketed the streets and buildings. The second thing I learned, when I dashed, wide-eyed and keen, was that freshly fallen snow squeaked and slumped underfoot. The third thing is that before long freshly fallen snow becomes old, hard, icy, dirty, slippery snow, and for the next week I couldn't walk anywhere without slipping and sliding on my ass.

But fresh snow? Fresh snow was fun, so the third time it snowed, in a great heavy untuned-TV blizzard, I resolved to walk to where I was going.

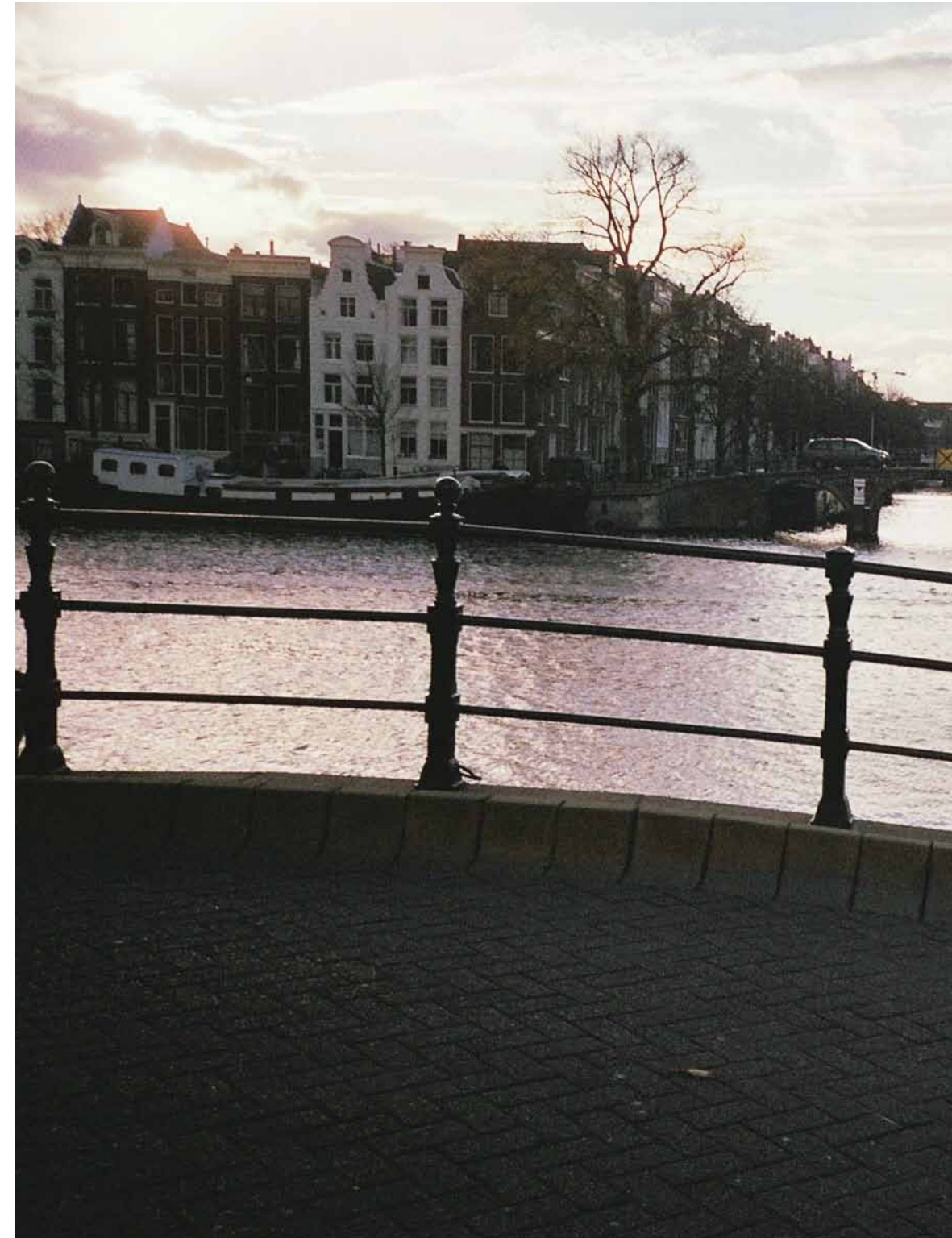
I walked to Vondelpark past a school bordering a canal. This canal is the other kind of Amsterdam canal; the bridges and banks are plain and new, and the canal's banks were lined with sunken, decaying boats. As I approached, I noticed a group of geese calmly walking on the surface of the water, and I thought oh wow, Dutch geese can walk on water now. Then I realized the canal was completely frozen. Snow banked on the surface of the water and filled the broken boats. Geese and ducks wandered around, their wide flappy feet surprisingly sure on the ice, and if they were bothered by the cold they didn't let it show. A few sat and preened, their boat bodies pressed against the ice, and I wondered if they were sitting because they were stuck.

The ice had revealed shoals of garbage drifting through the canals. Thin plastic bags pulsed like jellyfish in the current, joined by cigarette packets, chocolate wrappers, and what might have been a condom. Drunk men piss in the canals, the story goes, and the drop in blood pressure makes them fall in. For a second, I imagined a body might pop up from the hidden depths to press and claw against the ice.

As I dreamed about icy corpses, something cold and wet hit my temple, sending my glasses clattering to the ground. I screamed "WHAT THE FUCK?" It was the boys from the school. They stood on the other side of the bridge wadding snow together with gloved hands, impassive faces framed by the furry hoods of their coats.

As I turned, one launched another snowball, which caught the collar of my coat and slid wetly down my chest, and I was hit by another as I crouched to retrieve my glasses. "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?" I howled in anguish, as they continued their blank-eyed assault. One boy shouted: "WE SPEAK NEDERLANDS HERE, AMERICAN!" To which I replied: "I'M FUCKING AUSTRALIAN, YOU LITTLE SHITHEAD!"

The next day I came down with a terrible cold.





Canal Stories: The Ice

Swans hang out in the red light district, or at least that's where I saw them most. They gather in the part where all the tourists go, flamingo-pink in the red light, and beg for food. The tourists throw them bits of kebab and take photos, and from a distance you can see their long, beautiful necks rhythmically arcing up to plead, down to retrieve.

I rarely see them anywhere else. If you see a big white bird away from the city it's usually a goose, not that I complain. The geese in Amsterdam have small, soulful eyes and like to sit, like mounds of whipped cream, in median strips between the canal and the bike path. Sometimes I see them marching from one place to another. They always use the pedestrian crossing.

One day I was walking across a bridge when I saw a swan rise slowly from the canal. "Rise slowly" is the only way I can describe it; the swan wasn't so much flying as hoisting himself into the air with slow, heavy flaps of his wings, neck outstretched. I remember his dangling orange feet; I realized I'd never seen a swan's feet from that perspective before. My second thought was "I didn't know swans could fly."

As soon as I thought that the swan caught his neck on the overhead tram line on the bridge, spun backwards, and fell with a soft, feathery "plop" on the road below. The air turned honey-thick; everything moved slowly. The trams came to a halt, so did the cars, the bikes, and passersby. I waded to the bird, wrapping him in my coat. He formed a neat package, his neck folding back on his body, one scaly leg resting in the palm of my hand.

The swan and I were a still point in a whirl of shouted Dutch. One woman yelled at me to call

the ambulance, and I said I don't speak Dutch and ambulances are for people. She scowled and stomped away, mobile phone clamped to her ear. After a minute or two she came back and yelled "THE AMBULANCE IS COMING!" "WHAT AMBULANCE?" I replied. "The dierenambulance."

That made little sense, but leaving the swan alone also made little sense, so I sat, cross-legged, on the concrete, the swan disguised as a bundled coat in front of me. One woman asked me to text her to let her know the swan's fate, then half a dozen people followed suit, writing phone numbers on receipts with my leaking fountain pen and handing out business cards. The swan was still, but I could feel him breathing, and every now and then he would shift into another position.

The ambulance came, lights and sirens, more or less eight minutes after the swan fell. Four uniformed paramedics elbowed their way through the crowd. They unwrapped the swan and checked him over, stretching out his wings, feeling his neck.

"It's just shock" a beefy Dutch animal paramedic told me, as the swan's newfound next of kin. "We'll take him to a bird rehab facility."

He picked up the dazed bird, and let me briefly stroke the feathers between his wings as a way to say goodbye. The swan was cool and soft; he felt hollow beneath the feathers, as though he was taxidermied.



1.

1. The Amsterdam Canals...
2. And its fauna

2.





Rens Ciggaar THE SEVENTH KENNEDY

Here's the thing about Rens: he doesn't sit around waiting for things to happen.

He marched in to W+K 5 months ago with a mission. He wanted to be a project management intern, and he knew he'd be great at it. At that moment Wieden was on a hiring freeze, but Anna, the receptionist liked the cut of his jib and called Sharon, a project manager.

Then, a few months later, he decided six Kennedys on the second floor with a heavy load of projects needed his help. And we did.

Well, he didn't just decide. He overheard Camille and Vasco at lunch talking about locations for their skate video, so he put together a deck of possible locations and we realized we needed a seventh Kennedy.

Rens is the kind of guy who wants to make things, specifically film and television things. 'I want to travel with my brain to another world,' he explained. He started a degree in film and television, but dropped out when he discovered it was about talking about TV rather than making TV. He took acting classes, and had a short stint on a Dutch soap opera playing a nondescript friend of the main character, but he always wanted to be the guy making film and TV happen. So he enrolled in an arts and media management degree to make that happen.

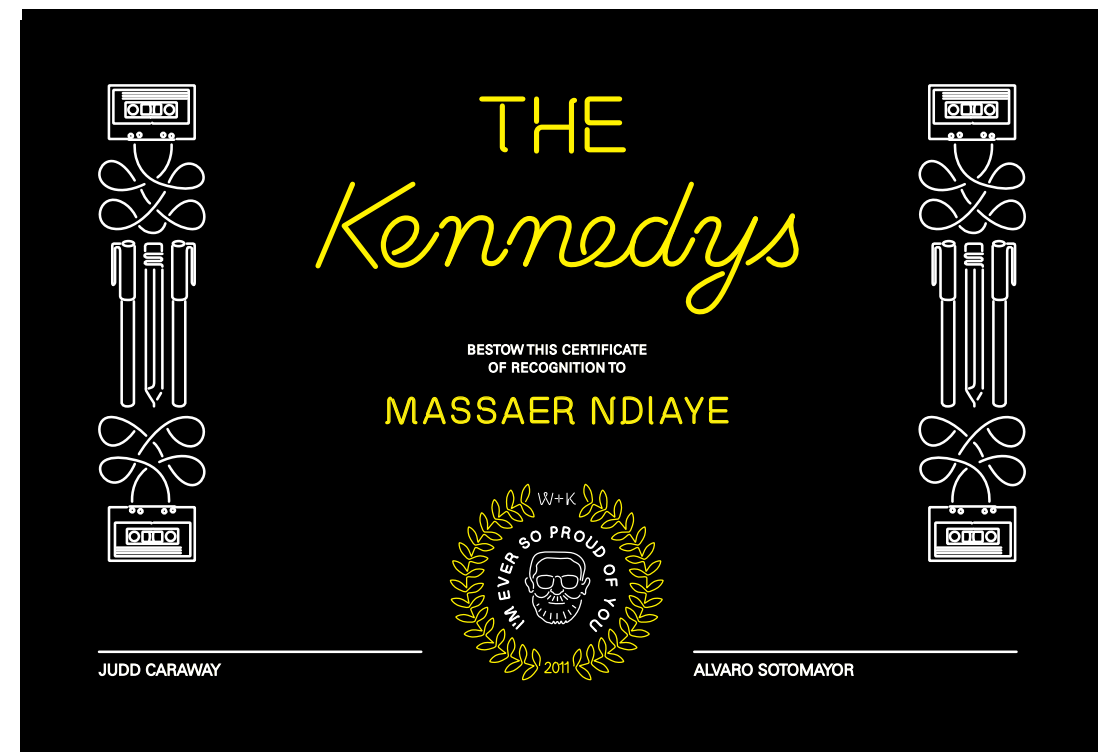
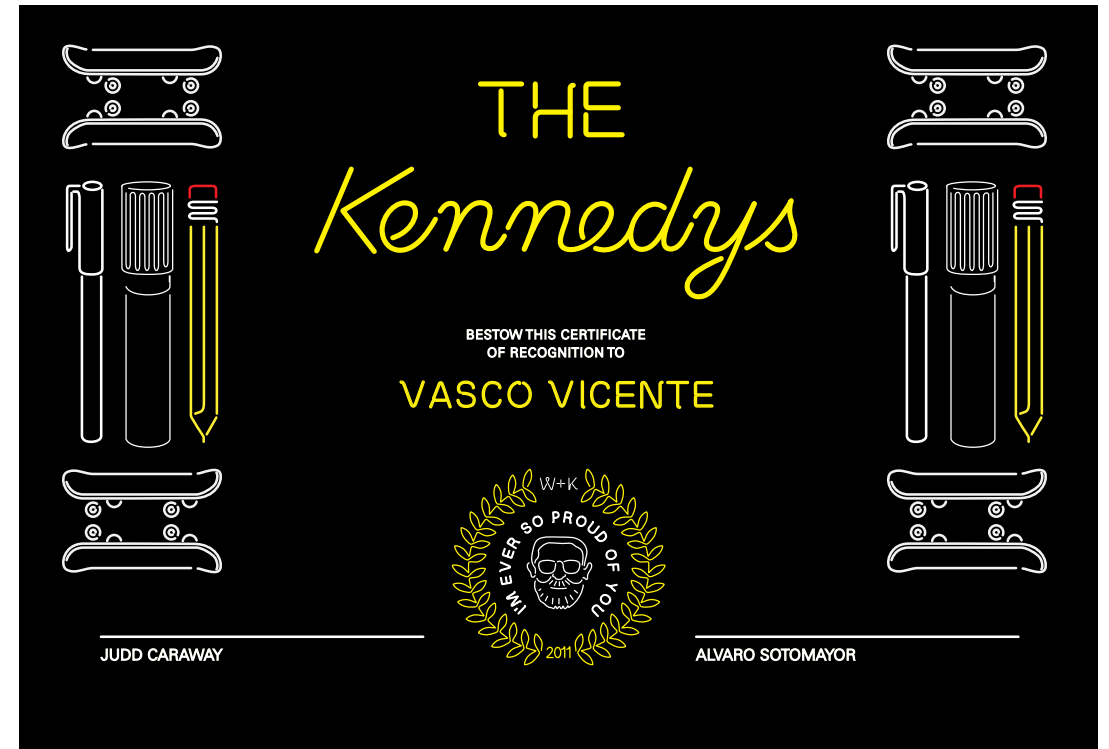
Rens likes it here at Wieden. He gets a thrill every time his key pass works at the door and that you never know what's going to happen. 'The work is always different,' he says, 'it wants you to be prepared.'

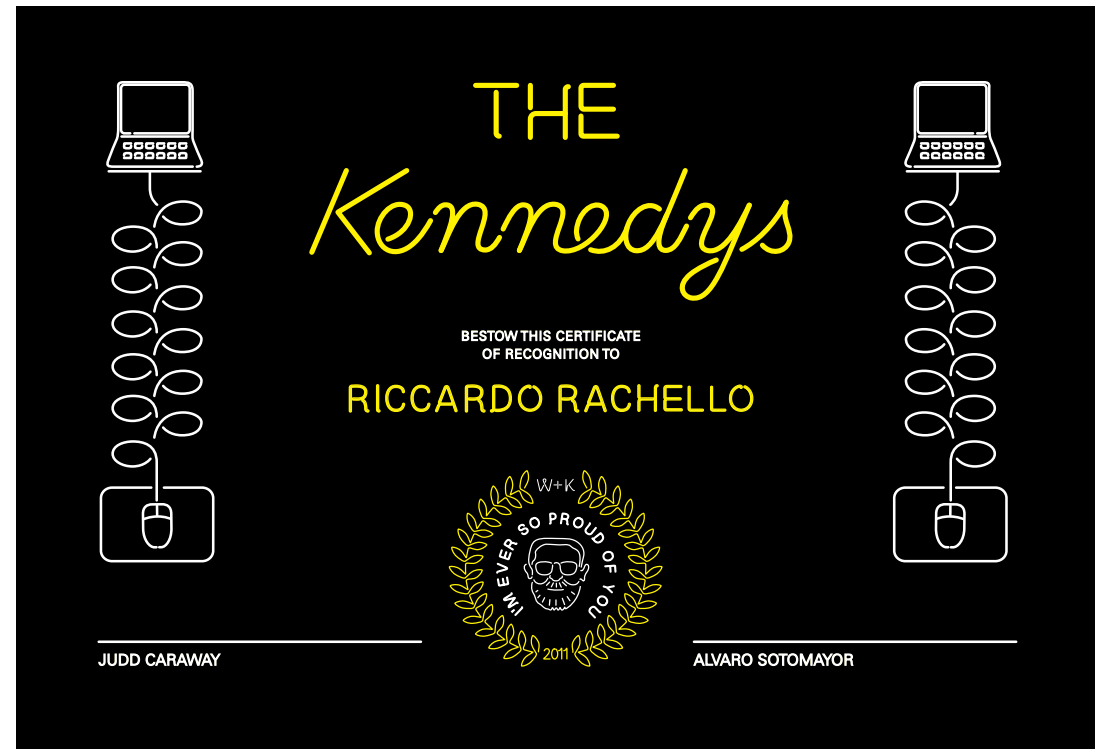
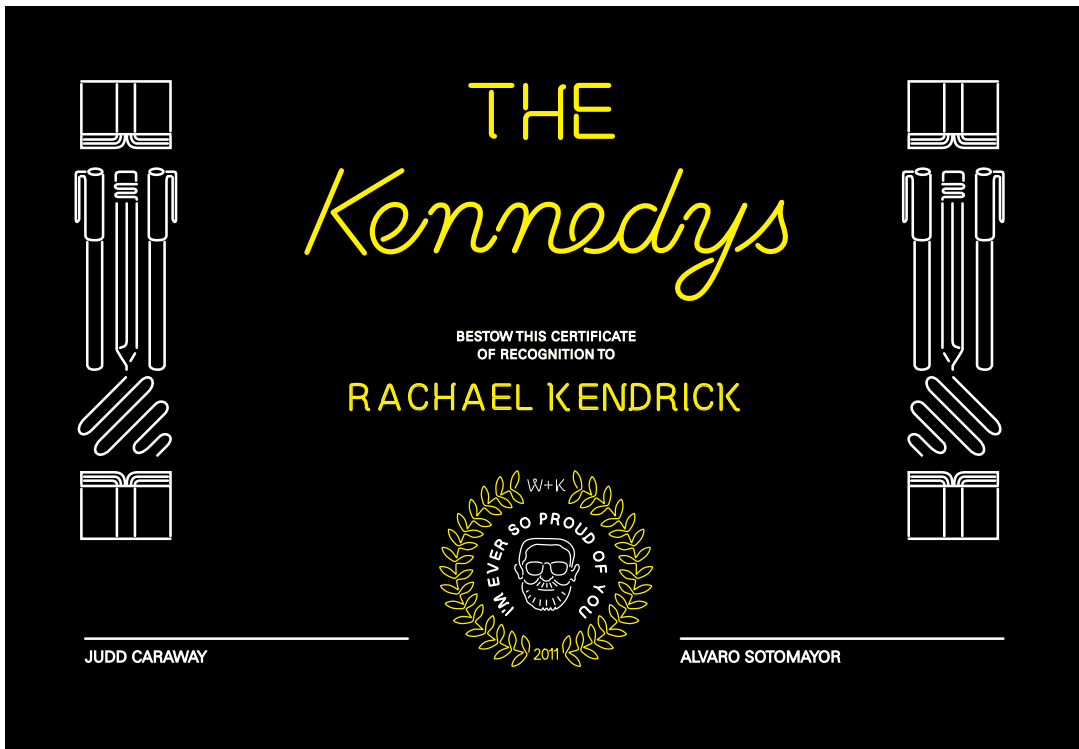
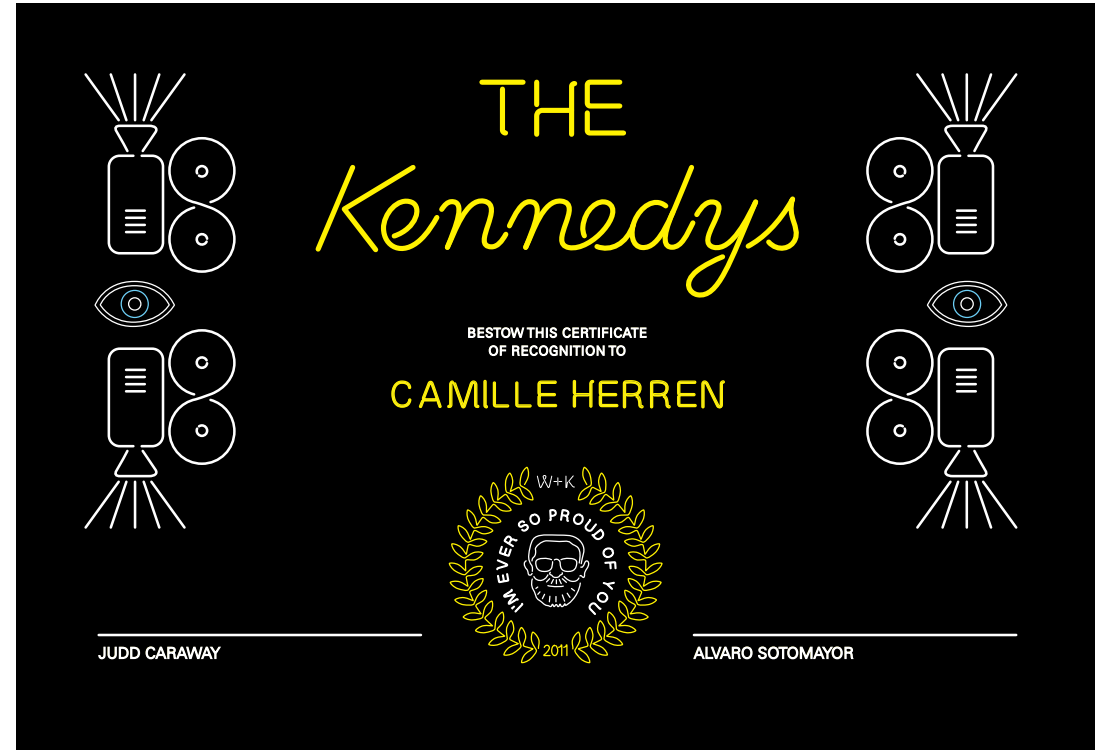
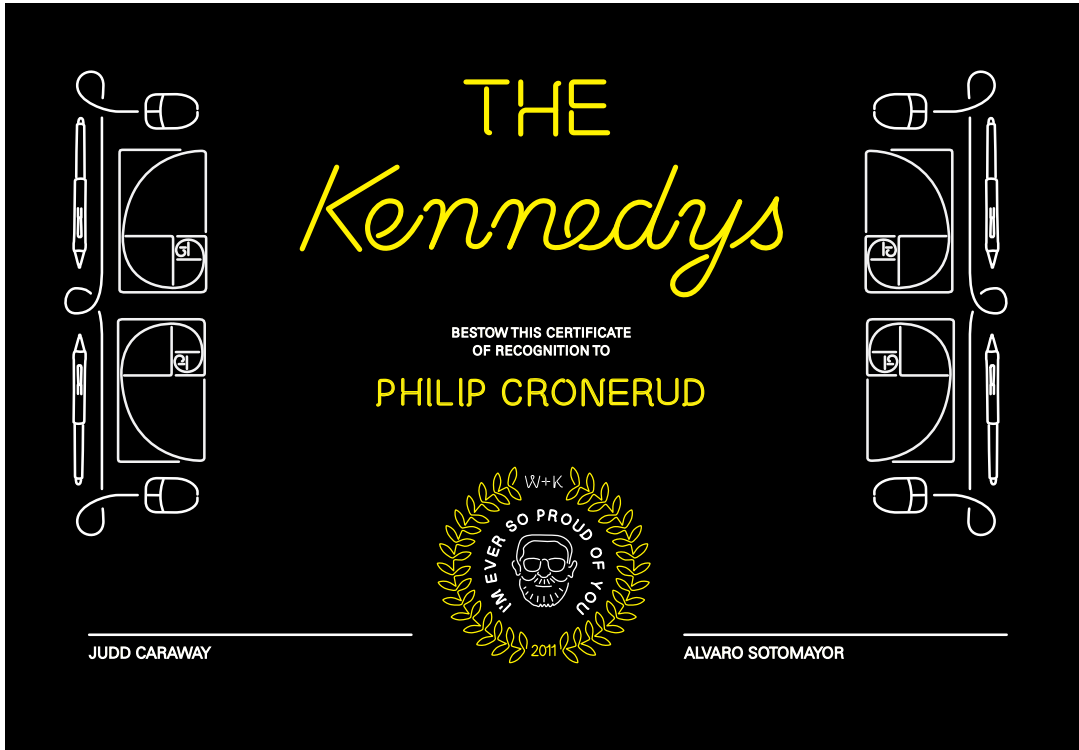
We only had Rens for a month or so, but he made a huge difference. He is the seventh Kennedy.

K+W Graduation IN TYPICAL KENNEDYS FASHION

The Kennedys experiment came to an end with a bang. And a big one it was. We worked right up to the last day and beyond resulting in not a lot of time to plan and extravagant graduation but enough to plan a small party the following week. In typical Kennedys fashion, we tried our hardest to couple the useful with the necessary. DJ set-up, screen with a projector for a "Youtube Smackdown," custom diplomas, a selection of our work hanging on the walls and of course a space that would stay open until 5 AM. We had had so many

late nights that it only seemed responsible on our behalf to continue that trend with our party. The "smackdown" was followed by a small ceremony of Judd and Alvaro handing out diplomas and then some heart-felt thank you speeches from each of The Kennedys. Then we were onto the necessary-The party itself. With an audience of mostly friends and family, we literally shut the club down and had some of our best memories in Amsterdam that night. For the parents reading this, everybody got home safe, in cabs.





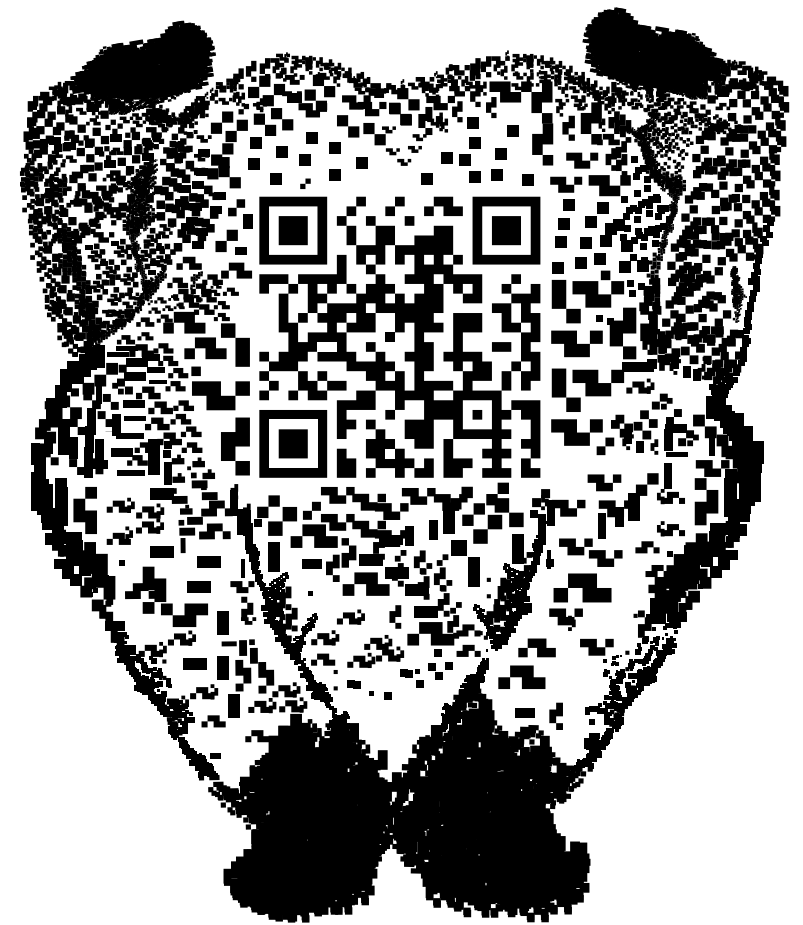
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NUIT BLANCHE

Nuit Blanche

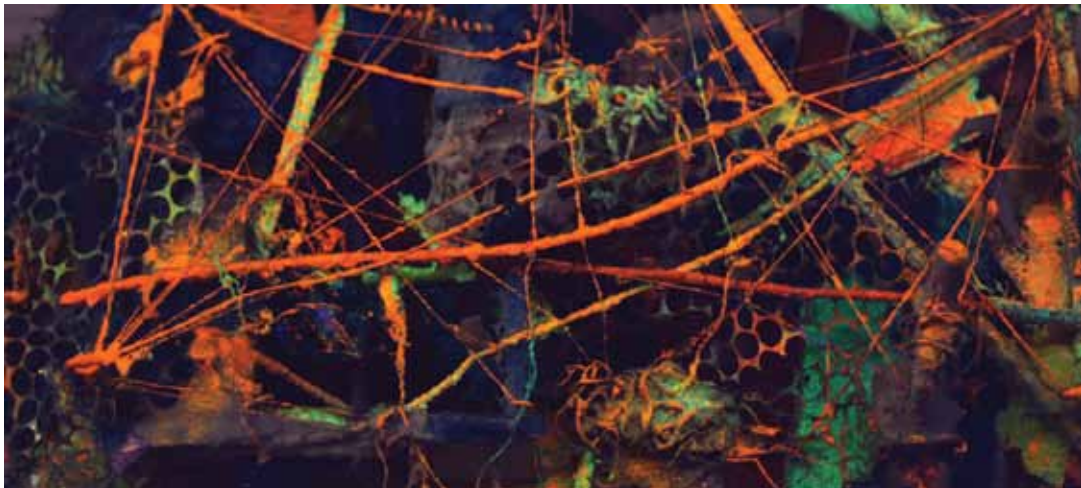
Nuit Blanche is an all-night arts festival and party in Amsterdam. We collaborated with the organisers to create a mobile website, a series of video teasers and print ads to promote the event. The result? Nuit Blanche was sold out on the night.











Guerilla Restaurant
<http://vimeo.com/25396731>





Fotoboek Nederlanders vastgelegd op hun vakantiebestemming in het zonnige Zuiden

Gewoontedieren in het buitenland

Fotograaf Isabella Rozendaal maakte een boek over vakantielevierende Nederlanders in Zuid-Frankrijk, aan Spaanse kustplaatsen en bij Italiaanse meren. Niemand wil erbij horen, maar iedereen doet hetzelfde.

LOES FEVER

Nederlanders worden heel anders, hebben een maat geëcht en een laagje zems, vaak geweldig naar en hun kinderen draagt Crocs. Op hun campingtafels staan potjes krakkoeniers en gasballast, die wat hangt buiten voor geventild op kleef- en se-solden tand.



Foto's uit Isabella Rozendaal's boek. De vrouw waarvoor ze zijn vertoont met een familie door Europa trek.

Deel heb gekregen. Ga je maar terug in je voor je een week aan de Costa Brava en zitten. Dat is altijd in te trek om Charles Leakey.
Het resultaat van de zomer van is de maand die Nederlanders vakantie viert. Dat is het derde fotoboek van Rozendaal en vormt een bijdrage aan het Nederlandse kwaliteitsmerk fotoboekje als in haar zonnige boeken. Die dragen voor het moment met buitenlandse vakantie, positieve en negatieve foto's en de volgende glorie van Nederlandse vakantie.

'Ze willen geen land ontdekken, maar gezellig samen zijn'

De foto's in De zomer laten een beeld zien dat iedereen wel kent: onopzettende kinderen met zwevelende en de kinderen die de vader, verkeerde schouders, toegelaten haas, achterovergeleefde lachend, doorkomen in Italiaanse vakantiehuizen.
Maar het is lang niet alleen plattegrond. Het zijn ook foto's van Nederlanders die met hun kinderen naar Italië gaan, juist naar de kust. Ze zien hoe ze hun vakantie maken. Ze zien hoe ze hun vakantie maken. Ze zien hoe ze hun vakantie maken.

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MURDER IN MOKUM

Mokum, Nederlandse Commissaris Smetgokken
The geluk beleeft met Joe Hill.

www.verschillen.nl



CRAZY MAKES BEAUTIFUL

YouTube Channel

NUIT BLANCHE

Herb van der Boven met Nederlanders vakantiegevoelens en hun verhalen die documenten komen maar uit hun eigen verhalen en verhalen.
"Ik heb niet een leuke tijd, maar dat was het niet juist, (verder naar Zuid-Frankrijk was het te veel en te laat in de auto, maar twee presentie worden er de acties worden. En twee is belangrijk om, dat heb ik niet met andere Nederlanders. Daar deden wij niet een beetje afgeleid over."

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Isabella Rozendaal: De Mook, uitgeverij De Persgroep, € 5,95

De spannende jongenskamer van een jonge hoogvlieger

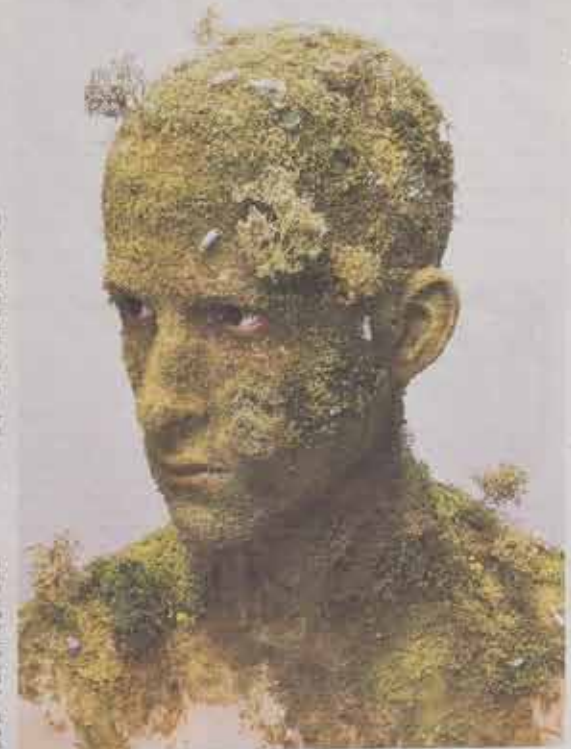
De jongenskamer van Van Veluwe, de auteur van 'De vloer van de vloer', is een spannend verhaal van de vloer van de vloer.

Nieuw onderzoek aan de Universiteit van Amsterdam, de vloer van de vloer, is een spannend verhaal van de vloer van de vloer.

Van Veluwe stapt als het ware uit zijn portret en gaat ernaast staan

De vloer van de vloer, de vloer van de vloer, is een spannend verhaal van de vloer van de vloer.

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Deer Landscape decoreerde van Van Veluwe zijn gezicht als groenwoud.

De vloer van de vloer, de vloer van de vloer, is een spannend verhaal van de vloer van de vloer.

Alfred J. Kwak in DeLaMar



Alfred J. Kwak (24 jaar), Utrecht, uitgeverij De Persgroep, € 5,95

'Alfred haalt de clown in mij naar boven'

Alfred J. Kwak gaat het theater in. Vanaf 11 juni is vader van Herman van Veen te zien in DeLaMar. De trekvogels niet gevaarlijk zijn dan de watervogels. De acteurs stellen zich voor: Vandaag: Ferman Huzar.

Alfred J. Kwak, de vloer van de vloer, is een spannend verhaal van de vloer van de vloer.

Alfred J. Kwak, de vloer van de vloer, is een spannend verhaal van de vloer van de vloer.

R.I.M.A

R.I.M.A

Revolution in Material Apparel is a new concept in fashion design and production by Rima Freeman. Rima remakes and repurposes deadstock fabrics and vintage clothes, pioneering the 'slow fashion' movement. We worked with Rima to create a new logo and visual identity, and designed installations for a fashion showcase at Huize Frankendael.

ODE TO SLOW

When was it that you took the time to let it all sink in last?

Walking to the rhythm of your own heartbeat.

Closing your eyes, breathing deeper and slowing down.

The world moves fast but do we have to follow its pace?

They say time is money, but really time is life itself.

Time spent thinking about what will be instead of what is,
is time squandered.

Slowing down.

Giving your own self undivided attention.

Taking time to savor each instant, sipping life's nectar.

The way you would appreciate morning coffee.

Aimlessly wandering the streets instead of walking them.

Letting the raindrops fall on your cheeks.

Inhaling as if each of those breaths was the last.

Just because they might be.

Living in the moment, fully.

Being in the moment, truly.

Slow down not to let your life pass you by.



1-2. Handcut numbered lookbooks.

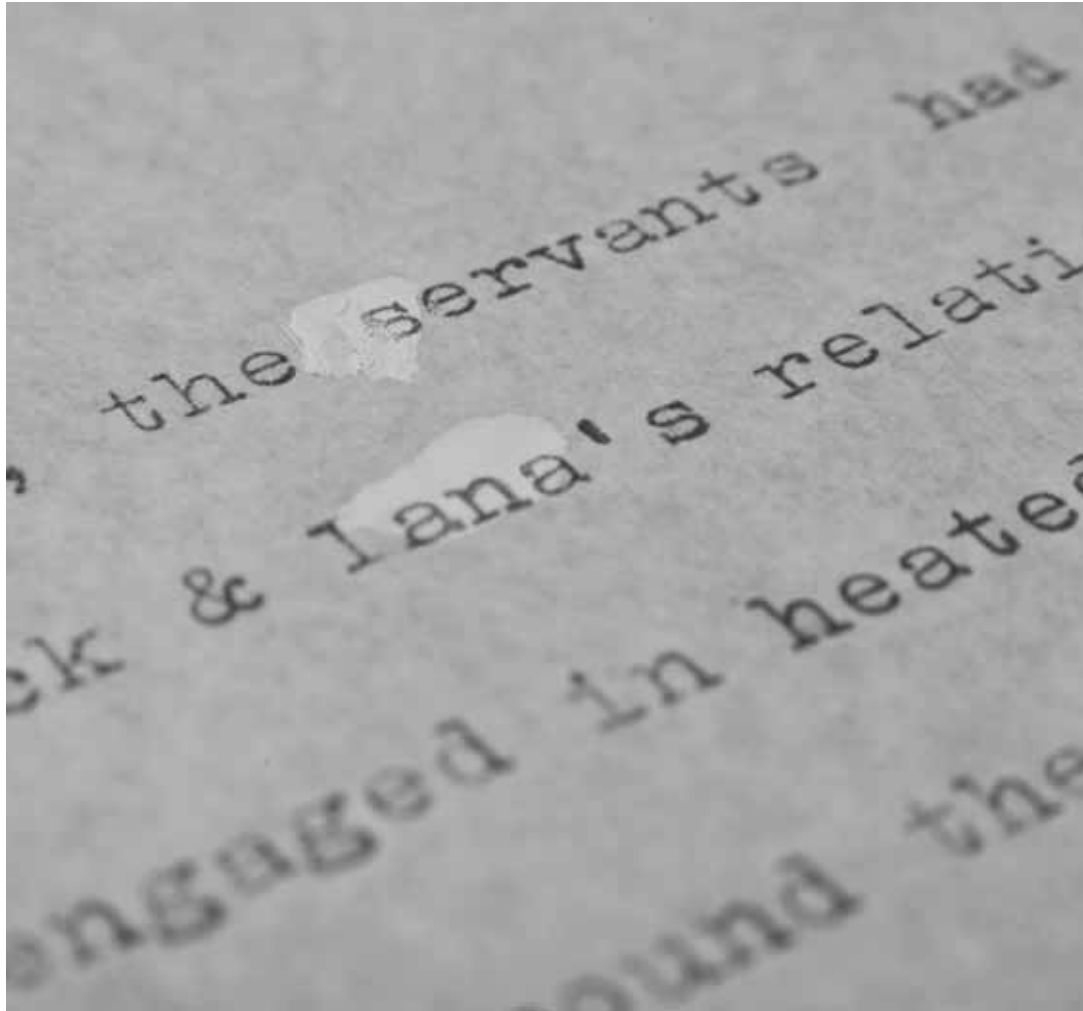


3. The Swedish knot.

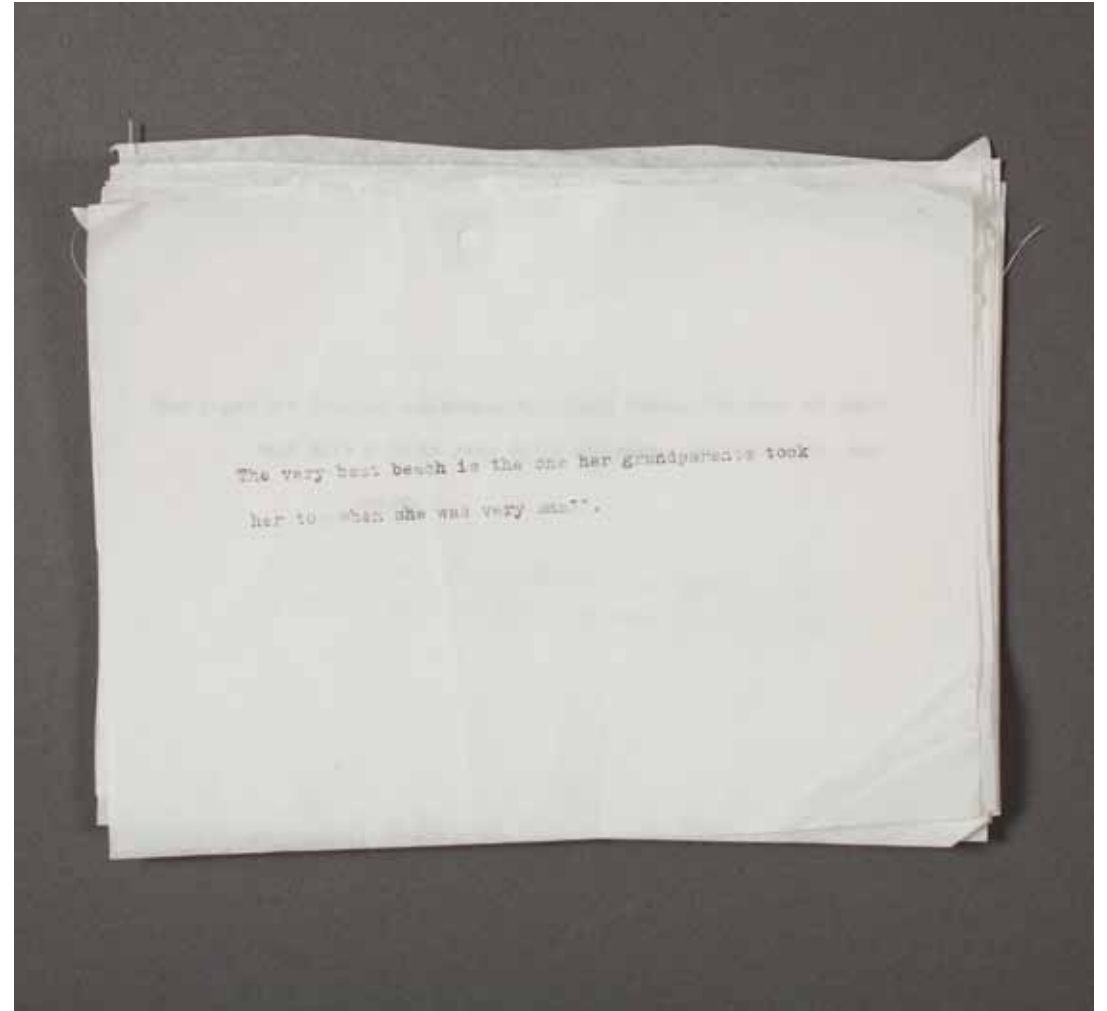


1. Sands perspective.
2. Roos de Waal.

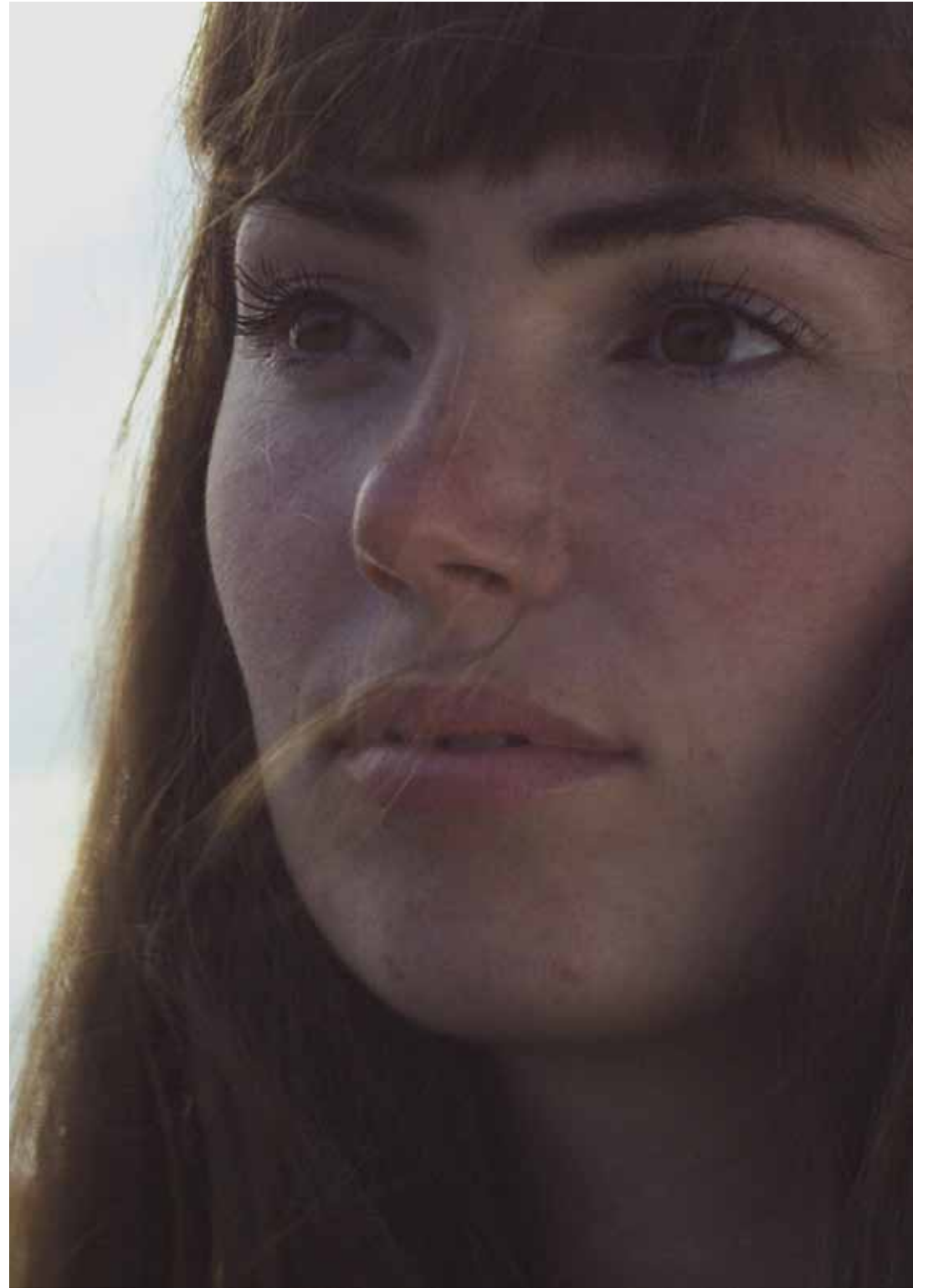




1. Typewritten.



2. A novel, leaf by leaf.



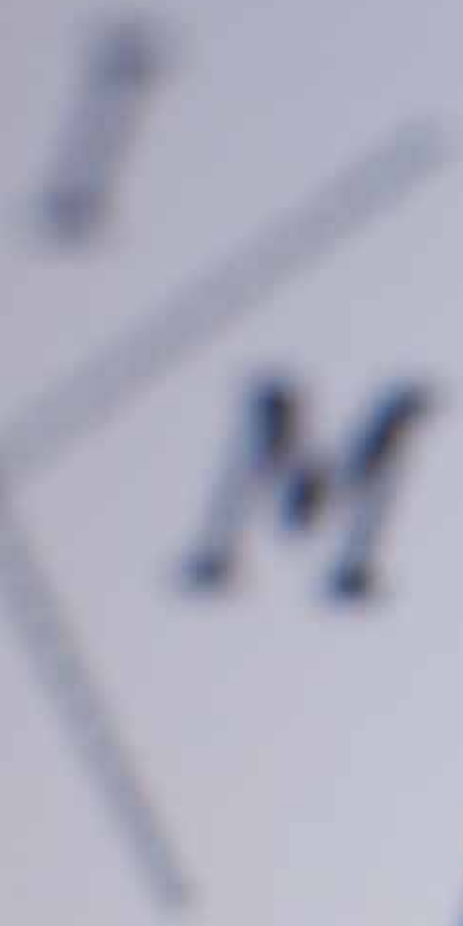


1. Rima & her business partner
Djoemilla, being interviewed.



2-3. The Frankendael Huis,
taken over.





CODE TO SLOW
OUR PROCESS
PORTRAIT
LOOKBOOK
VIDEO
WORK

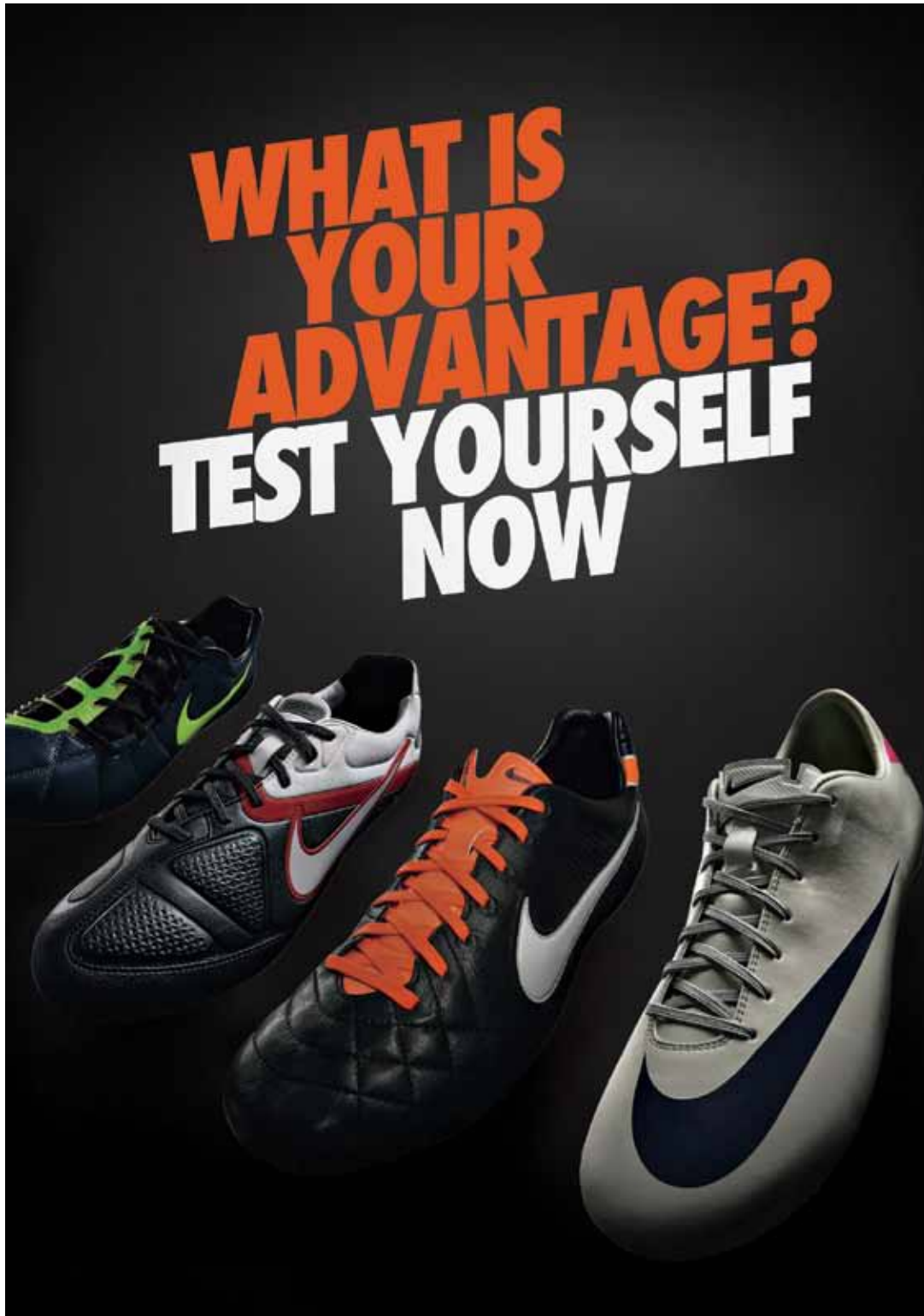
WHAT'S YOUR ADVANTAGE

What's Your Advantage

Nike Football Netherlands asked us to create an activation for their Facebook page that generate awareness of their four lines of football boots. We created a game that tests users' speed, accuracy, control and touch. In the end, the users are 'prescribed' the best boot for them, and invited to post their score to their wall.

**NIKE
FOOTBALL
NETHERLANDS**





EYE FILM INSTITUTE
NETHERLANDS

EYE Film Institute Netherlands

The Filmmuseum on Vondelpark had been a zeer gezellig Amsterdam landmark for years, but it was time for it to be reborn as the EYE Film Institute at a new, monumental location across the IJ. We were given the task of raising awareness of the impending move. We built a campaign around the idea of celebrating cinema.





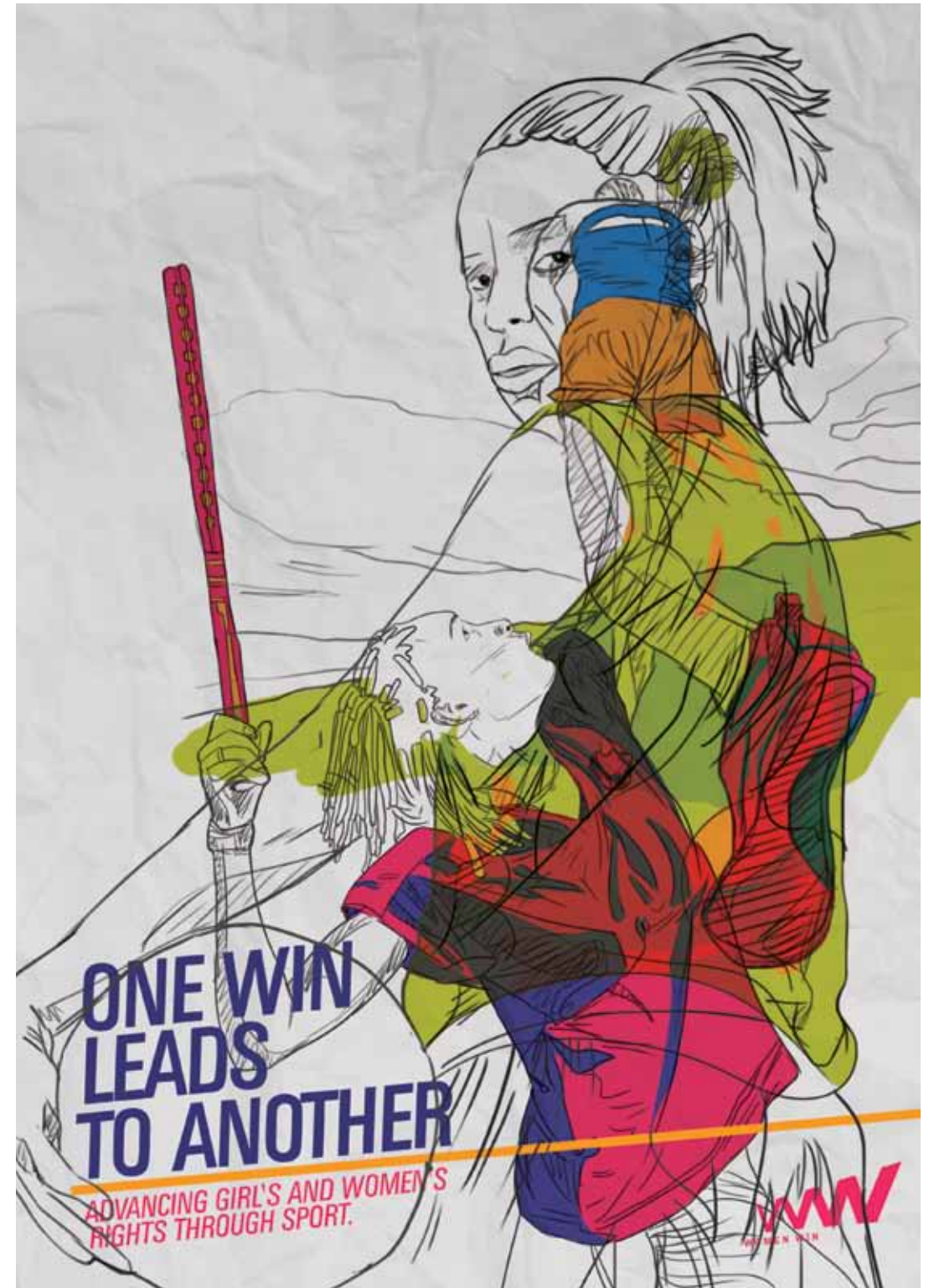




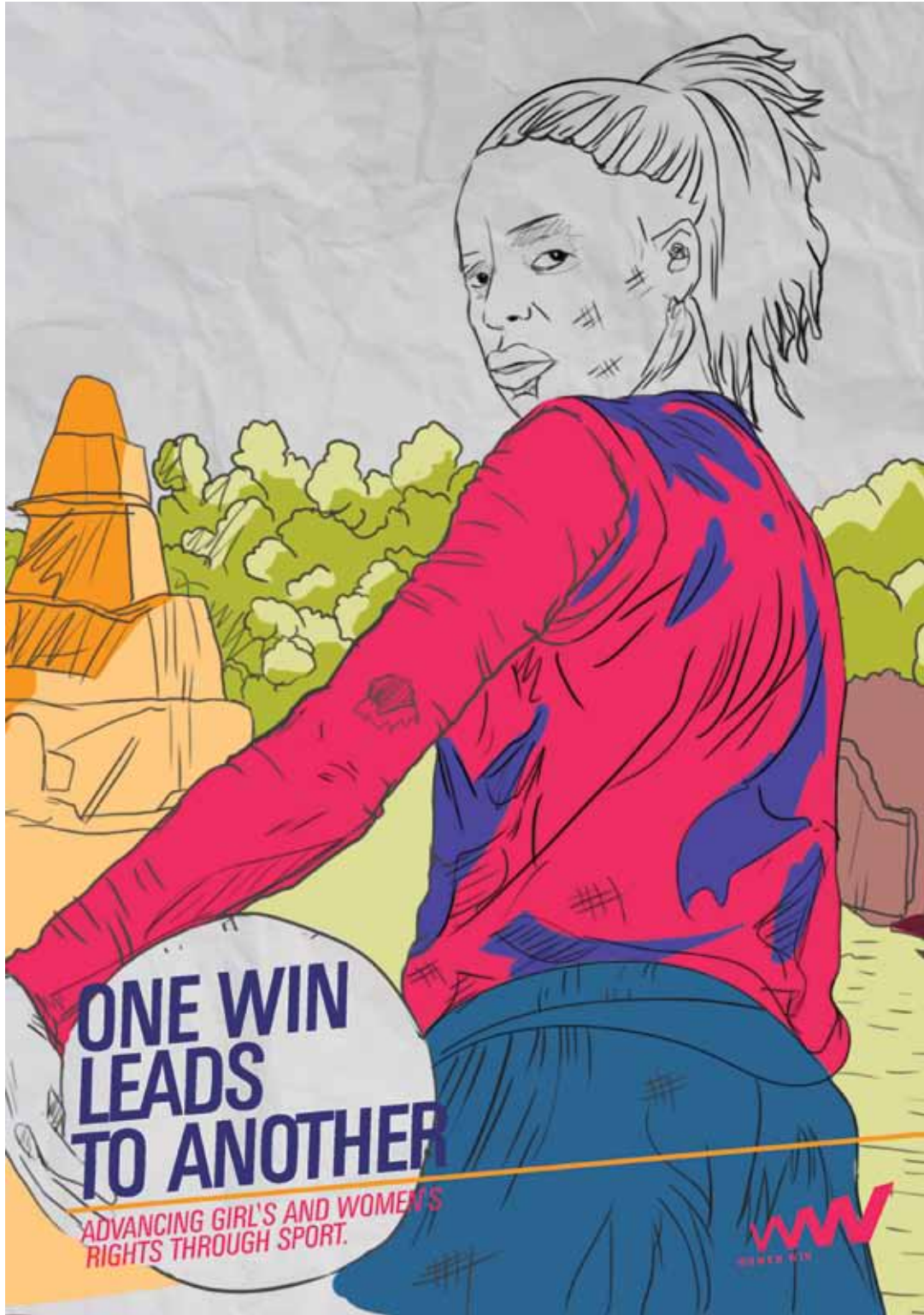
WOMEN WIN

Women Win

Women Win is an organization that advances women's rights through sport. We created a campaign around the idea that 'one win leads to another.' We also created the Women Win handsign, a sign of solidarity and strength that people anywhere can use to show their support of Women Win.







UNWATCHABLE

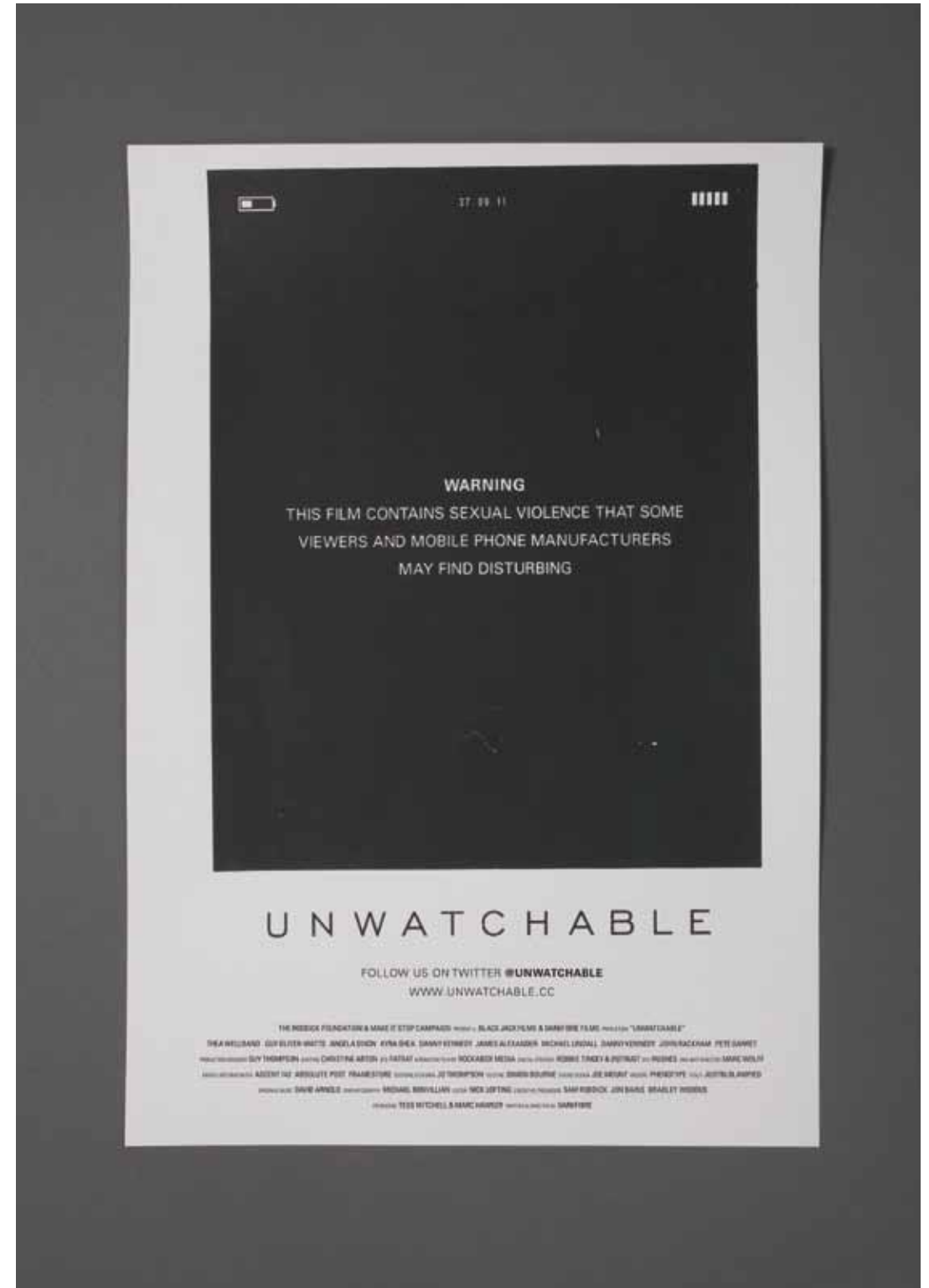
Unwatchable

'Unwatchable' is a short film that reenacts the rape of a Congolese woman and her family by soldiers in a picturesque British village. The filmmakers, who donated their time, had previously worked on films like 'Quantam of Solace', and 'Iron Man'. We were asked to create a poster and website to promote the film.

WARNING
CONTAINS SEXUAL VIOLENCE
AND DISCRIMINATION



1-2. Unwatchable screenprint.



GUTTS

Gutts

Edward Goosens is a man with a vision for a sustainable future driven by engines, not good intentions. Edward uses motorsports as a kind of laboratory for developing the sustainable car of the future. We worked with Edward to rebrand his company, Gutts to better communicate Edward's vision of sustainable motor sport.

FUELED BY NATURE

Outpace your preconceptions and witness pure innovation.

It comes from within.

It is the strength that forced us to go against the grain.

It is the power that will drive each and every one of our endeavors.

It is the future of racing and the end of motorsports as we know them.

It is everything you could not imagine speed to be, made.

Rethink your idea of what performance is.

Gutts is about being the first to cross the finish line.

But it is also about being the first to change mindsets.

Gutts is about pure, unfiltered and sustainable speed.

It is the thinking man's philosophy on how racing should be.



1. Gutts dynamic logo.



2. These are the guidelines.

Cover Design

Toby Morris

Size

170x240 mm

Typeface

Akkurat

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<http://thekennedys.nl>

<http://vimeo.com/user7526687>

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