



**SPEEL
GOED
MUSEUM
MECHELEN**



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verbeelding werkt

MECHELEN



6 nationale loterij

SPEELGOEDMUSEUM.BE

A complete museum experience for everyone

Toy Museum Mechelen aims to be accessible to a wide and diverse audience. This guide can be used by people with hearing impairments as an alternative to the audio stories. This way, you won't miss out on any of the museum's experiences!

Enjoy!



Discover the museum

The map below shows the different rooms and allows you to discover the museum's facilities.



 Tickets

 Café

 Shop

 WC

 Lockers

 Sensory room

 Stimulation room

1 Playing is...

2 Play-time!

3 For the fun of it

4.1 Everybody plays

4.2 Lots of players, lots of stories

5 Exhibition hall

What is there to hear in the museum?

We provide an overview of the sounds or audio stories present in each room. The audio stories without subtitles in room 2 are written out in full further on in this guide. Room 4.1 is filled entirely with game setups. No additional audio is provided here.



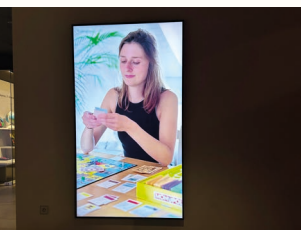
1 Playing is...

The projection in the first room of the museum is accompanied by dreamlike music. This can be heard when the projection touches the table surface. When information appears on the wall, it is rather quiet.



2 Play-time!

Various audio excerpts can be heard in this room. The transcripts are included in this brochure. If you have certain hearing difficulties, it may help to hold two earphones to both ears.



3 For the fun of it

A dynamic screen has been set up in each section of this room. The screens only show images; visitors cannot hear any sound.



There is a DJ table on level 4 of this room. In addition to sounds via headphones, this also provides feedback via light elements.



4.2 Lots of players, lots of stories

The player portraits in 'Lots of players, lots of stories' are read by a fairly low male voice. The audio clips are subtitled.

1 The classics

Die



Doll



Die

[sound of rolling dice] Whoa.ow.oof.

Doll

Oops. Careful. Say, you didn't hurt yourself, did you?

Dobbelsteen

No way. You know, Missy, I'm accustomed to being tossed around.

Pop

Otherwise,... I can take care of you, you know. It's something I have learned, they did the same for me. I mean, taking care of me. Not throwing me around...

Dobbelsteen

Definitely not necessary. I'm a die, you know, I can handle that.

But say... don't we know each other? Haven't we met before....

Pop

You look familiar to me, too. But where do I know you from? It must have been from quite a while ago.

Die

I wouldn't know. I've been everywhere, in many trouser pockets, in drawers, in cupboards. When I was just made, by the Romans, you know, when....

Doll

[interrupts enthusiastically] But of course! The Romans! That's where we know each other from.

Die

Right, yes... jeez where did the time go? I wouldn't have recognised you anymore, without clothes like that.

Doll

Oh, cheeky! I'm still wearing my stone dress, you know.

But yeah *[a bit uncomfortable]*, I've been without my cloth garments for a while now....

But anyway, tell me die: whatever happened to you? How have you been?

Die

Alright, pretty good... okay, not too bad. We're still here. We've been around for a long time. Being tossed around. Just to see how many dots there are on our face. The most eyes, the least eyes... just to know how many steps they can move forward or backward on a game board....

Yeah, that's been going on for 2,000 years, you know. Do you remember? Pente Gramae? That was the Romans "Don't get Angry", wasn't it? Yeah, more like "die don't get angry" *[smirks]*.

I was thrown by an emperor once... yeah, seriously, a real emperor... near a river somewhere. Apparently I fell on the right side and he moved across the river with his entire army, all the way across the river, and the whole world changed. Well, that's what I heard afterwards anyway. So I'm in the history books! 'The die is cast' he said... you know, according to the books.

But say, you don't look too bad either.

Doll

Yeah, sorry.

Die

What do you mean sorry?

Doll

Well yes, I should have been sacrificed to the gods when the girl who took care of me was getting married. But that wedding never went through. The soldier she was going to marry, he crossed that river, perhaps alongside your emperor, and never came back.

Die

Those Romans are crazy!

Doll

That girl, she never managed to find another boyfriend. And so I stayed with her. Always by her side. She called me Barbara because her boyfriend had been sent to the barbarians, she said. She never heard from him again.

Die

And she never played with anything else, er... shooting dice or some such thing?

Doll

No, *[chuckles]* not dice, no. With her friends, she would often play knucklebones, you know, with those little bones. Her brother would be hoop rolling all the time. I was always with her. We even slept together in the same bed.



Die

Wow. Sad

Doll

Not for me.

But hey, psssst, look over there in the far distance, on the other side of the wall—there's another doll there. Can you see it? Way over there...

Die

How could I see that, so far away.

Doll

You have 21 eyes and I only have 2.

Die

Yes, but they're not all facing the right direction, haha.

Doll

But look, that doll. Couldn't that be a relative of mine? What do you think? That other doll over there far away? Doesn't she look a bit like me, no? The one with the blonde hair and pink dress?

Die

Yes yes, now that you mention it, you could be right.

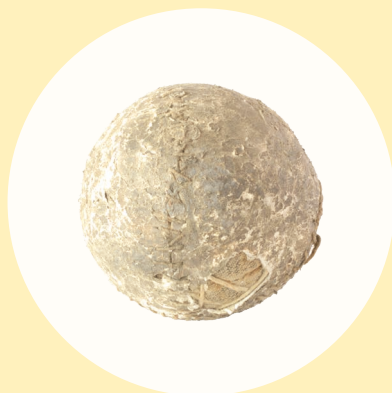


2 Forbidden to play?

Card



Ball



[enigmatic music with rising and falling notes]

Card

Hey! Ball!! Ba-aaall!

Ball

Hmm.

Card

Yeah. Er, hello er mister er...Ball. *[hesitant, somewhat nervous]* I wanted to ask something.

Ball

Mmmmm?

Card

I have such an itch. On my back. Would you mind scratching it, I mean, rolling across it? You would do me a great favour. I've been itching for 500 years and I can't stand it anymore... I can't reach it myself and I don't know what's wrong, you know.

Ball

But of course, get over here *[sound of ball rolling, sounds of bliss coming from card]*.

Card

Oh yeah, there yes, thanks. Do you see anything there? A tear or something?

Ball

Let's see: Ow. What's this here? Have you been tattooed or something?

Card

Tattoowhat?

Ball

There are all kinds of curlicues on your back right here.

Card

Curlicues? On my back? So what do they say?

Ball

Look, I'm a ball, I don't even have eyes, how could I know?

Card

Oh I know, they put us away because we were no longer allowed to be used... by the church... Can you imagine? There was too much 'gambling'. Drinking, fighting ... You know?

Ball

Hmm.

Card

That's the way it goes, eh? First, kings and queens, counts and knights, play with you. They bring us here from far off lands like China, to play with us and then all of a sudden: it's no longer allowed! Yet the children were allowed to play. They did everything. I've seen them leapfrogging, or reenacting a wedding or a baptism, and they had spinning tops and hoops and stilts and stick horses. I know that from that Brueghel painting. Do you know it?

Bal

I'm in it myself. Top left. But I didn't see you on there.



Card

Well no, that wasn't allowed anymore, right. *[whispering conspiratorially]* I think those chess pieces arranged it so that they would be played with more. But then again, people did it anyway, you know... they played with us... on the sly. In dark rooms. Well tucked away.

But anyway, that must have been *[thinking]* four, five hundred years ago ...

And the whole of our family was always together, there were 52 of us: the spades, the diamonds, the clubs...and we all lived together in a neat little box. But after a while, they started pulling us out one by one. And those who were taken out, were never seen again.

And so, when I was taken out, I felt all sorts of things on my back. It must have been a pen that made all those curlicues.

I was written off.... as a playing card, I mean, eh.



Ball

Wow. I can relate to that. They found me here in the cathedral. In an alcove. I used to be able to roll, play with the kids, fly through the air and knock over cones... those were the days. When I was little, they even played marbles with me! *[delicate sigh]* ... the children. And then all of a sudden... You roll into a corner somewhere and... *[stammers]*.

Card

And?

Ball

Yeah. That's it, then. They can no longer reach you with their little fingers and there you are. A day, a month, one year, two years, 17 years, 400 years. That's...

Card

Ball?

Ball

Yes?

Card

You've stopped rolling on my back.

Ball

Well then. *[sound of scratching on paper]* Actually, what's your name? *[enigmatic music with rising and falling notes]*

3 A golden age (of play)

Ganzenbord



Hobbelpaard



Rocky

[groans]

Goose

Quack. Hey, look there. Rocky. Our horse!!! Quack. Have you seen my dice anywhere, horse? *[sound of rocking in the background]*

Rocky

Oh. Hello Goose. Neeeeeigh Oeoeoeoeoeo.

Goose

I lost them. My dice. My bones. And then there's no playing on my board, you know. ...

Oh dear. Quack. You look a bit pale, Rocky. Quack.

Rocky

I don't feel quite we-e-ell. Goose. I think I'm ... a little. You know. Hiiiighn a little... er, seasick.

Goose

Oh, quack, Rocky.

Rocky

Yes Goose, laugh it up. I'm 300 years old, you know ... pffffff neeeigh.

Goose

But quack. Rocky! Me too! That means we're from the same era, right? The generation from the eighteenth century. A good century, right? People were allowed to play again, I mean the grown-ups, the little ones were always allowed to. Wasn't it a golden age for us? It's been three hundred years... quack quack... you wouldn't believe it. You're still looking good... I mean, when you're not seasick.



Rocky

[with difficulty] yeah-eah-eah-eah. You too.

Goose

[enthusiastically] Oh, remember when the grown-ups were allowed to play again? Wasn't that thanks to me? I mean, me and the old BackGammon. Quack, do you remember ... ? And I was quack 'an instructive and entertaining game' *[laughter]*

We were quack still young, right?





Rocky

New, Goose... We were new. Neeeeeigh.
Hey, do you remember Madam Rope? Miss String? She was from our time too, wasn't she?

Goose

Was she the one kids were jumping around with? Going "hop hop hop, bam bam bam bam, hup!" Quack?

Rocky

Yes, it's her. I saw her skipping around here not too long ago. Man, she looks so young, wow! Neiiiigh, pffff. Look there: that hopscotch marker. Also from our time right? Looks a bit tired though, definitively hasn't moved much lately.

Goose

Well, you're looking a bit better already. You're getting some colour back. Glad you're not *[says with emphasis]* "down in the pit" anymore *[laughs quackingly]*.

Rocky

Yes yes, I know, you're a Game of the Goose board.

Goose

Printed on the finest paper!!! The finest eh! Super paper in fact...

Rocky

Ah Goose, paper, paper... I , I was sculpted. By a real sculptor-artist, for his own children. By sculptor Laurent Delvaux.

Goose

Aren't you a unique piece then? That's sad. At least I have a lot of family everywhere, and we all look alike.

Rocky

You better watch out to not end up in jail!

Goose

Quack Quack, haha. Right, I'm off. I still have 63 squares to go. Have you seen my dice anywhere yet? *[Walks into distance]*
Quack quack.



4 From the factory

Diabolo



Tin train



[sound of approaching train and whistle]

Diabolo

Heeyyy. Little tin train! Helloooooo. How's it going!?

Tin train

I don't have time now, Diabolo, I have to be on time, I'm a train, you know that.

Diabolo

Go on, stay a while. You're a tin train... you don't have to be on time for real. That's just a game. Just wait a minute.

Tin train

Hmm.

Diabolo

Oh, come on, you're almost 200 years old. At the time you were invented, none of the trains ran on time. *[sound of metal falling to ground and rolling away]* Aaaaah, oh.

Tin train

Oh dear, did you fall again?

Diabolo

Ow ow. If only people learned to play this game a little better. But anyway... *[proudly]* I am not an easy game.



Tin train

Me neither. And I have to be on time. And I'm not old, I'm new and experienced and punctual.

Diabolo

Hey did you know that I originate from China? And...

Tin train

Oh wow, you were made in China?

Diabolo

No, not exactly. But my ancestors... they were brought here by merchants, eh...

Tin train

[admiringly] Whoa.. China... I've always wanted to travel there. Were you handcrafted there?

Diabolo

Mmmm *[hesitating]*. Yes, no uh, actually in Paris in uh ... a uh ... a uh ... a uh... factory.

Tin train

No way, à Paris, moi aussiiii! You shouldn't be shy about it. I come from a factory too. In Paris. They produced all sorts of things, you wouldn't know what you would become. One minute you're a tin plate, the next you find yourself in a machine and BANG!! You became something else. A horse, clown, trolley, motorbike or tea tin: you name it. I became a train. I was so proud, even though I wasn't the only one. There were actually many of us.

Sometimes, it would be kids who had to put us in the machine like plates, and then we would be sold to other kids who didn't have to do that. Those had to learn about trains and horses and carriages and engines instead of making them. I always found that strange.



Diabolo

At first, only rich people played with me, grown-ups! *[chuckles]* Yeah, those yo-yos were for everyone, but to play with me, you had to be very skilled. But in the long run, the little kids started to play with us anyway. Some of them at least. I fell so many times back then, you know.



Tin train

[getting a bit impatient] Sure, sure Diabolo, I know. You were more difficult to play with, but now we're both lying here anyway, they haven't played with us for 150 years, have they? I have to move on now. They're waiting for me. I have to be on time. Come on, get up.

Diabolo

[stands up] Ow, I've hurt myself a bit. Can you have a look, here, I have a dent here, I think.

Tin train

If you need to go somewhere, ...you can ride along if you want.

Diabolo

Oh great. That would be lovely!

Tin train

Where do you want to go?

Diabolo

Just go! To China maybe? Woohoo! Can't you go a bit faster, make some more turns....

[sound of departing train and whistle, enthusiastic cries of passengers]

5 New playing opportunities

Moonlander



LEGO-set



[theremin sounds from space]

Moonlander

[robotic voice with some crackling] 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... and off we go! This is the Moonlander that has taken off towards the ... eh the moon. Yes, today we're going to the moon. Hello hello ! Moonlander to Earth, Moonlander to Earth. We've arrived in space and the weather here's fine. The food isn't too bad either. Hello hello Earth!

LEO the brick

[metallic rattling and a voice in the distance] Hellooooo!

Moonlander

[robotic voice with some crackling] It's 1969 and soon we will be the first to land on the Moon, before Neil Armstrong, who, as everyone knows, is made of cheese. I mean the Moon. Is made of cheese. Not Neil Armstrong, he's from America. Our adventure will determine what kind of cheese.

LEO the brick

[muffled voice] Hey, hellooooo. Yoohoo. Hello-oh!!!

Moonlander

[robotic voice with some crackling] Hmmmm, I hear something right here in my belly. There's something in there... *[panics a little]* Hello hello, S.O.S. Help Mayday, ouch, there's something rattling in my belly. Mission in danger. Mission in danger.

LEO the brick

[metallic rattling] There's no danger, it's just me.

Moonlander

Whoaaa. *[robotic voice with some crackling]* Moonlander to earth, Moonlander to earth: there's a stowaway. His name is... *[normal voice]* What is your name?

LEO the brick

Leo, but you can call me anything.

Moonlander

Okay Anything uh Leo... It's a... what are you anyway?

LEO the brick

A brick, but I've been all kinds of things.

Moonlander

How can you be all kinds of things?

LEO the brick

I've been a masonry brick and a piece of someone's head and a piece of a toilet ...

Moonlander

Yuck!

LEO the brick

...and a castle and...people make all kinds of things with us. So: I'm all kinds of things. A brick of all kinds of things.



Moonlander

So, 'Leo Allkindsofthings', have you ever been a moon lander before? A moon lander is something special though. It has only recently been invented.

LEO the brick

Oh wow, neat. Then we can be a moon lander too?

Moonlander

We?

LEO the brick

Yes, me and my friends who are still in your tummy.

Moonlander

Oh no, there's more?

LEO the brick

Calm down, there's only about three hundred of us, I think.

Moonlander

Three hun...!

LEO the brick

Whenever we want, we lie down on a table and the whole family we're staying with comes together... and then they'll turn us into a moon lander too. What else would these people do with all the free time they have?

Moonlander

Watch telly?

LEO brick

People won't ever do that. They'd much rather go hula hooping or simultaneously take off to the sea. Or they'd hula hoop by the seaside.

Moonlander

Yes, they saw that on television too. I am a real moon lander, though... AND I'm on television.



LEO the brick

We've been on television too.

Moonlander

Riiight, in the commercials. But I, I'm on the news! And I produce light and sound! I have... batteries! *[futuristic rattling sound]*

LEO the brick

Wooooow. Batteries.... light... sound...alright. That's pretty cool alright. *[admiringly]* That's uh...

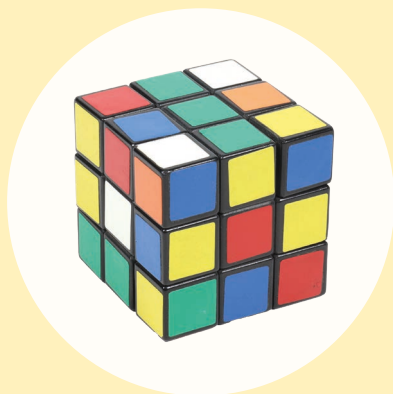
Moonlander

Look, we're almost there. I think. On the Moon. *[robotic voice with some crackling]* Earth Earth, Moonlander here. We're almost on the Moon. Over! We can see the Moon already. Hello ? Earth? *[squeaks and crackles]* *[normal voice]* Oops, maybe they ran out of batteries...

[theremin sounds from space]

6 With millions

Ruby the Rubik's Cube



[sound of turning Rubik's Cube] Hey hello. Hi. Sorry I'm still a bit busy. I want a different colour and it's not... so... ea... sy. Wait a sec. Yes. Like that. Two more turns to the right. Like that. Phew. Yes. *[silence]*

Rather quiet here, isn't it? I do like to have my peace and quiet, but I'm also glad to have someone listen to me once in a while. It can be such a joy, some peace and quiet.

I was getting a little sore in my joints lately, so I thought, I'm going to have a little lie down in a museum. They won't be twisting, turning, and wringing me like that there. But yeah, sometimes... you do want a different colour, you know.

Oh yes, maybe you don't recognise me. I'm Ruby. Well, I call myself Ruby, Ruby the Rubik's Cube. If you want to try to get the colours all together again: go right ahead. But I, ... I'm retired. Don't ask me how many times they've wrung my neck. But for now, though: rest ! Peace and quiet. I just hope they tip me over once in a while so that a different colour comes on top.

Hey, pssst. Did you see that guy next to me? That Tamagochi-thing? I've been trying to chat with him for a while but he doesn't answer. He's still in its packaging. I once knew one of those when I was young—now when was that, young, the 1990s or something? *[a little embarrassed]* Oops, next you'll know how old I am.

The moment he was taken out of his packaging, he was beeping all over the place, all the time. Constantly calling for attention. Ohlalaaaa: look at me, look at me, here I am... I must be fed. Press me. Anyway... until the batteries ran out.



That Tama-thingy, it never comes out of its packaging, I get it. It's not going to give me much company. That's why I'm so glad you guys are here. I told Snake the other day. Snake, do you know him? He's here somewhere too, in a mobile phone. I say Snake, now listen to this, I'm going to tell you something. And Snake says: "Sssssssssssss Rubik sssssssssss wait I have to get a little longer".



No, in any case, it's really cool that you're listening. And I'm also very versatile, you know. You have to admit, who still speaks of flippo's, or those first video games or all those things that ended up here in container ships—millions of them!!!! Millions and millions. And yet I'm lying here. Famous. Loved.

Say, d'you know? They even organise world championships with us. But, honestly, I haven't been very lucky in that respect. The guy who bought me spent 3 years fiddling with me. No pretty colours, I remained a patchwork.

What about the world record? 3.13 seconds, thank you very much. They're very welcome to do that with me if they want. Can you? No? Alright then, I'll just rest some more. Take a nap. Cheerio!



7 Old and new

The recycling truck



Mouse



The recycling truck

[sings softly to himself with instrumental accompaniment]

I'm the green rubbish truck, I'm a recycled bin
I'll sing something crazy for you
like vroom vroom vroom.
Bring me your old broken things
put them in my pocket
Because there's always something we can do do do

Ah there's something I can take.

Mouse

[sound of a little mouse sobbing somewhat dejectedly]

The recycling truck

Aha! A computer mouse... Ah, that always comes in handy.
But... but, say. Mousie?

Mouse

Whimper, whimper.

The recycling truck

[worried] Say mousie, what's the matter? Is something wrong? Come on. Tell me what it is. I do want to take you along, gladly even, but not in the state you're in right now. Sit down. What's wrong?

Mouse

[sobs while talkin] It's too late, you're going to take me. I'm going to end up... in the bin. Nobody's playing with me anymore.

The recycling truck

Oh, and is that so bad?

Mouse

[sad] Oh? Would you like to end up in the trash? You still look so neat, while I'm already a bit worn out... and.. no one clicks me anymore.

The recycling truck

Come on mousie, I am old too, you shouldn't worry about that, I...

Mouse

The games that have been played with me. Sliding, aiming, click-clicking. And I was good at it, you know. I was a... really, really good mouse. *[sobbing]*

The recycling truck

Gosh, that must have been cool right?

Mouse

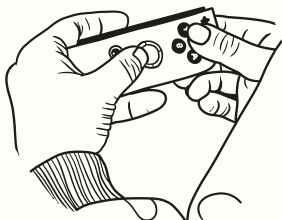
[musing and proud] As a mouse—if someone had aimed right, and you win together with your gamer... that was something to be proud of... *[sad]* but yeah, I couldn't keep up, it was getting more and more complicated and I had a wire. That's when it happened... *[sobbing]*

The recycling truck

What happened?

Mouse

[sad] They bought VR goggles. And a controller. Something much bigger, with more buttons on it and colours and things sticking out and lights and... you name it. Something much nicer... I think. And faster. A bigger computer too. Wireless. And I was pushed to the side. Me and my wire.



The recycling truck

Mousie, mousie, mousie... But now you are here and...

Mouse

I spent years lying in a corner somewhere. Until last week. Then, the mama of the house where I lived came along, picked me up gently with two fingers, dusted me off, took a deep breath, and threw me in the bin. *[sobbing]*

The recycling truck

Lucky you..

Mouse

[slightly dismayed] How can you say such a thing? I've been binned and I'm done clicking, and you're talking about luck *[sobbing]*.

The recycling truck

[comforting] Yes, mouse, absolutely. Look at me. Do you think I've always been a garbage truck ? I might have been a little train or one of those old Barbie dolls or a Lego brick or... yes, perhaps even a mouse... but now look! I'm a recycled recycler !!! Totally new and hip and...

Mouse

Sob, yeah yeah...

The recycling truck

Look at everything here on the wall, mousie. It's all still there, but most of these toys disappeared at some point, right? Almost everything has been thrown away at some point. Always new games, new dolls, new stuff. Always new plastic. But look at me, mousie. I'm new. But I'm also old. I consist of so many old toys...

Mouse

[a little more lively] Well, yeah.

The recycling truck

Come with me and you can become whatever you want, mousie. Maybe, er, even VR goggles! Or a doll, a white one, a black one, a yellow one, a pink one ... whatever you like.

Mouse

[hesitant and hopeful] Er there..., er, was something I always wanted to become when I grew up, though.

The recycling truck

Anything's possible mousie !!! Jump on my back and tell me what you want to become. Hop Hop, come on.

Mouse and The recycling truck

[singing together with instrumental accompaniment]

(R) I'm the green garbage truck,

(M) I'm a mouse click click click click

(R) And I give everything another life

(M) that has been tossed aside

(R) And do you already know what you want to be,

(M) yes I do, I'm going to be a very big fat sweet elephant

(R & M) Sweet elephant

Do you have any questions or comments regarding the accessibility or facilities of the museum? Are you experiencing any obstacles during or before your visit?

Please contact us by email (info@speelgoedmuseum.be) or telephone (015 55 70 75).

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