

Museumpark en geschiedenis maken, maar ik moet nog even kijken, oké?

Ik draag handen om mijn vingers en tel
Je moeder je vader je broer
Ik heb ze geen van allen ooit in de krant gezien
Wat zijn we weer leuk
Even checken hoor, 45 berichten
Manon zegt me of we topless in het park gaan schreeuwen
Wat sta je te lachen
Een uni-jongen om drie uur s' ochtends achter een container, ze was vijftien
Drie maanden
Voorwaardelijk
Even terug appen hoor
Hoe laat? Mijn kalender is ook best vol. Nou, als we volgende week naar de bios gaan dan?
Oke
Pak de kwasten, pak je borsten (ik weet dat je ze niet wil dragen, ik ook niet)
Het lichaam is als de koffer zonder label op de band van een buitenlands vliegtuig
Nee, niet dat ie niet van waarde is
Ik dacht dat ie van mij was
Oke
Even terug appen, moment
'Lieve Manon
'Zijn er snacks?'

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The revolution will not be televised

Ziggo is fucking duur man

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Ik heb weleens van die kleine gedachtes, als ik in de rij sta bij de supermarkt en weet dat ik het niet moet
kopen;

Je sluipt rond in je Kruidvat huid we huilen om zeep geholpen door het in onze ogen te wrijven en ik koop nog wat tandpasta ik stik liever op tandpasta in mysterieuze omstandigheden (niks on Colgate) dan verdrongen te worden in slecht ademen. We zijn allemaal iemands voorvaders en ik ben verdomme geen man, man, het respect voor god is weg maar god is ook weg dus het klopt wel.

En dan reken ik af met mezelf maar ik ben de bon verloren dus dan maar ermee leven he

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There is no I in revolution

Yes there is you fucking idiot.

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Thank god Coca Cola is sold in every nation (except for Cuba and North Korea, we should really do something about that)

He shook the can until the last bean, and the baby is crying. With a family of six every room is loud. They can't cover every soul but a prayer helps.

Our mom is white and my teacher said there must have been a mistake, she was laughing. The teacher brought me a pair of scissors and a principal. We don't want to look like the neighbors.

My ass looks great in black and the streets are kind of quiet, there was wind. They walked past and shared my opinion even though I didn't ask. I can't cover every bruise but a shower helps.

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My artists friends say things but don't finish their sentences

I don't see color

(I see black and white.)

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Politiek ingesteld

Iemand zei me dat ik venijnig over kan komen. Ik ben liever de slang dan Eva. Eva was echt geen feminist. Iemand zei me dat ik alles aan de politiek relateer.

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(Bij de kantine op de kunstschool)

The personal is political

Dat broodje is dus ook deels van mij.

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We moeten samen komen zei de man op tv, en ook al weet ik zijn naam niet, ik weet dat ik hem niet mag

Er zijn drie Nederlanders;

- De echte
- de geïntegreerde
- en de buurman

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We zijn al-samen. Dit land is toch rijk geworden van kruiden? Ridders met schatkisten aan specerijen? Kook eens met wat smaak, drie nootmusketiers. Als ik nog een keer moet aanhoren hoe de kerk weg moet maar de döner mag blijven dan voer ik patatje oorlog.

Ik zal je mijn echte mening geven, als Nederlander;

Den kuminsamentu no ta tin'ides di koló. Koló tabata pa laman, sólo, poetika i Praxis. Mi mama a kresé mi pa duda tur kos. Mi ta bini di e. Ai, storia ta keda mes kos. Mucha ta nase, krese (of no) i ta buta su opinión riba otro pa e resto di su tempu. Ma p'otra algun hende riba Facebook kon ta posíbel pa idenitifika ku koló? Ami mes ta mix dus ami no taña porta habrí den algun kultura spekulá. Bon, tur ta habrí, ta mi ku no ke para den unu só.

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Questions to ask your millennial friends even though they don't have the answers:

-Am I a hypocrite or am I just used to never picking a side? Do I claim our time is now or should I be ashamed in my 20 euro pajamas and Tempur-Pedic bed, with dreams of a better place, where all can live like me, dreaming of freedom, because they know it exists, in moderate amounts (just don't get greedy)?
-Can I have a minute of pride without getting gold-painted governmental campaigns on acceptance? Can I have a minute to complain about how pride is now no more than a packaged product?
-Can I talk about the racist white man? The white man? The man? The herd I'm afraid of, that runs in my own veins, or through the whip long ago used to open them? Those who pay your Muslim daughter's salary? Those who touch your child's afro because it 'looks so touchable'? Those who made my father racist (though not institutionally, see: Institutionalized racism, part 589)

Can I separate the white from the black because we all have tv?

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I failed at the very start of this text
I've been asked to sell it.
They asked me to write of a revolution in exchange for goods Marx wouldn't approve of.
I want to sell it.
I asked myself to write of a new age where capitalism was subdued by intersectional revolt.
I failed at the very start of this text.

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GUILT MAKES FOR A GOOD REVOLUTION

But so does that feeling I get when the Immigration police on the international train to Utrecht asks me where I'm coming from and where I'm headed as I speak Dutch to them the way my mother taught me while the prickly bearded man on the opposite end of me straightens his colbert and looks out the window impatiently

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She grabbed me by my waist and said 'surely you can do better than that'

And I said 'I do not tolerate tolerance'

She gasped for air and started to sweat and said 'more, harder'

And I said 'Through self-realization of my internalized machoism and misogyny I grew into mild misandry. But, over time, I learned to personally separate sexism from the self-appointed, comfort from culture, and thus the cluttering heap of hot fornication I used to assume to be exclusively males became nothing more than the heteronormative and sexualized creatures that suffered an internalization process much like mine, from a very different perspective nonetheless, with a different set of privilege. I learned to turn off the type of stereo that only tunes in on channels where everyone talks about the same thing over and over again. In this process of listening to myself and releasing my fears of the phallic (whilst becoming more and more riddled with the hygienic properties of vagina on vagina intercourse) I discovered sex to be best as another's pressure of pleasure, and claimed my asexuality. Therefore, I will not cross my boundaries, though I do not yet know what, or where they are, I ask that we communicate, for of course I do not know where yours lay either and I want to make sure we can grow comfortable in our own skin with each other on each other's. Furthermore, I applaud your liberated sexual drives and that orgy you had last Wednesday. As a romantic myself I think perhaps we could find some form of 'middle ground' if you will, in BDSM-territory. But I know how you feel about bite-marks. We'll talk about it some other time. Is it okay now if I lick the salt off your skin?'

She stopped breathing and clenched my hair in her fists while her eyelashes fluttered like faulty windshield wipers

'yes'

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Do you feel trapped in your room? Unsafe in the streets or in the sheets? Confused and concerned by what others think you represent? Tired of being profiled as 'the artsy one', as if your art is a state of value necessary to differentiate you from the real world? Tired of hearing your Slavic friends complain about the shit countries they live in? Upset with the way refugees are treated and named with a collective pronoun by your mother? Frustrated with the pink and the blue and how people think that if you swim on the outer rims of the gender spectrum you're gentrifying cis-people? Do you believe in individuality? Do you have some spare time and state of mind? Then this might be for you!

Introducing;

The (Un)official How to start a revolution starter-kit (preview)

1. Assess your surroundings.
Do they need anything? A spruce of color, a sprinkle o' queer, a dash of vulva perhaps? How do you feel in the space you inhabit?
2. Question your ability to assess.
Are you authorized to hold your opinions? By whom? What is ownership to you? Do you have a clear line between the rational and emotional? Do you only watch recommended videos? What did your parents teach you?
3. Start over but now with the people in your surroundings and repeat until you get to assessing only yourself.
4. Now question your ability to affect. To change, alter, express and enforce.
Why? With whom? What for?
5. Write your ideas, opinion, manifesto and grocery lists down. Take the processed thought that you feel most strongly for and incorporate it into your custom revolution-schedule (an additional product included with this special limited-time offer). Circle it with your custom revolution-marker (color; White Flag) and reminisce in the memories of days you didn't know what money was.
6. Wake up, get out of the bathtub and take a look around. Should your cause require others? For their own wellbeing, yours, or the collective? Do you believe in a collective? Is there a system of purpose, portrayal, pursuit and product in your cause? Is there a linear cause and effect, input and outcome?
7. Never stop asking questions.
8. Never doubt doubt.
9. Prepare, gather, plan and personalize. Get to know your fellow comrades, what are they like on the weekends? Why are they here too? Take to the computer/streets/main office/city hall/nightclub/brushes and strike. In ways that physically harm no one and mentally do not intent to do so. Ask what's worth the fight and what a fight is worth, then immediately remember money controls enough already. Rejoice in the unique feeling of union and remember

- that this is not a/the sole action that will forever constitute the change you had wished to bring or set in motion. Remember how time can propel forward that which it is nurtured with.
10. Treat your revolution like the better piece of your soul and raise it well, feed it, claim it again and again.
 11. Repeat this list whilst realizing, valuing and not underestimating the length in which you have the means and will of doing something (like this).
 12. Buy this book for step 13 through 24.

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Lang geleden sloeg iemand, laten we even geen Hij zeggen, een strook groen neer en liet mensen ernaar toe varen. Je kon de kustlijnen van ver zien door de kerktoppen, de kazengeur, de moskeedaken en de tv-satellieten.

Alle mensen die het tot dusver hadden gered in de boot te blijven gingen ergens wonen en daarna leven. Ze praatten en praatten en schreeuwden en schreeuwden allemaal door elkaar heen. Tot op een dag hun stemmen golven werden en het land vol begon te lopen. De vingers werden in gaten gestopt om het gesprek met de collectieve 'ik' tegen te houden maar het hielp niet. Sommigen stemmen waren in steunen overgevlogen, op elkaars lippen, op elkaars achternamen in rood potlood. Het water steeg en steeg. Iemand zei dat er nu echt iets aan gedaan moet worden. Een ander zei dat hij het probleem probeerde af te schuiven op het volk. Weer anderen vertrokken, soms in dezelfde bootjes. Tijd verstreek. Iedereens broeken nat, jassen nat. De kinderen moesten toch naar school en vierden snoep eten met zwart op hun gezicht. Studenten verbrandden hun boeken en probeerden ze daarna nog op bol.com te verkopen. De ouderen kregen lang geen eten en keken naar een Lelielaan waar vroeger nog lelies hadden gestaan. Iedereen was druk terwijl Nederland onder water stond.

Uiteindelijk zijn velen verdronken. Families hebben families gekweekt, om de plekken op te vullen, of te beëdigen. Zo, zet de klok even wat zachter en je hoort het getik van jonge geesten die gespleten praten over het verleden en de toekomst die ze kennelijk ooit moeten gaan opeisen als dat van hen. De jonge kunstenaars, denkers, kapot en helend in hun breuk. Ze praten over hoe het nu moet, wat er mis is, wat onze schuld is en waar we bij stil moeten staan. Hun ouders schudden het hoofd en lachen om een herhaling van *Top of the Pops*.

Maar het water loopt nog steeds. Er gaat geen dag voorbij dat ik denk aan bruggen bouwen.

Ik moer er misschien maar overheen.

Leren zwemmen in geluid.

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Ooit op een dag zullen we begrijpen wat we hier aan het doen zijn.

Tot dan.

(kom je straks mee eten?)

