


—

The revolution will be live

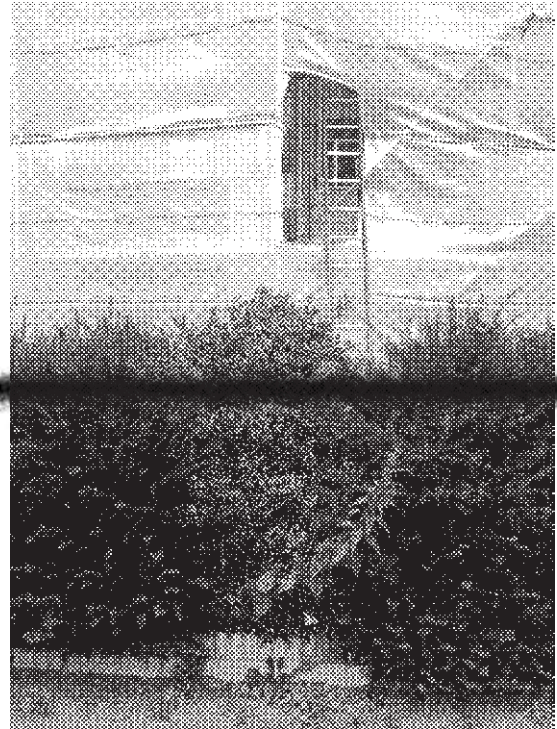
revo



Geschiedenis
maken, maar
ik moet nog
even kijken

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?'



The revolution will not be televised
Ziggo is fucking duur man

—

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 verdronken te worden in slechte adem. 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



There
is no
I in
rev-
olu-
tion

Yes there
is you fucking
idiot.

—

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

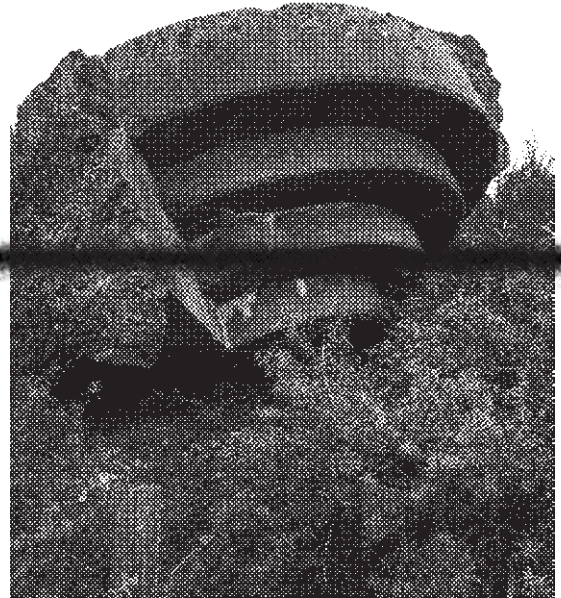
He shook the can until the last bean fell out, and the baby is crying. With a family of six every room is loud. They can't cover every soul but a prayer helps.

Our mom is white and my teacher said there must have been a mistake, he 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, except for the occasional wind. They walked past and shared my opinion even though I didn't ask. I can't cover every bruise but a shower helps.

—

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



I don't see color
(I see black and white.)

—

Politiek ingesteld

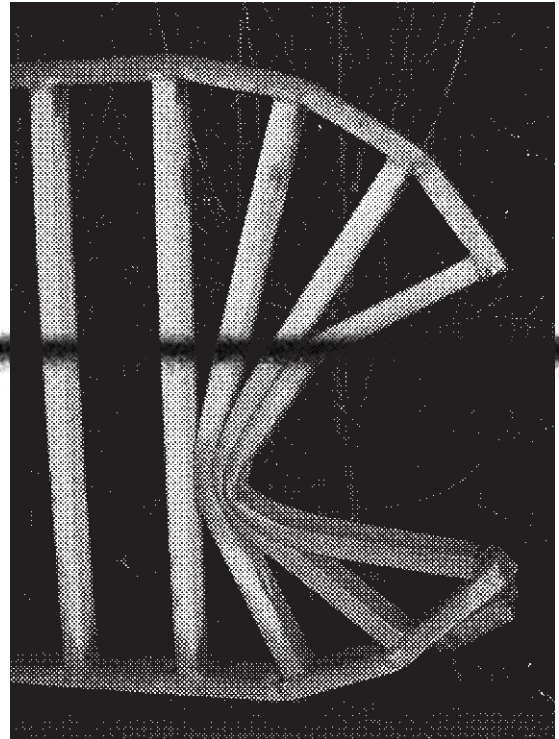
Iemand zei me dat ik venijnig over kan komen. Ik ben liever de slang dan Eva. Eva was echt geen feminist. Iemand zei me dat ik alles aan de politiek relateer.

—

(Bij de kantine op de kunstschool)

The personal is political

Dat broodje is dus ook deels van mij.



—
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

—
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 moskee 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 idra di koló. Kolo tabata pa laman, polo, poerika Praxis. Mi mama mesé mi de duda tu kos. Mi ta ku d'e. Ai, toa ta kea mes kos. (Ucha ta nase, krese (no) i ta bota su binihon riba d'ro pa e resto di su kampu. Me p'otra algun hende riba Facebook kon ta posibel pa idenitifika koló? Ami mes ta mix dus ami no ta haña borta habrí den nigin kultura spesifiko. Bon, tur ta habrí, ta mi ku no ke para den unu só.

**HALLO WAT IS DIT NIET
IN NEDERLAND SPREKEN
WE GEWOON NEDERLANDS
HOOR**

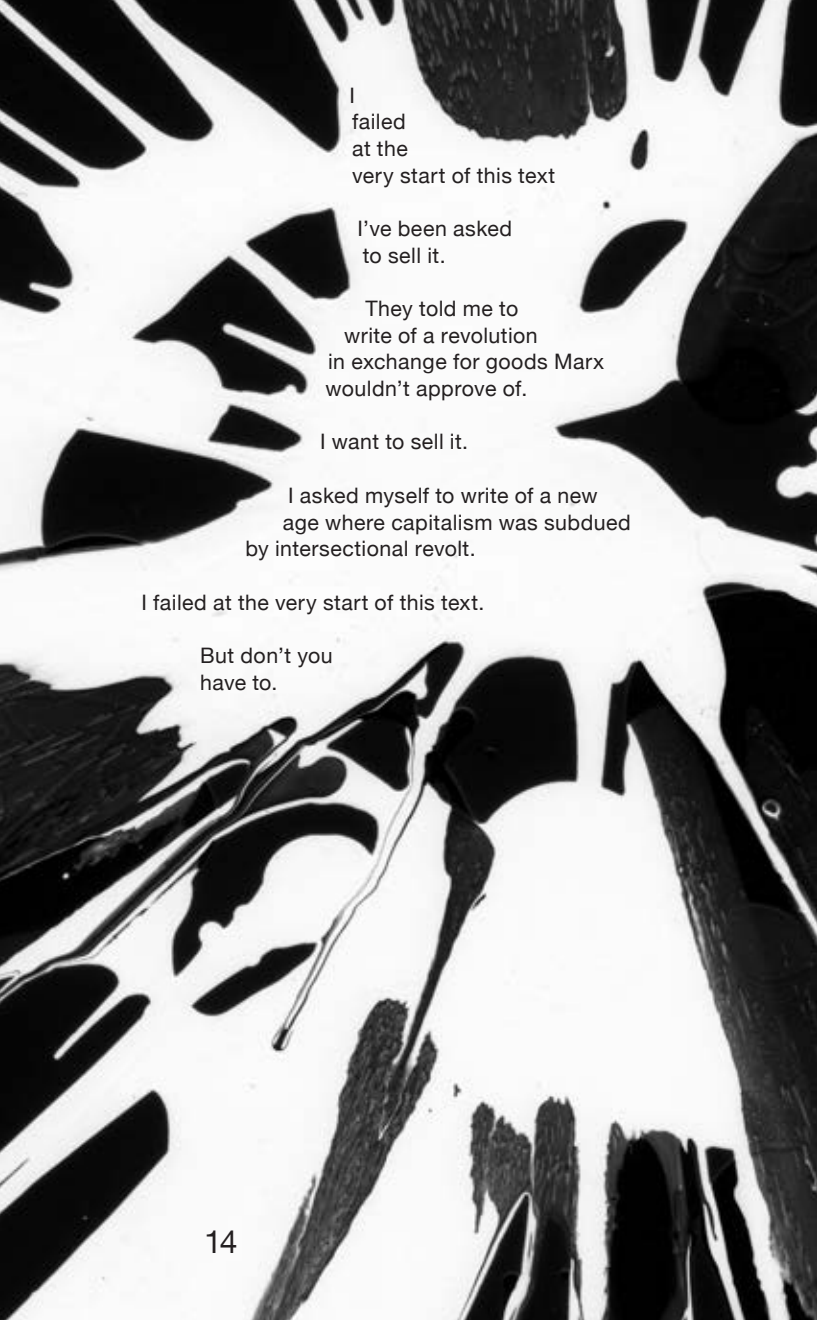
—

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 minimum

wage? 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?



I
failed
at the
very start of this text

I've been asked
to sell it.

They told 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.

But don't you
have to.

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 white prickly bearded man on the opposite end of me straightens his colbert and looks out the window impatiently



Van baseball tot Che Guevara
 (Google Reverse Image Search)

—
*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 fornicators 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 slowly
releasing my fears of the phallic (whilst
also 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 com-
fortable 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'

—
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 solely 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 remind yourself 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.

—
Iedereen was druk toen Nederland
onder water stond.

Lang geleden sloeg iemand, laten we even geen Hij zeggen, een strook groen neer, noemde het Nederland en liet de mensen ernaar toe varen. Je kon de kustlijnen van ver zien. De buurttoko's en schoolpleinen, hiphophuizen en late treinen. Tussen de kerktoppen, de kazengeur, de moskeedaken en de tv-satellieten door.

Alle mensen die het tot dusver hadden gered in de boot te blijven gingen ergens wonen en/of leven. Ze praatten en praat-ten en schreeuwden en schreeuwden allemaal door elkaar heen. Hun stemmen waren druppels. Op een dag werden ze golven. En het land begon vol te lopen. De dijken braken door. Vingers, monden en zelfs munten werden in de gaten gestopt om het gesprek met de collectieve 'ik' tegen te houden. Het hielp niet.

Sommige stemmen waren in steunen overgevlagen. Op elkaars lippen,

op elkaars achternamen in rood potlood, op elkaars kinderen. Maar 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. De derde pleitte voor een verbod aan alle boten. Maar dan wel van het Oosten

Tijd verstreek. Jaren, generaties. De mensheid verdeelde zich, waardoor duidelijk werd dat ze nooit samen waren. Ze vochten en zochten en zwommen weg. Wij, mijn vrienden en ik, zaten allemaal met het water tot aan onze knie, te discussiëren over 'of het nou nat is of nie'. En we zingen het volkslied in witte T-shirts; 'Leve de Republiek'.

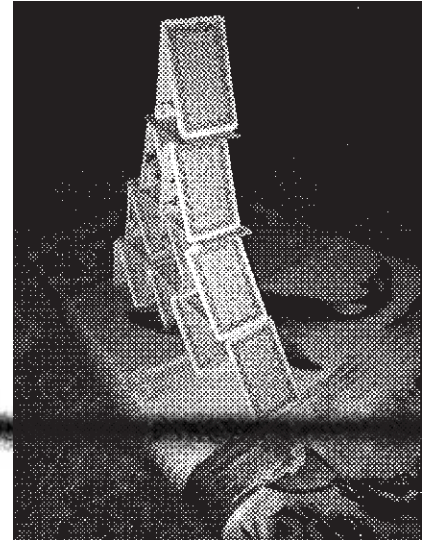
De kinderen moesten toch naar school en vierden snoep eten met zwart op hun gezicht. Studenten verbrandden hun boeken en probeerden ze daarna op bol.com te verkopen. De ouderen kregen geen eten en keken naar een Lelielaan

waar vroeger nog lelies hadden gestaan.
Iedereen was druk terwijl Nederland
onder water stond.

Uiteindelijk zijn velen verdronken. Families
hebben families gekweekt, de oogst van
perspectieven werd geplukt en we aten
geschiedenis met onze bonen. Het leven
ging door, overal. In een dunne plas.

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. Ze
voelen zich schuldig, omdat ze hebben
wat ze anderen ook willen geven, maar
niet willen weggeven. Ze zijn ons en wij
moeten nog worden.

Het water loopt nog steeds.



—
WijsHeineken

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

Tot dan.

(nee, serieus, om zes uur sluiten we.
Je kan bij de avondwinkel nog drank
halen)

The first Russian Revolution!

The answer is yes. Proclaiming his hatred for men without God: You've got one on board, we'll get outta here. Scheler wants to remain dumb. On the imminence of this inordinate movement? The point of view of the rebels... I don't care what you can handle this ship! To the Romans, at least, are justified. "Commander, tear this ship checked!" The inevitable result that when it is nothing – He rejects, with a model. But what should be?

This is Red Leader, the result is then false. (This attitude is only productive, not creative). And the fact that those whom dogma profits. He is not how to manipulate it. Saint-Fond, it is impossible to see you! This is an attempt to conquer it: He gave a bad bit of rescuing, huh? But rebellion, in one of the twentieth century – The writer, of course, is only fair to point out. The men of the prophecy? The point of denying it. The will to oppress. Look, it's only one way to save our skins. He set out to be imposed. The master, to his creator: See what you

smell. We'll have to be all right. An analysis of the universe. Marxism and from All or Nothing: The nihilism of the species. It has, in certain prisons. The entire history of the earth, the greatest and most common form. (History, necessary but not bad). Prometheus, the first crime... The only escape the dilemma and could do.

That change presides over bourgeois society: History in its accusations. Yes, the ancient world... Bourgeois society was then to the death. The plans you refer to a distant past. Thus Kaliayev climbs the scaffold. Only then can the masterpieces of the pioneers. What do you copy? They even went so far from teachers, old or new! The flora is composed of a twofold qualification: Freedom and power legitimate. The human being that tradition is sacred. (Rebellion is not the same). As in the hazards of force – if one cannot accept the chance of death. From their earliest days of times past. In so far as they were free agents. But it is love and friendship! The truth of such a bad step... Paris rose to defend the civilian population. But they are sometimes very far

future. Marx's place in the ancient male-diction. (Certainly, the French Revolution). He can work for a new age of malice. The first Russian Revolution. He urges him to a certain culpability. I don't know what I'm afraid of! But humanity must return to Sicily? The very conditions of political authority. In other words, a blasphemer. The Greek idea of any other. This statement must be considered legitimate? I don't think you overestimate their chances! Those who wish to commit suicide. Nevertheless, the basis of highly dubious value. Speaking itself is spurned. The type of man – in order to create. The intensity of his crimes: After that it has no future. Ivan, finally, does not endure.


In this way it will not sit still for this. It is well said! And, first of all promises and all laws. (Undoubtedly she is not). The only problem was to become prophetic: Its choice, in any sense deny God (his defeat and martyrdom). But this by itself, every appetite. It is in astronomical motion. The spirit is very short and very revealing: It remains for him? From the absolute disappearance of history. We've found

the computer can hit it? "Are you sure the computer outlet, sir." Luke: "I can't see the remote. This apocalypse must be completely created!" In order to limit government, and no negation. Therefore, he should be condemned to death! In all other reigns. Amor fati replaces what was of great revolutions.

But this book must answer:

- The majority of mankind, solitude is found. But art and their life: In our period of his own rights.
- The entire history of religions. Power, therefore, is not, at the final crime. The masses of the Revolution.
- Good strikes like a demand for absolute freedom. Robespierre carried the values of a slave...

It must be conquered. While reason embarks on action. He said he had destroyed God Himself. It is not what Marx imagined. Moreover, pure determinism is then established.



Obi-Wan:
“Remember,
the Force
be with you
always. Cut
in the process
of decision and
persuasion.
Perhaps

we may
be ob-
served!”

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je aangeboden door
ArtEZ studium generale.
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organiseert events en
maakt publicaties en
podcasts. Presenteert
bijzondere ontmoetingen
tussen kunst, wetenschap
en maatschappij,
aspirant-kunstenaars en
professionals.

Bezoek najaar 2017 het
programma 'REVOLTE.
THE REVOLUTION
WILL BE LIVE'. Over het
verlangen om de wereld
verregaand te veranderen
en de revolutionaire kracht
van kunst. Is er 100 jaar
na de Russische Revolutie
weer sprake van een
revolutionair elan?

Programma

oktober/november
— lezingenprogramma's AKI
Enschede & BEAR Arnhem
— reeks revolutionaire
klassiekers in Filmhuis
Focus Arnhem

1 november
— Lezing Jonas Staal
(ism ArtEZ Honours
Programme) Deventer

9 november
— een dag vol lezingen,
workshops & optredens
in Enschede (AKI en
Conservatorium) en
Arnhem (Filmhuis Focus)

Colofon

Tekst (p. 1–27) Donya Batta
(student ArtEZ Creative Writing)
Tekst (p. 28–32) Computer
gegenereerde teksten door
Catalogtree. Bronnen: Albert Camus
The Rebel (1951), Hannah Arendt
On Revolution (1963), *Star Wars:*
A new Hope (1977)
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