TODAY[1] : HOW TO: WRITE THROUGH IT

By RuptureInc.

with words by Annabel Steurs, Freja Nøhr Kristiansen,
Sojourna Jon-Paul and others

1 Today is the day. The day where yesterday and tomorrow meet.
Today is the meeting of history and of the history
that is yet to be written. Today is now, as in: do something right
now! Today is the day and today is still the 7th of May.

CONTENTS

SEVEN MONTHS LATER, SEVEN MONTHS AGO, AND IN SEVEN MONTHS?

These words were written by people who didn't know a lot about each other before the writing started, didn't know how to write together or what they would even be writing about. Seven months later the following pages remain. This is our premature baby, it did scream.

These words were conceived by a shared rage towards the institution we're enrolled at. A rage we met each other in, when on the streets protesting, and when we encamped this Academy for 44 days and 43 nights as a part of the Palestinian liberation movement. We met in rage and in our shared hatred of the injustices committed by the zionist regime; its illegal occupation of Palestine; its genocide against the Palestinians, the complicity of the dutch state and the Gerrit Rietveld Academie. This was our last attempt at writing anything at an institution we've lost all trust in and hope for. The writing was an attempt at writing for Us, and You, instead of It. And to do so, we had to do it together.

These words have been birthed within a greater practice of coming together through the written word, or maybe, in spite of it. A practice of learning together through writing, conversation and politics in action, and not one that considers being "artist" a disseminated characteristic that you either are or are not. We hate the word art. Our practice goes beyond 'art' as it is taught in the neoliberal Academy. Of course, to come together on the page we had to come together as bodies in a room, with our tongues and English as a tool, with thoughts half thought, in disagreement, in misunderstanding, and with growling stomachs.

We started the writing process with five people from four different departments, and we wrote by playing a game: Each person sits with a blank page in front of them and writes two sentences. The first sentence is folded away, and the page passed on to the person on their left. Next, everyone proceeds to write two additional sentences and folds the page in a way where only the last sentence remains visible to the receiver. At the end of the game, with five players, the result is five texts.[2] Five texts, but

2 This is one of the first of such texts:
I'm not sure what to write..."Can dialectics break bricks?" Can it seep into the pores of houses SWUP; SLICK; PUFF; CRACK; BONES; CRUMBLES and when it stopped crumbling was when it started actually falling apart. The people wondered in hindsight whether the small fragments that broke off in the crumbling process had been precisely what allowed the tree to break from

far more than five topics. We kept playing and we kept writing, and through it, we let our content come to Us. Through seven months of writing together, we found one path through our content.

These words you are reading are what remains from all our writing cut down to the format of a thesis: this is a selection of the texts produced while figuring out what we were doing, which took many more words from Us, even more than what we wrote, way more than we would ever be allowed to submit in this format.

We started the writing process with five people. Sasha and Elektra decided to leave this project in and due to the context of it functioning as a thesis at this institution, but their words and contribution still remain in Us and on these pages.

We believe that everything is always already created in collaboration, and that individual creation is a myth. When we proposed this demythologization to our school in the format of a collectively authored BA thesis, we were drowned in a rain of bureaucracy. Combating that rain while working double shifts to pay tuition fees caused so much instability that we couldn't submit all together in this framework.

So, we began, a little upset at this school and remaining pretty pissed, not agreeing to anything, except writing together. We had no topic, no argument, no point to prove. That is not to say we didn't have anything. When we came together and stuck together, we had everything.

From the River to the Sea, Palestine will be Free

its roots during the storm. Francesca dreamt about crumbs for fourteen years after. Over the course of those fourteen years these crumbs started turning into dust, collecting in a corner somewhere far in the back. Everywhere else the room was filled with countless glass and metal objects and other hard and cold things asking for greasy fingerprints, asking for a solution. Asking at the reception: "Sir, could you help me remove my Self from this situation?" Asking to be removed, so I can stick around longer. Wanting to become a fly looking from above. Becoming a perceiver? The seagulls and pigeons kept flying onto the balcony. From here: they were sheltered from rain and wind.
- In Soji's Bedroom, 14/09/2024, One of Four.

FROM US, TODAY

My dear friend,

please, allow Us to call you our friend, for maybe you already are or maybe later you will be.

My dear friend,

maybe you are not yet a friend, and maybe, really, you are our enemy, a doubter, a skeptic, a hater, a mask. That is fine for now, we know you're here; Today. Necessarily.

My dear friend,

this is the part of the story that must introduce; account for content; give context. So, first: Hello dear friend and good to read you. I mean, be read by you, of course. I hope to hear your voice. And so, second to third, so, context - because words, like the world, develop through history, a series of effects and reverbs, and to speak in the Now we must invoke an etymology:
The word *context* in its earliest uses (documented in the 15th century), meant "the weaving together of words in language." This meaning developed logically from the word's source in Latin, *contexere* "to weave or join together." The word *context* now most commonly refers to the environment or setting in which something (whether words or events) exists. When we say that something is contextualized, we mean that it is placed in an appropriate setting, one in which it may be properly considered.[3]

3 Merriam Webster, "Context."

My dear friend,

this is the story[4]. We're in it. It being the content, I mean context. No wait, I mean content. Wait. History. Wait, the words are getting away from Us. We are trying so hard to grasp them, but as soon as they lose touch with our tongue, they seem to be forever changed. And maybe they are, or perhaps it is Us who changed, who is changing. Now; Here; Today. This word, the next, the other, the Other. How can we not?

My dear friend,

we are in it. It being the context. We being Us, pulling. Pushing. Standing, running, pulling again, trying to untie the knots of our contexts, so we might consider them properly. Let these pages be an appropriate setting for such a task, however endless and all consuming the task may be.

And so, second to first, so:

My dear friend,

hello and goodbye. Let's meet again; Today. It is necessary.

4 The reading path you are embarking on is only a fragment of our attempt at writing through this story - the story that goes some thing like this: I, eye, seeing, institution, the individual, genius, neoliberalism, NO JUSTICE, neo-as a newer version of, plurality, post-haste, Palestine, postmodernism, philosophy, animosity, modernity, aesthetics of protest, the spectator, the actor, The Emancipated Spectator, the oppressor, the oppressed, Burning Images, art-as-we-know-it, The Art of Cruelty, corruption, corrosion, burning images, a refusal, rage, anger, I hate, romance, romantic irony, irony, bureaucracy, hypocrisy, complicity, melancholia, CAPITALIST HELL HOLE, Code of Conduct: 2023-2024, Gerrit Rietveld Academie, the banking concept of education, e-mails, e-mails, e-mails, e-mails, How To, NOW, history, how to, ruin language, fact, fiction, how could she write?, the poetic, June Jordan, Why do we go to War, why do we keep going, ?, My dear friend, Basil Al-Araj, hate is a strong word and a stronger emotion, I hate, the state, keep going, don't stop, Us, dykes, mud, mourning, Matter and Desire, Moving Towards Home, Moving Towards Life, tout le monde, this page, the next, the other, the Other, the germans, the german, mind, the cops striking you down, yesterday, today, tomorrow, déteste la police, the encampments, the comrades, the rupture, the Revolution, Today.

Who can halt the relentless march of time?
For it is not mere minutes that are dripping away, but my very blood…
& it is not the hands of the clock that are soaring, but the souls of my comrades.

- Walid Daqqa,

Palestinian novelist held as a political prisoner in Israeli Occupation Prisons for 38 years until his death in April 2024.

"We'll start with the self, how we see ourselves and how this relates to our friends."[5] This is the beginning of a paragraph in the zine *Kill the Couple In your head*, and now it is also the beginning of this paragraph. This paragraph and the other paragraph then continue: "Within society, we are created as atomized subjects in a network of other atomized subjects. From this point of departure, we *are* subjects of society who *do* relationships, friendship, Anarchy. These are acceptable as hobbies or pastimes but cannot put into question or threaten the walls around our sense of self which is restricted to the atomized sense of "I" permitted within the network of atomized "I"s that is dominant society."[6] An atom is "the smallest particle of an element that can exist either alone or in combination."[7] The atomization of society is the act or process of splitting into smaller parts, sections, groups and so on. It is fragmentation, it is disintegration. The atomization of society into isolated individuals, who find nothing above them but the all-powerful state, is largely a modern phenomenon.[8] This atomization of society is a problem and not the good kind (but more on that later), for it makes us believe that all our possible desires and potential can be reduced into the maintaining and shaping of our own unique brand of subjecthood.[9] But more on that later.

The reduction of society into atoms, into "I"s, manufactures a sense of self that is "the foundation of the rationalist cosmology that is the official religion of the secular state. [...] This European legacy splits the world into binaries—subject/object, mind/body, civilization/nature, self/other—and only acknowledges as real what can be measured with instruments in a laboratory. [and turned into statistics born from confirmation biased surveys.] We say cosmology because we believe that domination starts with how we conceptualize ourselves and our place within the universe. This totalizing cosmology does not allow for the existence of any other worlds, and so both requires and facilitates colonialism, genocide, slavery, and the general deadening of existence.[10] Joan Didion wrote:

"I write entirely to find out what I'm thinking, what I'm looking at, what I see and what it means. What I want and what I fear. Why

Produce Consume Drop Dead

5 Anonymous, Kill the Couple In your head, 4.
6 Anonymous, Kill the Couple In your head, 4.
7 Merriam Webster. "Atom."
8 Dictionary.com. "Atomization."
9 Anonymous, Kill the Couple In your head, 4.
10 Anonymous, Kill the Couple In your head, 4.

How to, not what. Technique, not objective. Methodology, not context.

Siammo tutti

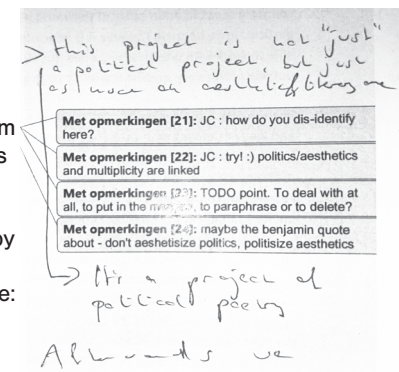
Torn ap-Art

did the oil refineries around Carquinez Straits seem sinister to me in the summer of 1956? Why have the night lights in the bevatron burned in my mind for twenty years? What is going on in these pictures in my mind?"[11]

We wrote: We are not setting out into the project of this text with a dead-end trajectory of hypothesis (a self-fulfilling prophecy). This text is an effort of trust that in *doing* the writing, rather than writing about something, we find more specificities about our content [;our context]. We learn where we come together, and where we pull apart with force.[12] So, let us consider these pages not as blank pages to be filled with content, but as a situated stage. And let our words stage a conflict. And may this conflict produce rupture. And may this rupture be the seed for our collective growth and may this collective growth of ours bring about the fall of the empire.

Today, we are asked to (≈ are required to) produce a body of text that in the format of a Bachelor thesis will be assessed by an institution of higher education. It will be assessed within the European Credit Transfer and Accumulation System (ECTS), a tool of the Bologna process which claims to make higher education systems across Europe translatable into equivalents.[13] This text will be graded.

Today is an important moment for Us to break away from the totalizing cosmology that is the education of the "autonomous artist"[14]. For our collective learning and for what we will bring into this (art) world, now and after graduating. For autonomous spaces, not autonomous art. We believe that we learn more not by writing about the politics and arts that interest us individually but by collectively *doing* the *writing* and the politics thereof. We wrote: None of us will write an individual thesis and we all refuse to be



11 Didion, "Why I Write."

12 These words are from our first pitch for this project.

13 European Commision, "European Credit Transfer and Accumulation System (ECTS)."

14 "Throughout western educational histories, and the histories which hold and contain the environment surrounding it, there are countless examples of people who regularly work collectively. Maybe this obvious way of "working together" (that is many times out of necessity), that is so normalized in some communities, is something that is not recognized by certain groups of people, or deemed as important as if it was something written in Amsterdam Art English and labeled a "collective art project". To me, this way of working and interacting, helping one another, is a given. When I entered the institution as the first generation in my family to attend a post-secondary education, I felt like so many ways of working and speaking about certain things in the west are common sense in other parts of the world. For me, the "collective thesis" is a project that I participate in, because I believe it is important to facilitate processes where (future) students are able to work with one another, while hopefully making ties to communities and realities that exist outside of this very specific academic context." Words written into this thesis by someone who had to leave the project because the institution confronted us with an amount of bureaucratic hurdles to approve a "collective project" that was not possible to balance with the work hours needed to fund the study. Proving a point.

graded by this system setup for individual achievement - we will be assessed as a collective or not at all.

Since the process directs the result, and the material (conditions) direct the content, the thesis will inevitably be about the individual and the collective. (And our struggle against bureaucracy). Our process will produce one body of text. It won't be possible to trace who wrote which part. Every sentence will originate from our collective research and intelligence. The work will be equally, if not more, the process of us finding each other, coming together, collaborating.[15]

Today, we write in communion with Walter Benjamin, when he asks and replies, splits one into two, and reshapes back into one:

> "I could have started from an even older and no less unfruitful debate: What is the relationship between form and content, particularly in political poetry? This kind of question has a bad name; rightly so. It is the textbook example of the attempt to explain literary connections undialectically, with cliches. Very well. But what, then, is the dialectical approach to the same question? The dialectical approach to this question - and here I come to the heart of the matter - has absolutely no use for such rigid, isolated things as work, novel, book. It has to insert them into the living social contexts."[16]

So we are here; Today, with our eyes, seeing our "I"s, and so:

I wonder

can "I" be plural?

I think about the "I" and the "we", I think of using "I" as a plural, for it is Us that is "I"
(the "Us" being the writers of the "I"'s)

and the "we" is us all
(the "us all" being everyone who identifies with the "we")

15 These words are from our first pitch for this project.
16 Walter Benjamin, Author as Producer, 796.

I don’t know if this makes much sense,
but I am intrigued by the idea of how and
when we might use the “I” and the “we”.

What if, within the “I” there’s an individual
I and an “I” that is a personalized “We”?

But can I write with an “I”, can I write with an “I” – is the distinction lost and if so, is the confusion worth it?

Can I write as “I” while having us (which “us”?) in mind?

Can I then become plural?

Can “I”

loosen the edges of identity,

I do not want to succeed alone. This is of course

can “I” hold Us?

assuming that I could do so on my own, also assuming that it is even a possibility for anyone. I don't think it is. I manage quite well working "alone", but I'm aware of how this pride in the idea of "making it on your own" feeds into the cultural fantasy of being extraordinary, being a genius. A narrative that in its eagerness to praise the "exceptional" endeavors of a single person (who is most often a white cis-het man) forgets, or fails to acknowledge the emotional, material and educational support and privilege this individual has benefitted from. Privileges that have made it possible for this person to succeed in reaching such a high level of mastery and/or the status of genius. What we as society deem as excellence and success is almost only possible through the support of others and a system. The failure to recognize this is a systemic flaw within our society, a flaw designed specifically for the benefit of upholding this very system. A flaw designed to keep up a system and the people distracted. An infatuation with the genius-hero; celebratory fireworks keeping our gaze skywards, manufacturing a single minded desire; our gaze turned away from the violence of the competition for excellence.

This culture of competition separates everyone into individuals and makes the collective into an anomaly, if not an impossibility. It is one where one is either oppressor or oppressed, one that creates what Paulo Freire in *The Pedagogy of the Oppressed* describes as "the duality of the oppressed". The duality of the oppressed is being on the one hand slave to their oppression and on the other the oppressor himself, whose consciousness has been internalized. A duality which then forces the choice of either being themselves or being divided, split.[17]

It is between "ejecting the oppressor within or not ejecting them; between human solidarity or alienation; between following prescriptions or having choices; between being spectators or actors; between acting or having the illusion of acting through the action of the oppressors; between speaking out or being silent, castrated in their power to create and re-create, in their power to transform the world."[18]

The system of inequality, of either being oppressor or oppressed, is contingent on the oppressed not choosing themselves, not choosing solidarity, but being silent, being spectators, only having the illusion of acting through the action of the oppressors. The system is dependent on this choice; on this socialization not being subverted, for the other choice would be the rejection of the oppressor consciousness – a rejection and the potential upending of the world(s) and system(s) that have been shaped by it.

This internalized oppressor consciousness is a sort of self-preservation of the system. Similarly to and interconnected with individualism, excelling at pacifying and disempowering the

17 Freire, Pedagogy of the Oppressed, 47-48.
18 Freire, Pedagogy of the Oppressed, 49.

masses, diluting the radical potential of the people, for: “What difference can I make, I’m only one person?” All the whilst it distracts us from our lack of autonomy by dangling a carrot at the end of a stick in front of us. The carrot being freedom, and the stick being what holds the power of granting and taking away that freedom (material, financial, intellectual, etc.). A freedom granted only by following the rules of society, although the ones in power do not have to abide by these very same rules. It is a chase for individual freedom, one that is conditional, and thereby simply an empty shell of it. It is a diversion technique, one that proposes that freedom is found by treading in the footsteps of the oppressor. As Freire writes:

> “Liberation is thus a childbirth, and a painful one. The man or the woman [or person] who emerges is a new person, viable only as the oppressor-oppressed contradiction is superseded by the humanization of all people. Or to put it another way, the solution of this contradiction is born in the labor which brings into the world this new being: no longer oppressor nor longer oppressed, but human in the process of achieving freedom.”[19]

As Freire writes, liberation cannot be found for the individual simply by changing position from being oppressed to being oppressor, but it must be found through the destruction of this very dichotomy and through that destruction freedom can be labored for.

So, I wonder: how can “I” be plural?

> Can dialectics break bricks?[20] Can it seep into the pores of houses SWUP; SLICK; PUFF; CRACK; BONES; CRUMBLES and when it stops crumbling is that when it starts falling apart? *Is this what rupturing is?*
>
> > And in between, and before, and after, and right now as these words are being typed, the internet, and the internet is an image, and the image is a reality, and the only reality are the streets of Gaza, flooded with limbs. Pieces of bodies, legs and ligaments, parts of children and parts of families, fragment(s) of a totality. Nothing is untranslatable, but no translation, not in words, not in image, is equal to its source. Palestine is bleeding and in the belly of the beast I am getting into gore. This is fucked up.

19 Freire, Pedagogy of the Oppressed, 49.
20 Viénet,“Can Dialectics Break Bricks?”

And so, I must remind myself of the poem *Personal Effects* by Solmaz Sharif. Reading it is a vivid memory, but its specificity is not. There's a detachment of words, so while some have dissipated others have pierced themselves into my mind: *piss, stench, trenches, how could I write?*

> "I wrote
>
> *I burn my finger on the broiler*
>
> *and smell trenches, my uncle*
>
> *pissing himself.* "How can she write that? [...]""[21]

21 Sharif, "Personal Effects", 80.

"[...] She doesn't know.""[22]

> She[23] doesn't know, she has seen the images, but they cannot compare to reality, they can only be a glimpse of it. For there's no substitute, no translation that can truly convey the smell of death and rotting flesh, of buildings bombed and of crushed bone. She cannot know, and in that not knowing the imaging can only take a grotesque form.

The Scene is the entrance hall of the building of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy. The signature greenish-grey paint is peeling off the walls while water is leaking through the ceiling. After absurd overspending the academy has cut budget, which means half of the Graphic Design staff are fired. Which means: "Sorry, the academy just doesn't have the money to trouble the government right now. We cannot make enemies in a dire financial situation." The new board deletes the Academy's public statement in support of Palestine from 2021 in the midst of the 2023 escalation of the genocide.

It is early in the afternoon. The light is gloomy. The Academy's campus is packed, it's Open Day. Day 101 of the ongoing Genocide against the Palestinian people. This day is for the advertisement of the schools progressive decolonial curriculum and its diverse body of students and staff. A day to attract critical thinkers by showcasing the Academy's grand capacity for critical self reflection.

A middle aged white woman enters through the main entrance and heads straight towards the booth that the Students4Palestine group has set up. The students are collecting signatures in support of the academic boycott of israel and in protest against the Academy's silence in the face of the zionist aggression and the dutch government's facilitation of the genocide (e.g. through arms trade, but even more through narrative creation). The character's name is Miriam Besterbeurtje, she is the director of the Bachelors programme at the academy.

22 Sharif, "Personal Effects", 80.
23 "She" is us who can only imagine, us who must rely on the translation.

Students: Good morning. Would you like to sign our open letter or grab a zine from Learning Palestine?[24] We have a lot of information on the settler colonial project and how it relates to our context here. You can also buy some Free Palestine cookies. All rewards go straight to a family trying to flee Gaza right now.

Miriam: I need to ask you to remove this stand.

Students: Why?

Miriam, now crying: You didn't ask if you could be here. I am kindly asking you to remove yourselves. If you had let us know a few weeks earlier, we could have arranged a room for you on the sixth floor.

Students: Miriam, that defeats the purpose of what we are doing. We are sorry to see that you are feeling overwhelmed, but we cannot leave.

Miriam, still in tears: I need you to put up a sign that states that you are not supported by the Gerrit Rietveld Academy.

24 Learning Palestine is a collective of artists, academics, intellectuals and community members, who aim to disseminate knowledge on the history of the ongoing struggle for justice, liberation, and freedom of Palestine and the Palestinian People. On their website you can find many resources on Palestine, such as pamphlets ready for you to print and disseminate. https://learningpalestine.net/

HOW TO: WRITE AN IMAGE

He looked, but then he realized he couldn't
watch what we were seeing. So,
he kept looking. And then
he saw the reflection in our eyes.

You saw him looking, and you thought: *why can't he see, how can he look without seeing?* But then you got unsure: *or is it: how can he see without looking?* The distinction seems important to you, but you can't quite figure out the difference between the two. You think about this, but what you really want to know is: *Why the fuck doesn't he care?* You think: *does he not see what we see?*

A hand slides into your pocket, the hand is your own. You're looking for the crinkling sound, but you can't find it, you try the other pocket: "There it is!", you exclaim, revealing a blinding fuchsia to your eyes. You trace the fuchsia colored shape: oval, rounded, malleable. It's a candy, but of course you knew that - you were looking for it. More interested in the wrapper than the candy you initiate the task of unwrapping. When unwrapped you make sure the candy doesn't see daylight before it is in your mouth; on your tongue; sucking; melting. You have no interest in the taste, you're still looking at the wrapper. You unfold it as much as possible, stretch it, make a mirror out of it, and in that mirror you look at yourself. The image of you is distorted by the creases and so you see flames. In the flames you see an outreached arm, it is small. The flames have encapsulated the arm, the palm of the hand faces upwards, reaching? To the right of the arm you see a head bent towards the sky, or the flames licking the roof of the tent. The head is small, it is the head of a child.

You cannot tell if the arm and the head are of the same body: the flames separate them, making it unclear to you. The flames are entering the image from the left, spreading towards the right, simultaneously going upwards. There's a structure; an object perhaps, in front of the head but in the background of the image. The object is creating a diagonal downward line from left to right, it appears to have already fallen or is in the process of it. There's a text overlaying the image; melting into the image; becoming a part of it. The text is a name; a watermark: "Saleh Aljafarawi". You say it out loud. Saying it out loud makes it seem more real. To you, the name seems as permanent to the image as the flames to the body.

You return your gaze to the body, to the image of the

body, but you get distracted by the flames and in their light you see your own face. You quickly look away, but in looking away you feel shame, so you look again. You return your gaze to the body, to the image of the body. The image you are seeing is the image of a child burning alive. A Palestinian child is burnt alive; burnt to death in the tent they were forced to live in; burnt to death outside of a hospital, but there was nothing for anyone around to do, for the hospital was burning too.[25]

Fast you crumble up the mirror, I mean the candy wrapper, and hurl it across the room. You look at the candy wrapper, now crumbled up at your feet. You feel disgust, from what you saw, from seeing yourself, from the images that blur. You crave clarity. You try to detach yourself from the disgust, but you give up. You think of something you've read and you've read many things, so it takes a while to remember, but you do. You remember: the writer; Carlo McCormick. The title; *Make Posters Not War*. You remember: "The immense power inherent in the anti war posters that survive the Viet Nam era is.."[26]

You get lost in your train of thought, and you're reminded that you don't have the memory of a poet. You know to remember you have to retrace how you got to the words in the first place. You know to go there you have to go to the image.

There's an image; a poster; black and white; longer than wide; words: Only when necessary.[27] It is an image you remember from the book, the same one with the forgotten words. You remember: the archive; International Institute of Social History. The book; *Decade of Protest: Political Posters from the United States, Viet Nam, Cuba, 1965-1975*. The image; a poster showing two photographs framed and separated by white: holding the space for a question and an answer, but those are for later. The first photograph, or should I say the top photograph, is one of two hands: one that offers, one that proposes. You cannot distinguish which does what, you need more detail. One hand is small and white, not open nor closed, entering the photo from the left. It is the hand of a child, no older than ten. The other hand is also white, belonging to a suited, as in suit and tie, arm coming from the right. This hand is holding a lighter: flipped open. Thumb on the button: releasing the gas, igniting it, creating a flame. The two hands are connected by the flame: one producing it, the other burned by it.

The second photograph, or should I say the bottom

25 "Israeli forces attacked the Shuhadaa al-Aqsa hospital in central Gaza, where displaced Palestinians were sheltering and receiving treatment. Video shows them being burned alive in their tents as a result of the Israeli strike. Screams and wails could be heard in the footage. One Palestinian man, who appeared to be connected to an IV drip, was seen burning alive, while a woman and a young girl were also seen in the same huge blaze."- CAIR. "CAIR Calls on Biden, Harris to Watch Children Burning Alive in Israel's Attack on Gaza Hospital, Force a Ceasefire."

26 McCormick, "Make Posters Not War", 27.

27 The Sixties Project. "Would You Burn A Child? When Necessary."

photograph, is one of several people, but the focus is specifically on two. These two are pictured sitting holding one another, one being significantly older than the other, perhaps the mother? She faces the camera, or should I say the camera faces her? For she is not looking at the lens, but looking at the other. Looking not in the eye, but down, at the body of the other; the child; her child? Her child, looking no older than one, would still be in kindergarten. But the child is not in kindergarten, the child is sitting in her lap: pantless, covered in burns, looking for her eyes. You're looking at a photograph of a Vietnamese child that has been burned. You're looking at the photograph, and one question dominates your thoughts: is the child alive? You can't find an answer in the photograph, so you let the unresolved question carry you upwards to the white space: the space that separates this photograph from the other. In this white space you find the question written below the first photograph: "WOULD YOU BURN A CHILD?" Before there's room to consider it, you find a response written just above the second photograph: "WHEN NECESSARY."[28]

You're consuming the image, as it is consuming you. You see the similarities between it and the image of the child burning in Gaza.

You think: *is it even possible to separate them?*
You think: *Is history repeating itself?*

You finally find yourself able to recollect the location of the forgotten words. The words are also an image, one in your own camera roll: "The immense power inherent in the anti war posters that survive the Viet Nam era is not so much the ability of these pictures to conjure up the angst, confusion, horror, and hatred of those turbulent times, but the semiotic language of the pictures themselves. Unlike all the other detritus of sixties youth culture that have been systematically dredged up in the past decade as easily consumable products redolent with the warm glow of nostalgia for the narcissistic problematic today as their direct and unrelenting use of grotesque visual and statistical evidence, their rage, and their devastatingly acerbic commentary. So deliberately set in their opposition to the system, they continue to speak out today, less against one war in particular than in the much more necessary voice of dissent against all the lies, disinformation, hypocrisy, cruelty, and violence exercised by the status quo legions of power against the rights, liberties, health, and happiness of those who they oppress."[29]

You think: *No.* You think: *Yes.*

You're consuming the words, as they are consuming you. You

28 The Sixties Project. "Would You Burn A Child? When Necessary."
29 McCormick,"Make Posters Not War", 27.

come to think of the intention of images. And so, you remember that In *The Emancipated Spectator* Jacques Rancière writes of Martha Rosler's series of collages *Bringing the War Home* made during the US-imperial war on Vietnam. In the collages Rosler brought together the images of two realities; juxtaposing the reality of middle class domestic bliss in the US with the horrific reality of imperial terror in Vietnam. Through collaging Rosler produced a new image, one holding both realities; connecting them. The connection between the images had two purposes: creating an awareness of the system of domination and oppression that connected the happiness of American domesticity to the violence of imperialist war, but also evoking a sense of guilt in the complicity with the system.[30] You remember that Rancière continues: "On the one hand, the image said: here is the hidden reality that you do not know how to see; you must become acquainted with it and act in accordance with that knowledge. But it is not obviously the case that knowledge of a situation entails a desire to change it. That is why the image said something else. It said: "Here is the obvious reality that you do not want to see, because you know that you are responsible for it."[31]

You sit with the words of Rancière echoing and you think of the intention of images, and you can't help but remind yourself of what Maggie Nelson writes of intention: "one thing seems clear: whether or not one intends for one's art to express or stir compassion, to address or rectify forms of social injustice, to celebrate or relieve suffering, may end up irrelevant to its actual effects. Some of the most good-intentioned, activist, "compassionate" art out there can end up being patronizing, ineffective, or exploitative. And of course, vice versa: much of the work that has no designs on eliciting compassion or bringing about emancipation can be the most salutary, the most liberating."[32] You sit with the words of Nelson, and can't help but shiver at the truth you feel they hold. A chill running down your back, for the words seem undeniable, and that pisses you off. It pisses you off because *how can one align the impact of one's art; of one's actions with one's intention. How can one create an impact that reaches outside of oneself; an impact that is collective; that is societal, that is aligned with one's intention. How can one create the change of one's deepest desire; of one's most fundamental need?*

You ponder less than you plead with yourself, with the world, because: intention doesn't equal effect, and you know it, you see it. You see people in your life continuing untouched by the images that fill your feed, images that consume you. You see the lack of action, the lack of compassion? You see again and again images of the burnt child, of the burning child, of the

30 Rancière, The Emancipated Spectator, 27.
31 Rancière, The Emancipated Spectator, 27.
32 Nelson, The Art of Cruelty, 9.

burning children - children ≠ human shields - And you think: *how can these images, this reality, not have everyone go: "holy fuck, we need to do something now!"* And you think again about intention and impact, and you wonder if their impact isn't aligned with their intention, because the intention isn't clear or obvious enough. But then you think: *how can the image of a burning child have any other intention than to say: "Put out the flames!"*

You're angry, but at this moment the only thing your body knows how to do is cry. So you cry. At this moment you feel useless, for your tears feel useless, they will never put out any fire. You're still crying. You can't stop. You think: *put out the flames! Why are we not putting out the flames? How can anyone see these images and not have the urge to stop the fires from spreading, from becoming another bomb, from becoming another thousand children dead? If not these images, then what will compel us to stop the fire. How can these images not change us, how can they not make us change the world that creates these images? Why are we not letting ourselves be changed?*

But
you see that:

> He looked, but then he realized he couldn't
> watch what you were seeing. So,
> he kept looking. And then
> he saw the reflection in your eyes.

You take a deep breath to calm down. It doesn't help. You light a cigarette. Your lighter does not look like the one in the photograph, but the flame does. You consider offering your hand to the flame, not to harm yourself, although you would, but simply to remind yourself of the sensation fire evokes upon contact with flesh. You don't. It would be a meaningless substitute for any kind of real understanding, and any kind of empathy it might elicit would be vapid - would be grotesque. Grotesque as in: *what was the title of that book again? Ah yeah, Burning Images.* Grotesque as in: emphasizing not the similar, but the dissimilar, dissonant, unfitting aspects of two objects (*or what "objects" might be replaced for here)*. And so, creating dissonance and disorder. Thereby alienating an object *(or)* from what it should resemble.[33] It would be grotesque, for it would mean pretending to know, although you don't, and in that pretending you would get even further away from knowing. It would be grotesque. Grotesque as in: seeing the images and doing nothing more than shedding tears of empathy, doing nothing more than sharing it, when you do in fact have the resources and privilege to do more, doing nothing more than trying to absolve yourself of guilt. Grotesque as in: putting out the flames by looking away and not by cutting

33 Göttke, Burning Images, 210.

off the oxygen supply. Dissociating by removing yourself from reality. Dissociating, so you don't have to be confronted by the dissonance between your reality and the reality that is Gaza. Dissociating, so you don't have to be confronted by the dissonance between your morals and your actions, or lack thereof.

Your cigarette is embering, becoming a long stem of ash. You have no desire for a smoke right now, so you let the ember move to the filter without putting your lips to it. And without a single puff it goes into the ashtray on your right. You feel confronted by all the words and all the images, but you decide to work through it. You know you have to, you need to. You think history is where you should start. Starting seems monumental, so you hesitate. To encourage yourself, you read through your notebook, looking for history. You find a quote from the text *Theses on the Philosophy of History* by Walter Benjamin: "For every image of the past that is not recognized by the present as one of its own concerns threatens to disappear irretrievably."[34] You don't really understand what it means or why you wrote it down in the first place. You start to wonder: *Is this even important?* And as quickly as that thought has grasped hold of your mind, as quick you are to deny it. The thought is replaced by the idea: *the failure to recognize history, means the failure to recognize the objective reality of the presence.* You're reminded of that famous quote by George Santayana: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."[35] And although it doesn't equal your thought, it seems to connect. And so you try to connect all of these thoughts and come to think:

To look at Gaza, one must also look at history - for the genocide of Palestinians is neither coincidental or random nor unprecedented, not in it specificity nor in the greater context of history. No. History reveals that an event such as a genocide[36] isn't an anomaly, but in fact normality. The thought feels grounded when you bring it together with what Françoise Vergès write in *A Feminist theory of Violence*, which is: "It is not so much that systemic violence is new – the long history of genocides,massacres, pillaging, and destruction prove the contrary."[37] No. Systemic violence is not new, and so you think:

To look at Gaza, one must also look at history
To look at Gaza, one must also look at oneself;
To look at Gaza, and to see Gaza, means to look at history, which means to look at yourself in it;

Looking is something we do with our eyes, it's a bodily act. Thinking about looking is something we do with our brain, it's a

34 Benjamin, "Theses on the Philosophy of History", 255.
35 Santayana, Reason in Common Sense, 284.
36 List of genocides: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_genocides
37 Vergès, A Feminist theory of Violence, 13.

bodily act. Our body contains our Self and so we must use our Self, use our body, to respond to what we see. This means once your eyes have seen, you must put your body on the line. Your eyes, your brain, your tongue, your fingertips that hold a pen, your arms that lock and your feet that run. Stand, run, return. It's a right and a responsibility.

I HATE HOW YOU[38] WIELD YOUR TONGUE

Sometimes you might surprise yourself. You might be surprised by a physical reaction that is so strong it completely overwhelms you; overtakes you. It might surprise you what sets this reaction off, and how potent the reaction is in relation to its cause. It might even be something seemingly harmless, that sets off such an unforeseen magnitude of emotion. It might just be a word, a question, or the suggestion of a question?

I practiced purging my texts from questions, I hated their presence and I hate how they in unthoughtful excess often feel disingenuous and end up disturbing momentum: leaving holes. I have started allowing the "?" to reenter my words, subtly changing their direction. I have allowed the "?" back, because I have learned to appreciate the holes it leaves, for they propose dialogue. But most of all, I allowed the "?" back, because I need it to remain honest. Honest with myself and honest with you.[38]

This does not mean I'm any less wary of the "?". Questions can be ruthless, although they might be disguised by politeness. Disguised in the way they gently re-center the reader to the topic, while ruthlessly inserting themselves into the (sub)consciousness: seeping into the cracks until they multiply. The "?" is a powerful intervention to a sentence, perhaps the most transformative in relation to the effort required to apply it. I believe what Joan Didion writes of grammar in her essay *Why I Write*, especially applies to the "?": "All I know about grammar is its infinite power. To shift the structure of a sentence alters the meaning of that sentence, as definitely and inflexibly as the position of a camera alters the meaning of the object photographed."[39]

WHEN DOES THE QUESTION BREAK THE SYSTEM, WHEN DOES IT HELP IT?

the "?" is a powerful doubt?

The "?" is without a doubt powerful. The "?" can in one swift gesture change a statement; an answer to a question, altering the meaning of that sentence. This ease of application and the subsequent power the sentence holds is something to be wary of, for although a "?" implies inquiry, it might not be used with the intention of true dialogue. A "?" must always be turned upon itself. Turning the "?" upon itself means asking it: *Are you genuine?* It means examining whether or not the "?" is obedient to itself, to truth, even when that might mean being disobedient to the one who conjured it - disobedience by disagreement. Or, is it disingenuous, more concerned with obedience to its originator

38 You, who are here; Today or elsewhere, where we might find each other.

39 Didion, "Why I Write."

than to being a question; being itself. More concerned with one specific answer, than with searching for truth.[40]

A genuine question, one obedient to itself, has the power that the collective CrimethInc. writes about in their essay *Against Ideology?*. They write: "What is it that brings together and defines a movement, if not questions? Answers can alienate or stupefy, but questions *seduce*. Once enamored of a question, people will fight their whole lives to answer it. Questions precede answers and outlast them: every answer only perpetuates the question that begot it."[41] In CrimethInc.'s writing we might also consider the impact of a disingenuous question versus a genuine one, for as they write in the end - questions outlast answers. And so, if a question is disingenuous, already pointing to (leading question) or holding (ironic question) its answer, there's no dialogue, no quest, no romance.

You might be surprised by a physical reaction you have. It might be so strong that it completely overtakes you. This weird thing happens in your throat. It feels like your glands swell, and maybe they do. Your trachea is narrowing and it seems like just a matter of time before it will completely close up. You have to gag, and so you mimic the action for relief, but it is an artificial movement and nothing of real substance comes out. You have to get out of your body, or rather the feeling has to, but right now you are nothing but that feeling. You remember to keep breathing, you have to. Maybe this specific experience is one you have no familiarity with, or maybe you do. It's something I have been experiencing for a few months now, since our meetings with the board of the Academy. One specific word has been the origin of this feeling for me: "dialogue." Of course, the intensity of my reaction depends very much on who uses the word as well as the context it's used in, but nevertheless, it is tainted by how I've seen it misused. When we take a look at the word dialogue, we might think of a space for sharing, listening, and working through things: together. It isn't something that can be done alone or by one party, it is a truly collaborative endeavor. In principle dialogue is a beautiful endeavor, one that is very important, but just calling something a dialogue doesn´t make it one.

The board has slapped us around the ears with the word "dialogue", and it has made me completely and utterly detest the word. It does not stand for togetherness anymore. The proposal for open-dialogue has now become a tool for silencing dissenting voices. When we as students visibly and audibly stand with Palestine - for the end of the occupation and the liberation of the Palestinian people and land, clearly standing against the colonial zionist project that is israel, as well as their sympathizers

40 When writing about truth here, it is not the idea of universal truth that is being referred to, but more so a truth that must be considered circumstantially to the one who is answering.

41 CrimethInc., "Against Ideology?"

and supporters - emails are sent our way. Emails proposing "open dialogue", although what they actually want is for us to shut up. And so, they hope if they pretend to listen, pretend dialogue, then we will be satisfied and not cause more "trouble". Or at least, even if we don't buy it (we don't), then they can say that it wasn't them who refused communication, but us - even though what they proposed never held the potential of a dialogue. Because when they invite us for a closed door dialogue the board demands confidentiality, the presence of a mediator and they determine what can and cannot be discussed. This contradicts what dialogue is. It is a false dialogue, for there's only disingenuous questions. And in an absurd theater play, the next email inevitably thanks the protesting students for contributing to the illusory outcome of an illusory dialogue. The false questions and the false use of the word "dialogue" lead to a false "together". The board calls this bottom up democratic processes. We call bullshit.

I'm trying to get rid of these disingenuous questions that benefit from the positive associations of being a question without offering the necessary conditions for them to be genuine. I'm trying to get rid of these questions, for they're not concerned with honesty nor truth. How could you find truth without honesty? I'm sick of these questions that aren't interested in critical engagement, for they are detrimentally obedient to the one who posed it, and they cannot allow any disobedience toward the opinion and or authority of that person. I'm sick of these questions because they gesture toward dialogue, although "Dialogue only exists when individuals can talk to each other without mediation, i.e. when they relate reciprocally."[42] Or perhaps as Freire puts it: "Dialogue is the encounter between men, mediated by the world, in order to name that world. Hence, dialogue cannot occur between those who want to name the world and those who do not wish this naming – between those who deny others the right to speak their word and those whose right to speak has been denied them."[43]

So, what to do with the word "dialogue" Now; Today? Throw it away and never use it again? [This is a disingenuous question] No. Some things, some words, must be fought for. My hate of the warping of language is too great, so is my love for language itself - I will not purge it from my vocabulary. Surely this won't stop the board (or who they might function as a stand-in for) from misusing it, but it is vital to remain vigilant to how things are named and by whom. As Ursula K. Le Guin writes about language and its misuse: "Socrates said, "The misuse of language induces evil in the soul." He wasn't talking about grammar. To misuse language is to use it the way politicians and advertisers do, for profit, without taking responsibility for what the words mean. Language used as a means to get power or make money goes

42 Anonymous, At Daggers Drawn, 12.
43 Freire, Pedagogy of the Oppressed, 88.

wrong: it lies."[44] What Le Guin writes of here is exactly what the board has done with the word "dialogue", they have used it untruthfully for their own gain - for the appearance of listening, to say they have done something, when they in fact have done less than nothing. Less than nothing because they have manufactured a falsehood, which now must be pierced before we can go back to where we started in the first place.

What to do with the words now? As Le Guin writes that language can be used wrongly, she also writes of how it is used rightly, and so she writes: "Language used as an end in itself, to sing a poem or tell a story, goes right, goes towards the truth. [...] A writer is a person who cares what words mean, what they say, how they say it. Writers know words are their way towards truth and freedom, and so they use them with care, with thought, with fear, with delight. By using words well they strengthen their souls. Story-tellers and poets spend their lives learning that skill and art of using words well. And their words make the souls of their readers stronger, brighter, deeper."[45] Le Guin writes of using words rightly: using them when their rightness is undeniable, when there is no other word that is more true. It is to take each word seriously. This might sound like an argument against irony or even humor, but it is the furthest from it. For irony is not a lie, or at least not a true lie. It creates a dissonance between what is said and what is meant. Irony generally does not wish to deceive the receiver, or at least not for long, then it would have no other point than to create a dissonance between the ironic one and the one who didn't perceive the irony - which is the point, sometimes. But no, irony that is not attempting to create a permanente sense of dissonance between the ironic one and the receiver needs for the receiver to actually detect the dissonance between words and meaning; to see the untruth of the words, for that's where the truth lies.

But what to do with the words now? I find what Le Guin writes to be beautiful and daunting, for while writing these words her words evoke duty. Duty to language and duty to truth. I feel a great reverence toward this sentiment; this duty. But as Le Guin writes of it here, not to say she believes it exclusively, she centers the writer as the one to make language truthful; to redeem it from those who have misused it. I don't believe this to be a task for only the writer. I agree with what Paul B. Preciado writes of language in his column *Amnesic Feminism:*

> "Every word in our language contains, as if rolled in on itself, a ball of time made up of historical actions. While the prophet and the politician [and bureaucrats] try to make words sacred

44 Ursula K. Le Guin, "A Few Words to a Young Writer."
45 Ursula K. Le Guin, "A Few Words to a Young Writer."

> by covering up their historicity, the profane task of restoring sacred words to daily usage falls to philosophy and poetry: undoing the knots of time, wrestling words away from the conquerors in order to restore them to public space, where they can be the object of a collective re-signification."[46]

In the spirit of Preciado, let us put theory into action: Let these pages be a space for us to restore the word dialogue, so we might be able to use it truthfully again - again, as in now, as in: it is happening Now; Today. As in: we are wrestling. Take our word, or not, but know that we are using it honestly. In attempts.

Commented [2]: wait but isn't preciado then also saying that its the task of the writer / poet to kinda save language?

Commented [3R2]: i understand it more as the witer/poet who "proposes" the re-signification, but the real/complete re-signification is by the collective/in public space. It cannot be re-signified by the writer alone and so the duty also lies with the reader (to accept or not/to engage or not/to swallow or not) He also says philosophy and poetry and not the philosopher and poet, so the task lies both in the hands of those who write as well as those who read

46 Preciado, "Amnesic Feminism", 87.

I REFUSE I SAID, I HATE I SAID, AND SO: I REFUSED

I find myself sometimes asking questions, even though what I really want to say is my opinion. I often find myself saying *I think* even though *I know.* I find myself saying *maybe* or *perhaps* even though there's no doubt. I *think* this denial and softening of my thoughts comes from the gendered lesson to never assert myself too strongly, so to accommodate I end up leaving false holes, creating a disingenuous proposition for dialogue. I hate this. And so, I ask myself why I'm angry. Why is the only feeling I allow myself to connect with this anger? I am angry. *I am angry.* Does me saying it again negate it, Solmaz?[47] I have used the phrase "I hate" more times recently than I've ever done before or felt comfortable with, but maybe I'm just noticing it because of its physical presence on the page. Perhaps I need to purge "I hate" from my vocabulary as I did with the "?". But right now, *I think* I need it to be honest, because it is what we feel. And we are sick of not being honest about it.

In the article *What makes hate a unique emotion – and why that matters* PhD and researcher of social and political psychology Cristhain A Martínez begins by addressing a fact that I have also had to realize: there's currently no consensus among scholars about hate's nature. Hate has far been described widely as an emotion, but also as an attitude or a sentiment. Some scholars believe hate to be an extreme version of anger or dislike, whereas some describe hate as a blend of emotions such as anger, contempt and disgust, and others consider hate to be a distinct and unique feeling.[48] . Martínez also writes what is known about it. Hate is intense and enduring. Hate seems to be based on a view of its targets as essentially bad and threatening, and it is possible for people to hate individuals who are close to them, such as family members, friends or romantic partners.[49]

I feel a little lighter, a little freer, everytime I utter the phrase ***I hate.*** So,

I hate that we are taught not to speak of **our hate**.

So, **I hate**. I can't and won't say it any differently, for if I did, it would be a lie and I find it far too early to relinquish my duty to language and truth. And if we are interested in truth, we

47 Sharif, "Social Skills Training", 12.
48 Which is how we consider hate in our text.
49 Martínez, "What makes hate a unique emotion."

must also deal with the reality of hatred. For not acknowledging it doesn't make us any more righteous or moral, it simply makes us more disingenuous.

To deal with hate, we must consider it politically and historically. Anarchist anthropologist and activist David Graber wrote in the essay *Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo*, that (as the title suggests): hate has become a political taboo - emphasis on has become. Graeber writes about how hatred was not always considered taboo, but in fact was assumed to form part of the essential fabric of social and political life. A statement he argues for by referring to the written examples of explicit displays of hatred throughout the Roman Empire. He writes of examples of the people's hatred against Commodus, Carcella's hatred against his father's minister, the hatred of Maximin towards the Senate and the hatred of mankind towards Maximin.[50] And as Graeber rationalizes: "It was only to be expected that kings and politicians should hate their rivals. Conquered people hated their conquerors, unjust rulers were detested, emperors hated the senate, senators loathed the common people, and imperial advisors and members of the emperor's family were detested by the urban mob."[51] Graeber writes that even according to Thomas Aquinas, the hatred of God was preferred to unbelief or indifference, since it was still, in its own way, a form of intense engagement with the Divine.[52]

Looking at the history Graeber points to then begs the question of how and when hatred became a political taboo. Graeber starts with Christianity: acknowledging that there might be an argument to make for the fact that hatred always has been disapproved of within Christianity. Although he brings up that the phrase "love the sinner, hate the sin" implies an acceptance of hate, an acceptance which might even be considered problematic today (in this essay "today" was 2015). He in fact states that political hatred first started to be viewed as a violation of Christian principles in the nineteenth century. This sentiment first appears in appeals against the "class hatred" of the Chartists in Britain. The appeals were held by elite politicians, middle-class reformers and Christian socialists, in order to avoid a British equivalent to the French Revolution.[53] Chartism being a British working-class movement that emerged during the economic depression of 1837-38, which was named after the People's Charter: a bill drafted by William Lovett in May 1838 containing six demands: universal manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annually elected Parliaments, payment of members of Parliaments, and abolition of the property qualifications for membership. Chartism grew out of the protest against the injustices of the new industrial and political order in Britain, and was the first movement that was

50 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 140-141.
51 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 143.
52 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 143.
53 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 143.

both national and characteristically working class.[54]

Graeber emphasizes that it is very important to consider this history, since nowadays there's the assumption that "politics of hate" are designated to right-wing politics, since it is most commonly used to refer to racism, ethnic hatred, homophobia etc. According to Graeber this then results in the taboo of political hatred to be viewed as a triumph of essentially left-wing sensibilities, which according to history appears to be far from the case. He then goes on to say, that even in the case of racism, anti-semitism or ethnic chauvinism, framing crime in terms of hatred almost necessarily means to focus on followers, not leaders - since most of the great murderers of the twentieth century (such as Hitler and Stalin) were cynics, poor with passion, provoking and exploiting the passions of others. Passions that weren't exclusively hatred, but equally the love of humanity (or at least love of nation), family and community. All of these passions of their followers were exploited for the purpose of murder, and so to blame it all on hate, and creating a category of "hate crimes" is misleading and simply informing other would-be mass manipulators that what they are doing is perfectly legitimate, they must just avoid pushing certain passions. And so, this universal taboo towards any expression of hatred in political life actually has the effect of validating this kind of manipulation, not deterring it.[55] As Graeber writes:

> "[...]politicians nowadays (unlike those in the past) are expected to pretend that they feel no personal hatred for anyone. But what sort of person can exist within a world of constant rivalry, scheming, and betrayal, and not hate anyone? There are only two real possibilities: one would either have to be a saint, or an utter cynic. No one really imagines politicians are saints. Rather, by maintaining the superficial pretense of sainthood, they simply prove the depths of their cynicism."[56]

Graeber then goes on by looking at the outlawing of hatred. This outlawing he suggests to be the first step toward a world, where the only legitimate political motive is the cynical pursuit of self-interest. He points to how the very idea of "hate crimes" inverts the legal principle, that a crime of passion should always be punished less harshly, than one driven by cold, self-interested calculation. Meaning that a crime driven by passionate hatred constitutes a harder punishment than one not driven by passion. He then goes on to suggest that there might be a correlation between the wave of legislation criminalising hate in the 1990s and the "anti-terrorism" legislation then followed after. Legislation, which in a similar manner to the legislation against hate crime, demanded for a more severe punishment of crimes

54 Britannica, "Chartism."
55 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo",143-144.
56 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 144.

driven by political passions than those that have been imposed on the same crimes had they been committed for economic profit or personal self-interest. These passions can, based on the way the laws are generally phrased, also include the most benevolent idealism and love of humanity or nature.[57]

Within the legislation of crimes of passion and the legislation against hate crimes, there's a dissonance of logic, there's a legal hypocrisy existing. For as Graeber writes:

> "It's significant that this logic applies only on the political level. After all, the very idea of a "crime of passion" largely exists to justify male violence against women in domestic situations. Any realistic analysis of the way that power works in our society would have to begin by acknowledging that such passions, and the fear and terror they create in their victims, are the very foundation of those larger systems of structural violence that uphold inequalities of all kinds (including those ostensibly covered by "hate crimes"). Yet domestic violence is never, itself, considered a "hate crime." [...] Passions make crimes worse only when they take place in an explicitly political context. At home, they are an exonerating circumstance."[58]

And so, as Graeber writes: "Hatred of injustice can be a form of virtue."[59] He enlightens the potential political potency of hatred, and not just as something to fight, but something that must be considered contextually. And so, hatred is our response to injustice. It is not just a place to get stuck in, it is also a way through.

I hate
the institution we are enrolled at and

Commented [4]: this is melancholic btw since its directed at the self. more cynical than angry my guys

I hate how much

I hate it, it would be far easier not to.

I HATE POSTMODERNISM.
I hate postmodernism. I hate it the same way I hate this school: intensely, and with my whole body.

I fucking hate it the same way **I hate this school**: intensely, and with my whole fucking body.

Met opmerkingen [12]: JC : concerns?

Hate is a strong word and a stronger emotion, if we let ourselves feel it. So let's.[60]

Met opmerkingen [13]: JC : Super!

57 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 144.
58 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 144.
59 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 145.
60 Now I could fill a whole page or three with "I hate", but I will not. Instead, I urge you to take every single "I hate" deeply seriously.

Hate is a strong word, but it is its friction in the dialogue that allows for new ideas to be born. Hate is necessary, for not acknowledging its existence within ourselves is a denial of the truth and a denial of its potency in creating change. As Graeber writes:

> "We need to acknowledge that many forms of hatred can be a positive social force: hatred for work, hatred for wealth, hatred for bureaucracy, hatred for militarism, nationalism, cynicism, and the arrogance of power. And that in many circumstances, this will also mean hatred of individual bosses, tycoons, bureaucrats, generals and politicians, and a rich feeling of accomplishment when one knows one has earned their hatred. To absolutely exclude hatred from politics is to rip the fiber out, to deny the main motor of social transformation, ultimately, to reduce it to a flat plane of hopeless cynicism."[61]

Hate is a strong word.

When words are spoken on stage they don't inherently constitute an action. What I mean by action is something (word, movement, image) that causes a change in the dynamic, rather than prolonging an on-going situation. An action is something that, for better or worse, provokes an effect. A character on stage might be speaking, word after word after word, but do nothing more than monologue about his frustrations or love; this or that, without producing any kind of effect on the dynamic on stage. So, at the risk of pissing off the reader with a blunt and overgeneralizing statement, if it might just have an effect on our dialogue, let me tell you this: **I FUCKING HATE POSTMODERNISM.**

I hate postmodernism. It rid itself from all anti-hegemonic potentials of modernism: the investigation of subjectivity with revolutionary - not individualizing - intent, the moving away from enlightenment's self-proclaimed neutral objectivity (by features such as omniscient external narration, fixed points of view and clear-cut moral positions), the blurring of genres and the tendency towards "reflexivity" (where e.g. plays and novels raised issues concerning their own nature, status, and role). The investigation of reality, in the words of Guy Debord: "In a world that really has been turned on its head, truth is a moment of falsehood."[62]

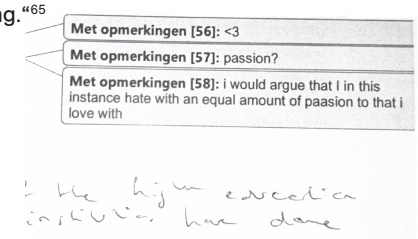
I[63] read you[64] the essay by Graeber about hate, and a few days later you remind me of the words you once added to the margins of a much earlier version of a document, which fragmentented and shaped this chapter as well as others.

61 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 145-146.
62 Debord, The Society of the Spectacle, 14.
63 I as in: I.
64 You as in: I.

You wrote:

> You know how people will say that love and hate are separated only by a thin line? I've been thinking about this recently. Of how I hate the state, of how I hate fascists, of how I want them to burn alive, and then I wondered about love. Is it society's big misconception of love that results in this statement? Passion and hate are close to each other, but love doesn't equal passion. I hate with a lot of passion. I also love with a lot of passion, but love and passion are not the same. Passion for sure contains more death drive than love, which is a healing and regenerative practice. There is space for passion (and for death drive) within the practice of love. There is no space for fascists. I love that I can hate with passion. I love that there is something I love so much, liberty, that I am willing to protect, even if that requires the ultimate rejection from me, hate. It's interesting that I fantasize of fascists burning, while witches were burnt for me and we've been witnessing all these comrades self-immolating, this year alone. I would like to write the text from the Workers For Palestine flyer *Claiming the 7th of October*, that we were folding on the stairs, into this margin. But I'm unsure if we can. I'm unsure if the consequences are worth it.

I gather you were reminded of this because of what Graeber wrote about hate and love. About how excluding hatred from politics is for Graeber "to exclude any real possibility for a politics of redemption. Without the existence of hatred, love is meaningless. It is just insipid idealization: idealization simultaneously of the self, and of the object of one's devotion. As such it is fundamentally sterile. Real love, the only kind genuinely worthy of the name, is a kind of dialectical overcoming."[65]



65 Graeber, "Hatred Has Become a Political Taboo", 146.

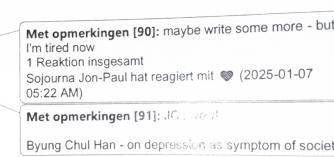
A SITUATION OF ROMANTIC IRONY

In 2022 I stumbled across a text by Basel Al-Araj online. He writes as one of his last texts before he is martyred by the zionist regime in March of 2017, about Palestine's colonial temporality and the relationship between Romanticism and the Revolution. A few days after October 7th 2023, the day the Palestinian resistance pierces the illusion[66] that there can ever be permanent security for a settler colonial project, I try to find his text again and cannot. I haven't been able to ever since, not with the help of others, not with patience, not in Arabic. There's a reason this text that a year and a half prior I so easily browsed on the www has been drowned in the underwood of Google's algorithm.

We find ourselves in this moment of time and this place on earth:

There is the reality, which is Palestine.
There is the Theater of the Absurd, which is the West,
the Netherlands, Neoliberalism, the Academy.

There are two realities that misalign. Our situation is a situation of romantic irony. Unlike situational or dramatic irony, romantic irony specifically involves a contrast between the protagonist's romantic ideals and the reality of their situation. This often results in a feeling of disillusionment for the protagonist, as well as the reader. The reader audiencing such a situation will be prone to respond to their disillusionment with frustration. Frustration over the romantic's refusal to recognize the irony of her devotion to determine the meaning in a situation that doesn't seem to allow for this meaning to manifest, and even more frustration over the romantic who will be both refusing to surrender before this impossibility and then – the audacity! – to simultaneously communicate her meta-awareness of this situation through the means of irony.



It is easy to see how the latter frustrates as it tends to choke the possibility of true commitment to any purpose. "Am I kidding or not? Who's to say what's a joke?" This irony is manifestly elitist. The nonchalant nod of the head and slight roll of the eye, common to galleries and squats alike, implying that

66 Dean, "Palestine speaks for everyone."

some people will just never *get it*, furthermore implying that this is part of the fun. Now, if we can accept this situation as a given: How to work through the frustration instead of becoming a cynical melancholic?

Met opmerkingen [99]: I think it would be nice to actually use Charlie's name - and that introduce the interview a bit more to give context - also the day since it wasnt that long after the Maccabi had been in Amsterdam

A comrade who teaches at the academy:

So, the material things are what we are fighting for. We're fighting for gains, in the class struggle at least, you're fighting for bread and butter. But it's in joining together and finding each other and realising a new vocabulary. And yeah. I saw it with all of you before, the way that you learned how to interact with each other and prefigure a better way of being, but also the tactics you've learned to put your bodies on the line. And the courage that is contained within that very act is a sort of, it's like throwing your body on the machine. And there's another great quote, but I'll send it to you afterwards. And he's[67] saying that it calls into question any win, like, the working class are gonna keep losing. But they should not forget that just by the very fact of coming together, they've sort of won already. And this is where the metaphor of the sun comes in. So the past is always looking towards the future. It's a very interesting way of looking, this whole essay thinks about history very much in a different way. It's not about "things are going to progress", no, things are progressing, yes, but they're going to be destroyed, the progress itself is what's destroying everything and, yeah, throwing yourself on the heap of detritus that comes from the destruction of progress. Throwing yourself on that, trying to stop that dust pile is the struggle. And I think it gives us sort of, he says, retroactive force to failure. And I think that was why I brought it up there. Because I observed, I feel like you probably didn't need to hear this, but it wasn't going to go the way that you ideally would've wanted it to go.

A comrade who studies at the academy:

The encampment?

A comrade who teaches at the academy:

And yet it's amazing what you've done and yeah, I dunno, it's hard. The other problem is that people really criticise this perception that Benjamin offers here. It's really powerful, but it's also like - the dead are still dead.[68] You can't really say that about a defeat that involved the death of what is going to be hundreds of thousands of Palestinians, they're still dead... Their

67 The comrade is speaking of Walter Benjamin's "Theses on the philosophy of history" (1942)

68 The comrade is speaking of Walter Benjamin's "The Arcades Project" (1982)

struggle to resist, culminating in mass death, is not primarily “a retroactive thing that calls into question the rulers”. It’s still *a tragedy first and foremost. So I’m aware of that, but I still think there’s something interesting in that way of looking at struggle, that it’s not really about trying to win. The desire to win is just the reason you get together in the first place. I dunno, what do you think? The reason I said I wanted to throw it back to you, like what do you think of that?

An inherent contradiction is necessary to keep us working through. It is a friction in the dialogue that allows for new ideas to be born. Like Sloterdijk, who in his book *Critique of Cynical Reason* first mocks Immanuel Kant’s ugly face and with it the profile of Europe’s patriarchal philosophy of pure reason, then proceeds to make an elaborate case for the revival of Kynicism[69] - this is also just a way to avoid leftist melancholia, no? Put one image after another, create an illusion of movement, cinematic montage. To build resilient hope, to cope, to keep moving to the front lines after you got beaten. Sloterdijk writes that:

“The Age of Enlightenment pushed the dialectic of understanding and sensuousness to the breaking point. [...] The language of his [Kant’s] main works reveals the violence that the process of thinking – especially in a German mind – inflicts on the sensuous.”[70]

He proposes to

“turn the disillusionment with enlightened modernity away from melancholy and cynicism and to make lost illusions productive for an enlightened thought on another level. He wants to achieve this goal by reclaiming a tradition of rationality from which the modern scientific enlightenment, much to its detriment, has cut itself loose: the tradition of kynicism, embodied in Diogenes, who privileged satirical laughter, sensuality, the politics of the body, and a pleasure-oriented life as forms of resistance to the master narratives of Platonic idealism, the values of the polis, and the imperial claims of Alexander the Great.”[71]

Of course, Sloterdijk failed to mention how practices of Kynicism are often deeply rooted in the cultures of oppressed peoples in order to maintain resilience, Sabr, Sumud. Think Palestinians dancing Dabke in front of Israeli snipers[72], Bisha TV[73], the political satire project in the form of a travelling human scale

69 Sloterdijk, Critique of Cynical Reason, 29.
70 Sloterdijk, Critique of Cynical Reason, 29.
71 Huyssen, “Foreword The Return of Diogenes as Postmodern Intellectual”, 14.
72 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FS4mNNJaC0Y
73 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kgX7P63-rpI

puppet mocking the Sudanese president Omar Hassan Al-Bashir, as well as the global practice of protestors crafting effigies to visualize their common enemy, no matter how disembodied he might be. Think Budget Cuts!

What do I think? I think this approach of Kynicism, political satire, the cunning, and sometimes, when you listen to Rainer Maria Rilke's 1929 advice in *Letters To A Young Poet:*

> "Irony: Do not let yourself be governed by it [...]. In creative moments [...] make use of it as one more means of grasping life. Cleanly used, it too is clean, and one need not be ashamed of it; and If you feel you are getting too familiar with it, [...] then turn to [...] objects, before which it becomes small and helpless. Seek the depth of things: thither irony never descends – and when you come thus close to the edge of greatness, test out at the same time whether this ironic attitude springs from a necessity of your nature. For under the influence of serious things either it will fall from you (if it is something fortuitous), or else it will (if it really innately belongs to you) strengthen into a stern instrument and take its place in the series of tools with which you will have to shape your art."[74]

Irony is a tool we can hold onto to keep going. The mighty power of humour lies in the delay it causes in the audience's ability to cognitively comprehend their own response. One laughs faster than one is able to process the *Why* of one's physical response, and if the joke carries a bitter aftertaste, the spectator is subsequently left to work through this taste of guilt. Taste is an inescapable sense. We can choose to close our eyes but we can never shut our gustatory cells. Simultaneously we need the urgency of believing in a true victory in order to mobilize (ourselves) on the grand stage. We can end the genocide, We can overthrow the capitalist ruling class, We can be free. This inherent contradiction is what gives substance to keep working through. One image after another.

We eventually found the text by Basel al-Araj. Networking paid off. We downloaded it from the internet, and our thanks go to JISR Collective and Samidoun Palestinian Prisoner Solidarity Network in the Netherlands for posthumously translating *Why do we go to War?*. We're, as we speak, excitedly sending it to all the comrades and random strangers on the internet (also comrades), who were looking for it with Us. One of the distorted voices we know so well sounding from the gaping injury that forms the mouth of anti-revolutionary forces masking as sympathizers (liberals, speaking of you) attempts to use this argument to pacify the movement for the liberation of Palestine: "Why do you only speak of Palestine? What about Sudan, Congo, or homeless people here?"Asides from the obvious bullshit since it will be precisely

74 Rilke, Letters To A Young Poet, 8-9.

these very comrades who'll speak of Sudan, Congo, the unhoused, there is a specificity to Palestine that's proving itself capable of moving the masses. Al-Araj writes:

> "My dear friend, [...] in World War I, two-thirds of the British army was annihilated in the first two months of the war. Do you know why? The memoirs of English officers of the British military aristocracy tell us the answer. There, they realized that the war as they knew it had ended, and there was no longer any possibility or place for the knights and the brave after this day. After the Germans slew them in the same manner as their Maxim machine gun (the pride of their military), there they realized that they were finished. However, a large number of that military aristocracy did not want to abandon the romance of war and chivalry, only to fall dead to miserable suicidal missions of the nature of the heroics of final stands, and they went to their deaths with all courage.
> In World War I, Europeans knew that the first thing that modernity killed was romance. So what does it mean when you sit for months in trenches and death snatches you without looking into the eyes of your killer or feeling the rush of his spear in your chest? There, they were snatched away by death, by shells falling from the sky that they could hardly see, or by the whistle of an officer ordering them to advance one yard to die outside their trenches. Modernism killed romanticism, and it is still destroying it."[75]

Postmodernism, (Oh, how much I despise you!), is by many theorists dismissed as simply another costume of modernity. Fair point, to assume that an outfit change of the superstructure will keep the People confused. We do the same to confuse the cops. Heated debate between five guys discussing media and literature has not come to a clear conclusion on the Now of the state of our culture. What everyone agrees on is: Something has been lost. The western world is in dire need of re-enchantment.

But where modernity still allowed for a re-locating of the power of enchantment from institutionalized religion to the reality of material and form, postmodernism (**I hate you** so!) has seized this power, laughed at it, and discarded it. Humour is a powerful tool of political satire, but irony, if detached, is dangerous. It silences romance.

According to Al-Araj, it is Palestine's colonial temporality today that has preserved a capacity for romantic narration in its people, which makes the Palestinian resistance resonate so strongly with the global cry for universal liberation. He writes:

> "We can narrate ten thousand romantic stories about heroism and martyrdom in the last decade alone, narratives that, once

75 Al-Araj, "Why do we go to War?", 12-13.

picked up by society, can transform from a buried, potential energy into an enemy-crushing force. On the other hand, our enemy does not have more than 50 similar stories from 2006 until now (in the same time period). This is an actual manifestation of our professor's saying that the enemy has lost every ability to produce [real] heroes.
The age of post-modernity or liquid modernity—it is not important to me as what you refer to it as. What is important to me is that this is the era in which romance has died and heroism ended. And surely you know that we, Palestinians, live outside of this era. We live in a colonial Palestinian era, surrounded by a post-colonial, post-modern world, and so, we are still able to produce romantic narratives."[76]

76 Al-Araj, "Why do we go to War?", 13.

MOURNING LEFTIST MELANCHOLIA, AS IN: WE WORK THROUGH OUR DISTANCE

Freud argues that mourning and melancholia are similar yet different responses to loss. In mourning a person deals with the grief of losing a specific love object (let's call it justice, solidarity, the ideal), and this process takes place in the conscious mind. This loss can be named and is perceived as a loss in the world. (The eye looks at the world, and keeps looking). In melancholia a person grieves for a loss they are unable to fully comprehend or identify (it's hard through all the gaslight, Maaike[77], and thus this process takes place in the unconscious mind. This loss cannot be named and is perceived as a loss of the ego. (The eye stops looking at the world and turns inward, in an ever-spiraling search for something that was never there and could therefore never be lost).

Mourning is considered a healthy and natural process of grieving a loss, while melancholia is considered pathological. Mourning is a transforming process, while melancholia is a persistent (stuck) state. In mourning a person feels their pain for the loss in an external way. The world around them feels empty, alienating, even heartbreaking, but as they allow themselves to feel and process this change, they are able to reform their feelings of loss: their pain slowly turns into a positive motivation to replace or move away from what they've understood is gone. Freud describes mourning as a process which produces a kind of acceptance, in which the mourner can feel motivated to participate in the external world again, even though the loss has ultimately changed it.[78]

The Gerrit Rietveld Academy, like most western art institutions, facilitates the ongoing genocide of the Palestinian people. The attempts at total erasure of the Palestinian people are put into action not only through the carpet bombing of Gaza and daily aggressions in the West Bank. From the early days of modern political Zionism, leading figures such as Theodor Herzl, and today the Apartheid state of israel, have been pushing a propaganda campaign that works to discredit isnotreal's opponents and bolster its image globally.

Hasbara is the Hebrew word for propaganda. This propaganda ranges in form from the mobilization of large number of online foot-soldiers to bombard the socials, to re-branding the

77 Maaike Lauwaert: Chair of the executive board at the Gerrit Rietveld Academie.

78 Freud,"Mourning and Melancholia", 243.

Apartheid state through cultural events abroad[79], to the funding of secret operations to promote isra3l and discredit its critics. This includes the Zionist entity's decades-long role in redefining the understanding of antisemitism to undermine criticism of the "Israeli" state, demonizing legitimate political free speech as "the new antisemitism."

> "To articulate the past historically does not mean to recognize it 'the way it really was' [Ranke]. It means to seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger. Historical materialism wishes to retain that image of the past which unexpectedly appears to man singled out by history at a moment of danger. The danger affects both the content of the tradition and its receivers. The same threat hangs over both: that of becoming a tool of the ruling classes. In every era the attempt must be made anew to wrest tradition away from a conformism that is about to overpower it. The Messiah comes not only as the redeemer, he comes as the subduer of Antichrist. Only that historian will have the gift of fanning the spark of hope in the past who is firmly convinced that even the dead will not be safe from the enemy if he wins. And this enemy has not ceased to be victorious."[80]

There are many state bodies, paid for by the israeli taxpayer, involved: the "Ministry of Hasbara"; a hasbara office within the Prime Minister's Office; the Foreign Ministry; the Government Press Office; the IDF spokesperson's unit; and the Ministry of Strategic Affairs. Even the universities collaborate. Back in 2012, for example both Tel Aviv and Haifa universities were reported as offering "programs in hasbara". The Haifa programme was called "Ambassadors in the Net": its stated purpose was to prepare students for online Hasbara. Among other issues, the students would practice debating with anti-Israeli activists, try their hands at PR and at editing Wikipedia.[81]

This engagement in Hasbara is foundational to the role of i5raeli art academies as well. Historically these institutions were founded with the intention to appropriate Palestinian cultural heritage and utilize Palestinian craft in order to create a seemingly indigenous image for the Zionist project. Bezalel School of Arts, with which the Rietveld academy collaborates in the form of an exchange program, uses students, national and exchange students alike, to sew uniforms for the Israeli Occupation Forces (IDF). Despite the efforts of generations of Rietveld students to convince the academy to head to the call of the BDS movement

79 E.g. Jerusalem Quartet at the Muziekgebouw in Amsterdam, 6 months ago, 18.05.2024. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AapGdk7J6rY

80 Benjamin,"Theses on the Philosophy of History", 255.

81 Jews For Justice For Palestinians,"Setting the Scene: the Hasbara (propaganda) war."

towards a global academic and cultural boycott of Israel (PACBI), the board silences the students, intimidates them through various forms of harassment and deliberately risks mayor blows to the students body's mental and physical health. It continues to refuse to permanently cut ties with the Zionist entity.

To read Marxism, or any political philosophy that rests on materialist notions of "the real" as dismissive of the power of thought is embarrassing. Leftists who dismiss the radical power of art, philosophy, and culture at large, to not only support but function as an essential force in the dismantling of the capitalist system, are embarrassing. In his preface to *The German Ideology*, Marx writes:

> "Hitherto men have constantly made up for themselves false conceptions about themselves, about what they are and what they ought to be. They have arranged their relationships according to their ideas of God, of normal man, etc. The phantoms of their brains have got out of their hands. They, the creators, have bowed down before their creations. Let us liberate them from the chimeras, the ideas, dogmas, imaginary beings under the yoke of which they are pining away. Let us revolt against the rule of thoughts. Let us teach men, says one, to exchange these imaginations for thoughts which correspond to the essence of man; says the second, to take up a critical attitude to them; says the third, to knock them out of their heads; and – existing reality will collapse."[82]

Nowhere is Marx saying that the idea of God is powerless. More so, he proclaims that God is so great that once we kill him even Capitalism will collapse. Of course this was written in 1845, before God had himself become Commodity.

Met opmerkingen [112]: The irony of melancholia, of course, is that attachment to the object of one's sorrowful loss supersedes any desire to recover from this loss, to live free of it in the present, to be unburdened by it. We may call this comfort.

This irony of melancholia is a romantic irony. It's in the romantic attachment to the loss itself that the subject refuses to work through, refuses to work at all. It's a melancholic irony that prevails in current art making that claims to be critical.

In 1992, the Secretary General of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad (PIJ), Fathi al-Shiqaqi, opened his speech at the Fourth Islamic Conference in Support of the Palestinian Intifada by emphasising the necessity of a revolutionary discourse at the time of the First Intifada. He stated that, in large part due to the excessive consumption of words, we need to find a new productive language. A language that creates action and revolution, a language that is coalesced with blood and sweat… We need to take a serious step in the right direction, and I assert that this step necessitates the liberation of the will from what it has succumbed to – from the accumulated inaction and futility, as well as the poisonous culture that breaks [one's] soul under the pretext of [political] realism! (quote)

Alright then, not to defer interminably...
(speak about Germany)

And as if time itself were a mourning, mourning necessitates a relationship to history, to historic memory. The disavowal of the failed (or better, not even attempted) denazification of Germany has robbed us of historic memory. The hypocrisy of the blatant lie that is the German remembrance culture (*Erinnerungskultur*) makes it impossible for Germany to name its loss (the six million Sinti and Roma murdered, the six million Jews killed, the gays and the queers slaughtered, the communists liquidated, the killing of the ideals of humanity; the total annihilation of the Other; the grotesque...).

82 Marx with Engels, The German Ideology, 23.

I picture eye pictures

> "All this delicacy of style, it appears, is the expression of an academic but nevertheless vulgar indelicacy of thought, a sort of Royal Academy nudeness, a squeamish, fine-writing lifting of the curtains of privacy."[83]

I picture a red triangle in front of my eyes. Downward facing, I picture a red triangle in front of my eyes. Eye picture. I picture eye pictures. A red triangle facing downwards. I bend my neck up, I face the sky. All arms clap, Bil rouh, Bil dam, nafdika ya Falasteen. I repeat the chant. I know what it means, but I only mimic the sound of the Arabic. I know what it means, but I only mimic. I face downwards, I picture a red triangle. I am constantly reminded that I only mimic. I self-pity. Right now, I self-pity; I encamp, I re-enact. We encamp, we re-enact. I order borek, coffee at the counter. I order in Dutch. The guy on the other side of the counter speaks Dutch. So, I order in Dutch. My partner doesn't speak Dutch. Before I ask what they'd like to eat, the guy on the other side leaves to get MY coffee, MY borek. It's the last spinach borek. The partner jokes: So, you decide what I'm gonna eat? Or only you get food today? I blush. I operate like this automatically. I have one goal, I face there, I don't see what's around. I bend my face down, I picture a red triangle, downward facing, I picture, eye. They made a joke, and now, eyes cry, I cry, tears swell up in my eyes. Why are you crying? I'm frustrated. I operate like this automatically. It feels like I have no choice. It feels like something large, oppressive, a thick layer drapes itself over me and I don't even notice. I order for myself. I order, myself. Eye don't even notice. I don't see before someone else points it out. By which I don't mean to say eye don't know. I'm fully aware, and yet, I don't notice. That's why now, I cry. You don't understand me, they say. You can't grasp it, they say. You're so different from me. You wouldn't know. I don't write these words from a place of guilt. I think, somehow, magically, I've managed to work through my guilt of being white, of being german, of being us-american, of being rich, quite well. I don't feel guilty, but I do feel ashamed for every time I can't grasp something, I can't see something, and I order, myself. I respond to my frustration in a very german way. I face downwards, picture a red triangle, I cry. I face upwards, see the sky. They say they would like me to change the language I use, or at least add explanatory footnotes. I refuse. I don't believe in explaining things. I believe in making things for free. Maybe that's naïve. But I've never learnt much from someone depositing knowledge in me. I learn by being called out, called in, yelled at, questioned, and on repeat. Rarely, being told what to do. Maybe sometimes, a suggestion. I learn through literature because I get lost in it. I don't understand what I'm reading, but until I close the book it holds the only truth. I learn from this. I wish I could

83 Riding, Anarchism is not enough, 47.

close myself. Shut it down. Shut it up. I'm tired. I'm upset and I am angry, because there'd be so much less working through to do, if they had taught us history. If they had taught us history, honestly. In Germany, they are so proud. They'll say about Italy, that "they really haven't worked anything through, over there.". My mom used to say that, before October 7th. Now things are so clear that even she can't not see. She was living in Rome for a few years, barely a moment compared to a life, when she was young. She'd say: but they haven't even tried working it through, over there. Here in Germany, it's all we teach in the schools. She'd be upset over how germans are taught to feel guilty. She was tired of feeling guilty, she is tired of feeling guilty. It keeps her from speaking out, she said. I had to go to Palestine to start talking again after a long while. Amsterdam put me into the category of listener. I listened a lot, and to voices I had never heard before. Lesbians! Black women! Transgirls! Artists! Academics! DJ's! How exciting! I'd never met any of them before. I tried reading Foucault once, only managed to get through the first few pages and only because I was stoned, it was fun. I read Merlau Ponty's Das Primat der Wahrnehmung. I remember it was about a table, and uncertainty, and trying to hold an image, and trying to attach a truth to this act of grasping something, with your eye. I remember. I remember that we never learnt about Palestine in school. Our history classes ended with the establishment of the state of Israel. Now, the jews were safe, the world was saved. And then, in economics class, we learned about the invisible hand of the free market. We learned that we didn't need to worry about anything really, because there's a great hand, a hand the eye can't see, that will make sure to regulate things again if they fall out of order. Only later I realized those hands are the hands of cops, and they are not at all invisible, they hold batons and they're indeed quite material. To me, holding a german passport, and an us-american one, the batons of the *Bullen* in germany are much more real than the IDF's AK47s in the West Bank. I won't get shot. A strange experience, being an international witness. They tried to deport me, but they didn't dare, people would care. About my long blonde hair. It's difficult to get me shot, so they use cameras instead. I had a dream the other day, after my partner told me once again that I couldn't grasp what they hold. I'm standing in front of three animals. From left to right: A bull, a goat, and another. All three of them are doubled. A rifle is being handed to me with the order: Shoot the symbolism. In that same moment, three animals drop dead, one of each. One bull, one goat, one other. I haven't done anything yet. I look up close at the remaining bull, remaining goat, remaining Other. They're already shot through the head and they stand brave as ever. In the dream I never even try using the gun because there's nothing that makes sense shooting at. The three living animals have already dropped dead and the three remaining copies seem to me immortal. I witnessed the dying; now, what's left: a bull, a goat, and another. If the bull represents

masculinity, and masculinity means pride, and the bull is the only animal in this dream to remain purely in the space of the symbolic because the bull just is, and I can't overcome him. The other animal is the symbolic Other, not the symbolism of a specific animal for when I wake up the animal is forgotten and cannot be remembered. (The rifle is gone). The goat is the only one of the three who leaves the realm of the symbolic by performing an action. It vomits / purges / spits / speaks an egg yolk. It produces an egg yolk from its mouth. The goat is dark brown with long dangling ears, like the goats in the West Bank whose hair I store under my bed. The egg yolk stands for fertility; possibility; the embryonic; the unborn; a potential not yet realized, but also the yolk is stripped of the white part of the egg, the nourishing layer, the protective layer. My invisible hand picks up the yolk, places it in my mouth. Consuming, swallowing, making mine, processing, penetration. The yolk is artificially perfect. My tongue traces its seams, as if it were cast from plastic. The yolk feels like a *Fremdkörper* (foreign body). The artificiality cannot be specified, but the alienation is so hostile that the shock wakes me from my dream. My partner has left the bed. They have not returned. The dream has failed for it didn't keep me asleep like a successful dream is meant to. In hindsight, the only object I could have shot-to-kill is myself. So, I get up and shower, and leave the country, to a countryside house. Eyes watch the sunset. Eyes watch the sons, dead. I bend my head low, I picture a red triangle, facing downward, every corner attaches to a context.The top left corner is attached to America; Postmodernism; the Superstructure; Capital; and God; the father. The top right corner is attached to Germany; the thought; the institutionalization of my mind; the mother; and God; as in: God is dead, as in Nietzsche and the others murdered him. I bend my head down, I see a red triangle. The bottom corner is Palestine; reality; the base; the infrastructure, infrastructure occupied by apartheid streets, sterilized; the bottom corner, the one that points a direction, towards God, points towards martyrdom; class suicide; and I just really hope that I'll be able to shoot a bull, a goat, and myself (the Other).I wish they had taught us something in high school. I had so much hope for education. They keep quoting Nelson Mandela ("Education is the most powerful weapon you can use to change the world")[84], and Audre Lorde ("The master's tools will never dismantle the master's house")[85], and what's her name, the Jewish one, on freedom. I tried writing about freedom, about liberation, but I cannot, I can only write about safety, and lies, for I cannot be shot.

> "If everybody always lies to you, the consequence is not that you believe the lies, but rather that nobody believes anything any longer." (Hannah Arendt)[86]

84 Mandela, "Speech at Madison Park High School Saturday, 1990.06.23"
85 Lorde, "The Transformation of Silence into Language and Action", 89-93.
86 Arendt, "Hannah Arendt: From an Interview."

BEING SWALLOWED UP, OR IN OTHER WORDS: SWALLOWING

My dear friend,

I am not sure where to start. I'm unsure what is what, and where what is, so I'd like to find the start or the end of it. I'm getting impatient, and so I must admit to myself that there's nothing else to do, but to grab onto something. I decide to begin with what feels like a corner, not that it seems particularly edgy nor peripheral. No. This corner seems more like the middle, and that's exactly why I shall start here. I shall call here: in it. We shall start here, for I am too scared to assign anything the moniker of "The Beginning". And so, I grab. I grab onto something. Grabbing onto whatever might be feasible for my grip and then hopefully I can rope myself toward whatever the end or the beginning might be. And so, grab! (write first, regret later - as we promised each other).

Deuren, Tegels, Parket, Meubels, Sanitair I read while looking out the window, distracted. I'm hungry. I hope I will not vomit - I get carsick when hungry. I hope I will not vomit. I hope I will not vomit. I do not want to be a problem.

"I do not want to be a problem." Said the little girl timidly, for she was taught to never assert herself too strongly, to never be a bother to others. "I do not want to be a problem." She said, for she was taught to always bring people together, never drive them apart. Always bringing people together, swallowing every opposing thought she might have, so as not to ruin the mood. Swallowing every "I disagree" and "**I hate**" and "fuck you." Swallowing and swallowing, sawing and sanding off every indication of a thorn, so that others were not to be burdened by them; be pricked by them.

As you might have gathered by now, the board of our school never had the intention of working together or towards. We clearly had different goals and the lack of common ground continuously proved itself. We felt at our wits' end, and so did the board. And so, we made enemies out of each other. The board tried to place us in opposition to the rest of the school, because we were the problem right?! It was our presence that created the problem. There was no reason for our presence to be so loud. Right?! Or was this a diversionary tactic to redirect the focus? Away from them? Away from the problem? Because as Sara Ahmed writes:

TO ACTIVATE THEORY IS TO BECOME A PROBLEM

"When you expose a problem you pose a problem. I have been thinking more about the problem of how you become the problem because you notice a problem. When exposing a

problem is to become a problem then the problem you expose is not revealed."[87]

And that, my dear friend, I now realize, is exactly what the Academy's board has done. Within the past few months this notion of "problem" has come up in conversations with friends and comrades more than a few times. The feeling of being a problem, being framed to be seen as the problem, and maybe even actually having been the problem is something that resonates with a lot of us still Now; Today. But we felt it the strongest, when we last year encamped this (our)school from the night of May 28th until the day of July 11th. Now that it's been a while since we departed the Institution's premises; since we left our encampment; since we left the Naji al-Ali Action stairs, I would like for Us to be reminded of the words we then wrote. When we left we wrote:

"We stayed at the Naji al-Ali Action stairs (formerly known as the theory stairs) at the Rietveld-Sandberg campus for 44 days and 43 nights. This is our reaction to the board's violent silencing and infantilization of students, lack of transparency and refusal to meet our demands. We left the Naji al-Ali Action Stairs after 44 days and 43 nights. We have done so on our own terms. We have left, not because of the manipulative words and threats from the Executive board (CvB)/Management (MT), but because we have exhausted the possibility of change through engaging in bureaucratic procedures; "facilitated dialogue", that avoid immediate action. There is no more capacity to uphold the physical manifestation of our resistance within the bounds of the Academy, while watching the world burn. Our energy is needed elsewhere, as the fight for liberation continues, as the conditions in Palestine worsen everyday.

We have resisted by turning theory into action; before, during and after the graduation show. Maaike, Miriam and Ruby have on several occasions since May 28th urged for the encampment to take up less space as well as to fully come to a stop, for example through a proposal for us to leave by the 30th of June, 12PM in which they offered to publish their confidential responses to our demands to the entire Rv/Si community; how they can and cannot meet them and why, as well as proposing 6 more mediated conversations to discuss these responses with us (3 of them taking place in September). We didn't agree to this proposal, and they did not publish their responses to our demands - their transparency remains conditional."[88]

When students, teachers and staff came back after the summer break we got confronted with what we had expected: a "cleaned-up" school. The school had, over the summer, stripped its infrastructure of all proof that there had been any signs of solidarity with Palestine and any resistance to the institution's complicity. That there had been an encampment. That there still is a problem. And by doing so, erased any visible trace of Us: our shared toothpaste in the basement bathroom, the assemblage of mattresses, pillows and sleeping bags on the stairs that our

87 Ahmed, "The Problem of Perception."
88 gra.si.students4palestine, "44 Days, 43 Nights."

tired bodies would melt into, the couches out front from which we would exercise our ability to inhale and exhale cigarette smoke synchronized. They erased any visible trace of Us - as if rain had washed away the muddy footsteps we left behind while walking through the school. Or more accurately: scrubbed away, for they did not want our traces.

But no matter how aggressively they keep scrubbing and scrubbing and scrubbing still on where we once stood, our feet are still muddy. Our feet are still muddy and we keep moving, leaving behind footprints, and so they must keep scrubbing - scrubbing and scrubbing. But one day their cleaning water will be so tainted by our debris, that it will become mud as well. Let that day be Now; Today and let there be mud all over this goddamn monument.[89]

Now, Today, I ask myself: am I being taken for granite or am I mud? I look towards Ursula K. Le Guin: "Granite does not accept footprints. It refuses them. Granite makes pinnacles, and then people rope themselves together and put pins on their shoes and climb the pinnacles at great trouble, expense, and risk, and maybe they experience a great thrill, but the granite does not."[90] Seeing the board's aversion to our footprints, I can't help but wonder:

Is this institution granite?

They write:

> "The code of conduct is intended as a guideline and framework for achieving an institution that is socially safe, joyful and meaningful for everyone.
> The Gerrit Rietveld Academy strives to provide an open environment, one that stimulates deep conversations and creates space for all members to think, change their minds and grow as people and artists. We hope to encourage an inquisitive and curious spirit while supporting each other and respecting each other's boundaries. Respect, care, justice, solidarity and safety are our core values."[91]

89 The monument status of the main building of the Rietveld academy is one among many examples of the state repressing dissent and change while claiming to "protect" cultural heritage. This status has been weaponized by the board of the Academy to discourage students from speaking up through e.g. posters in solidarity with Palestine. Grotesque how the original function of the building (to be forever malleable: changing according to the needs of the people) has been made illegal by this governmental "protection. " The "protection" is the rain dripping down into our studios, the puddles it makes, and the cold draft seeping through the cracks around the custom made single-glass windows.

90 Le Guin, "Being Taken for Granite", 6.

91 Gerrit Rietveld Academy, "Code of Conduct."

But yet students receive individual threats and long winded bureaucratic emails that intimidate. The board sends these emails in an attempt to silence and manipulate. To silence and manipulate those who speak up about justice, care, solidarity and the institution's so called *core values*. When we speak of Palestine the institution wants to remain apolitical and wants us to believe it is unreasonable of us to ask them to release a statement. It is not their place to release such statements they say. However, when the government threatens to cut the budget for education they encourage all their students to participate in the national demonstration. They will even show face. Which Maaike never managed to do at the encampment on her own campus.

The institution wants to remain apolitical - or in another word "neutral", at least when it benefits them. And so, they would prefer for us to, to be neutral - or at least to save our politics for our "art". When we try to climb the pinnacles of this institution and experience their steadfast unwillingness to speak out not only about the things affecting them personally, and act according to their code of conduct, I can't help but ask myself: am I mud, for this institution is granite?

This institution is granite. This institution is granite This institution is This institution This

Chip, chip, chip away at it. Or not.

Maybe chipping is no business of mine, and maybe I have no business calling this institution granite, just yet.

WHEN DOES THIS TEXT BECOME A PROBLEM - WHEN DOES IT BECOME UNMANAGEABLE?

I need to dig deeper, so I do.

"Maybe the people who rope themselves together and the huge heavy things resent such adaptable and uncertain footing because it makes them feel insecure. Maybe they fear they might be sucked in and swallowed. But I am not interested in sucking and am not hungry. I am just mud. I yield. I do try to oblige. And so when the people and the huge heavy things walk away they are not changed, except their feet are muddy, but I am changed. I am still here and still mud, but all full of footprints and deep, deep holes and tracks and traces and changes. I have been changed. You change me. Do not take me for granite."[92]

92 Le Guin, "Being Taken for Granite", 7.

I want to dig deeper, so I do.

I dig for the deep holes and tracks and traces for I refuse to be granite. I ask myself: if I am mud, can I take this institution for granite?

Met opmerkingen [151]: maybe the institution is just as much mud as we are, shaping itself to the state

MUD
WHICH DEGREE OF IMPRESSIONABLE
Am I? Are They? This? Or? That? Or? The Other? ↘ OPPRESSION?
NEOLIBERALISM IS GRANITE?

I feel myself slipping into the mud-granite binary, and feel the urge to reiterate my refusal to be granite. I will not let this institution change me into something I am not. I will not let them silence me and I will not swallow their pills. This institution has already left deep holes and traces all over me, but let these be a reminder and a guide when I allow change. Above all, I am not alone. I am standing with my comrades. Together in mud: arms linked, losing sense of what is I and what is you, melting into an Us. Together with them I want to move through that mud. And when we combine our forces, we can become one and make the board go down what has become a slippery slope. A slippery slope to change? (Naive?) I must admit to having very little hope.

Over the past months it has continuously been made clear to us in many ways that the board does not want to change, although they know how to make themselves appear willing to. They will never truly listen to us. Maybe they are scared they'll lose their jobs. Maybe they should. Maybe they are scared we will suck them in and swallow them. Maybe we did. But when we swallowed we got sick. Sick of their lies, intimidation tactics and hypocrisy, but most of all sick of them making us out to be the problem when the problem is hundreds of thousands Palestinians killed, murdered. Sick of being handed paracetamol: granting only a brief moment of relief, concerned only with a momentary solution to a symptom and not concerning itself with its cause. Sick of their denial. Sick of them pretending the sickness has nothing to do with them, pretending there's nothing to be sick of in the first place. Sick, sick, sick.[93] Now, if you will please excuse me for a

93 I'm Sick. I'm angry. I'm angry Today. I'm angry at this institution. I am angry because of this thesis. Because of what it feels like I'm writing for. It doesn't feel like I'm writing for Us. I am writing for this institution to tell me that I am good enough to deserve a piece of paper. A piece of paper I will be needing later. Because I need this fucking piece of paper to apply for funds in the art world. I am

Program; Picking up the phone and someone says: I want to join and I don't say No but I how we can make this work!

None of us are good at painting. Everyone will have a different answer (to your question)

Ehm, these are not disconnected, they are not, how is it called
(rests face in palms, thinks intensely)
... autonomous!

I vomit, now something else / something new is on the table.

second, I must vomit.

"I do not want to be a problem." Said the little girl, but it was too late. She had vomited all over the floor, revealing almost everything but what couldn't come out without causing the inversion of her own person.

Now please excuse me, I must vomit again.

I find myself in bed staring at my rainbow colored notes trying to pick up where I had left. Now for the coming hours, my pink sheets will form my office. I'm still unsure of my direction, of where I want to go, but instead of leading this text I have allowed myself to be led by it. And so, I grab again. I grab onto the thoughts I had on my bike, on the toilet, in the shower, while cooking. I grab onto the thoughts I spewed into a voice note I can barely stand listening to. And so, I thought: I have now spent too much time comparing Us; mud with the board; this institution; granite and don't want to continue doing so.

This institution; the institution of the state; neoliberalism pretends to be impressionable; changing. But they are not mud and will not be changed. Their hypocrisy hides itself behind a thin layer of pretend muddyness and is ungenerous to our footprints. It continuously refuses them. Now instead of only considering ourselves as mud I look at Sabrina Imbler and grab.

> "A dyke, according to geology, is a sheet of magma born in a fracture. Dykes are best understood as the veins of a volcano, coursing hot and varicose toward the surface to erupt. Because of this, dykes are always younger than the body of rock in which they've made their home. Born differently than the mother rock, they make their presence known in rebel coloration: black against white, striped against mottled, crystal against sand. Geologists consider dykes intrusive formations, in part because they were formed underground until exposed."[94]

When I read these words I start to think of this institution; the institution of the state; society as our mother rock in which we have made our home. But instead of morphing into it: swallowing, we erupt. When the Hypocrite try to hide and silence voices, we find each other and form new intrusive rock formations in beautiful

angry at how this deadline makes me feel so stressed I become paralyzed. I want to enjoy this writing process. For I believe in what we are doing. Doing collectively. Doing together. Writing through it. Because we need it. Because this school is suffocating us. Because I am suffocating and this writing was helping me breathe. Giving me oxygen. Giving me space to feel what is and must be felt. And Today that oxygen tank has been aggressively ripped out of my hands. But I am writing now. And with every word I'm typing, I am finding my way back; back to myself; back to Us; breathing.

94 Imbler, Dyke (geology), 5.

rebel colorations: we create banners, we write with markers in toilet stalls, we chant on the streets, we lock arms and become barricades.

For Us: Today, being Problem; Mud; Dyke is a fight for liberation. Necessarily.

And now this little girl has become the thorn in your eye, and she and I are fucking hoping the blood will stain your shirt when it runs down your cheek.

Commented [10]: It's Valentine's day, today

My dear friends,

this is where we write a conclusion, a goodbye, a see you again, a sense of hope (hopefully).

My dear friends,

it seems odd to say goodbye, maybe because it isn't really one, or at least it doesn't feel like it. It seems odd to say conclusion, maybe because it isn't really one, or at least it doesn't feel like it. I've thought a lot about what it means to say "conclusion", and so first I was confronted with the expectation we have been familiarized with through Academia, an expectation of a neat ending, of something that summarizes, lays out everything flatly and says: "This is it, this is everything. This is why and this is how. Here it is, here's the answer." But I have no intention of being neat, I have no desire to, I find it boring, and worst of all I find it untruthful. I find it untruthful to you; My dear friends, and to these words we have evoked together. Nothing about Today has been neat, but then again, working through rarely ever is.

My dear friends,

I keep having to make myself familiar with the text, as if it hadn't even sprung from my own mind, as if it hadn't all sprouted from the conversations we shared. Where I could assume to have already have found mutual understanding, where one could assume I would understand my own words, the text has always already taken on a life of its own and stares back at me, at Us, from the page. Reminding Us that a list of political red lines, a shared humor or even a shared romance don't yet make for common understanding. So, again and again, I must revisit the same text because it's never the same text anymore, already. Someone else, (another; you; I) has been in the document while I was gone, while I was elsewhere. My own, now old, words are surrounded by words of yours now, new words, that radically change the meaning of mine. Put it in question.
When at times I found myself lost in my own words, I left so that later I could come back. Then finding your words surrounding mine, helping me understand again. Understand anew. Proposing me an Otherwise. So, Now; Today, my words held by yours, or maybe yours held by mine. I'm not sure, and I can't go back and separate them into You and I. I can't go back into the text in order

to reverse the text, force it back into what the logical conclusion of our argument was five hundred or sixty-eight words ago, one year and two months ago. I can't do that, both because it's borderline impossible if not by use of sheer force against you who I am writing with, not against, but even more so because it's utterly boring. Not very courageous either. My own words have changed their meaning and all I can do, what I must do before I can write, is make myself familiar with the text again. Over and over again. Never take it for granted that I have a grip. In that sense the writing has become a commitment to something much larger than this text. In that sense, what I'm doing with the writing goes way beyond putting words on paper, concepts on thought, or narrative on experience. In that sense, the point I'm proving by *doing* the *writing* is one of not giving up even when my ultimate goal, writing truth, always feels like it's slipping from my fingers.

My dear friends,

if there's one thing we've been offered at the academy, it's been the opportunity to rent a room for rehearsal. Within the Left, student activism is quickly criticized as being too concerned with itself, with its easily reachable, immediate environment, thinking and acting on too small of a scale, and with too little of an internationalist understanding. Student activism operates on a small scale. It's true that students fight from the comfortable position of not having a job within the academy to lose, and often more time on their hands than your average worker (although many students are workers simultaneously).
Yet the structures students fight within this Academy are no different from the institution of the state. We're grateful for our time to rehearse, re-enact, and act. We owe none of that to the board, a lot of it to very few teachers, and all of it to the students who fight alongside Us. And in the sense of the performing arts, we propose to recognize the academy as a facility, a stage, a resource, and never a goal in itself. Use your access to printers, protection, workshops, time to work and use it for liberation. Write through it, write beyond it.

My dear friends,

when we make a sequence of movements with our tongue we make words: projecting them outwards. We are speaking, pleading, demanding, disagreeing, dissenting, creating. When I speak to you, I speak to myself. You as in I, as in We. If we must conclude, the sequence of movements we will make with our tongue shall be the sound of action. Action as in: words. Action as in: barricades. Action as in: Use hate, romance, and even irony, as tools to keep working through it. Use question marks, genuine ones and genuinely ironic ones, towards them, each other and yourself. Keep asking questions, even if that means you start questioning yourself. And if you've questioned yourself apart,

make sure to reassemble on the front line. Name the loss and work through it. On the other side you won't be met with peace of mind, but a world at war. When I speak to you, I speak to myself. You as in I, as in We.

My dear friends,

goodbye and hello. Let's meet again; Today. It is necessary.

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Met opmerkingen [34]: could it have been published posthumously - i saw there was a book of his writings published in 2018

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Met opmerkingen [106]: foot

Met opmerkingen [107]: you asked who or if there's a specific source: no, no specific source. but like there are dozens of theorists across architecture, philosophy, literature, cultural analysis in general, lit. analysis, who debate this. I dont think it's necessary or needed to refer to specific people here but just to state that its a contested term that people dont agree on

Met opmerkingen [108]: I do think its necesary still - even if that just means mentioning 2 or 3. And I don't think it necessitates explaining their exact stance, but just to reference something they wrote in wich this sentiment is exemplified

Met opmerkingen [109]: finds this confusing and is asking a sentence later for an example

Met opmerkingen [110]: "It silences romance, for it is simply well disguised cynicism."

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Commented [7]: [09:18] Because education is the most- a powerful weapon which we can use– [Crowd applauds]
[09:33] Which we can use in order to prepare our youth for their role as leaders of tomorrow.

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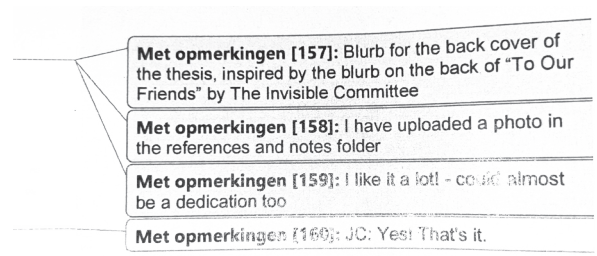

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Thesis supervisors
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Jasper Coppes at TXT department

Graphic design
Sasha Anguelovskaia
Sojourna Jon-Paul
Freja Nøhr Kristiansen
Annabel Steurs

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