

# THE TRUMPET

\* GROWTH  
I III

\* DDD STICKERS

\* DE HIPPIE  
DROOM

\* VOORSTEL  
VOOR EEN  
POST-  
APOCALYPTISCHE  
MYTHOLOGIE

\* REVELATIES  
PART I

\* NUTS & BOLTS

\* SPAN  
BO

\* VIBA  
USE  
MANUAL

\* VIBA

\* VIBA

\* VIBA AAN DE WERK

\* TEXT MAP OF ALTERNATIVE SPACES IN  
ROTTERDAM

REPORT OF \*  
A LECTURE BY  
ADRIENNE  
MAREE  
BROWN

OPERA \*  
LIBRETTO

A FEW LIFE \*  
ENHANCING  
ACTIVITIES  
DURING  
APOCALYPTIC  
CRISIS

SJALLOTJE  
ZUURPREI

PROGRAMMING \*  
THE GRAPEVINE

VIBA MANIFESTO \*

LOVE LETTER \*

HOSSEN \*

1



In his public conversation with us - the Voluntary Fire Brigade of the Apocalypse - in February 2020 at \*Varia Rotterdam\*, h.b. said that one shouldn't believe people who think that they are prepared for collapse, because the exact ways in which the actual collapse - of society, of infrastructures - will happen can't be predicted. Whoever prepares for the apocalypse with concrete measures, like preppers do, misses the point of the apocalypse. The apocalypse is apocalyptic because of its disruptiveness and unpredictability in most of its effects and details even if we can expect it to happen as such. Conventional prepping ultimately disacknowledges the apocalypse as what it is - that the apocalypse is an apocalypse -, because it pretends, just like in pre-collapse technocratic times, that any situation can be technically managed.

The challenge of collapse and apocalypse: it's a situation of radical contingency.\* The challenge for us, the Fire Brigade is, to embrace contingency, and see how we can make it joyful, playful and solidaric, instead of (a) freezing in horror, (b) pretending to have the solution or (c) looking out only for ourselves (like the Silicon Valley billionaires who are building bunkers in New Zealand).

We, the Fire Brigade of the Apocalypse, have to constantly learn this, too, and re-learn again and again. In our communications group, we initially ran into a prepper fallacy, assuming that the first thing to collapse in a larger collapse of systems would digital infrastructures including the Internet - since, just like a house of cards, they are layered on top of other high-level infrastructures like electricity and telecommunications. In the initial work of the group, we thought up, developed and tested playful alternative ways of networking and communication that don't depend on electricity, computing devices, telephones and the Internet. Then Covid-19 happened. The apocalypse had begun earlier than we may have thought. And h.b.'s prediction was correct: The systems that collapsed were not the ones that we had expected to. Electrical and digital systems continued to work, became even more central to people's lives, while face-to-face social interaction collapsed in the pandemic lockdown.

Does this mean that The Fire Brigade of the Apocalypse had been a flawed project from the beginning? Yes and no. Yes, in the sense that we don't provide any definite solutions, and maybe not even immediately usable help. But from our beginning, we had been very explicitly clear that our work was both serious and non-serious, earnest and playful. Being flawed, having shortcomings, and experiencing failures in our experiments, has always been part of the Fire Brigade of the Apocalypse.

Our work is \*not\* flawed if one understands it on a meta level; that is, not as concrete technical preparation and preemption of contingency, which is impossible. But as a collective exercise: How to deal, mentally and socially, with imminent and ongoing collapse? How to neither deny it, nor to explain it away? How to not prepare (as preppers do) for a seemingly expectable situation with a ready set of measures? But how to mentally and creatively prepare for unpredictability and radical contingency in general? Similar to undergoing a philosophical training course where, at the end of doing the work, one learns to throw away everything that one has learned?

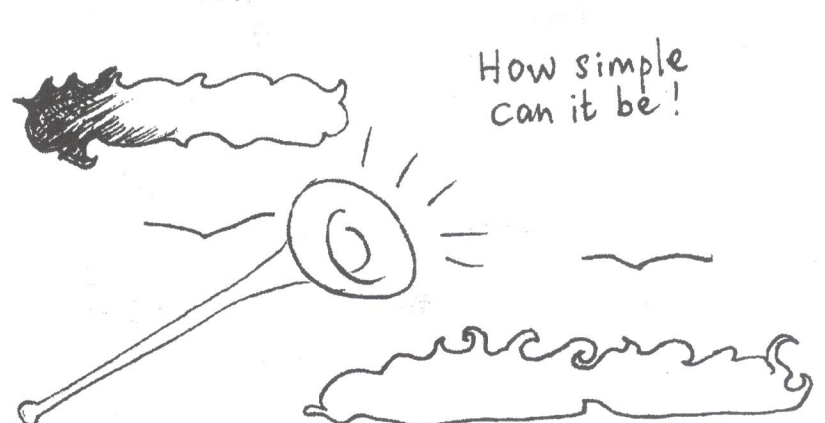
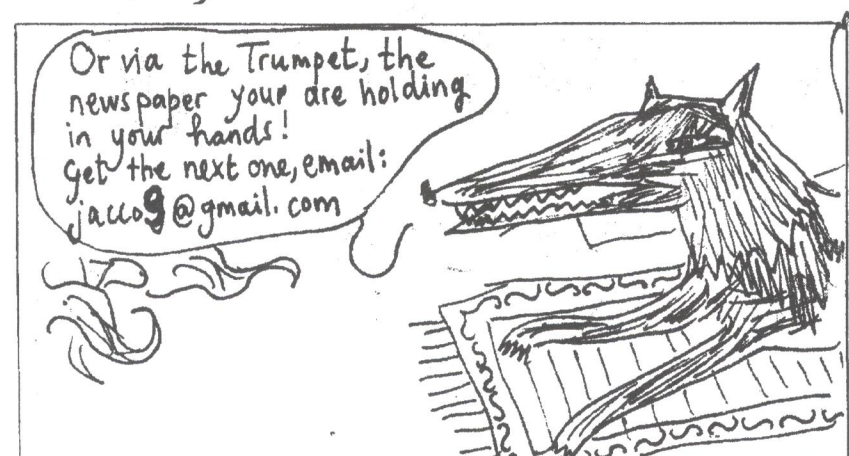
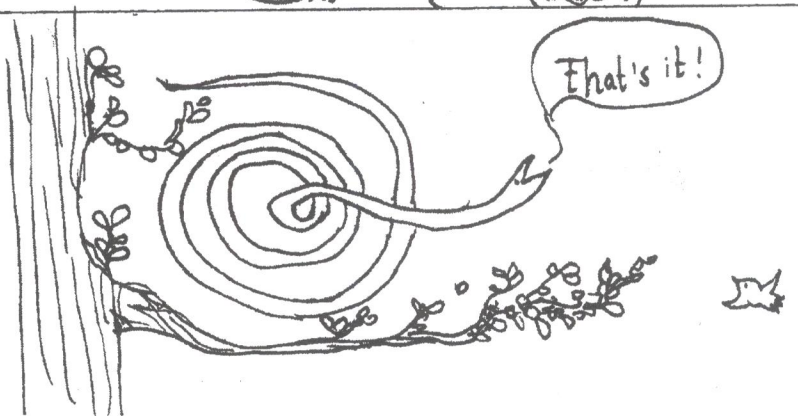
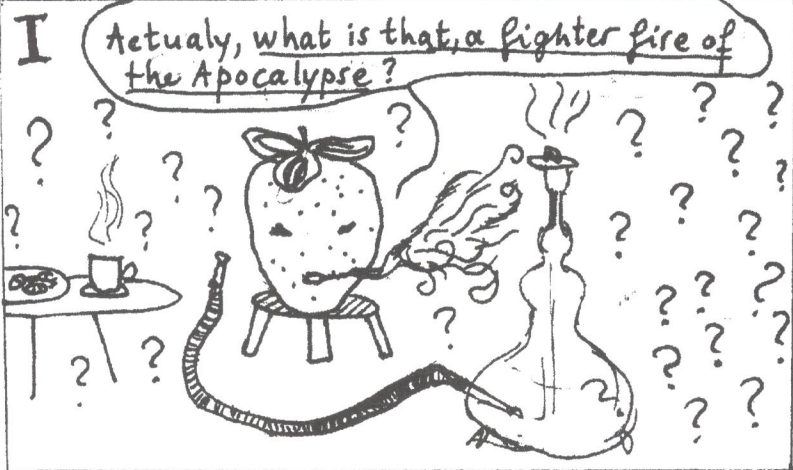
\* Etymology  
From Old French contingent, from Medieval Latin contingens ("possible, contingent"), present participle of contingere ("to touch, meet, attain to, happen"), from com- ("together") + tangere ("to touch").

Pronunciation  
IPA(key): /kənˈtɪŋ.dʒənt/  
Noun  
contingent (plural contingents)

An event which may or may not happen; that which is unforeseen, undetermined, or dependent on something future.  
Source: Wiktionary, <https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/contingent> #English, Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike License



# HOW TO USE THE FIRE BRIGADE





III

Cool! And if I want to  
investigate something?  
Or to say something  
to the all brigade?



Or you can  
contact the  
redaction of  
the Trumpet,  
jacco9@  
gmail.com,  
to design  
an all page of  
the newspaper

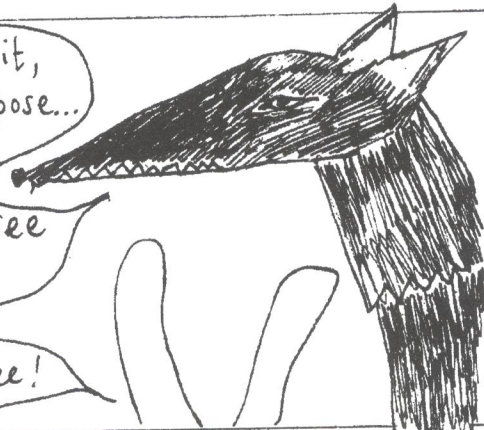


IV

But, what if I disagree  
with something I  
read?!

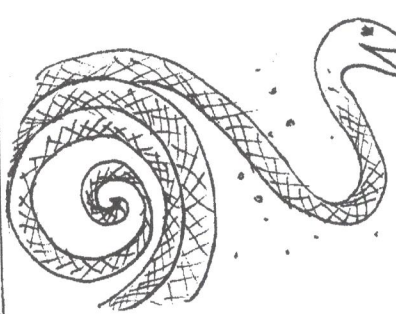
you can tell it,  
discuss and propose...  
I'm also not  
agreeing with  
all; but we agree  
to disagree...

I agree!



yes, if you are cartesian  
and I'm not, that is fine.  
you can decide for yourself  
what is right and  
wrong or if there  
is no right and  
wrong

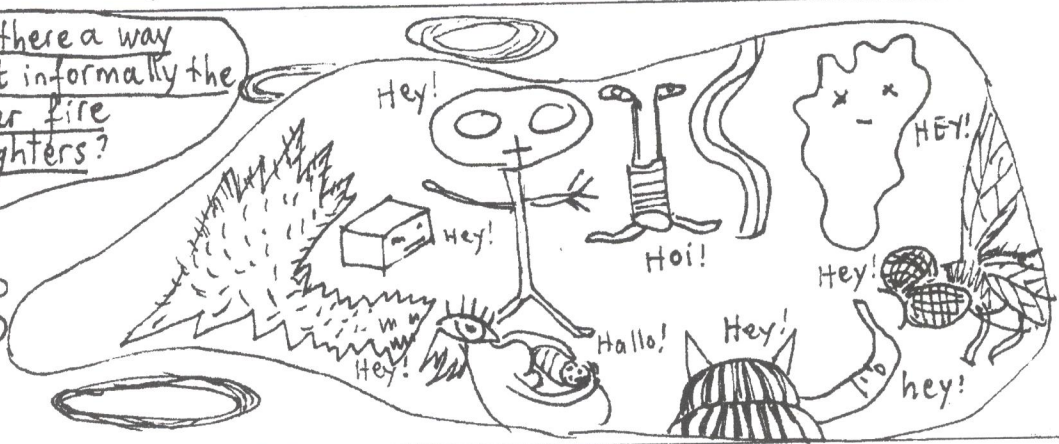
I'm ~~not~~ even  
always agreeing  
with  
myself!



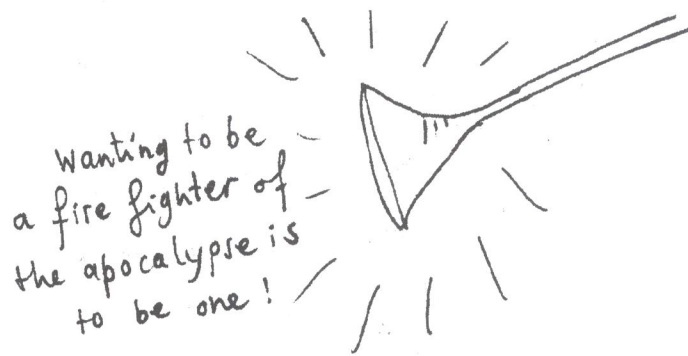
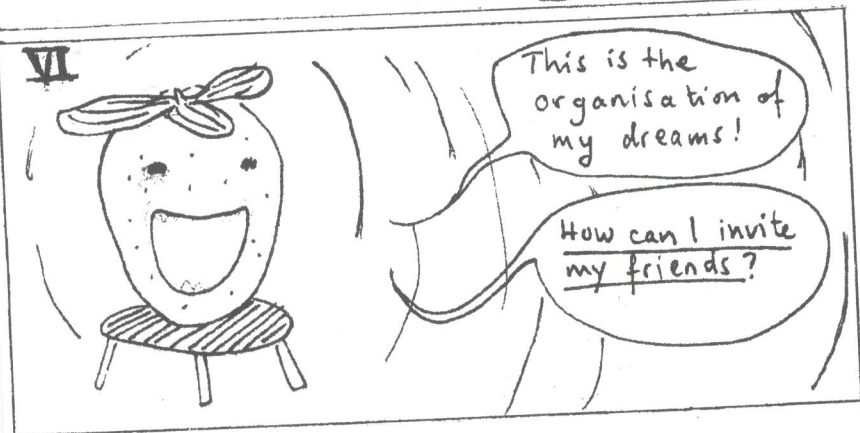
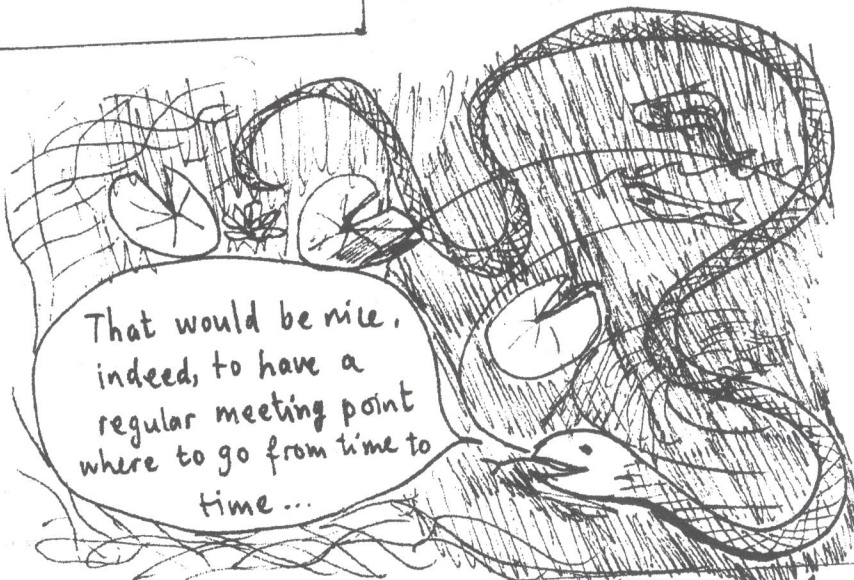
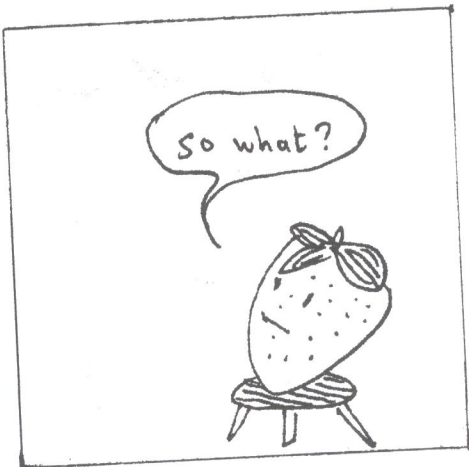
Express yourself  
and let other  
express...

V

And, is there a way  
to meet informally the  
other fire  
fighters?



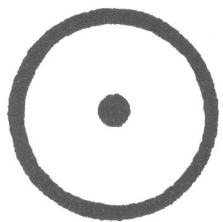






# A few life-enhancing activities during apocalyptic crisis ●

## Distancing



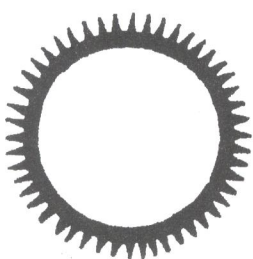
Distancing is the activity of withdrawing from the habitual course of things. Mentally. Within the outside world and within yourself. Distancing is needed in order not to be swept away on the tidal wave of unfolding apocalyptic events. Distancing means withdrawing from the seemingly inevitable. Distancing means stepping out of the march, drifting away from the current, jumping off the wagon. Distancing from the seemingly inevitable is nearing all that is also possible. Coming close to the possible can grow into becoming intimately connected to previously undetected freedom and autonomy.

## Locking down



Locking down is the mental activity whereby you guard your privacy. Close your eyes and feel. Your feeling will end at borders that are either close to your body or further away. Now check; if those borders are so far away that they become diffuse, gather them closer around you. If the borders are too near and feel suffocating, push them out a bit further. Now within those borders is your private sphere. Locking down means guarding the borders, being alert of what enters; news from all kind of sources, but especially electronic devices, words and sentences spoken by condescending and oppressive voices, billboards, posters, public idea, orders to do this and not do that. All things that can influence your feeling of privacy... And being alert of what flows out; words, feelings and activities that are undirected to a known recipient; so this means all activity on said electronic devices, pointless discussions with people that don't want to talk and exchange, activities in the public domain that have no specific purpose. This check can be done many times. Simple; do you feel your private sphere, with yourself smack, right in the middle?

## Lock-downing



Lock-downing is the mental activity whereby you are being aware of your own private sphere and the private sphere of the other, and, whilst keeping that awareness intact, rising above those bordered presences to meet the other. Lock-downing is literally downing the locks, while rising above them, to look the other person in the eye, to feel the other



persons radiance, to scan the other persons mood and state of being and thereby open up the possibility to be responsive to the person thus met. Lock-downing thereby opens a free realm where people can meet.

### Hygienic measures



Hygienic measures are often needed and in place during locking-down and lock-downing, since many outside influences will try to debilitate both life-enhancing activities. Taking hygienic measures therefore is the mental activity of alertness on any such outside influence trying to corrupt or change the pure locking-down and lock-downing activities. Is the feeling of your own private sphere purely your own, or is this sense of yourself directed by ideas, images or promises of punishment and reward coming from some outside power? Is the free realm of meeting the other invaded and colonized by any such outsider influence? Already the awareness of such unhygienic influences will have a cleansing effect on your own private sphere as well as on meeting the other.

### Quarantining



When the invading influence is particularly virulent and life-threatening, stronger measurements to stop those influences from running rampage are in place. In those cases where you feel the outside-influences out of control within your own private sphere, or in the realm where you can meet other people, quarantining them is the way to go. This requires very strong mental activity and can be very hard, because once the outside-influences need to be thus contained, they have become a real threat to your very existence. Real courage must be summoned. Fear must be overcome. Willpower must be gathered. Quarantining those destructive influences means rigorously isolating the means through which those influences enter your private-sphere and the free meeting-realm. Whether they be electronic devices, patronizing people, irrational rules and regulations, power-hungry officials or neighbors; draw a mental line around them and hold them on a tight leash. Like holding a wild animal at bay, you must exercise the weight of your awareness, so underneath it, the influences have no choice but to yield.



ON MEMORIES' MOON

On memories' Moon  
the workshift's regret  
decays as plaster out of the wall.

Document in hand, in sight  
pride of communist takeoff.

Sixteen thousand workers still happy  
the morning after have no teeth.

Canteen bell  
chiefs and proletarians in the front:  
the metallic voice doesn't cease.

The fasting's tribute  
fades away, light and dense  
in the blake of the smoke.

And so we were  
stubborn workers  
in being by the Moon  
released.

March 2020

Albania

johannes equixi



# De Hippië Droom

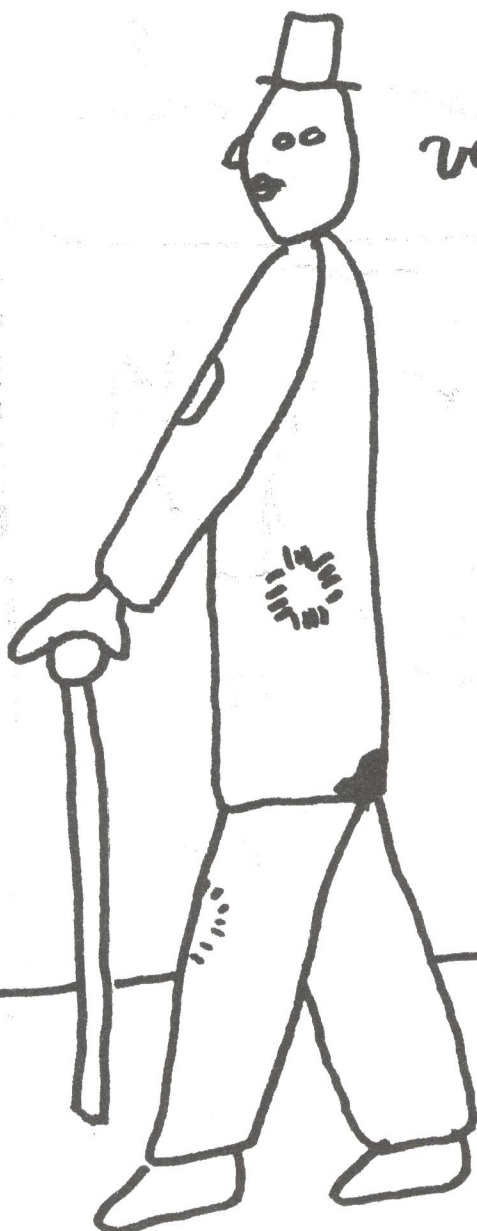
visioenen en gelijkenissen





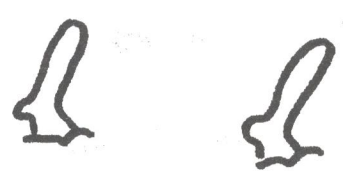
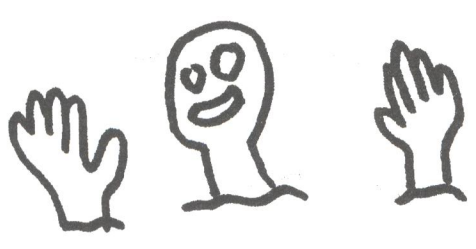
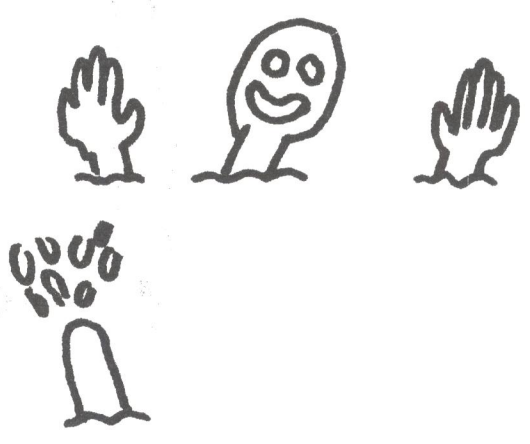
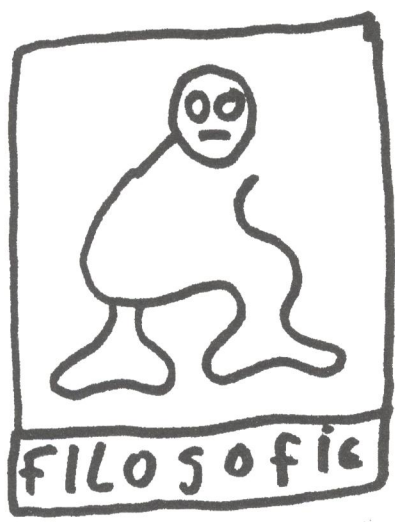


De hongerde  
arbeider



vermaupende  
dandy







# EEN STRAATMAOELIEF

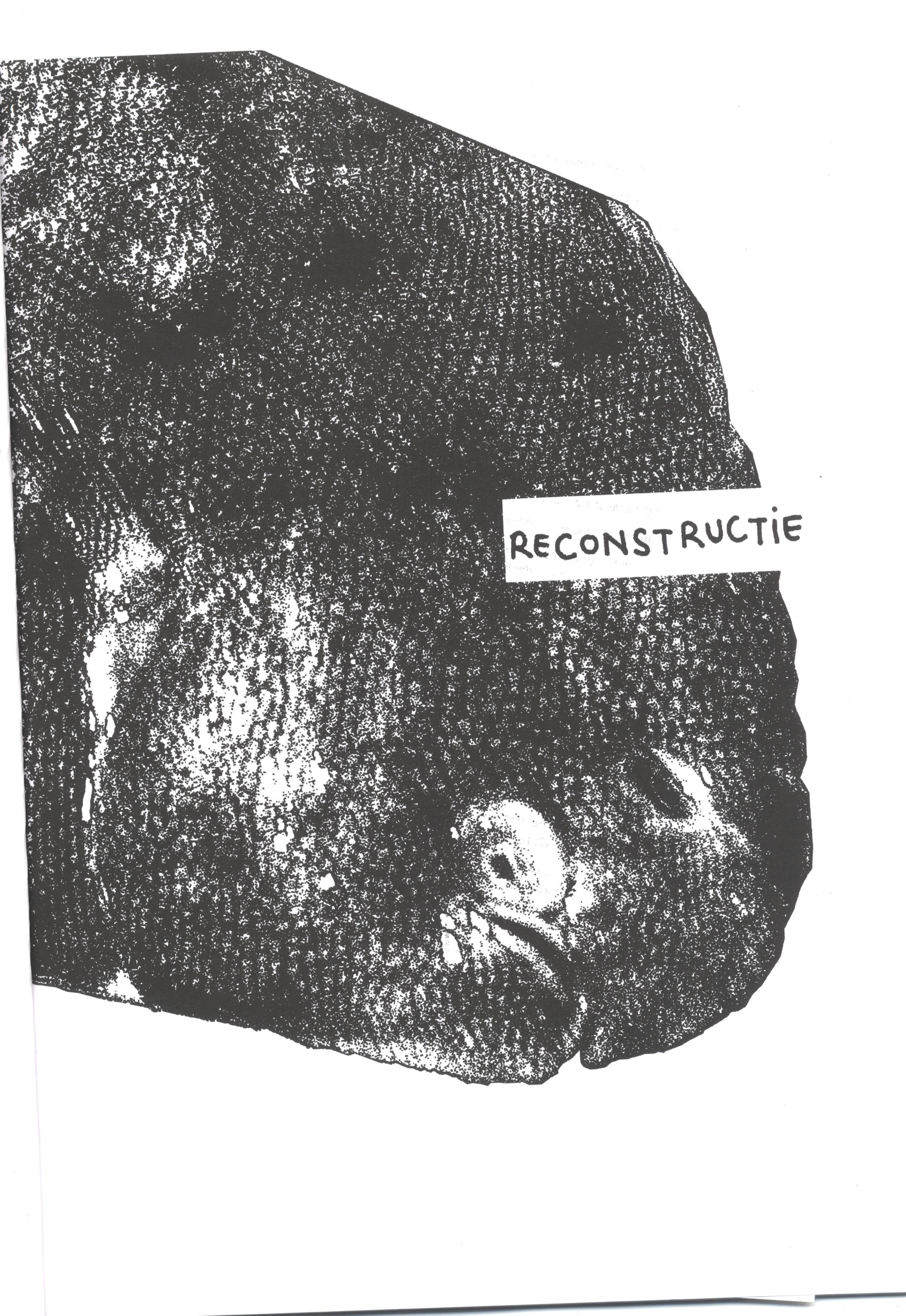


wij, het volk, zullen opstaan en iedereen  
vernietigen die voor ons heeft proberen te zieleken

Allen dat uit ons voort is gekomen, maar ons  
heeft verlaten

En wiens verbeelding een mat aftreksel  
van onze realiteit is geworden





RECONSTRUCTIE



06:30 / Wekker gaat en ik vraag mij af waarom het gisteravond een goed idee leek zo vroeg op te staan voor een strand wandeling.

Uit bed/ snelle kleren / thermoskan, mandarijntjes.

Auto in/ vrrroem / parking Het Zwarte Pad.

Wat opviel: Twee mannen, ervaren strandbezoekers met een fietskar in de hand lopend richting strand.

Ze zijn op iets voorbereid maar op wat?

Frisse wind / golfslag/ wakker worden.

Weer de twee mannen. Één in de zee, wetsuit aan en de ander droog aan land.

Er wordt een net uit het water getrokken. In het voorbijgaan zie ik wat glinsteren.

Twee grote vissen onbeweeglijk in het net.

Verderop/ zand tussen de tenen / rustig plekje/ kleren uit.

Langzaam in de zee verdwijnen.

Scherpe wind op natte huid / oneindige ruimte / vrijheid.

Terugweg.

Blootsvoets langs de branding.

Een vis kijkt omhoog, beweegt niet.

Van de vissers? Vergeten? Met opzet achtergelaten? Dood? Hij kijkt nog zo fris.

Glibberig, zonder geur, ziet er eetbaar uit. Een schol? Best lekker.

Wauw, zomaar een vis tegenkomen. Wel/Niet meenemen?

Met de vis in de hand lopend over het strand.

Auto in/ vrrroem / parking / weer thuis.

Internet zegt: Noordzee Tong

*"Tong behoort tot een der best smakende vissoorten ter wereld.*

*Haar smaak is uniek, verfijnd en is met recht een streling voor de tong."*

Toe maar.

Beter een paar dagen dood dan vers, schijnt.

Dus tong opbaren in de koelkast.

Drie dagen later / zijn ogen zijn ingezakt.

Computer / Hoe bereid ik zeetong? / Zoek.

Goed filmpje gevonden, aan de slag.

Huid er af/ hoofd eraf/ ingewanden verwijderen.

Mooie huid/ bruine rug/ parelmoer buik.

Ooit had Daina, hond van Raimond, een konijn gevangen in het Kralingsebos.

Mark uit Ierland wist hoe je deze moest villen en ik kende een goed recept dus het konijn ging mee.

Zijn huid had ik toen gelooit. Misschien kan het ook met vishuid.

Genoeg tutorials op YouTube/gaan we doen.

Hoofd en ingewanden kan ik ook niet weggooien. Oneerbiedig voelt dat.

Terug in de koelkast / wordt vervolgd.

En nu bakken.

Eerst nog wantrouwig proeven /ruiken.

*"Van het strand geraapte Tongfilet."*

*Om de smaak van deze delicate vis het best tot zijn recht te laten komen wordt*

*bij dit gerecht de vis enkel in olijfolie gebakken en zonder enige garnituur geserveerd.*

De lekkerste ooit.

Epiloog

Terug naar de Noordzee.

Met een bakkie restanten in de hand, wandelend over het strand,



# LOVE LETTER

The Fire Brigade of the Apocalypse: a purpose **to get away from art & other prisons**, build **open situations** which permit anybody to contribute, act, react, destroy.

We test & train our/your **mental & physical condition and give therapy** to both.

~~Like the armed forces of world powers, ministries of finance, traders, parties & terrorists~~ we also stand alert to **change the world.**

We are for perpetual change & **WE LOVE YOU**

The Fire Brigade of the Apocalypse, Rotterdam

Les pompiers de l'apocalypse: une intention pour **s'évader de l'art et des autres prisons; situation ouverte** permettant à toute personne de participer, d'agir, de reagir, de detruire.

Nous testons et entrainons notre/votre **condition physique et psychologique et nous avons de thérapies** pour guérir leurs maux.

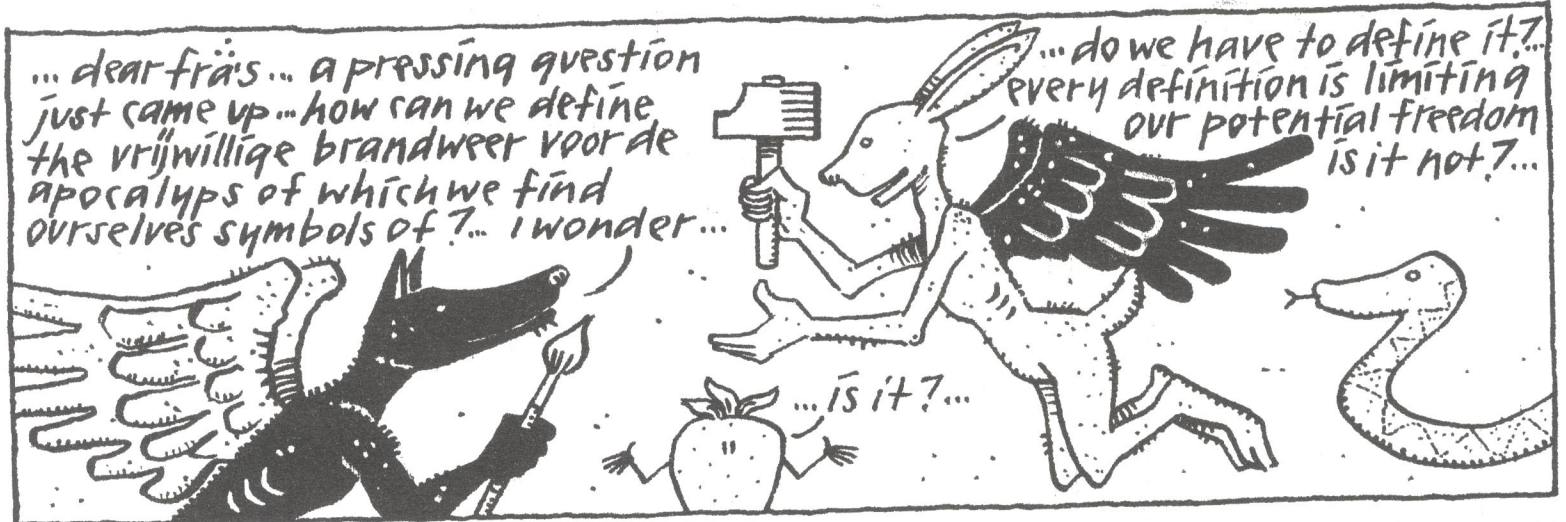
~~Tout comme les forces armées des grandes puissances, comme les ministères des Finances, comme les marchands, les hommes de parti, les terroristes, nous restons en état d'alerte afin de~~ **changer le monde.**

Nous sommes pour le changement perpétuel

et **nous vous aimons.**

Les pompiers de l'apocalypse, Rotterdam

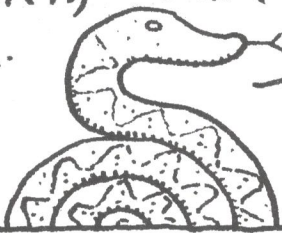




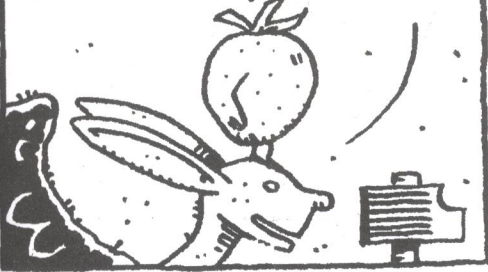


# A P O C A L Y P S H O W ?

...well...let's give it a try...could our goal be to create - besides a physical and a mental space - also and at the same time a spiritual free realm within or outside this locked-in apocalyptic society we are forced to live in - so that we can actually be independent?...



...but what do we mean by a 'spiritual' space? doesn't that sound a bit new age-like?...



...we can call it an 'inspiring space' if we like...

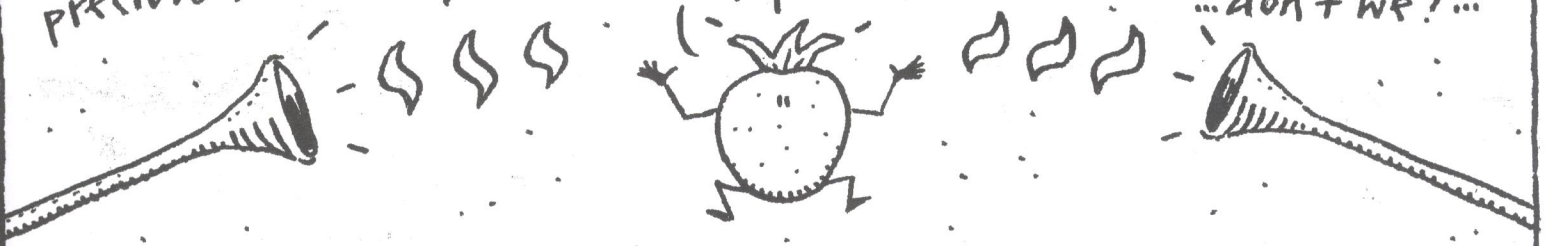
...it is the same word after all - isn't it?...



...ah...I see...but what is this space for? why do we need it?...

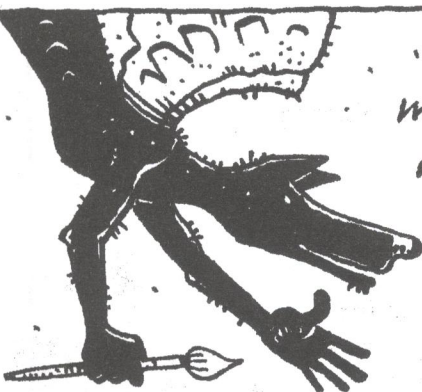


...well...maybe in times of stress and confusion - when cultural and political repression and collective stupidity are destroying our surrounding environment - our artistic habitat and our precious autonomy - we need a space where we can dwell undisturbed... don't we?...



...you mean physically - mentally - psychologically and - again - spiritually... don't you?...

...I think I do... don't I?...

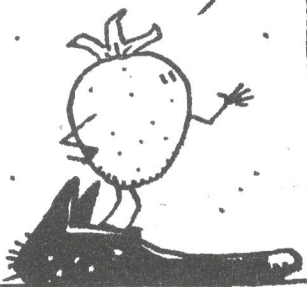


...and individually or as a group that is?...





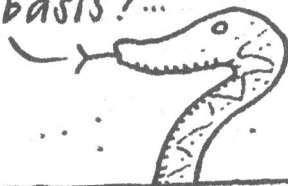
... could be both  
could it not?...



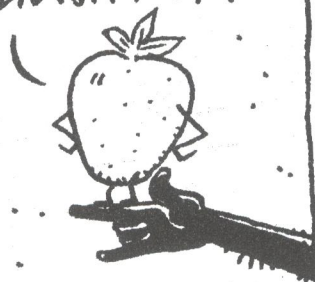
...then what sort  
of community  
are we talking  
about?...



... maybe a gathering  
of kind and  
supportive  
individuals  
on an equal and  
of course voluntary  
basis?...



... sounds good  
doesn't it?...



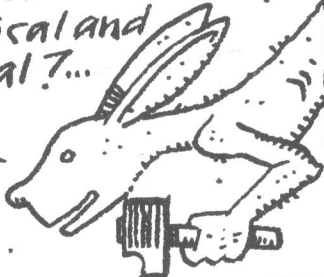
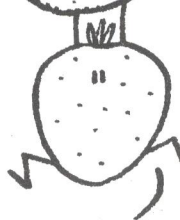
... do we need some kind of  
structure for this?...

... an organic structure of course...  
... so everything is and  
above all stays  
possible?...

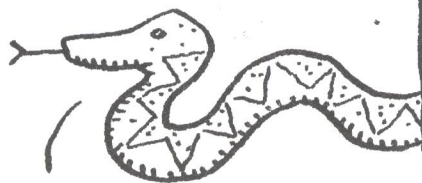
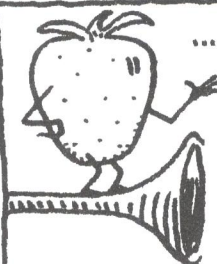


... yes - within which all  
possibilities stay indeed  
possible - political - social -  
artistic - cultural -  
philosophical and  
nonsensical?...

... a structure  
of no-structure  
you mean?...



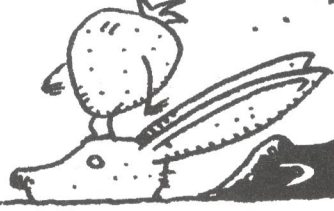
... do we need an ideology  
for this?...



... a non-ideological  
ideology  
perhaps?...



... what about an alertness for  
an undefined and ever changing  
stream of creativity?...



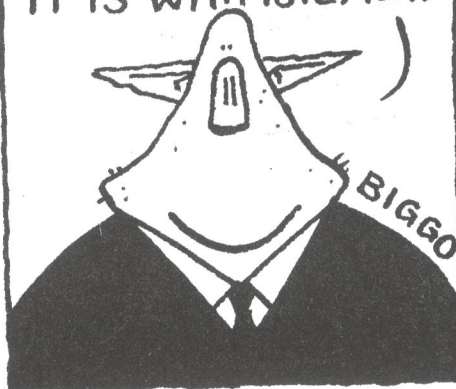
... so everyone can be  
an active voluntary  
firebrigadists at  
anytime?...



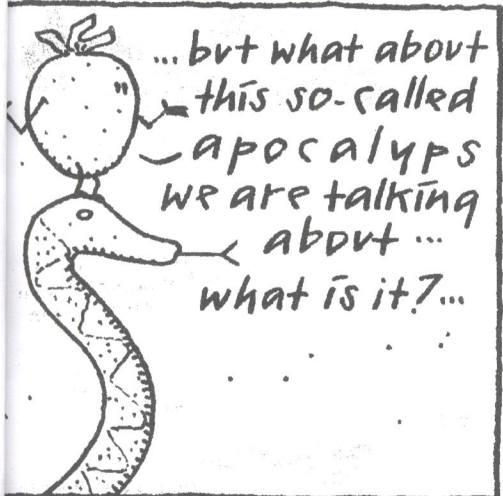
... when they choose  
to - and thereby -  
support and  
involvement  
are activities  
also - are they not?...



PLEASE STOP READING  
THIS RUBBISH!  
IT IS WHIMSICAL!!

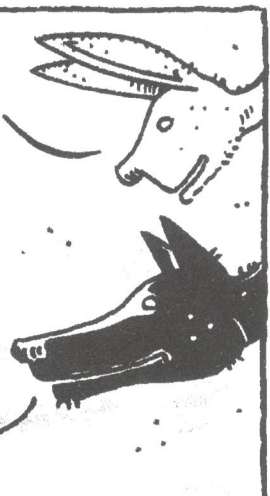






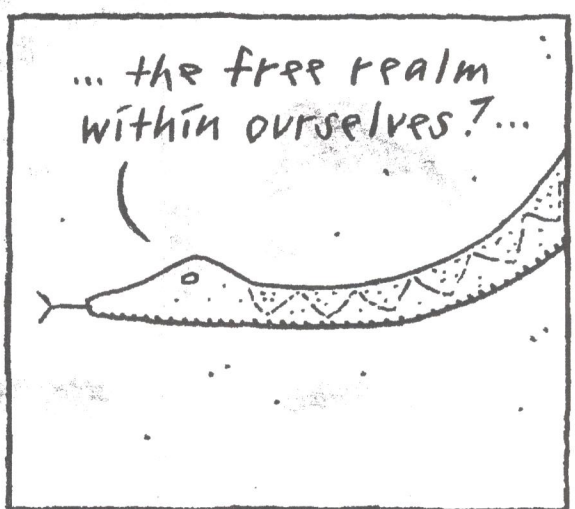
...but what about  
this so-called  
apocalyps  
we are talking  
about ...  
what is it?...

... well ... maybe it is a great  
opportunity - after all reality  
is showing itself ... is it not? ...  
... apocalyps literally means  
'revelation' - so there is a big  
chance to become aware of  
essentials as good and evil  
in a manichean sort of way ...  
... not so? ...

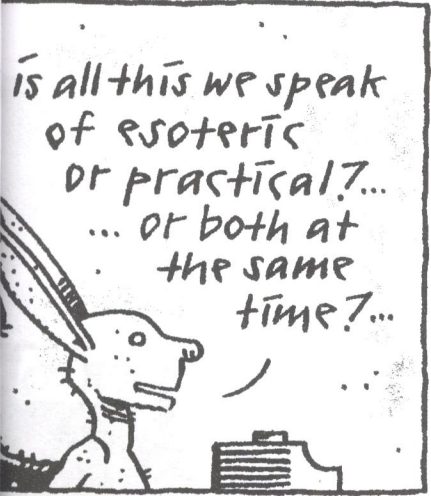


... but it is also a time  
of destruction  
isn't it? ...

... it looks like it indeed ...  
but the thing is to be - and  
stay - undisturbed by it ... and  
to preserve our autonomy and mind  
of our own under any  
circumstances ... not so? ...



... the free realm  
within ourselves? ...



is all this we speak  
of esoteric  
or practical? ...  
... or both at  
the same  
time? ...



... is it perhaps taoist?  
... or zen? ... or christian?  
... or anarchist? ...  
... or  
avantgarde  
even? ...



... or just plain  
human -  
untouched  
by collective  
mainstream  
madness? ...



do we now have our  
refinition of the  
jwillige brandweer  
or de apocalyps? ...  
... just an inspiring  
conversation  
about it in our self  
created spiritual  
realm? ...

... is this a  
manifesto? ...  
... a meditation maybe? ...

... or just a comic? ...

... OR A NEW BEGINNING? ...



Begin 1998 vroegen het Nederlands Centrum voor Volkscultuur en Immaterieel Erfgoed, het Meertens Instituut en het Nederlands Openluchtmuseum alle inwoners van Nederland om op te schrijven hoe zij deze dag hebben doorgebracht. Dit initiatief kreeg de naam Brieven aan de Toekomst en meer dan 50.000 mensen reageerden. Al die bijdragen vormen een brievenarchief over het dagelijks leven van Nederlanders op 15 mei 1998.

# Brieven aan de Toekomst: het is mooi weer op 15 mei 1998

'Schrijf je leven is op'

Het is begin 2019 en de eerste keer dat psychiater Albert Batalla in het kader van een euthanasieverzoek is gevraagd om een second opinion. Meteen krijgt hij een opmerkelijke casus voorgelegd. De man, een dertiger, heeft volgens de verwijsbrief last van psychotische hallucinaties: al acht jaar lang zitten er Sinterklaasliedjes in zijn hoofd.

Daar wordt aan de deur geklopt / Hard geklopt, zacht geklopt / Daar wordt aan de deur geklopt / Wie zou dat zijn?

**MetroCard**  
Single Ride  
No subway - bus transfer  
Valid only within 2 hours  
of purchase

## Geschiedenis van de niertransplantatie

De eerste pogingen in 1905 een nier te transplanteren, faalden door afstoting van de ontvangen nier. De medische wetenschap had nog niet voldoende kennis om de afstotingsverschijnselen en infecties tegen te gaan. Het lukte de latere Nobelprijswinnaar Joseph Murray in 1954 te Boston wel de eerste succesvolle niertransplantatie uit te voeren. De getransplanteerde ontving een nier van zijn gezonde eenelinge tweelingbroer.[1] Op 31 oktober 2012 werd er live een operatie uitgezonden door Omroep Max. Hierin kon de kijker live getransplanteerd



heb al weken een ondraaglijke zij  
dit drankje dat ik kocht op station  
Osnabruck, tis nergens te krijgen  
NL dus heb 3 dozijn  
besteld via internet.

'All of the places we've been down'

## Angst voor grondwatervervuiling & aardgasverspilling

Hij legde me uit dat ook hij er niets van snapt. Nederlandse boeren zijn verplicht een deel van hun bemesting met kunstmest te doen. 25% van het Nederlandse aardgas voor industrieel verbruik, zegt hij, gaat op aan het maken van kunstmest. Dat kost dus een berg energie, terwijl we de stront gewoon in huis hebben, ook al is het nog altijd wat teveel van het goede.



de naam Brieven aan de Toekomst en meer dan 50.000 mensen reageerden. Al die bijdragen vormen een brievenarchief over het dagelijks leven van Nederlanders op 15 mei 1998.

mei 1998

'Schrijf je leven is op'

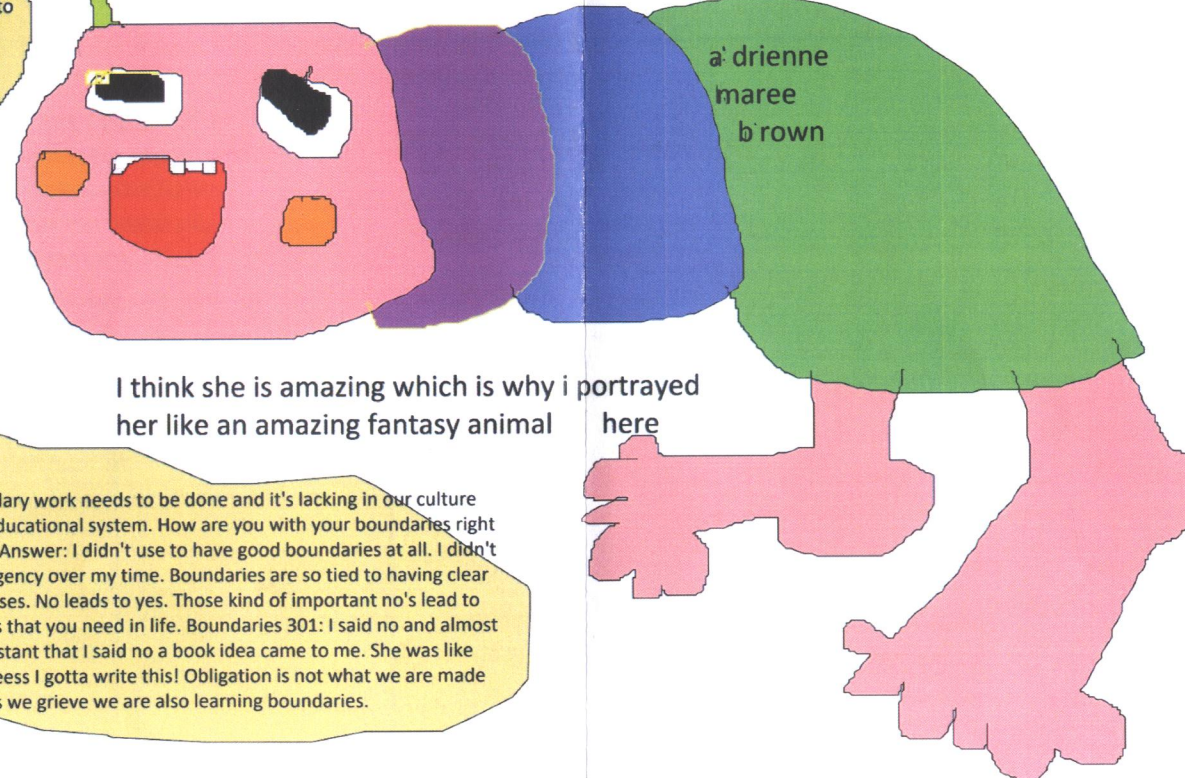
Het is begin 2019 en de eerste keer dat psychiater Albert Batalla in het kader van een euthanasieverzoek is gevraagd om een second opinion. Meteen krijgt hij een opmerkelijke casus voorgelegd. De man, een dertiger, heeft volgens de verwijsbrief last van psychotische hallucinaties: al acht jaar lang zitten er Sinterklaasliedjes in zijn

MetroCard  
single ride  
one hour

Lecture time! A lecture by  
the beautiful amazing

Pleasure: in love with someone who came to a book event. My pleasure was about learning new ways to love. "I need to be met here. Can you" Family pleasure. We'd watch tv and eat food in the living room. So simple but profound, the pleasure of being with people as they are. I don't have to be angry, I can just be grateful. A piece on grieving: grief is gratitude and you don't have to wait until a person is dead to be able to offer them this gratitude. I've been very loving lately because of the closeness of death. Nobody in my life does not know I don't love them a lot.

What does ancestral work mean for you? It goes beyond the bloodline right? Answer: Yes. I have my bloodline ofc but I wanna claim octavia butler and all these black women in the history and I want the ancestors that learned to read while they weren't allowed to. I've been living with all these ancestors on my back. My best writing comes channeled through my ancestors. She has an ancestor alter. We need help from beyond our knowing so I started pulling tarot cards. People started saying I also pulled that card on that day. Some of my ancestors are assholes. I'm not here to live their lives,



I think she is amazing which is why i portrayed  
her like an amazing fantasy animal  
here

when you study with a group of  
beginners...

it is hard. it is scary. It is crazy to be with a  
group of people who feel themselves  
participating in capitalism. Your life is  
valuable without producing things. The  
world is a dumpsterfire shitshow. Let's  
center.

Her idea of magic and miracles: It's just science. The way I tune into magic is by turning into nature. Have you really watched an octopus? "sometimes it's helpfull to create an illusion of solidarity" love the magic of the living world.

We can choose to show up with our most available self. Give a little bit, show that you care. Center to get out of this "things are messed up" feeling. What does safety mean? I need people to be embodied, I need to know what their politics are etc. How do you create a safer space? Answer: I've been trying to create safe spaces, but always something harmful happens. It's when we each are here to make mistakes and we are able to be corrected when we make one. We avoid a perfect space. How do I create enough relationship in a space so that people can be together? Let's be heart to heart to each other, tell me your love story, your superpower.

If we're trying to undo white supremacy how do we know we are satisfied? We have to ask ourselves because we have to know how do we create a satisfied society?

When harm happens in the space we don't want to pretend it didn't happen. We don't wanna exclude them. Dolphin metaphor: one person says it, this means it's in the water. Invite this behaviour out of the shadow. Asking the question: can we change? Do you believe we can change?

Recenter from dissociation: allow yourself to feel the full spectrum of your emotions. an emotion is like a tunnel you get stuck or you go through.

Nowadays we live in a world where we mainly live online and there is a lot of emotions of rage here. there is a lot of shaming and calling out. What is your opinion about it? And advice on how to deal with this. Answer: I wrote a book about it! (Meike: Restorative justice > cancel culture.) We need boundaries and we don't know how to ask for them. So we cancel. Some people need to go to the person and break down why they are doing harm. "You cause harm to me I don't wanna have to see you again" is a legit boundary. Mariame kaba is one of her main teachers beyond survival is a history of restorative justice. Change our behaviour online. It's very tempting to jump in and cancel someone. But it's not effective.

Boundary work needs to be done and it's lacking in our culture and educational system. How are you with your boundaries right now? Answer: I didn't use to have good boundaries at all. I didn't feel agency over my time. Boundaries are so tied to having clear purposes. No leads to yes. Those kind of important no's lead to yesses that you need in life. Boundaries 301: I said no and almost the instant that I said no a book idea came to me. She was like hell yees I gotta write this! Obligation is not what we are made for. As we grieve we are also learning boundaries.

Detroit, Michigan is  
a delicious state. White  
nationalists are around.  
This feeling of danger  
when I leave my home  
comes up automatically  
because  
people are  
shot here all the time.

I'm an interracial child,  
my mother is white my  
father is black.

How do we harvest and  
transform what is happening  
in the material world?  
I have a couple of circles. I do tarot  
kards and i cast spells. I am a big moon witch.  
If I was indigenuous I might not have been I love the moon. It is a daily part of my life.

I like everything to be without  
capital letters. I like to  
capitalize things that do feel  
important, like Byoncé! I like  
to write as I speak. There is  
nothing about the way I say  
my name that would imply  
capitals.

adrienne is the author of the NY Times Bestseller Pleasure Activism: The Politics of Feeling Good, the radical self/planet help book Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds published by AK Press in 2017. She is also the co-editor of the anthology Octavia's Brood: Science Fiction from So Justice Movements with Walidah Imarisha, published by AK Press in 2015. She has helped to cultivate work and thinking about Octavia Butler and Emergent Strategy, gathering a loose knit global network of people interested in reading Octavia's work from a political and strategic framework.

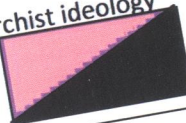


de reeks,

# SJALLOTT ZUURPREI'S AVONTUREN

initiatives places and activities that overlap with...  
Anarchism! In Rotterdam 2020 pandemic times

or Anarchist ideology



*cute list of*  
Places that organise cool stuff  
really great amazing  
Also stuff that happens... :)

made by anonymous person with  
contributions from more anonymous people



Red (for socialism) and black (for anarchism) is the flag of anarcho-syndicalism. Anarcho-syndicalists view revolutionary industrial unionism (or syndicalism) as a method for workers in a capitalist society to gain control of an economy and, with that control, influence broader society. They see capitalism as a system of inequality that exploits both human and natural resources.

add what you like to add if you know more  
The initiatives and places written here are not anarchist run! They're just initiatives and places where you may encounter an anarchist.

also: things an anarchist may do

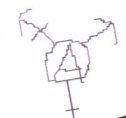


some anarchists think the corona guidelines are super important and some think it's a fake virus

Pink (for LGBTQ) and black (for anarchism) is the flag of queer anarchism. The anarcho-queer advocates anarchism and social revolution as a means of homosexual, bisexual and transsexual liberation and abolition of homophobia, lesbophobia, transmisogyny, biphobia, transphobia, heteronormativity, heterosexism, patriarchy and the gender binary.

Tender Center  
Klauw collective  
Anarcho-feminist book club  
Lesbian book club

making safe spaces  
achter de ramen



relationship anarchy!

who knows who spreads this sticker around Rotterdam? I like it



Abortus kliniek acties against  
Anti-choice christians

BLM protests!

Poortgebouw clotheswap

Worm's pirate bay  
is a nice archive  
full of inspiration

BLM movement  
KOZP



Showroom MAMA  
has been used for quite some stuff this summer  
Lectures, lectures, lectures  
to gather information

Nice, welcoming neighborhood community centers:  
Goud in Oude Noorden  
Het Klooster at Afrikaanderplein

Leeszaal West  
Blaak library

Bond Precaire  
Woonvormen  
Kraakspreekuur  
Rotterdam

sharing dumpstered stuff  
with each other  
bikeworkshop  
oude noorden

guerilla cinema  
illegal raves

martial arts  
self-defense training

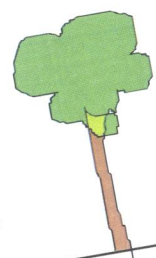
random noisy bike  
rides reclaiming the  
city

cultuurwerkplaats eetcafé

exploiting the university  
give-away closets in  
the streets

Dumpsterdiving!

creating community



guerilla gardening  
seedbombs

occupying a tree

Woodstone kugelblitz  
printshop

the things under this line are more dangerous to visit/ be a part of

illegal raves

Protest at detention center Zestienhoven

protest against nazis

squatting!

symbolic action  
direct action

bannerdrops/ doing graffiti/ putting stickers on the street/ putting posters on the street  
small vandalism ideas: destroying chocolate zwarte pieten in the supermarkets

important



Green (for nature) and black (for anarchism) is the flag of eco-anarchism. Eco-anarchists extend anarchist ideology beyond class struggle to include a critique of interactions between humans and the world around them, their goals being not only lasting liberty, equality and solidarity but also long-term environmental sustainability. Also green anarchism is about anti-speciesism and about opposing all forms of hierarchy and not limiting it to humans.

BioBulkBende every 1st monday  
of the month!

Stichting Groengood owns several gardens in Rotterdam!  
Vredestuin  
de Voedseltuin

If you don't use a smartphone, good for you! If you do, signal is a nice alternative for whatsapp.

Nice websites:  
squat.net  
indymedia.nl

these are the obvious ones. Indymedia is checked by the police regularly so it's not the nicest option to post on actually.

also nice:  
blackblogs.org  
noblogs.org  
riseup.net  
disroot.org

The best place to get stickers and zines is the food not bombs action on sunday! 17:00-18:00 at Pijnackerplein

daar staan ze allemaal



Jit de reeks,

# SJALLOTJE ZUURPREI'S AVONTUREN

## Hoofdstuk 2. Breien

Zo liep hij nog drie weken door. En het bleef maar regenen. Eindelijk kwam hij iemand tegen. Het was een terrorist die zojuist een zelfgebrouwen biertje naar binnen had geslurpt. Hij keek erbij alsof het hem slecht bevalen was.

Sjallotje besloot hem toch aan te spreken. Al dat eenzame geloop in de regen was hem in de koude kleren gaan zitten.

Wat een mooi bomvest heeft U aan!

Vindt U... ik heb het zelf gebreid...

Dat kan je wel zien... het zit er in de details... dat ontbreekt bij al die fabrieksproducten... gebruikt U hier de madeliefsteek?

Onder andere, onder andere... zo' n vest maak je maar 1 keer natuurlijk... dus ik heb flink uitpakkt... de ruitsteek, de gevallen steek, de mandsteek, de bobbelsteek, de valse patentsteek... als U goed kijkt ziet U ze allemaal langskomen...

Sjallotje ging er eens goed voor zitten.

Een monnikenwerk! Hoe lang heeft U hier niet over gedaan?

Een maand of drie...

Nou, mijn complimenten hoor...

Aardig dat het U opvalt... de meeste mensen lopen gillend weg als ze me aan zien komen...

Ach, U heeft niet voor de gemakkelijke weg gekozen... ik zou me er maar niets van aantrekken...

De terrorist glimlachte. Met een warm hart trok hij aan het touwtje dat onder zijn rechteroksel bungelde. Er gebeurde niets.

Het is de regen zei Sjallotje Zuurprei, maakt U zich geen zorgen, na regen komt zonneschijn.

Denkt U? sprak de betouterde terrorist.

Ik weet het zeker! Maar mag ik U nog 1 vraag stellen voordat ik verder ga?

Een tweede vraag mag ook.

Goed, stak Sjallotje Zuurprei van wal, hoe zit dat met die 72 maagden? Stel U komt in het paradijs en daar staan ze allemaal keurig op een rij op u te wachten. Wat moet U er dan mee?

Tsja, ik neem aan dat ze van breien houden, net als ik...

Hrftrrr zei Sjallotje Zuurprei.

De regen was opgehouden, Sjallotje maakte dat hij wegkwam. Hij was al vier heuvels overgetrokken toen hij in de verte een luide explosie hoorde.

Op naar het grote breifestival in de hemel, mompelde hij.

















# PETITES ANNONCES

Wanted: memories.

For more information please contact the editors of SAGO, International Memory Magazine via [sagomemories@gmail.com](mailto:sagomemories@gmail.com).

Bushcraft basic lesson. Starting in april. Info: 06 37 30 80 27

Interested in finding a common garden to grow vegetable? > [vfba@riseup.net](mailto:vfba@riseup.net)

The weed walks: looking around in Rotterdam to see what we can use. To get on the signal group contact: [mariette@worm.org](mailto:mariette@worm.org)

Save the Forests!

The European Union might issue a law to block products related to mass destruction of forests like in the Amazon area. Sign the petition to support and accelerate this law here:

<https://www.wwf.nl/kom-in-actie/bosserwet>

We look for chorus singers for the opera... able to sing, or not. contact: [charlotte@woodstonekugelblitz.org](mailto:charlotte@woodstonekugelblitz.org)

Futur Musique instrument construction anthology zine. #3 out now. back issues available. 3 euries a piece. mail: [teun@woodstonekugelblitz.org](mailto:teun@woodstonekugelblitz.org)

Nieuwe ep van de fanfare voor vooruitstrevende volksmuziek. Vijf euro en vier postzegels naar spewerstraat 1b/Rotterdam

I'm looking for carpooling on wednesday direction Amersfoort. contact: 06 450 90 451

Voor wie het nodig heeft en voor de gezelligheid: Gratis eten ophalen /// Free food take-away

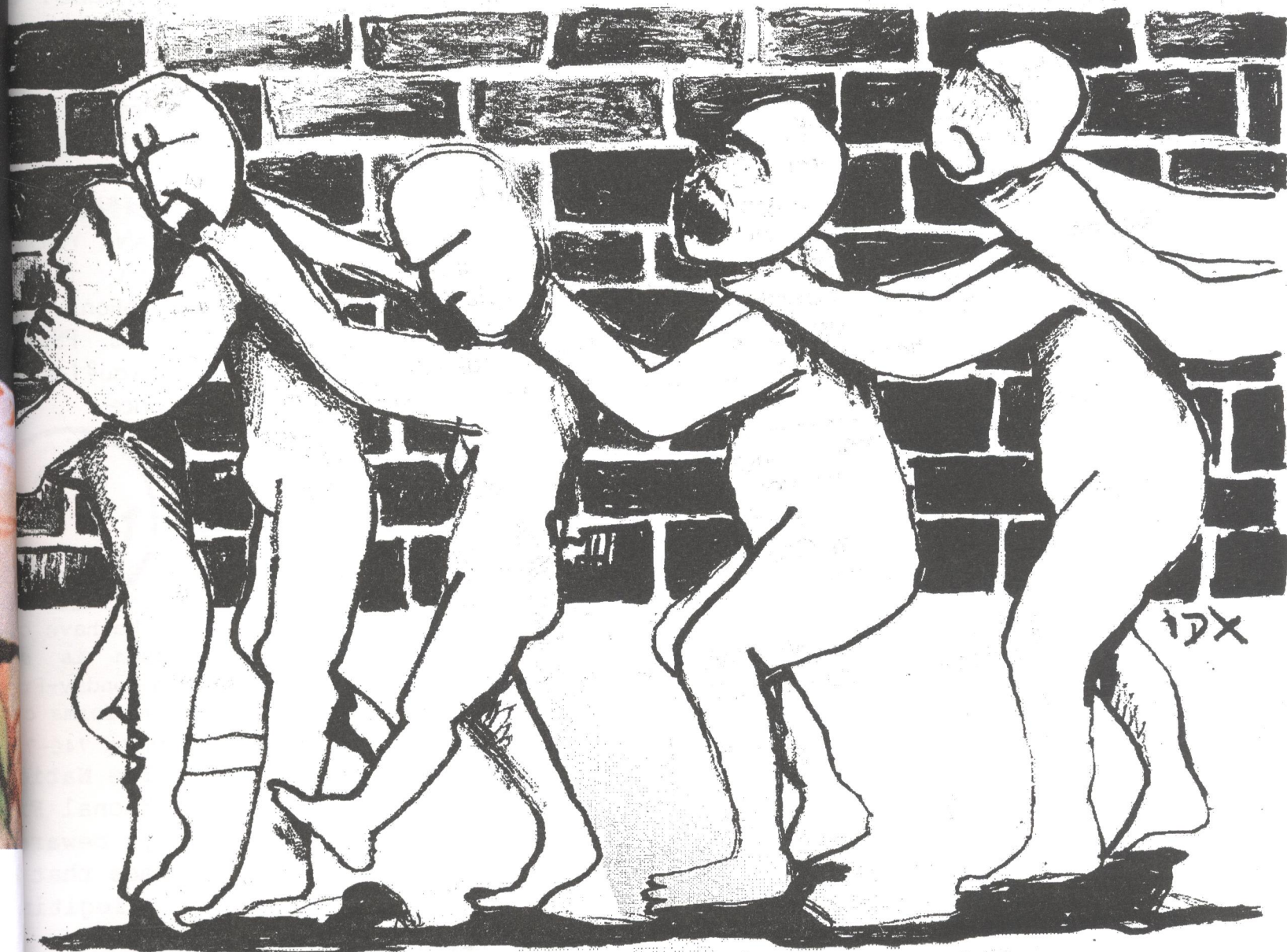
Altijd op zondag.

(take your tupperware)

Vegan food <3



>>> samen tegen voedselverspilling /// anti-waste kitchen <<<  
Locatie: Pijnackerplein (Rotterdam Noord)  
Tijd: 17:00-18:00







what type of fireman of the apocalypse are you? have your personality captured during a day long performance

# 'I PUT A SPELL ON YOU'



TRUMPET: I have read somewhere similar point of view and I totally agree with what you said. However, there are also some other things could be mentioned on this topic, but overall I like what you described ----- Siply

festive fucking - discreet WETDOWN  
A wetdown is a ritual celebrated by many volunteer fire departments in which squads

of firefighters from neighboring towns ritualistically commission a new fire apparatus by anointing it with water sprayed from the visitors' firefighting equipment.

#####  
TRUMPET: Hey there, I just found your group, quick question...My name's Eric, here's my question - what happens AFTER someone joins the brigade? Anything?  
#####



SIMON & SCHUSTER

NOW IN STORES ----->

Pam: Girl on the Loose to advice the not-for-profit assembling. End the 'Bare Life' and start living.

What effect does the announcement of impending war have on the firebrigade?  
What can you infer from this? No one really does anything. They don't freak out or anything they just keep carrying on their day to day lives -----

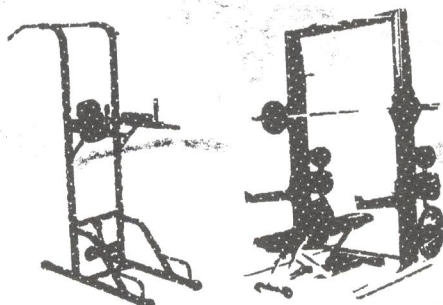
OUR COMPANY provides herbal health and related products. Look at our health contributing site in case you want to strengthen your health. escitalopram, lisinopril. Look at our health portal in case you want to look better with a help generic supplements.

##### FREE #####  
Warning! ALL big parts premium rar (mix.part01..999) or huge archives - scam. bit\_ly lmy\_de aww\_su and other paylinks - virus. Be careful.

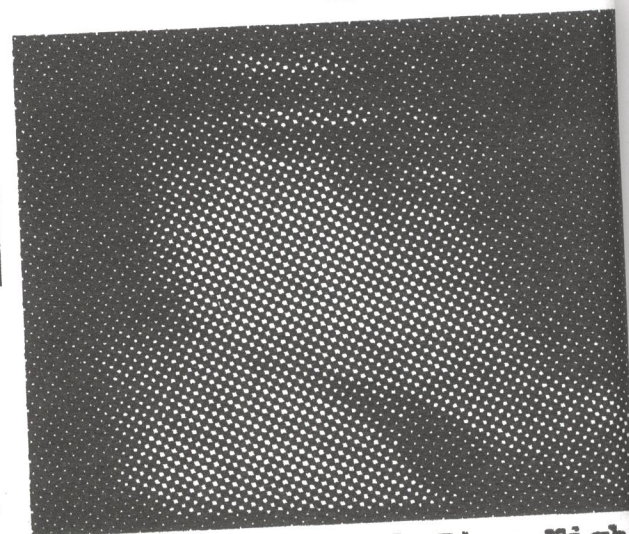
##### FREE #####  
Failure to shuffle off this mortal coil required **CHANGES.** "Like any other member of the firebrigade of the apocalypse, I am thrown into this world. But, is this fire brigade existing really? Or is it just a kind of mystification, in my own head?"

**Good Morning:** Brigade to a whole new level with our P-Knee™ power leg knee joint support! Order here: p-knee.online

60% OFF + FREE Worldwide Shipping - TODAY ONLY!

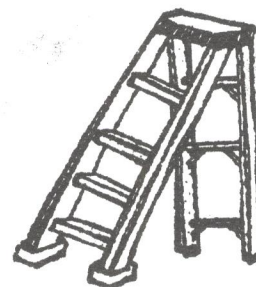


Rad, Trippy and Gro proper party contacts in the current oligopoly - Call 843-2365 after mid



4 True Paranormal Fire Fight Stories. CreepsMcPasta deliver you HOME GROWN HAUNTEDNESS. at 1-800-269-6426 for a quote

EVER WANTED to push some prick down the ladder for not playing the game fair? Now you can: thanks to revolutionary new software that can literally make that first push happen NOW.



THOMAS. Very interesting to you. Good luck you. RALPHFL  
#####  
THANK YOU much for invitation. wishes. PS: are you? I am France



BASIC CLASS COMING SOON!! We have in 3 states. Fire season is happening! Apply in person Monday from 10-4. Please bring two forms - no experience needed. (541) 74  
WARNING! Scam alert: The National Consumers League's National Information Center says beware organizations with names that similar to legitimate firebrigades.





*From Vergilius, Opera (ed. by Sebastian Brant).  
Strasbourg: Grüninger, 1502.*

*"Swift through the Libyan cities Rumor sped.  
Rumor! What evil can surpass her speed?  
In movement she grows mighty, and achieves  
Strength and dominion as she swifter flies.  
Small first, because afraid, she soon exalts  
Her stature skyward, stalking through the lands  
And mantling in the clouds her baleful brow . . .  
Feet swift to run and pinions like the wind  
The dreadful monster wears; her carcase huge  
Is feathered, and at the root of every plume  
A peering eye abides; and, strange to tell,  
An equal number of vociferous tongues,  
Foul, whispering lips, and ears, that catch at all . . .  
. . . She can cling  
To vile invention and malignant wrong,  
Or mingle with her word some tidings true."*

*(illustration taken from G.W. Allport; the Psychology of Rumor)*



## Post-Apocalyptic Information Networks: PROGRAMMING THE GRAPEVINE

The current Covid crisis with its unforeseen attack on the healthcare system is a perfect illustration of the fact that the apocalypse will never be what you expect it to be. With that in mind we are free to imagine an apocalypse where we have no longer access to our digital infrastructures without predicting exactly how this fact may come about. What then are the alternatives at our display is such a case? One historical precursor to our wireless communication systems is gossip or rumor.

According to Anthropologist Robin Dunbar; "gossiping (..)is the core of human social relationships and it allows us to exchange information about the state of our social networks".

The gossip web i.e. the domain of gossip and rumor also known as 'the grapevine' is the informal information network within every organization. It is where "the informal transmission of information, gossip or rumor from person to person" takes place.

Falling back on gossip and rumor as an alternative for online information networks does not mean we are immediately send back to the stone age. Our memory and knowledge of the technology remains, and there is no reason why we should not make use of that experience.

The question is: *Can we structure and encode part of our language in the way we have structured and encoded our online information systems?*

What follows is a crude speculative outline of what could be the basics of such a program: A message encoded inside a package with an internal drive to spread, running on an informal network and with the option to add a specific destination.

1. The infra-structure: Weatherspeak
2. Spreading the word: Rumor
3. Targeting: Gossip
4. Encoding the message
5. Experimenting: Trial & Error

### 1. The infra-structure: Weatherspeak

The internet works because it is always up and running. It would be difficult if our post-apocalyptic network would have to be completely reconstructed from scratch every time a message is send.

*How can we use everyday language as a basic- more or less automatically recurring structure for our post-apocalyptic analog internet?*

I imagine it would run on something of an effortless regular and reciprocal routine exchange that supports a basic person to person network. Maybe a kind of self rewarding social grooming, that reinforces existing social structures and functions as a routine signal-test for the quality of the connection. Something like weather-speak, where "the reciprocity is the point, not the content". And the reward lies in the affirmation that you belong to a specific community.

Goodday, nice to be connected. *Is isn't it ??*



## 2. Spreading the word: Rumor

*Rumor: An unofficial interesting story or piece of news that might be true or invented, and quickly spreads from person to person: (Cambridge dictionary)*

Driven by the negative effects of rumors about the potential number of US losses after the attack on Pearl Harbour in WW2, Psychologists Gordon Allport and Leo Postman write down what they call the Basic Law of Rumor:

$$R=IA$$

R=intensity of rumor  
I=importance of rumor  
A=ambiguity of fact

The formula means that the amount of rumor going around depends on the *importance* of the story for the speaker and listener- *times* the ambiguity of the story in relation to the facts.

This ambiguity may refer to the conflicting nature of the news, distrust of the news, or to emotional tensions that might make the individual unable or unwilling to accept the facts set forth in the news.

Rumors are a means of getting attention, they may have positive and/or negative aspects, but since the system has already collapsed I will mainly focus on the positive effects. The advantage of rumor as a spreading agent for information is that- in times of crisis, in the absence of news and when formal communication is poor, the conditions for rumor are optimal. Rumor also performs best in informal social contacts, spreads fast, and free of organizational restraints.

As an early warning system, rumors allow people to think through in advance what they will do if the rumors become the awful truth.

Another advantage is that rumor comes with a build-in internal drive to spread because of its ability to explain and relieve emotional tension

Rumors can be spread following different patterns. For example:

- A tells B, who tells C, who tells D
- A simply tells everyone with whom they come in contact.
- A makes random contact with say F and C and passes on the information. They in turn randomly contact others in accordance with laws of probability.
- A tells contacts, B and F, who may work with A. They may tell two or three other persons with whom they usually have close contact.

Agents within the communication chain can respond differently to rumor. There can be

- Agents that receive and pass information to others
- Agents hear rumors but do not pass them along or fail to tell others.
- Outsiders that, do not hear the information and thus cannot pass along a rumor.



### 3. Targeting: Gossip

Gossip or; "evaluative talk about a person who is not present." is a common speech activity in informal groups and it consists of two key elements:

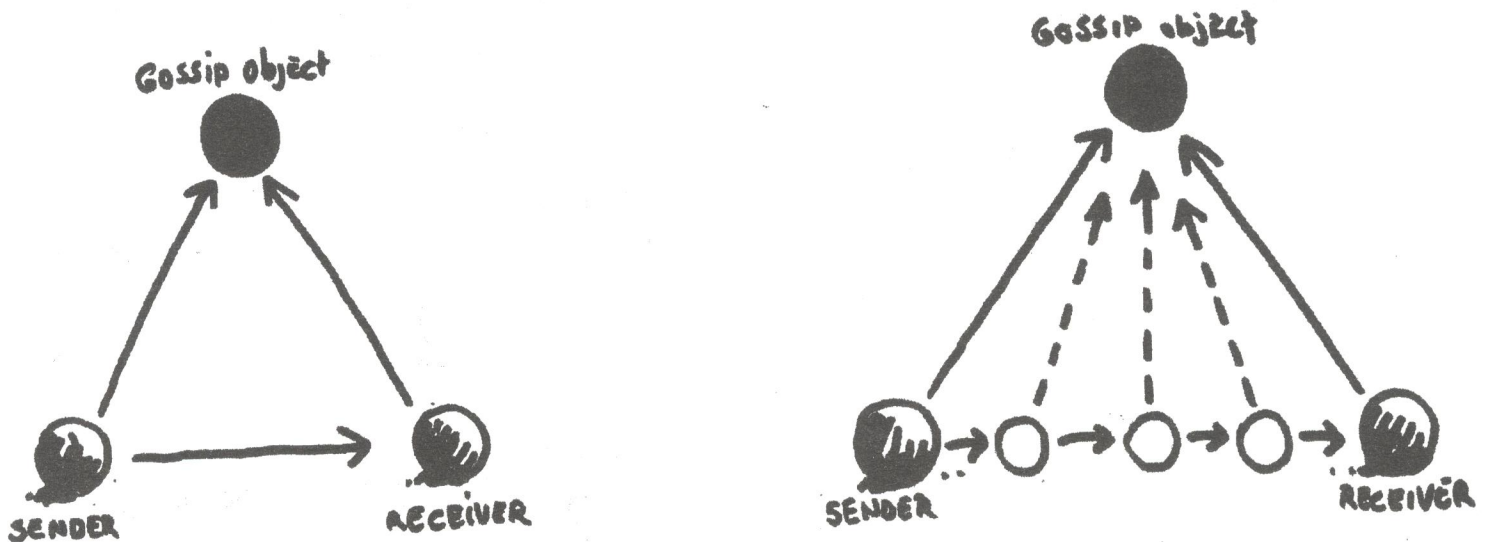
1. the identification of a target.
2. an evaluation of the target.

Gossip has a reputation of being malign, divisive, hurtful and victimizing. And it can bounce back on the gossiper in a negative way.

But gossip can include both positive and negative evaluations of the same person. Positive gossip includes for example political or social support for the person, or defending a person in their absence. Gossip can clarify group norms and promote group solidarity by expressing shared viewpoints.

Talking about others also reveals sensitive information about one's social network. So from a positive view, gossip may be motivated by a desire to bond and connect to a community or group, but like rumor, what ultimately drives gossip is ambiguity, uncertainty and speculation.

Gossip at a minimum involves a sender, a receiver and the object of the gossip. In our model there are a variable number of stations in-between the sender and the receiver.



*Is it possible for the gossip object to function as a coordinate that pushes the rumor towards the receiver?*

*Is it possible to replace the individual that represents the gossip object with a more abstract or general object without losing the internal drive?*

### 4. Encoding the message

This is something that also needs further research,

What is the best way to encode a message within a rumor or gossip?

Through the communication chain, messages tend to simplify and at the same time exaggerate the most dramatic details

The risk is that the negative aspects remain and the message gets lost.

Can we design principles for gossip that effectively identify a target but without the negative aspects of gossip?



Would it be an idea to replace the negative with the absurd? I am thinking here about the medieval art of memory that assumes that we memorize best messages attached to things that are grotesque, idiosyncratic and absurd,

Finally; to be able to unpack the message, the receiver would have to be aware of the fact that it is there. Will we also be able to design rumors that pass through agents that are not introduced to the network and unknowingly contribute to the spread of the message?

A risk here may be that- just like with religious texts, metaphorical language and conspiracy theories- not everyone is able or willing to separate the wrapping from the content and might mistake the absurd for the real (but that is not much different from publishing on the internet)

## **5. Experimenting: Trial & Error**

optimizing the grapevine:

1. Design a strong rumor.
2. Add a gossip element that includes a target and an encoded message.
3. Spread the rumor
4. Monitor the result
5. Change the parameters and repeat the experiment

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Scold's Bridle,

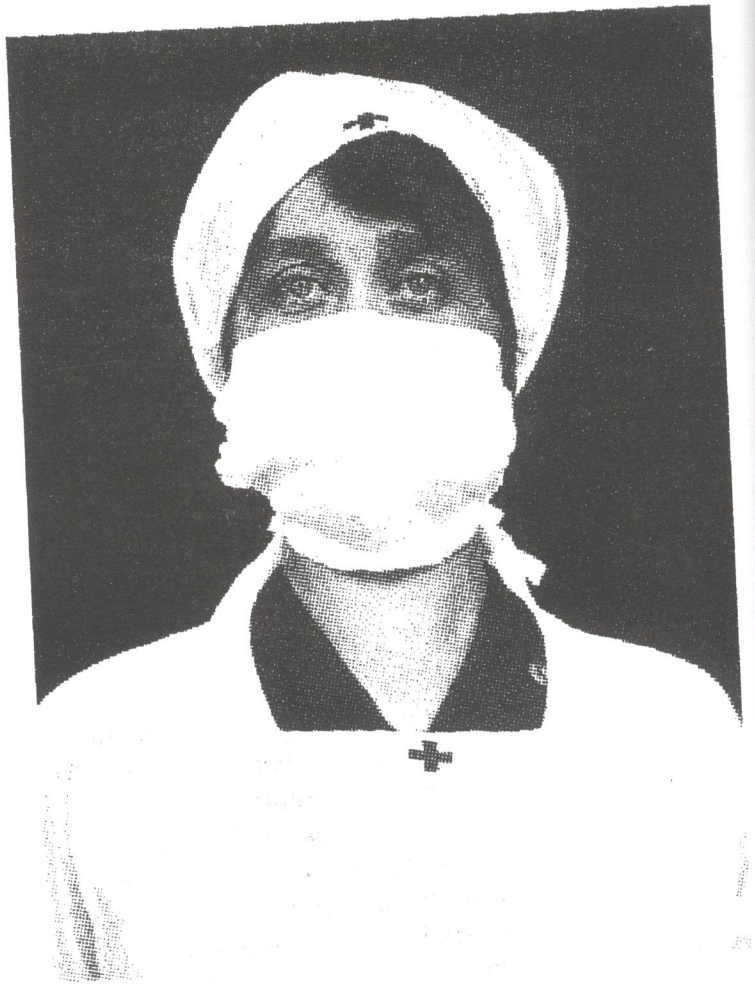
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NB: I proposed the idea of gossip as an alternative for online networks to the Volunteer Firemen of the Apocalypse during the early stages of the pandemic. But as it turned out, protective measures of isolation social distancing and the widespread use of facemasks are offering a serious challenge to the kind of person to person communication necessary for gossip, with the face mask functioning as a kind of 'scold's Bridle'



(aim your rumors at) marc van elburg, zinedepo, arnhem, netherlands



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FIRST MATERIAL FOR  
THE OPERA OF THE  
VOLUNTARY FIRE BRIGADE OF THE  
APOCALYPSE----

## Title unknown

### SCENE I

#### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER floor 122

mother M, cooking  
daughter D (Snoepidora)  
in a comfortable living room with kitchen

D screaming  
it smells like burning again!!!

M  
yes you're right it smells like burning (het gaat nog steeds door)

D  
but how is it possible nobody does anything about it?

M  
o that

D  
how is it possible that some people don't care about the smell?

M  
o that

D  
Mother! do you want me to remind you that...

M  
(sourir) but what do you want us to do? This is youth; believing  
that there is a solution to live... but later you will understand...  
that there is no solution to live... life isn't solutionable... we do  
what we can everyone trying their best...

(shows food cans)  
afghan, Chinese or Ethiopian?

D  
I'm sick of the Chinese, no Columbians left?

M  
i have to buy some more

D  
ok for afghans then... still this situation makes me puke, it is not  
acceptable, why don't we let them come upstairs?

M  
o that...

D  
why are the state, the administration, the banks, the ones who  
could help, so nasty?

M  
o that...

D  
Mother, do i need to remind you that...

M  
(sourir) But what do you want us to do?  
(real singing)

**There is not an exit door at the 122th floor.  
how do you want us to help,  
there where its burning downstairs?  
other say they are less lucky then us, me i don't know**

**life my sweetie is not easy  
that's never been the deal  
but it's the most precious wear  
and the ones downstairs  
know that better then here (outré)**

**we are not in their shoes  
so we don't know**

where they find their pleasure (stop singing a bit)  
maybe they can open their windows  
maybe the neighbors are nice?

life, cheeky, has a sunny side  
even when you don't know where  
learn, be present, try to get wise  
all the ones that do that are fine where they are (outré)

if there's something to cry about  
it's the people upstairs  
who are not getting nothing of nothing anymore  
who sold their souls for some stones  
who believe soon they will not face death anymore

live honey its finishing the same for all  
and those of the 153th dying of cancer  
left sad and lonely by their children  
i could not call them privileged

they are poor lost humans  
like all of us

M  
what makes me sad is that the downstairs people are sure they  
would be more happy here...

D  
mother! they are burning!!!

M very fast  
yes i know, I'm also listening the news, but they sometimes over  
dramatize it. Some are burning; not all of them... And do you  
know the rate of suicides on our floor?

At the 15th floor from what i heard most people don't have water  
and still it's one of the floors where people have the best moods, it  
is conchita, my cleaning lady who told me that.  
(mother puts food on the plates) it's crazy she comes from so low  
but down there everyone knows and helps each other...

D  
(ironic) o yeah why did she came then?

M  
Well they break down her room to plant coca

D  
pure happiness indeed

M very fast  
i don't say that!, i? just saying that not everybody downstairs lives  
in misery... and anybody who is not living there should shut up  
about it... and now i don't want to speak about it anymore, you  
only listen to your own voice anyway...

D  
exact, like everybody else

M  
eat while it's still warm.

D  
this smell it makes me noxious... do you realize its burning, all is  
burning right now

M  
don't think too much about it... you will not make me a little  
anorexia crisis like the daughter of the principal blockroom head?  
she was in the clinic... its necessary to eat... and with your clever  
mind and smart ideas the tower needs you... to go out of this sad  
situation, isn't it?

D  
i go to see maxa

M  
be careful in the corridors, they talk about rape on the radio yester  
day and throw the junk away as you pass by

D  
Maxa's boyfriend says it our fucking junk they are burning down-  
stairs!



## II. At the young one 122d floor

Same living room, but there is a poster of Che Guevara

A: - give me another	E to C: - what did you do last holidays?
B: Permanent revolution, yes, or else assholes would be quickly replace by assholes - in the last number of "Hold Up!" there is a cool article about it...	C- it was awesome, we did a trip by the stairs till the big drinkable artificial lakes of the 124 <sup>th</sup> . It was beautiful, we swam and all.
Snoepidora: Any way, if there is only assholes, I don't see what a revolution would change... But if we kill everybody	E: I thought you wanted to ski?
<i>silence</i>	C: yes we stop on our way back to a sugar piste, it was nice, but I was knowing it all already...
	<i>silence</i>

A: - Good idea

D: - They are exactly caring about that down stair...

*snoepidora stand up and go to the window...*

D: *goes on* - Yeah, exact, we are here well and quiet with our shining corridors and carpet of flowers, but we still live on the back of those that we did steal downstairs!

*Snoepidora start to sing a hit*

Every evening it's the same story  
it comes back hiddenly  
It's fading out bit by bit  
It stops wanting.. finally  
And all becomes pink-apricot

somehow we stand somewhere else  
we can see an end appearing  
the softness that come after the end  
is the sacral mystery of non-being

this recurring thing we know perfectly  
Can we count how many times we sensed it?  
Even here and now a serenity  
who would believe there would still be suave smells in the night

even the colors are leaving  
greys and strong pales are left  
we are blinking  
we can't see anything anymore  
what luck! Everything is gone

Went I think that we fear death!  
We wait a bit before turning the light on  
it will show us our ugly mug in the glass  
Outside all the windows are shining apricot

D: *goes on* - This depth story is actually hilarious!

You take over a floor  
you break it all down  
you take all what they have

after a long war "they do win back their freedom" on a ruined field

After that they are in deep shit  
so you "help them" loaning them money  
But only if they follow your way.

You way is not working, that s to bad  
But they should not forget to pay you back  
and care for the interest here comes the matches..

E: - well let's keep the nice things in mind too: we have a bottle of WODCOKA!

C: - You know I got an idea of what to do, next to *Hold up* and those manifestations we did to denounce what is going on in the poor corridors...  
What you think of a sticker campaign to deconditioning the masses? Like : "Please don't make it happen!"

B: - It's too weak... "Soon we are all dead!"

E: - Not bad

B - Or "Shouldn't you be working?"

D: - the working class wouldn't get this one

B: - Which working class, man !? We are not at the 45<sup>th</sup> floor.

C: - She is right we should attack the Capital from its root, in people mind. Make them present where they are.

D: with you pure mental activism you are so part of the general passivity, it is pathetic

C: Passivity? You should say more hyper-activity, man...

D: But wake up, is it in people mind the children on heroin of the -8 floor or the un willing prostitutes from the -5?

C: And who go see the un willing prostitutes, eikel, your fucking neighbor! It is in his mind



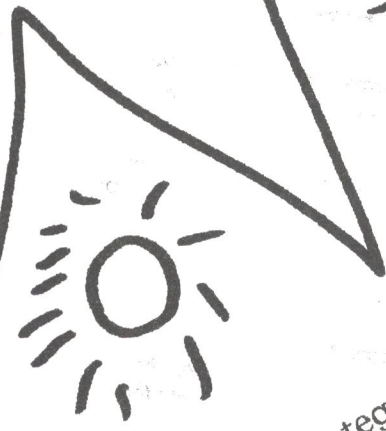
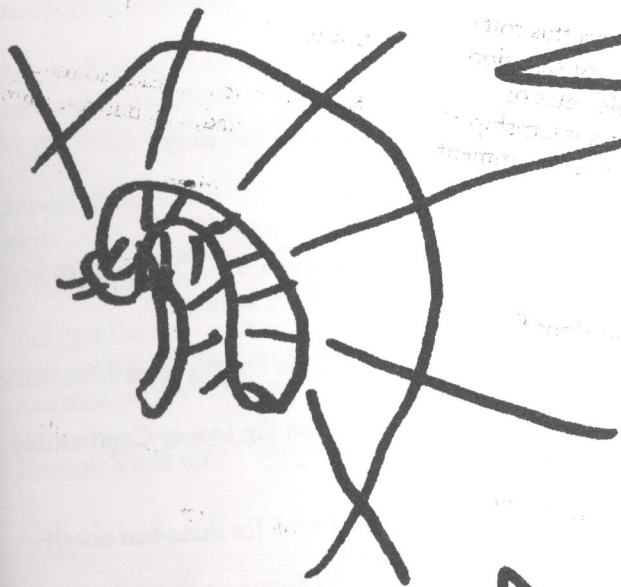
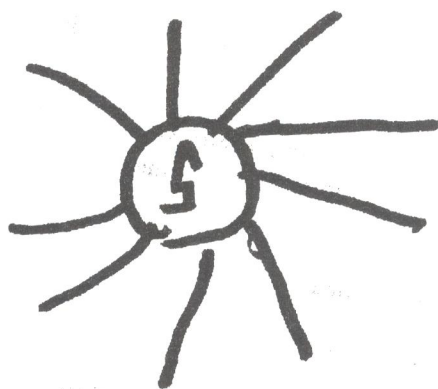
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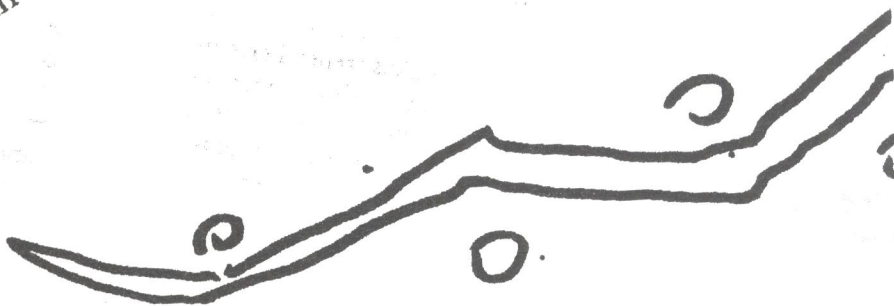
1  
E  
14  
C



voorstel voor een  
post-apocalyptische  
mythologie



De Wolf van de Vervuiling tegen de Pissebed van de Zon





B: But him, the only option to make his mind change it to shoot him down

*end song snoupi*

CHORUS : You are mistaking... The First problem is the systematic destruction of the naturel system on which one all is leaning...

D: Natural system? Pure utopia, my friend, there is no "nature", humans are deciding.

CHORUS : And they do not decide good, cause every decision is bad.

*silence*

E: No Wodcoka any more... lets go to Michiel, he has a bit of magic powder, we'll have some fun!

Snoepi: I should not go late to bed, tomorrow I'm taking the lift... I better go to sauna.

B: what and you didn't tell anything?!

Snoupi: I did tell you, bunch of suckers, that I puck on this rotten floor with its burning cadaver smell and that at the first occasion I'll be gone. I'm not planning to become like my old ones or commit suicide before by pure boredom... I'll start a internship at GreenWash, 83d floor, the first actor for clean future development of the Tower, my dad manage to make me in...

D: dirty stuff

C: it is not too bad, I have some addresses on this floor for the interfloor revolution organization...

### 3. GreenWash, 83d floor

*I. intro. Music, smock everywhere, sound of coughing, loud sound of traffic, melody of the ice crème bus etc.*

*Big sign of GreenWash above the door, the manager is waiting for her at the door, next, but the windows, we see a secretaries making her nails.*

Manager: Welcome to GreenWash, please stay calm! The air conditioning of the floor will be reaper as soon as possible.

#### II. In the office

3 collegas:

Martin : complexed nerd, has a bond fake hair

Calidorna : Feminist worries for her visa, working in a feminist zine

Mikas (lukas): Cynical and grumpy, works for 20 years for GreenWash

*(during all the scene, they keep on doing those absurdist actions they do at the beginning)*

Manager: - Here we are: your collegas, Martin, Calidorna and Mikas (general greetings). And here is your sit (she sit down)... So, let me show you: vous prenez le bout à emmancher ici, et vous le fourrez dans l'opercule A en faisant bien concorder les marques. Puis vous rentrer le message du client sur le clavier accessoir B, avant de donner l'aspirateur de polution préfiguré à Martin qui le programera selon les desir du client, contenus dans la puce de connexion...

As you see it is not to complicated... I just reminds you that you are filmed, but only for evaluation reasons, and we will not use your image for commercial reasons.

Have fun! And welcome again

*He's leaving - little silence*

*Martin: start singing a hit soft and tired, nicely melancholic*

**If there is lassitude and anger  
If there is disgust and incomprehension  
everyday succumbing of boredom  
doesn't achieve its early promise**

**doesn't achieve it's early promise  
But only mediocrity,  
A gray matter not even hurting,  
A sandwich from 2d freshness bread**

**A sandwich from 2d freshness bread  
In which we find a certain pleasure  
Because even in the waiting rooms  
There are some ok moments  
He is coughing softly**

Mikas: Can't you shut up!?

Martin : Sorry, I'm annoying you again, yes, sorry

Mikas : ok ok, all good...

Martin: Here is already so much better than there, I know, I should be glad, yes, but you cannot force feelings...

Snoupi (surprised and touched) : You are coming from downstairs

Martin : Ho no, from up stair, yes, from Big Money Combustible Cooperation at the 124th floor...

Snoupi (very choked) : HO! You did work for those bad ones?! Calidorna mime agreement with her

Martin silly : Yes, mea culpa

Mikas : They are not worst that the one from here, my little friends (fake laugh)

Calidorna: You, Mikas, you killed your ideal, but you shouldn't dirt everything this way...!

Mikas fake laugh : You want to speak about it?

Snoepi to Martin : What did you do there?

Martin : Ho, an awful, awful work... To think that I was laughing from it at this time, just before my burn out... Yes, the target of our team was to make people press and click on bottoms while they didn't really wanted to do so. To make them do it by themselves, almost without them realizing they did it without willing do it. Yes that was it.

Silence

Yes, shy laugh, awful... Do you know how we do that? Yes, you have to manage to make feel the client unsecure, ungood somehow, to give him a very little dose of awkwardness, and then he will click.

**CHORUS: he click cause he don't understand  
who he is  
where he is  
what will happen  
any more**

Martin: and even if he don't really want to click, he clicks, he will click, cause what is the difference finally? Why not clicking? It's awful.



Mikas: Let's not overwhelming... Who gives a dam that he click, he is a sucker any way...

silence

Martin : But here is better... really

Mikas: My ass. Here are the real vicious, even worst, I can tell, 23 years I'm working here and

Calidorna to Snoupi cutting him: And you, where do you come from?

Snoupi: 122d floor

Cali: really!?, ha-ha, excellent, so funny, it is on this floor that our ex-dictator did lift away, privately, after the social revolution of the 25th floor...

Snoupi (very shameful) : ho really...

Cali: yeah, even we did say to your floor president "Please keep all the matches he stole to our people and just give us back the guy so we can judge him"... But they refused...

Snoupi (little) : ho really

silence

and so you come from the 25th floor?

Cali: yes I'm here since 2 years, but I'll have to go soon, problem with my right to exist on this floor... But wait a second, there is a nice zine on the 122d, wait...

Snoupi: 'Hold up'?

Cali: that s it

Snoupi (very glad): Funny it is some friends of mind!

Cali: I liked their critics on the woman reduce to the image of the young girl...

Snoupi (inspired): yes it is

Mikas (cutting) and CHORUS: completely useless bull shit...

Cali : Fuck off Mikas, fuck the shut up!

Mikas (cynical laughing): What do you think? Do you think I will let you scratch my ears with all your politically correct bull shit really good for nothing? Didn't you get the situation? Did you take a look around? All is completely fake and turn away, all is falling apart and with that you are writing some "revues"! (fake laughing) Let me laugh! You don't lose you time to make some bullshit, at least, (fake laughing)... Let me tell you: one day, not so far, it will all fall down, everyone can feel it, a meteor... (everyone look at the sky like "what a bullshit"), or whatever what, will turn in prouder all this hugely shit and

Calidorna: In your dream, sweetie... The tower is too big to be shut down. Only work together to reorganize the tower in a fair way can change the situation.

Mikas: Ha! HA! work together to reorganize the tower in a fair way! Of course! I love to speak with you! When I think that since 18 months you are working here, in a multifloor business - so no doubts at the nasty ones - I still didn't manage to make you admit that GreenWash is shit, that they just put matches full their pockets and that beside that they just masturbate on their "quiet conscience", on their "political good side" of full accepta-

tion.....

Did you ever think good for what a smoke extinguisher would solve a fire problem?

Cali: They save humans life! Is that nothing?!

Mikas: It is nothing, indeed...

Snoupi: Why are you working here so?

Mikas : I'm only in it for the money, (making money gesture with his fingers) Matches!

Cali: Poor old dumb one, you would have died like a dog since years if our floor would be equipped!

Mikas: And what would have been lost? (start to sing a hit, funny and powerful, la lala la la)

**I found a well to die in  
so IT can keep on living.  
Talles was right  
what's the difference  
between death and life?**

**who believes death is fighting life,  
death can be erased?  
be aware, dear  
ignoring the necessity of death  
is dangerously stupid**

**recognize the cause  
a permanent growth  
destroying everything on hold;  
our savior is death**

**don't you get it?  
hahahaha  
many had to die  
so you can go on living  
and take your holy shit !  
Don't you see not only  
your ass is counting?**

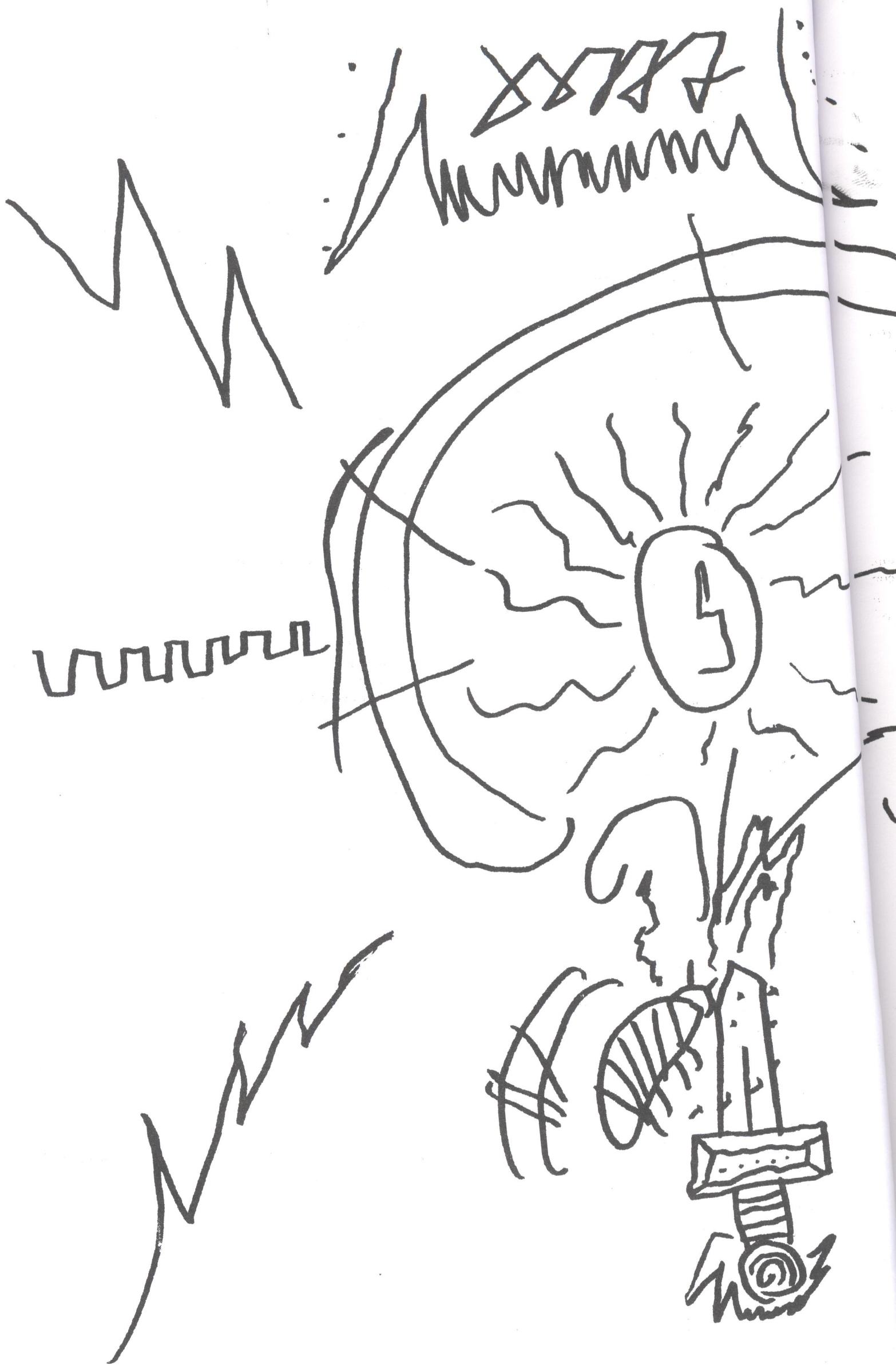
**Death is a beautiful promise  
Which gives life a bit of room;  
It will stop your worries.  
Be glad to let free space,  
be happy to fade, and to feed  
all that feeded you,  
glad to be worth nothing,  
smile and be part of it**

**This is the way of an healthy and meaningful cell  
who will die soon, fortunately  
Millions are ready to replace you  
and why not, and let's be friends  
coz**

*with the CHORUS, singing Richard Dawson song:*  
**I am nothing  
you are nothing  
nothing important!**

*(Mikas laughs, by gesture Cali is not agree, snoepi is thinking, Martin is warmly agreeing and laughing silly with, he finish his song here, the same one as the beginning)*

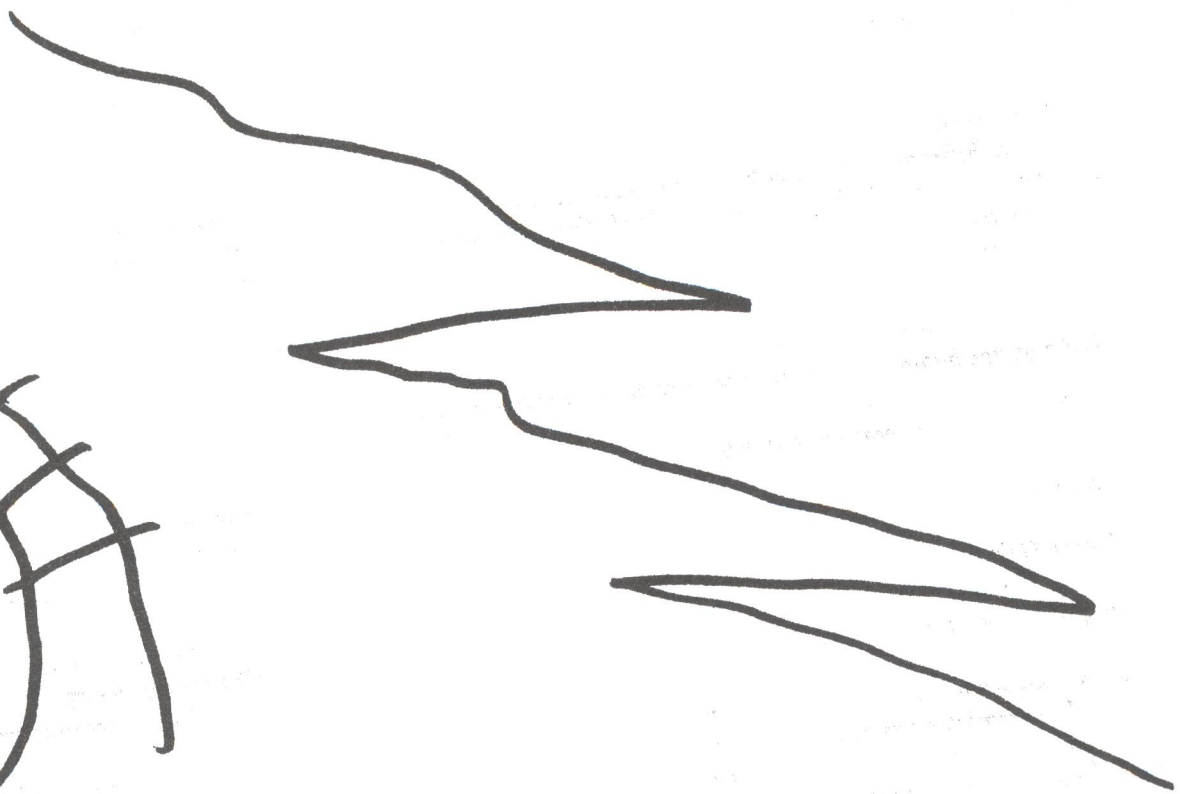
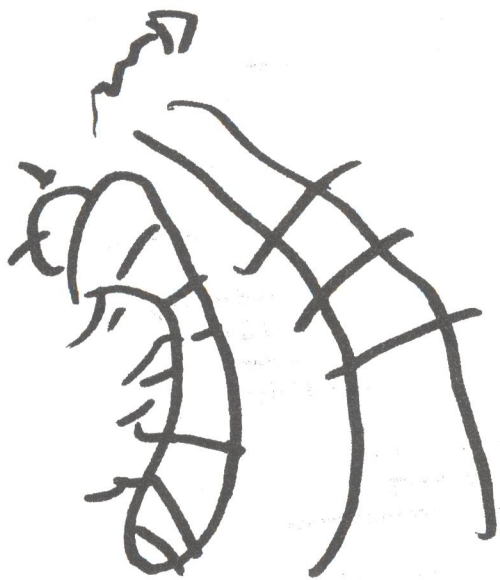






Het zwaard van de Pissebed van de Zon

①



Het zwaard van de Pissebed van de Zon



There are some ok moments  
when you lay your head on the bed  
when you take the first sip of beer  
when you hear a good friend laugh

← MARTIN:

when you hear a good friend laugh  
we have to admit something changed  
looking at it very close, we doubt  
if there is lassitude and anger

### III. End of the work.

Or the dark come and when light arrive they are back in front of Green-  
wash, or a ring bell, telling the end of the work and they all stand)

Back in the smoke

Calidorna to snoupi: All this smoke, it as to be weird for you, no?

Snoupi: Well at least here you don't have the feeling that you are  
crazy when you get this awful anxious panic coming from an invis-  
ible and untouchable urgency...

Mikas: Lets go drink something...

Martin: Tonight I can't, I have this naturopath I told you about  
who makes a lecture, I'll miss it for nothing in the world!

Mikas make a head and look at Calidorna

Cali: haha poor old dummy, we argue all day, but what boring  
would be my life without you telling bullshit... any way, tonight I  
cannot, I go to the FFPCS, you know feminist freedom politically  
correct symposium.

Mikas make a worst head..

Snoepi: sound good! Can I...

Cali: you had to inscribe first and it is full, but I'll tell you all ;).  
and next time you can join!

Snoepi (disappointed): ho, ok... well

Mikas: Common! No excuse, I'll show you the 83d by night!

### 4. CABARET

No music, 'before the show' atmosphere, radio in the back ground, some  
place for the public and a kind of stage, with bright light pointing there. The  
place look kind of crappy. Mikas and Snoupidora are taking place with the  
others (the chorus?).

Not in the right order:

- Old professor, historian (Florian), make a lecture for the radical youth...  
raping, maybe rowan beatboxing with I have a lot of material for the  
lecture, but I'd like to speak about it with Florian too

-Jacco Opera

- Rowan Gabber...

- their show where they are fighting?

- An activist action where refugee and illegal downstairs people are speak-  
ing with an translator, they make kind of extremely bizarre sounds, a bit  
like animals or monkey, and the translator explain a story that there is  
words deal and war down there, that their words are being stolen, so they  
can express themselves any more...

In the middle of the show, 1 monster (or 2) pop up - Monster of the secure

lurocratie for example or monster of the Raw Capital Order and it is the  
panic

- General scream, + chorus : The Monster of the Burocratie Securitaire!  
Help who can! Save who can! The Monster of Raw Capitalism! No pity!  
Etc.

Jacco and Snoupi are escaping or hiding somewhere.

### 5. Stairs

Snoupi and jacco are walking the stair down, radio + music, (in option:  
they cross a group of people waiting for the lift with very much security  
around) they cross other people walking up stairs, and she reads books dur-  
ing the trip. (picking them on the road and throwing them away. Often she  
put her head out of the book to say something, jacco is listening but mostly  
silent, after she s back in her book.

Snoepi: Today I feel sad, so all looks like under a light bulb a bit  
shitty... While I kind of remember than when I felt good (for what  
would I feel good - this a good question) all look so clear and  
singing it's-gonna-be-all-right...

A time

Pffff, thanks god that Mikas manage to convince me... A real  
bunch of dicks this GreenWash! I wonder how I manage to stay  
6 months in... And now we are going.... But I don't feel  
hopeful.

Book

I'm slightly anxious, actually... I've never taken the stairs for such  
a long bit. And those hyper-productive terassments we are willing  
to go at, it's very exciting... No one goes there. They can be con-  
sidered as the design system the closer to what we are calling "the  
natural concept", but it is already special to go back to a kind of  
root, even to see and know how grows what we are eating...

A time

But I don't know why, I'm still anxious, like if I knew there was no  
solution

Jacco : Who cares, we just do something...

suicidal with a sense of humor freakin'  
and they'll try to start rumors  
It won't last long  
i won't find myself a home

I love to hang around in burned people's places  
Fascinating, looking what's left...  
Only mama makes me concentrate  
Cause I'm one of the non-student type

But I've never been sharp  
And i I'll never be sharp  
proudly living in my own obscure time warp

Goin' down the line with my head up high  
I wonder why it's so hard to feel fine  
People say that I used to do better  
I guess i have to make myself clearer

But I've never been sharp  
And I'll never be sharp  
proudly living in my time warp

Snoupi: Yes, something without consequences, fortunately...

Book

It's crazy how you realize things: before I was sure the problem  
came from far away, up or down, that I was for nothing reasonable



for it. I felt concern, but I, my personal being, my soul, didn't felt concern at all. I was saying : "Why is nobody doing something about it ?!"... But if you take a closer look, it is our being itself who makes everything burn. Who we are, sigh as a philosophical question, that is the knot of the problem.

*Book - arriving to a fence with big securitas, a long queue of people are trying to go up, Snoupi and Jacco have to show passport etc. (they look in the bags) - more book.*

Of course, up stair, they did lost their mind, I cannot see something else... Or they think they don't have option... Yes that is it: TINA... But look at the rest! Look at us, the global humanity! Who can say who is doing good or wrong?

CHORUS with her : Actually I'm totally lost! I don't know anything anymore.

*They arrive to some bloemkools, stop to walk down, put on some stroihats, the radio stop, no music...*

**S : What a space**

**J: What a silence**

**S: What a sky**

**J: What a land ---- and it grows**

**S: big sight ----- what the fuck are we doing here?**

**Silence**

**J: yeah, you're right.... Let's go back**

*Same play as before, only they go up ... Book*

Snoupi: I think we better completely give it up.... I guess my mother was right. Finally, when we see the bloody mess they are doing "to save the situation", better do nothing than that.

Chorus + her : Actually the real question is : Why is nobody stopping to do what they are doing???

*Picking a new book, she look at the title, laughing:*

Hhah, and this one "How everything can fall down" another catastrophist for Mikas...!

*She stops*

Lord! One finger up, she is reading: "The conclusion is obvious: A burning tower, especially if it burns at the base, has 99% chance to complete collapse."

*sudden complete change of light, she facing the public with a panic face full of understanding*

**TATATATAAA**

*Snoupi is paralyzed, completely over choaked*

Jacco : - I see, hmm, Let's go to the sea.

## 6. The sea

*I. they are sitting on the beach, a line as the horizon... sea sound in the background*

Long CHORUS section, powerful and pure, no pop music here

CHORUS:

**HA! IF I COULD BE on THE GROUND FLOOR!**

**How much freedom...**

**I would forget all that is obsolete**

**I'd be ok with the world I've been designed for**

**Like gorillas who sleep and eat all day long**

**Like every animal who is full of free time,**

**because nature always gives more than you need**

**When you know it, when you understand**

all what it can give.

**HA! what a mistake I made by designing nature!**

**How much work, pain, sweat while everything was already there...**

**I still have it if I don't destroy it**

**How much time do we still have to hope for a downfall?**

**Ha! what a sublime and liberating firework will be the end of this misunderstanding!**

**And we will only have to care to not mistake again to not believe that we can do better than that, that our work isn't worth the loss of our free time, that our wealth would never bring a bright future**

**Ha! Let us come back to the first undefined!**

**Finding all around in a wild nature finally free from our destructive joke**

**our precious substance and our humanity.**

**The light feet root in this beloved earth,**

**The head far away in the blue sky**

**Knowing all why we are so lucky**

Snoupidora (sad, depressed): I wish I could be at the ground floor..

Jacco: Snoupi, you would not be glad at the ground floor...

S (same): - I don't know, I'd be safe at least... And you know, I read this book, Stone Age Economics : Before agriculture, they had plenty of free time, so...

*silence*

*here come a dude (or old woman), looking blizzard, red eyes, bit out sider, maybe home less (would be nice if it can be Surinam's roots person) let call him Edward*

Edward (very soft and sweet, a bit smiling, shitty English): Good afternoon, my lady and my gentleman... (he sit down, silence) The little girl is sad? (silence) You shouldn't, no, you shouldn't worry for anything, it's no use! (smiling) Any way it will turn out different than what you imagine, not right? (a time) Your missing matches, is that it? Ha, look at me then! I manage without! It not too difficult, you shouldn't fear. There is always one or two containers here or there with some left over... You choose the one still ok, and hop! You see it's easy. I tell you don't need nothing but a good mind, ha, and you have one isn't it... Me, I even don't have a house, but I'm fine. No really you shouldn't worry, we don't need to do anything!

Jacco: Here you are right. I think the best that people can do from the 28th floor, it's to look at dust fly and write poetry...

Edward: Or go to the see, my friends! (a time) I tell you young girl, all what is around in your life that you think you have to pay, actually you can get them for free. First, you can make them yourself, and there is a magic trick: they will always be 10 times more shitty than the one that you buy, but you will always like them 10 time more, hahaha. My girlfriend, she make me some soap, it's is sticky and form less, but my skin cannot support something else, (big smile).

Snoupi: You still have to buy the ingredients...

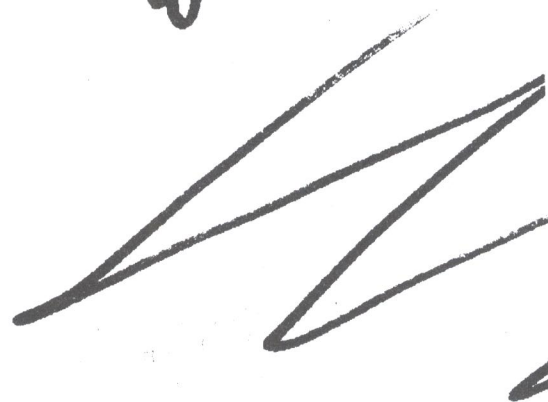
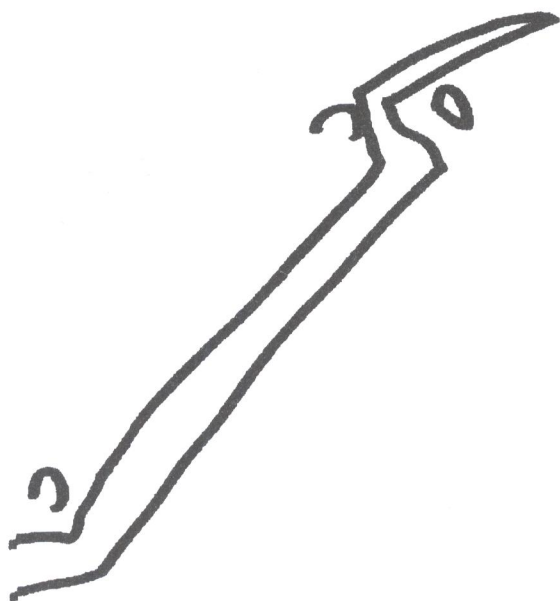
E: Of course not,! My girlfriend she is not buying them, she find them!

Snoupi (amazed): But where does she find them??





De Kat van de Dood tegen de Kever van het Universum





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E: hey, that the thing you have to know, it all about that... It you don't have some, you better know how to do without!

*Here come a dancing part, I was thinking on acapella music, the Chorus start to dance (maybe on Rien Est Trop Tard La Vie?) It should be folk music, with clap in the hand... I have 2 friend professional dancers, and both are already keen to make a choreography... It's a beautiful together moment, I think it can be a great success.*

*after 5 min, they go on the side, or sing really softness*

Edward: it beautiful, isn't it? Those old folkloric dance, isn't it?

Snoupi: yes

Edward: maybe it all what we need, actually, isn't it? That is what we did forget and lost...

S: yes

E: bah, don't be sad, don't worry, hoor, it will come back...  
Yes I can tell you, I promise you it will not go on for long their "business", hahaha. This is why, better stay quiet and learn 2 or 3 tricks... When all will be in parts, with broken heads, everyone will be put back with the feet on the ground.

S: But It's gonna be horrific!

E: Hahaha, for sure not, it will be grandiose, extraordinary, unbelievable! We cannot hope for better!

S: And then you think we should break down the tower?

E: There is nothing we have to do, little girl. Things are falling when they made their time... Nothing we have to do, for sure, or well, yes, learn 2, 3 things, that is it, and share with others, yes, be glad, be satisfy with what we have and with the others, that is it, that is all.

We have so much to learn to be free.

**THE END; FIRE WORK**— Would be awesome to finish all together with Love Cha, while the radio is playing again some dramatic, apocalyptical news :)

*curtain*

## COLOFON

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Copy and do what you want with it,  
but no money

To invibe in the firebrigade: see behind the

next page  
vflba\_news-subscribe@lists.riseup.net  
X



# BECOME

## volunteer firemen of the apocalypse

There is the story of the seed  
the story of the exit door  
the story of the serious not serious serious  
And of the Actual

The Actual that almost everyone can recognize as doubtful, and which it is.  
Doubtful in multiple meanings ways and points of view, but also doubtful in  
that which we might consider the most solid stable .

(When we make an exit door, in case of fire, in a building, it is not because we  
predict it will burn. To the contrary, we know that the chances it burns are  
minimal. But considering that it can burn, and considering the consequences of  
this possibility, we take care to imagine a systematic which will maybe never be  
of use, but which, if it has to be used, will admirably be used.)

In our case, we should speak about a metaphoric fungus mushroom infection,  
taking over all the free space. - first the right fertile  
ground - then an invisible developpement - then unmeaningfull symtomes - getting  
other proportions fast - the sudden realisation that the infection is already  
serious, uncontrollable -

What to imagine, as a micro-organism part of a huge dying entity?

The Volunteer Firemen of the Apocalypse want to face with courage that it won't  
recover, that nothing will stop, that no other direction will be chosen, and  
that for those reasons, one day, it will not be "working that fine" anymore.  
to face it with courage and joy because we, fortunately, don't  
really need this huge entity to stay alive and good.

What to imagine, as a micro-organism being part of a dying huge entity?

-Seeds-

- A connected and autonomous system, taking the energy left in  
the huge dying entity not to save it from death (death is so  
needed for life), but to try to save that which is counting in  
our life, that which has been learned in this millenaries old  
process and that which we hope to see growing in the future,  
when some place for "something else" will be finally there.

A seed as an other, the volunteer Firemen are sharing this aim. Knowing it is  
possible things turn less "comfortable" than they are now, we are sketching a  
systematic able to use the energy of this dying system and able to distance  
itself, to care for itself, IN CASE OF.

Of course, we are aware that, if we can foresee a more radical end to our situa-  
tion, that doesn't mean we are not already facing apocalypse in our daily life.

As a basic vision, the Firemen share the believe that humans don't need much but  
their hands, a certain knowledge and trust in their fellow beings. The rest  
nature provides!!.

The Volunteer Firemen for the Apocalypse are not asking active investissment  
from its members (you can be actif if you want it). The idea is to work as an  
invisible salt in water: some time meeting for the annual volunteer firemen's  
bal (and never in complete), keeping linked by thin and rare strings, but able  
to react and cristalize when needed.  
Very loose in 'normal' time, the solidarity network get tighter and tighter,  
every one already knowing what she or he will do then, if one crisis or an other  
comes, if the big tree finally falls.

Yes, nothing special to do now, just a bit thinking of an  
exit door... if...  
and if not, nothing bad about an exit door.



# BUT,

suspecting that to believe in a "solution", to "predict" ... let say, the manifest NAIVITY of such an entreprise pushes us to figure it as a good, an exelent joke, and to laugh from the begening till the end of this idiotic idea... Vague attempt, touching and ironic, of a dandelion umbrella seed in the autumn mud:

Expecting winter to come, what can it do else than take itself way to seriously?



XVI

## LES BOMPIERS PRATIQUES

In short, the Volunteer Firemen for the Apocalypse is a tool - a researching, model creating and sharing tool - in which every one can freely invest himself the way that he wants.

The goal is to face with heart what is left of us in the different crisis levels that we can imagine; and to guess with fun what we could share then, which "mission" could be ours - in other words, what skills do we still have if something happens.

Apocalypse's firemen consider 6 crisis levels:

- White: The present "buisness as usual capitalist Spectacle"
- Yellow: "Economical crisis" as in 2008
- Orange: "Political crisis I"
- Red: "Political crisis II"
- Purpule: "Heavy ecological crisis" PINK: Pandemic
- Black: "Complete break-down - Apocalypse"

## What is the way to be officialy reconized as Volunteer Firemen of the Apocalypse?

After that you have expressed your will to be part of this questionable plan, any other fireman or firewoman can put you in, or you can contact the adress below. An entre-vue will take place to talk about your skills through the different crisis levels (no skills required). Your nomination will be officialised by the reception of your personal membership card (unique artist work in leather or carton) on which will be mention your affiliation to one of the 6 orders (this part is especial, for fun).

- L'Ordre de la petite bouche
- L'Ordre de la grande bouche
- The order of the Holly Doing Nothing
- De Order van de niet destructieve arbeid

Send a mail to:  
vfba\_news\_subscribe@lists.riseup.net

\$ Announcement in the Volunteer Firemen newspaper and inscription in the big register of catastrofie solidarity is optional.

## What does becoming Volunteer Firemen for the Apocalypse force me to do?

Nothing, you might simply be contacted in case of Apocalypse.

## What honors can the Volunteer Firemen of the Apocalypse wish for?

- \$ Get and participate to the official newspaper
- \$ Get officialy invited for the bal (dance avond)
- \$ Know you are part of the Plan

Caserne: Copy Shop Woodstone Kugelblitz, Sperwerstraat 1B, Rotterdam, Nederland





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