

# Jack Kerouac in Parijs



Dit soort ansichtkaarten kun je overal in Parijs kopen. Een foto van een bekende schrijver, pop- of filmster met een foto van het adres waar hij of zij in Parijs gewoond heeft: het adres waar Jim Morrison woonde en stierf (27 Rue de Beautreillis), het hotel waar Walter Benjamin vaak verbleef (Hôtel Floridor) of waar Ernest Hemingway een kamer bewoonde (74 Rue

du Cardinal).

De kaart met het portret van Jack Kerouac, gevoegd bij het adres 9 Rue Git-le-Coeur moet echter gekwalificeerd worden als een lichte vorm van op toeristen gerichte geschiedvervalsing. Tegelijk wordt er ook nog eens een hardnekkige mythe mee in stand gehouden. Namelijk het verhaal dat Jack Kerouac in de jaren vijftig en zestig enige tijd in het obscure hotel op dat adres gewoond zou hebben.

## *Beat Hotel*

De Rue Git-le-Coeur is een onooglijk straatje ten westen van de Place St. Michel, tussen de Quai des Grands Augustins en de Rue St. André des Arts. In de jaren vijftig en zestig verbleven enkele leden van de groep schrijvers en dichters die als



de Beat Generation werd aangeduid, voor korte of langere tijd in een hotelletje in dit straatje. Het naamloze hotel kreeg daardoor later de bijnaam *The Beat Hotel*. William Burroughs was de meest frequente bewoner van het hotel. Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso en Peter Orlovsky kwamen op bezoek, bleven een paar dagen of woonden er langere tijd.

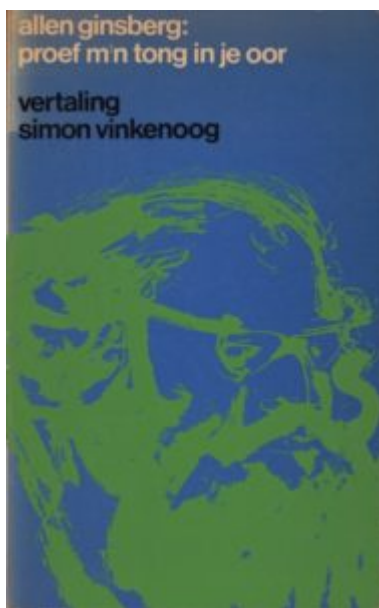
Dat deze schrijvers in Parijs neerstreken was niet zo vreemd. De stad kende een bloeiend cultureel leven, nieuwe kunststromingen bleken er levensvatbaar.

De vrije moraal ten opzichte van seksualiteit, de onbeperkte

uitgaansmogelijkheden en de verscheidenheid aan muziekaanbod, boekhandels, theater, fotografie en film, maakten de stad tot een uiterst aantrekkelijke verblijfplaats. Het was mogelijk om er een prettig, onbekommerd leven te kunnen leiden, zelfs met weinig geld tot je beschikking. Al in de jaren twintig was de stad een gewilde verblijfplaats voor beginnende schrijvers als James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway en Ford Madox Ford. Zeker voor niet-Europese schrijvers en journalisten betekende verblijf in de stad ook vaak een ontsnapping uit een bekrompen opvoeding, een conservatief milieu of een kleinburgerlijke werkomgeving.

### *Schrijvers en dichters*

In de jaren vijftig werd Parijs opnieuw de stad 'waar het gebeurde'. Europa herstelde zich van de Tweede Wereldoorlog, en Parijs was de stad waar de voorhoede van een nieuwe toekomst zich leek te kunnen manifesteren. Nieuwe stromingen in kunst, cultuur en filosofie kondigden zich aan. Hoogwaardige journalistiek - de *International Herald Tribune* vindt zijn oorsprong in Parijs - en literaire tijdschriften als *The Paris Review* en *Les Temps Modernes* (onder redactie van Jean-Paul Sartre en Simone de Beauvoir) bepaalden mede het sociaal-culturele klimaat. In diezelfde periode spetterde in de café's in St. Germain de bebopjazz en verlegde de Nouvelle Vague in de bioscopen de grenzen van de filmwereld.



Dit alles maakte Parijs tot een aantrekkelijke stad voor schrijvers, dichters en kunstenaars. Ook voor diegenen die in hun metier nog geen voet aan de grond hadden gekregen. Beginnend dichter Gregory Corso nam als eerste van de groep Beat-auteurs zijn intrede in het hotel. Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs en Peter Orlovsky volgden. Tussen 1957 en 1963 verbleven ze er meerdere malen een paar weken, soms enkele maanden. Voor Burroughs, die dankzij een familietoelage iets ruimer in zijn financiën zat dan de anderen, was Parijs ook een aantrekkelijke tussenstop op weg naar Marokko, waar hij vaak langere tijd verbleef.

Burroughs en de anderen waren notoire gebruikers van geestverruimende middelen. In Parijs was het niet moeilijk om aan drugs te komen. Ook dat maakte de stad aantrekkelijk. Amerikaanse jazzmusici als Chet Baker, Bud Powell en

Miles Davis verbleven om die reden in dezelfde tijd graag in Parijs.

### *Inspiratie*

In 1933 was het echtpaar Rachou in een oud pand in de Rue Git-le-Coeur een goedkoop hotel begonnen. Na de dood van haar man in 1957 dreef Madame Rachou de zaak in haar eentje. Comfort was er nauwelijks in het hotel, al zorgde Madame Rachou wel dagelijks voor een goedkope maaltijd. Er was een gemeenschappelijke badkamer en iedere verdieping had een WC. Maar de kamers waren koud en donker. Gregory Corso had op zijn zolderkamer een kookstelletje waarop hij een maaltijd kon bereiden.

Burroughs verbleef meestal op zijn hotelkamer en kwam alleen de deur uit voor frequente bezoeken aan zijn psychoanalyticus. De anderen zwierven overdag over de kades langs de Seine of filosofeerden middagen lang in het Jardin du Luxembourg.

Blijkbaar leverde de stad het groepje schrijvers veel inspiratie op. In het hotel schreef Allen Ginsberg enkele van zijn bekendste gedichten zoals *To Aunt Rose* en *At Appollinaire's Grave* en een lang stuk van *Kaddish*, zijn beroemde gedicht voor zijn moeder. Gregory Corso schreef er zijn bekendste gedicht *Bomb* en Burroughs voltooide er zijn *Naked Lunch*.



Jack Kerouac

### *Heimwee*

Jack Kerouac werd na de publicatie van *On the Road* de belangrijkste exponent van de Beat Generation. Zijn royalty's stelden hem in staat soms geld te lenen aan

de in Parijs verblijvende vrienden, en om reizen te maken naar Mexico en Marokko. In tegenstelling tot wat sommige auteurs in publicaties over de Beat Generation beweren, verbleef hij nooit in het hotel in de Rue Git-le-Coeur.

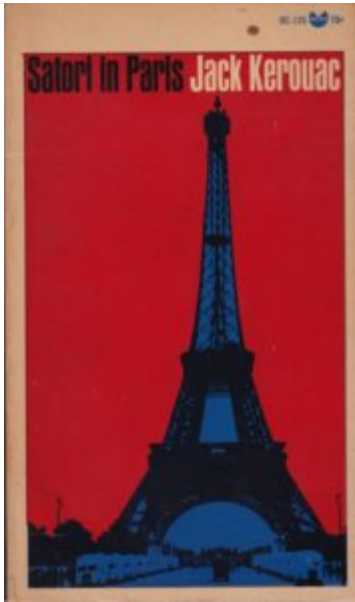
De Engelse auteur Barry Miles schreef een boek over de connectie van de Beatschrijvers met het hotel in Parijs: *The Beat Hotel, Ginsberg, Burroughs & Corso in Paris 1957-1963*. Volgens Miles kwam Kerouac bij een bezoek aan Parijs één keer kijken in het hotel toen Ginsberg en Corso er verbleven. Maar hij vond het er smerig, de WC's stonden hem niet aan en hij had heimwee naar zijn moeder. Reden voor Kerouac om Parijs weer snel te verlaten, aldus Miles.

In de belangrijkste Kerouac biografie, *Kerouac, A Biography* van Ann Charters komt dit moment echter niet voor. Volgens Charters, een autoriteit op het gebied van de Beat Generation, bezocht Kerouac Parijs slechts eenmaal, in juni 1965. Geen enkele Beat-auteur verbleef toen nog in de Rue Git-le-Coeur.

### *Voorouders*

Kerouac wilde in Parijs onderzoek doen naar zijn uit Frankrijk afkomstige voorouders. Zijn bezoek werd een aaneenschakeling van teleurstellingen. De eerste nacht spendeert hij 120 dollar bij een bezoek aan een prostituee, de tweede nacht snijdt hij zich per ongeluk aan zijn eigen opengeklapte zakmes, wanneer hij denkt dat enkele ongere types hem achtervolgen. Wanneer hij dronken en bloedend in zijn hotel terugkeert vraagt de eigenaresse hem of hij van plan is snel te vertrekken.

De volgende dag bezoekt hij zijn Franse uitgever Gallimard, maar wordt niet toegelaten omdat de baliemedewerkster bang voor hem is. In de Bibliothèque Nationale krijgt hij te horen dat het archief wat hij wil inzien door de nazi's is vernietigd.



Hij koopt een vliegticket naar Brest om daar verder onderzoek te kunnen doen, maar mist de vlucht omdat hij in de toiletten de omgeroepen nieuwe vertrektijd niet hoort. Na een urenlange treinreis naar Brest, blijkt dat zijn bagage daar onbereikbaar op het vliegveld staat. Kerouac laat zijn onderzoek maar schieten en keert terug naar Parijs. Daar neemt hij de eerste de beste vlucht naar Florida. Zijn belevenissen leveren in ieder geval nog zijn uiterst gemakkelijke reisverslag *Satori in Paris* op.

### *Mythe*

Madame Rachou leeft al jaren niet meer. Inmiddels is het Beat Hotel ingrijpend verbouwd, alleen de oorspronkelijke façade is blijven staan. Nu is er het luxe *Relais-Hôtel du Vieux Paris* gevestigd. Enkele jaren geleden liep ik er eens binnen. Van de gastvrije baliemedewerkster mocht ik even in de foyer rondkijken. Aan de muren hingen foto's van William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg en Gregory Corso, en ook van Jack Kerouac.

Zo hou je dus een mythe in stand.

### *Literatuur*

Ann Charters, *Kerouac, A Biography*, San Francisco 1973

Barry Miles, *The Beat Hotel, Ginsberg, Burroughs & Corso in Paris 1957-1963*, New York 2001

Jack Kerouac, *Satori in Paris*, New York 1966

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# **Noam Chomsky: Amid Protests And Pandemic, Trump's Priority Is**

# Protecting Profits



*Noam Chomsky*

Many years ago, social scientist Bertram Gross saw “friendly fascism” — an insidious authoritarianism that denies democratic rights for corporate ends without the overt appearance of dictatorship — as a possible political future of the United States.

Today, that future has arrived. Donald Trump has not only consolidated the integration between Big Business and government, but now, with the country in the grip of some of the biggest protests in more than half a century, he is actually trying to turn the U.S. into a police state, to “‘dominate’ by violence and terrify any potential opposition,” as Noam Chomsky astutely points out in a new and exclusive interview for *Truthout*.

*C.J. Polychroniou: Noam, for the past 40 or so years, we have been witnessing in the U.S. the demolition of the welfare state and the supremacy of the ideology of market fundamentalism to the point that the country is unable to deal with a major health crisis, let alone resolve long-standing issues like large-scale poverty, immense economic inequalities, racism and police brutality. Yet, Donald Trump did not hesitate in the midst of the George Floyd protests to declare that, “America is the greatest country in the world,” while he is seeking at one and the same time to start a new civil war in this country through tactics of extreme polarization. Can you comment on the above observations?*

*Noam Chomsky:* I don’t think Trump wants a civil war. Rather, as he says, he wants to “dominate” by violence and terrify any potential opposition. That is his standard reflex. Just look at his outburst when one Republican Senator, Lisa Murkowski, broke strict Party discipline and raised some mild doubts about the



magnificence of His Royal Majesty. Or his firing of the scientist in charge of vaccine development when he raised a question about one of Trump's quack medicines. Or his purge of the inspector generals who might investigate the fetid swamp he's constructed in Washington.

It's routine. He's a radically new phenomenon in American political history.

Another Trump reflex is his call for "the most vicious dogs, and most ominous weapons, I have ever seen" when peaceful protesters appear near his abode. The phrase "vicious dogs" evokes the country's horror when images of vicious dogs attacking Black demonstrators appeared on the front pages during the civil rights movement. Trump's use of the phrase was either by intent, to stir up racist violence, or reflexive, arising from his innermost sentiments. I leave it to others to judge which is worse, and what either tells us about the malignancy at the center of global power.

With that qualification, there is no inconsistency. Both the claim that America is the greatest country in the world, in his special sense, and his call for domination, follow from his guiding doctrine: ME!

A direct corollary to the doctrine is that he must satisfy the demands of extreme wealth and corporate power, which tolerate his antics only insofar as he serves their interests abjectly, as he does with admirable consistency in his legislative programs and executive decisions, such as the recent Environmental Protection Agency decision to increase air pollution "in the midst of an unprecedented respiratory pandemic," [risking tens of thousands of deaths](#), disproportionately Black, the business press reports, but increasing wealth for those who matter.

The success of his tactics was revealed clearly at the January extravaganza at the Davos ski resort, where the masters of the universe, as they are called, meet annually to cavort and congratulate one another. This year's meeting departed from the norm. There was visible concern about "reputational risk" — recognition that the peasants are coming with their pitchforks. Therefore, there were solemn declarations that, *We realize we've made mistakes, but we are changing, you can put your faith in us, we will become "soulful corporations,"* to borrow the phrase used in accolades to corporate America in the '50s.

The keynote address was, of course, handed to Trump, the Godfather. The elegant figures assembled don't like him. His vulgarity and general brutishness disrupt

their preferred image of enlightened humanism. But they gave him rousing applause. Antics aside, he made clear that he understands the bottom line: which pockets have to be stuffed lavishly with more dollars.

Another direct corollary of the guiding doctrine is that the con man in charge must control his voting base while he is stabbing most of them in the back with his actual programs — a difficult feat, which he has so far carried off with much skill. The voting base includes not only avid white supremacists but others in the grip of the fear of “them” that is a core part of the culture — and is of course not without foundation. One consequence of bitter repression is that “they” often resort to crime — that is, the retail crime of the weak, not the wholesale crime of the powerful.

For Trump’s prime constituency of great wealth and corporate power, America is indeed the greatest country in the world. How can one fault a country in which 0.1 percent of the population hold 20 percent of the wealth while the majority try to survive from paycheck to paycheck and CEO compensation has reached 287 times that of workers? And calls for domination by vicious dogs placates much of the voting base.

So, all falls into place.

*The actor George Clooney responded with an essay for the Daily Beast to the killing of George Floyd by saying that racism is America’s pandemic, “and in 400 years we’ve yet to find a vaccine.” Why is racism so entrenched and intractable in the United States?*

The answer is given by what happened in those 400 years. It’s been reviewed before, but for me at least it’s useful to take a few minutes to think it through again until it becomes deeply ingrained in consciousness. In summary:

The first 250 years created the most vicious system of slavery in human history once the colonies had gained their liberty, the foundation of much of the nation’s wealth. It was unique not only in hideous cruelty but also in that it was based on skin color. That is ineradicable, a curse reaching to future generations. Other minorities were brutally treated, even barred from the country by racist laws (Jews and Italians, the prime target of the 1924 immigration law, which lasted for 40 years, long enough to condemn European Jews to crematoria, and post-war, to ensure that survivors went to Palestine, whatever they might have preferred). But



the stigma was not permanent. They could be assimilated and turn to more “acceptable” professions than running [Murder, Inc.](#)

Also unique is the fervor of American racism. The “one drop of blood” criterion for the U.S. anti-miscegenation laws that remained on the books until the civil rights movement of the 1960s was so severe that the Nazis rejected it when they were searching for a model for the racist Nuremberg laws — though they did appeal to the American precedent as the only one they could find.

Formal slavery ended in 1865, and a decade of reconstruction offered Black people a taste of freedom, which they used with remarkable effectiveness, given the horrifying legacy. That soon ended. A North-South compact offered southern racists free rein to murder and repress, and to provide a fine workforce for agribusiness and the southern industrial revolution by criminalizing Black life and offering employers a disciplined work force with zero rights. One of the best general books on the post-reconstruction period is called [Slavery by Another Name](#), by *Wall Street Journal* Atlanta Bureau Chief Douglas Blackmon.

That stain on American history lasted pretty much until WWII, when free labor was needed for war industry. I remember well when Black domestic servants disappeared from middle-class homes. During the great growth period after the war, some opportunities opened for Black Americans, though serious impediments remained. The educational opportunities offered by the GI Bill, a major contribution to the health of the society, were denied to Black people. Home ownership, the basis for wealth for most people, was restricted by federal laws barring Black people from federally funded housing — laws that were hated by the liberals who voted for them, but there was no recourse if there was to be any housing at all, thanks to the iron grip of influential southern Democrats, whose racist passions shifted to the Republicans under Nixon’s southern strategy. By the time these racist laws were withdrawn under pressure of the activism of the ‘60s, the opportunities for many Black Americans were lost. The economy suffered stagflation in the ‘70s and then the hammer blow of neoliberalism, designed to keep the poor and working people in their place, with Black communities as usual the most brutally affected. That assault was compounded by a new wave of criminalization of Black life initiated by the deeply racist Reagan administration. That was amplified by Clinton under the cloak of “I am one of you,” and on to George Floyd.

It's not hard then to answer the question, at least on one level. At a deeper level, we can ask why the disease is so hard to cure.

It is worth bearing in mind that racism is not unique to the U.S. It has always existed in one form or another, but it was not until the Age of Enlightenment and the imperial conquests that it assumed its contemporary virulence. To see it on display in Europe, it is enough to view the intensive efforts of "civilized" Europeans to keep the victims of centuries of hideous European slaughter and terror from "soiling" their shores. Better that tens of thousands should die in the Mediterranean, fleeing from Libya, the scene of the first post-World War I genocide at the hands of the Italian fascist regime — which, we might recall, was highly praised in the liberal democracies of the West, including the guru of "libertarianism," Ludwig von Mises, who wrote in 1927 that, "It cannot be denied that Fascism and similar movements aimed at the establishment of dictatorships are full of the best intentions and that their intervention has for the moment saved European civilization. The merit that Fascism has thereby won for itself will live on eternally in history." (His apologists plead that he only intended for these "best intentions" to be a temporary means to "save civilization"; the [Blackshirts](#) could then retire.)

*Aside from Trump's criminal negligence of the spread of COVID-19 and his complete insensitivity to the frustration and anger of the people seeking justice through their street protests against the killing of George Floyd and police brutality generally, the United States does not seem to be well served by its version of federalism.*

Federalism in its modern form dates back to the Civil War, which changed the phrase "United States" from plural to singular (in English at least). But the problems with U.S. federalism trace back to the country's founding, and are becoming very severe. In the late 18th century, the U.S. Constitution was a progressive doctrine in comparative terms, even though it was a "framers' coup" against popular pressures for democracy, to borrow the title of the fine study by Michael Klarman that is the gold standard for scholarship on the establishment of the Constitution. Even the words "We the people," however remote from reality, were a serious challenge to the regimes of the day. The challenge was serious enough to evoke the venerable domino theory among the leaders of the day. King George III feared that the example of the American revolution might lead to erosion of the empire. The Tsar and Metternich had similar concerns about "the

pernicious doctrines of republicanism and popular self-rule” spread by “the apostles of sedition” in the colonies that had cast off the British yoke.

That was then. By today’s standards, the U.S. political system is so regressive that if the U.S. were to apply for membership in the European Union, it would probably be turned down by the European Court of Justice. The Senate is a travesty of democracy. Wyoming, with 500,000 people, has the same number of senators as California, with 40 million. This extreme perversion of democracy affects the Electoral College as well. The House was carefully designed by Madison with measures to reduce the threat of democracy, but all of that has been effaced by radical gerrymandering and an array of devices, mainly devised by contemporary Republicans, to suppress voting by the wrong people. The powers of the presidency have been constrained by good faith and trust, the way the British Constitution functioned for centuries (now eroding). With a wrecker like Trump in office, backed by a party of trembling cowards, these powers verge on dictatorship, as we are now seeing.

By now a small minority — rural, white, devoutly Christian or evangelical — can run Congress. Furthermore, this is ineradicable. The small states can block a constitutional amendment.

These remarks keep to the formalities of the democratic system, putting aside those whom Adam Smith called “the masters of mankind,” FDR’s “economic royalists.” Smith recognized them to be the “principal architects of policy” in 18th century England, the model of democracy in his day. As he wrote, they made sure that policy served their interests, however “grievous” their impact on the general population. Today, they virtually own the political system, from campaign funding to the overwhelming force of lobbyists and innumerable other devices to keep the government securely in their pocket.

Though their power is immense, it is fragile. Hence the concern at Davos about “reputational risks,” and the statements of top executives that they are mending their ways. They don’t have to read David Hume to learn that since “FORCE is always on the side of the governed, the governors have nothing to support them but opinion,” which can be withdrawn.

The power of the masters is indeed fragile. It can be restricted, even overturned, by a public dedicated to different goals. But that requires organization. Thatcher and Reagan knew what they were doing when they launched the neoliberal era

with a sharp attack on labor unions, traditionally the spearhead of struggles for social justice.

Just keeping to the formal democratic system, a serious constitutional crisis is inevitable for structural reasons — and Trump is edging toward it right now. It is a matter of concern in high places committed to the constitutional order. There is no precedent for the denunciation of his call for violent suppression of protest by some of the highest military officers — the two previous chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, his former defense secretary and former chief of staff, the former commander of NATO and U.S. forces in Afghanistan, all top-ranking generals — some of whom went on to eloquent support for the protesters. More important, also without precedent is the remarkable mobilization of whites all over the country to participate in the mass nonviolent protests, braving the serious threat of succumbing to the virus along with some police violence. [A poll in the first days of June](#) found 64 percent of American adults were “sympathetic to people who are out protesting right now,” while 27 percent said they were not and 9 percent were unsure.

Where this will lead is anyone’s guess, and more may be coming as a fateful election approaches. It’s hard to determine what is more ominous: another four years for the malignancy to spread its poison, or an electoral loss that Trump will declare illegitimate, refusing to leave the White House, calling on the heavily armed “tough guys” he regularly urges on to defend their “Second Amendment rights” by protecting the self-declared “chosen one,” eyes lifted to heaven.

Is this a wild fantasy? Maybe, maybe not. It’s being discussed in respectable circles. Specialists on the topic have warned that Trump is bringing fascism to the U.S. Personally, I think that gives him too much credit. Fascism is too sophisticated a doctrine for him to grasp. It is, furthermore, a doctrine that is antithetical to his own simplistic conception of how the world should be run: by the masters of the universe, with Trump wielding the wrecking ball at whim. Fascist ideology calls for strict control of the society by the fascist party led by the maximal leader; crucially, control of the compliant business classes. That is almost the opposite of what prevails and what Trump’s limited vision seeks to entrench further. He may advocate fascist tactics, but that’s far from fascism. It resembles more closely a tin-pot dictatorship.

[Well-regarded analysts in the mainstream are concerned](#). One is former CIA

analyst Robert Baer, who has had lots of experience in tin-pot dictatorships. In his view,

“If I were a foreign intelligence officer assigned to Washington, I’d ask how close he is to imposing martial law because it looks pretty close to me. I mean, he said he will. He’s preparing for it. He’s got a secretary of defense right now who’s balking. It’s very easy to remove him and put somebody in his place. This president is very insecure. And we’ve watched him go after the FBI and the Department of Justice, and he will go after the Pentagon until he gets the officers in that don’t countermand his orders.... I have never seen this in the United States, never heard since the Civil War.... If I were a foreigner, I would really wonder ... what’s happening to American democracy.”

We can remind ourselves of how fateful the coming election is by keeping our eyes on current science — for example, the recent report from the Scripps Institute of Oceanography, the main monitor of atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub>, that levels have not only long surpassed all of human history, but are approaching [the highest they have been for 3 million years](#), when sea levels were 50 to 80 feet higher than they are today.

The coronavirus dip is a statistically insignificant deviation, though it does serve to instruct us that there is still time to avert a cataclysm, though not much.

The countries of the world are seeking to do something to respond, not enough, but at least something. The country that is doing the least is the United States, in the hands of the wrecker-in-chief.

Trump does not waste a minute in his relentless drive to race toward the cliff. His February 2020 budget proposal, while naturally calling for continued defunding of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in the midst of a raging pandemic, also called for further subsidies to the fossil fuel industries that are laboring to destroy organized human life. To accelerate the disaster, [Trump is using the cover of the pandemic](#) to dismantle “federal regulations designed to protect workers, consumers, investors and the environment,” rescind requirements for factories and power plants to monitor or report emissions, waive environmental laws for pipelines and other projects, and instruct “agencies across the government to rescind, modify or simply stop enforcing regulations if they burden the economy.”

The last phrase is a euphemism for interfering with profits. Helping the economy

would mean building infrastructure and productive capacity, not pouring funds into keeping stock prices high for the benefit of rich investors and predatory financial capital.

“The White House will seek to make many of those roughly 600 deregulatory actions permanent,” according to a former White House official speaking on the condition of anonymity. [Trump’s May 19 proclamation](#), on which this press account is based, drops enough hints to render the prediction plausible. The heads of all agencies are instructed to “review any regulatory standards they have temporarily rescinded, suspended, modified, or waived” and other actions they have taken, and “determine which, if any, would promote economic recovery *if made permanent*,” subject to conditions that are meaningless; and to consider an array of actions that “temporarily *or permanently*” relate to “regulatory standards that may inhibit economic recovery” (emphasis added).

The phrase “economic recovery” has always had a definite meaning in the Trumpian lexicon that there is no need to review.

Trump’s dedication to destroy organized human life in the near future for the sake of short-term profit for his constituency is by far the worst of his crimes, in fact the most extreme crime in human history. It is approached in malignancy only by his systematic dismantling of the arms control regime that has reduced the severe threat of terminal nuclear war; and, concomitantly, his promoting the development of more advanced weapons that enemies can use to destroy us. Amazingly, none of this enters into current discussion, except at the margins.

*In the age of COVID-19, we have seen the sudden return of economic thinking guided however loosely by Keynesian ideas (such as increasing government spending and lowering taxes in order to reboot economic activity, and maintaining a solid welfare state) especially in Western Europe. Is this an indication that neoliberalism is finally on its way out? Or will we see a return to the “normal state of affairs” once the health crisis is over, especially in the United States, where there is significant resistance to the ideas of social democracy?*

Like a lot of good questions, this one is virtually impossible to answer. The forces that created the current socioeconomic regime, including the pandemic and the race to self-destruction, are not wasting a moment in their dedication to ensure that the neoliberal disaster persists, indeed in harsher form, with more sophisticated means of surveillance and control. They will succeed unless the



general population withdraws consent, makes use of the power that is in the hands of the governed, and becomes organized to create a world that is more humane and just — in fact, survivable.

That requires at the very least constructing a minimal social state. We can see what a difficult step that will be by looking at the liberal commentary on the Sanders campaign: good ideas, but the American people aren't ready for it. That is an incredible indictment of American society, which, according to this judgment, is not able to rise to what is normal elsewhere: universal health care and free higher education, Sanders's major planks.

But joining the world should be the least of the objectives for a progressive popular movement. Why should decisions about our lives be transferred from elected representatives, over which people have at least some control, to unaccountable private hands, as neoliberal doctrine dictates? Going further, why should people spend almost all of their waking lives under controls so extreme that Stalin couldn't have dreamed of them — what is called "having a job"? Work under external command is an attack on fundamental human rights and dignity that had been regarded with contempt from classical Greece and Rome until the 19th century, and was bitterly condemned by working people in the early industrial revolution.

That's only a bare beginning. A different world is possible, a very different one.

*This interview has been lightly edited for clarity and length.*

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# De vrouw in Nederlandsch Westindië

In 1898 vindt de *Nationale Tentoonstelling van Vrouwenarbeid 1898* in Den Haag plaats.

Op 26 juni 1896 richten elf vrouwen in Amersfoort de '*Vereeniging Nationale Tentoonstelling van Vrouwenarbeid*' op. Hoofddoel is 'de uitbreiding van de werkkring der vrouw in Nederland'. De dames willen een tentoonstelling organiseren in het jaar waarin Wilhelmina zal worden ingehuldigd als koningin. Voor het eerst een vrouw die de hoogste positie van het land bekleedt, dát feit is van grote betekenis voor vrouwenarbeid! (Bron: [deoud-hagenaar.nl](http://deoud-hagenaar.nl))

Historici plaatsen deze tentoonstelling in de eerste feministische golf (1880-1919).

Er verschenen boekjes met tekst en uitleg bij de verschillende onderwerpen van de tentoonstelling.

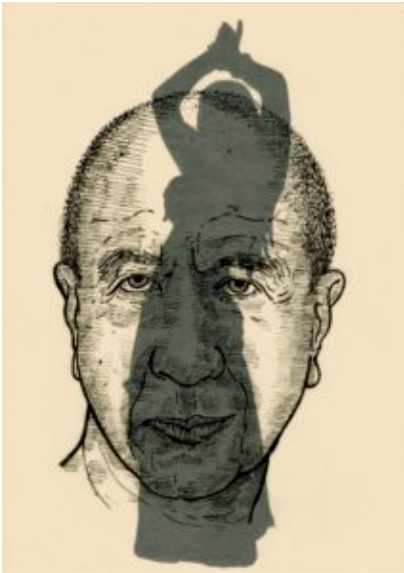
Dit is er één van: *De vrouw in Nederlandsch Westindië. Uitgegeven vanwege de Westindische Rubriekcommissie van de nationale tentoonstelling van vrouwenarbeid*. Bijeenverzameld door Jhr. L.C. van Panhuijs. Uitgeverij Becht, Amsterdam. 1898

Het is maar goed dat emancipatiebewegingen hun aard eer aan doen en in staat van permanente revolutie verkeren, zie je als je in het boekje rondbladert.

Lees verder: <http://ikkiseiland.com/de-vrouw-in-nederlandsch-westindie/>

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# The Ballet Dance Of The Pita In The Hummus Plate



Ronny Someck - Ills.:  
Joseph Sassoon Semah

I begin in the East: East is the crown that Mohamed Abd el-Wahab placed on the head of "Cleopatra." East is the dust left by a galloping horse on the road between Ras Mohammed and Nuweiba. East is the ballet dance of the pita on the hummus plate. East is a bag of tears hidden in the corridor of Umm Kulthum's throat. East is Mahmoud Darwish's suitcase. East is two lines by Omar Khayyam: "Ah could I hide me in my song, To kiss thy lips from which it flows!". East is the space between 'tfadl' (Arabic for "please") to sahten (Arabic for "well done") חסרה שורה על סבא סלח . East is Grandmother Haviva's plate of rice. East is a yellowing picture of palm trees on the banks of the Tigris. East is where the sun rises every day.

Umm Kulthum was the first singer I ever heard. She was the queen of the gramophone at the café on Struma Square. My grandfather had a regular table there, and he took me there every morning. It was a five minute walk from the transit camp on the border of Holon-Bat Yam. He spoke only Arabic. The black box of his memoirs contained the gap between the Tigris and the Euphrates. From time to time, he would turn his head to me and wet my lips with drops of arak.

Other children, for example, learned to recognize lions from books or at the zoo. The first lions I saw were the ones printed on the arak bottle labels. My first king of the jungle had a combed mane and it was wet from the drops of the drink, which was well blended with the smell of the jasmine branches that the owner of the café placed in vases on the tables every morning. Umm Kulthum's voice mingles in my head with the sound of the backgammon dice and the murmurs of the men who whispered every word along with her. Her picture, which hung on the wall, frightened me. She was the great woman from the dreams. Not my dreams. But my grandfather would translate lines from her songs into fractured Hebrew for me and try to fish from my eyes half of the lust that flooded his own.

My friends were in kindergarten back then. They sang Shavuot songs like "Baskets on our Shoulders" and others, which polished the Hebrew in their throats, while I was captivated by the hammering of a woman's voice that struck a lost, distant love. Later, when she sang: "I accustomed my eyes to watch you/if you do not come one day/ that day will be erased from my life". I believed secretly that these lines were directed at me, too.

Then I heard other voices, but the ritual of hearing her new song on the first Thursday of every month continued. My parents knew that she was Nasser's singer, and that he was an enemy, and she would often sing to the Egyptian soldiers in order to sharpen their bayonets, which were aimed at us. But in the face of her magical voice, even reason released its grip.

Umm Kulthum is present in the poems I wrote about her as well as in the sense of power of an entire orchestra that lays out a carpet for her vocal chords. I learned from her how to unravel threads from the same carpet and how to weave poetry from them, association after association. She reminds me that I was born in Baghdad.

I wrote my first poems when I was sixteen and a half years old. The secret drawer was locked. I played basketball then and my coach asked us to shoot fifty baskets every day. When I went to the school's basketball court, I found Amnon Navot there. We had an agreement. He brought back all the balls that didn't touch the net, and in return I listened to the poems he recited. Thus, against the soundtrack of the bouncing balls, Amnon recited Avidan, Amichai, Guri, Dor, Ravikovitch, and Wallach, Wieseltier, Horowitz, Penn, Gilboa, Alterman and once even half a story by Kaniuk. In his school bag were poetry books and copies of the journal Achshav.

Navot was the engine and I connected the cars of association. "Just a little blood to top off the honey," he would shout, and since then I have been running on the bridge with the poems running after me.[1] I sent the first poems to David Avidan. He answered immediately, read one of my poems on a radio program, and even called me when my first poem was published in the literary supplement of Ma'ariv (edited by David Giladi). Avidan was, in my eyes, the hard asphalt that paved the "roads that take off slowly." [2] He was the "cutting and simple fact we have nowhere to go." [3] He was the poet who had been cut out of the dream journal. The musical scale of his songs reminded me more off a rock and roll stadium than a concert hall.

In the last year of my military service, I worked with street gangs in Beit Shemesh. Before that I had worked in the Ktzi'ot prison. The difficulty of making the transition to working with a street gang was primarily mental. In the soldier's library one could find a copy of Sartre's "Intimacy," while the only reading materials these youth had were arrest warrants. I never believed until then that one could actually grow up without Pink Floyd's "Atom Heart Mother" or conduct a debate for a whole night on the difference between the detention cell at the Russian Compound and the one at the police station in town. From these adolescents I learned that a knife is first of all a knife and only secondly a metaphor for a knife. I learned that the first rule of the jungle is that there are no rules and, first and foremost, that when you bang your head against the wall, there's a good chance the wall will break too.

Once a week I ran away from there. The city of refuge was called a creative writing workshop. I was suspicious of the meeting with other writers, yet fascinated. "Each and every man" Halfi once wrote, "is a little pope in the Vatican of his life." But the real popes were the workshop teachers. Yehuda Amichai spoke about his diet and his sense that he would not teach how to write, but how to erase. Dan Pagis empowered the word "reduction." T. Carmi painted our faces in Indians war paints when he presented three lines of a poet with an eagle eye, and Amir Gilboa sat facing us, poems engraved on his forehead. There was a sense that the poets had suddenly fallen from the shelf and become flesh and blood. But more than what happened in the room happened in the road between Batei Mahase Square and Jaffa Gate. It was a Socratic walk. Amichai taught me that poetry can also be in a vendor's tomato box in the Old City, and Amir Gilboa would always stop by the Armenian's tattoo shop and say "one day you will write

a poem about it." I am a student of both of them. I learned from Gilboa that resting the pen on a paper resembles placing a gun to the temple and from Amichai I learned that that same gun does not forget the finger that pulled the trigger.

"Poetry," said Christopher Frey, "is the language in which man explores his own amazement." To this amazement I'm adding a scratch.

The first cultural war in which I participated took place between the Elvis Presley camp and the Cliff Richard camp. Cliff's people were, usually, the good kids from the youth movements. We, the Elvis people, were a metaphor that could ride on the back seat of a motorcycle. It was enough to hear a song of his in order to dress the words in black leather suits and boots designed for the gas pedal only. There were no thoughts, for example, about a mechanic's black nails after cleaning a tail pipe. I wondered then how, in the movies, Elvis came out of the pool with his hair perfectly combed and brilliantined, exactly as it had been before he jumped in, every time. In general, by the way, this relationship between brilliantine and Elvis reminds me of Sabah, the king of the neighborhood of my youth. Sabah grew out his short hair just so he could dress it with brilliantine. Clearly he was an Elvis man, and clearly he dreamed of a motorcycle. His father went out in his pajamas to buy ice, and Sabah, alongside him, was the proof that a renewed meeting between father and son could have only occurred in a synagogue. Once he received a gift, a ticket for Cliff Richard's concert at the Ramat Gan stadium. On the day of the concert, he deliberated whether he should go to the concert or burn the ticket. Cliff has never been seen holding the handlebars of a motorcycle even in his imagination, and the result was that I can smell the burning of the ticket to this day.

I'm re-painting the war colors of this distant argument, because at the end of the day it is a poetic disagreement. This is an argument over wording. Or, in other words, is it possible to sing only about a rose or are we required in a song about a rose to mention the thorns that also grow on its stem? I already liked the thorns back then. The music was the tunnel and the headlights of the car were the light at its end. Therefore, Elvis's rock and roll took me to the suicidal voice of Jim Morrison, to Eric Clapton's guitar, which knew how to tighten fingers into a fist, to the alcohol-soaked voice of Marianne Faithfull, and especially to the minefield New York's avant-garde. Elliott Sharp, the musician with whom I recorded several pieces, plays like he is sweeping plucked feathers from the floor of the



slaughterhouse. "Music," I wrote about him, "is never the last request/emitted by the lips of the victim in the face of the guns/it is the path of escape in the rusty heart of the barbed wire fences." In my poems, I attempt to glorify that rust.

P.S. And perhaps I can reduce the whole story to the two years during which I stammered. To two years of near silence. The silent person, especially if he is nine years old, is the ultimate listener. The silent person is an avenger.

נקמת הילד המגמגם

היום אני מדבר לזכר המלים שפעם נתקעו לי  
בפה,  
לזכר גלגלי השנים שפוררו הברות  
מתחת ללשון והריחו את אבק השרפות  
ברוח בין הלע לשפתים החשוכות.  
חלמתי אז להבריח את המלים שנארו כסחורות גנובות  
במחסני הפה,  
לקרע את אריזות הקרטון ולשלף את  
צעצועי האלף-בית.  
המורה היתה מניחה יד על כתפי ומספרת שגם משה  
גמגם ובכל זאת הגיע להר סיני.  
ההר שלי היה ילדה שישיבה  
לידי בפתה, ולא היתה לי אש בסנה הפה  
כדי להבעיר, לנגד עיניה,  
את המלים שנשרפו באהבתי אותה.

### *Revenge of the Stuttering Child*

I speak today in memory of the words which once stuck in my mouth  
in memory of the toothy gears which crushed syllables  
under my tongue and smelled the gunpowder  
in the gap between the gullet and the arid lips.

My dream then was to smuggle the words packed like stolen goods  
in the mouth's warehouse,  
to rip the cardboard boxes open and pull out the  
toys of the alphabet.

The teacher would lay a hand on my shoulder and say that Moses, too,  
stuttered but nonetheless made it to Mt. Sinai.

My mountain was a girl who sat  
next to me in class, and I had no fire in the bush of my mouth  
to ignite, before her very eyes,  
the words consumed by my love of her.

*Poem translated by Vivian Eden*

### *Notes*

[1] This is a reference to the poem "Jonathan" by Yonah Wallach. This line is taken from Linda Zisquit's translation in *Wild Light*. Sheep Meadow Press, New York, 1997, 1-878818-54-6.

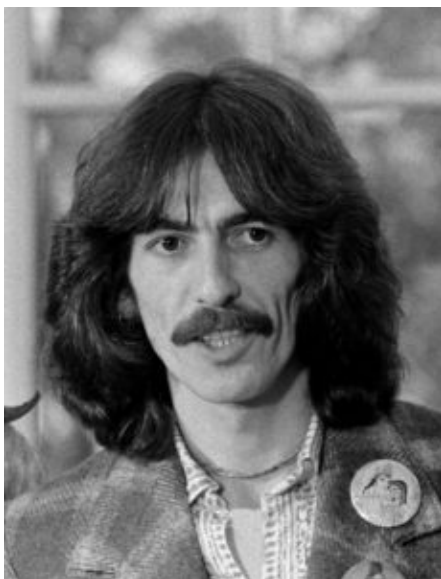
[2] This is a reference to Avidan's poem "The Streets Take off Slowly."

[3] This is from the poem "Power of Attorney" by David Avidan.

Ronny Someck: <http://www.ronnysomeck.com/>

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## George, the quiet Beatle



George Harrison  
(1943-2001) Photo:  
wikipedia.org

'De stille Beatle' werd hij genoemd. De bescheiden Beatle, *the quiet one*. Omdat hij als jongste altijd in de schaduw stond van John Lennon (*the smart Beatle*) en Paul McCartney (*the cute Beatle*), en zelfs van de clown Ringo Starr (*the sad Beatle*).

Samen waren ze *the Liverpool Lads of*, in een grap van Ringo, *the Siamese Quads* (de Siamese vierling; quads is de verkorting van quadruplets, vierling of vierwieler). Maar vooral waren ze *the Fab Four*.

George Harrison zou daar, toen de groep uiteen gevallen was, met ironie op terugkijken in *When we was fab*, op zijn solo-cd *Cloud Nine* (1987), met *I am the walrus*-violen en andere muzikale Beatles-citaten. Fab is kort voor fabulous, zoals nu nog gebruikt in *AbFab* voor de Engelse comedy *Absolutely Fabulous*.

Afgunstig op het grote succes van Britse bands als the Beatles, the Stones en the Kinks in Amerika in de jaren 60 - daar wordt nu nog gesproken over the British invasion - creëerde de platenindustrie aldaar volgens een op the Beatles gebaseerde formule een vergelijkbare groep, the Monkees, inclusief speelse spelfout. Dat werd natuurlijk al gauw *the Prefab Four*, het geprefabriceerde viertal.

Gijs Scholten van Aschat schreef voor seizoen 2011/2012 het toneelstuk *the Prefab Four*, over vier voormalige nep-popsterren op leeftijd.

Naar zijn ogenschijnlijk bescheiden rol verwees ook de titel van een biografie, *The Quiet One: A Life of George Harrison* door Alan Clayson. De mysterieuze Beatle werd hij ook genoemd, maar de mystieke Beatle was toepasselijker geweest, gezien zijn belangstelling voor hindoeïsme, meditatie en sitar.

George Harrison zal vooral herinnerd worden vanwege *While my guitar gently weeps* (waarover aanstonds meer). De ironie wil, dat die treurende gitaar niet door hemzelf bespeeld werd maar, zoals kenners al lang gehoord hadden, door Eric Clapton. Die werd, om zijn onnavolgbare gitaarspel bij the Yardbirds, in 1963 al bekend als *Slowhand*, maar verwierf de hoogste eer tijdens zijn periode in John Mayalls Bluesbreakers. In 1966 verscheen op Londense muren de graffito *Clapton is God*.

Clapton speelde in menige sessie mee, maar vanwege contractuele verplichtingen elders gebeurde dat onder schuilnamen. Aan Harrison's muziek bij de film *Wonderwall: the Movie* (1969), bijvoorbeeld, deed hij mee als Eddie Clayton.

De hulpvaardigheid was wederzijds en ook Harrison diende zich te bedienen van een alias. Als *L'Angelo Misterioso* (de mysterieuze engel) droeg hij bij aan Cream,

de supergroep van Clapton, Jack Bruce en Ginger Baker. Aan het nummer *Badge* schreef hij mee, op *Never tell your mother she's out of tune* speelde hij gitaar. (De interactie met Clapton was overigens niet uitsluitend van muzikale aard. Clapton liet zijn oog vallen op Harrison's vrouw Patti Boyd. In 1977 scheidde zij van de Beatle, in 1979 trouwde ze met Slowhand. Op hun receptie verzorgden Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr en George Harrison de muziek.)

In andere pseudoniemen was Harrison minder creatief: op Harry Nilsson's *Son of Schmilsson* heet hij *George Harrysong*, op *It's like you never left* van Dave Mason *Son of Harry* en op *Shankar Family and Friends*, een album van zijn sitar-leraar Ravi Shankar, *Hari Georgeson*. Nog Indiaser oogde zijn alter ego op *The place I love* van The Splinter: *Jai Raj Harisein*. Als *Hari Georgeson* speelde hij ook nog mandoline op *It's my life* van Billy Preston, de Amerikaanse toetsenist die vanwege zijn vele sessie-werk op Beatles-lp's *the Fifth Beatle* werd genoemd.

In 1960, toen de Liverpool Lads nog als *the Silver Beatles* optraden, noemde George zich *Carl Harrison*, als eerbetoon aan zijn grote Amerikaanse voorbeeld, Carl Perkins.

De mooiste bijnaam is echter *the Dark Horse*. Van oorsprong is een *dark horse* een outsider bij de paardenraces, later was het vooral van toepassing op een onverwachte winnaar bij politieke verkiezingen. Maar in Harrison's geval geldt de betekenis van buitenstaander. Ook dit werd de titel van een biografie, *Dark Horse: the Life and Art of George Harrison* door Geoffrey Giuliano. De typering was treffend; Harrison had hem toen zelf al gebruikt, als naam voor zijn platenmaatschappij en als titel voor een cd in 1974.

Daarop staat onder meer een cover van de Everly Brothers-hit *Bye Bye Love*, een onverhulde verwijzing naar de overstap van Patti Boyd naar Eric Clapton. Die waren trouwens allebei aanwezig bij de opname.



*The Beatles - John Lennon,  
Paul McCartney, George  
Harrison, Ringo Star*

### *Rijmelarij*

De hitparade is een wereld die aan elkaar hangt van de rijmelarij en clichébeelden. Want ze moeten ontelbare malen gebruikt zijn in de teksten van popsongs: so in love en the stars above. Letterlijk ontelbaar. *I'm feeling blue* en *someone new* doet het ook goed als cliché, en anders wel *tomorrow* en *all my sorrow*.

In spaarzame gevallen doet de tekstdichter een poging tot iets originelers. Een aardig voorbeeld daarvan is het rijm dat George Harrison toepaste in *While my guitar gently weeps*, het zevende nummer van kant 1 van het dubbelalbum *The Beatles* (1968).

'*While my guitar*' bestaat uit tweemaal een couplet en een refrein met aan het slot nog wat geherhaal. Het couplet wordt gevormd door twee regels, die elk gevolgd worden door de titel van het nummer. Harrison schreef het, toen hij transcendentale meditatie en boeddhisme ontdekt had en je zou kunnen verwachten dat dat doorklonk in de diepte van zijn teksten.

Maar helaas. Regel drie, bijvoorbeeld, luidt: *I look at the floor and I see it needs sweeping* en is meer van huishoudelijk belang dan van filosofisch gewicht.

De filosofen Joseph A. en Michael H. Hoffheimer slagen er niettemin in in Harrison's tekst een metaalag te ontdekken. Dat doen ze in de essaybundel *The Beatles and Philosophy. Nothing you can think that can't be think* (Chicago, 2006). (De speelse spelling van *think* in plaats van *thought* komt uit de tekst van *All you need is love*.) Hun bijdrage, *George on Being and Somethingness*, biedt een existentieel inzicht dat met het blote oog nauwelijks waarneembaar is:

*George neatly expressed this existential insight in a line in “While my guitar gently weeps” (1968). When he looks at a dirty floor, the singer does not see a surface with dirt on it but rather “a floor that needs sweeping”. What he sees in other words is a floor, perhaps standing more generally for the world, which requires action.*

Interessanter, althans rijmtechnisch gezien, wordt het in de refreinen. Die tellen elk vier regels en eindigen allemaal op dezelfde rijmklank. Daarvoor koos George het eindrijm *-erted*, toch al niet het makkelijkste rijmwoord in het Engels, maar om aan acht van die rijmwoorden te komen, creëert de dichter rijmelarij van het zuiverste water en van bedenkelijk niveau.

*I don't know how you were diverted  
You were perverted too  
I don't know how you were inverted  
No-one alerted you*

De toegezongene wordt niet alleen afgeleid - *diverted* - en geperverteerd - *excuse me?* -, maar ook nog binnenstebuiten gekeerd - *inverted* - en niemand die hem of haar daarvoor gewaarschuwd had: *I don't know why no one alerted you. Alerted?* Waarschuwen voor wat dan?

Het lijkt heel wat, maar het heeft de diepgang van een recept voor aambeienzalf en de zeggingskracht van een scheurkalender uit de jaren vijftig. Het is een pseudo-diepzinnig samenraapsel van woorden die niets anders met elkaar gemeen hebben dan dat ze op elkaar rijmen. Er is geen verband, geen wederzijdse beïnvloeding, laat staan enige zinnige betekenis.

Hetzelfde drama voltrekt zich aan het tweede couplet:

*I don't know why nobody told you  
how to unfold your love  
I don't know how someone controlled you  
They bought and sold you*

Vooraf die laatste regel nodigt uit tot urenlange interpretatie, als dat niet te veel eer zou zijn.

De vraag of het in het Nederlands beter zou lukken, kan onmiddellijk negatief beantwoord worden. Bindervoet en Henkes, die in *Help! The Beatles* in het Nederlands (Amsterdam, 2006) alle Beatlesteksten, dus ook die van Harrison,



vertaald hebben, maakten van *While my guitar* volgens hun eigen Aantekeningen "Een plechtig nummer plechtig vertaald in het oude Nederlands van P.C. Hooft". Een van de coupletten luidt:

*Ic snap niet hoe de slang commercie*

*U tot desertie braght*

*Ic snap niet hoe u uit perversie*

*Om mijn inertie laght*

Inderdaad: Help! Dat is, zo mogelijk, nog betekenislozer. Maar Harrison achtte zijn kunstje blijkbaar geslaagd, want hij herhaalde het in *Handle with care*. Ditmaal verzekerde hij zich van de steun van de lyrische poëet Roy Orbison en Bob Dylan, winnaar van de Nobelprijs voor Literatuur, die, aangevuld met Jeff Lynn en Tom Petty *the Travelling Wilburys* vormden.

Nu beperkte hij zich tot het aaneenrijmen van drie regels, zonder dat dit merkbare invloed had op de begrijpelijkheid of de innerlijke samenhang.

Bijvoorbeeld:

*Reputations changeable*

*Situations tolerable*

*Baby, you're adorable*

*Handle me with care*

Of, nog erger,

*Been stuck in airports, terrorized*

*Sent to meetings, hypnotized*

*Overexposed, commercialized*

*Handle me with care*

Om met Wim Kan te spreken: er gaat een wereld van onbegrip voor je open.

Het eerste deel werd eerder gepubliceerd in Bijgenaamd, Achterpagina *NRC-Handelsblad*, 6 december 2001. Het tweede deel verscheen op de inmiddels opgeheven website [www.poezieaanhuis.nl](http://www.poezieaanhuis.nl).

*Robert-Henk Zuidinga* (1949) studeerde Nederlandse en Engelse Moderne Letterkunde aan de Universiteit van Amsterdam. Hij schrijft over literatuur, taal- en bij uitzondering - over film.

De drie delen *Dit staat er* bevatten de, volgens zijn eigen omschrijving, journalistieke nalatenschap van Zuidinga. De boeken zijn in eigen beheer uitgegeven. Belangstelling? Stuur een berichtje naar: [info@rozenbergquarterly.com](mailto:info@rozenbergquarterly.com)- wij sturen uw bericht door naar de auteur.

*Dit staat er 1. Columns over taal en literatuur.* Haarlem 2016. ISBN 9789492563040

*Dit staat er II, Artikelen en interviews over literatuur.* Haarlem 2017. ISBN 9789492563248

*Dit staat er III. Bijnamen en Nederlied. Buitenlied en film,* Haarlem 2019. ISBN 97894925636637

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## De Berchrede fan it Flakke Lân

**de moAnne**

Fryslân DOK

*De Berchrede fan it Flakke Lân.*

Tinkers formulearje in perspektyf foar de maatskippij nei de Coronacrisis. Hokker ynsjoggen kinne wy meinimme nei de takomst?

Sjoch bygelyks: *De Berchrede fan Theunis Piersma:*

<https://www.demoanne.nl/de-berchrede-fan-theunis-piersma/>

“Sa lang’t ik biolooch bin, alwer 40 jier, libje ik mei it besef dat ús wrâld ekologysk nei de barrebysjes giet. Ik wie my tige bewust dat, lang om let, ek de minsken út rike lannen dat fiele soene. Ik frege my ôf, wat sil ik der sels noch fan meimeitsje? Ik haw my de ôfrûne 20 jier geregeldwei yn ‘t fel knypt en my fernuverre dat it eins sa goed giet, dat wy allegearre sa blier en blynwei trochlibje. Fansels, de ‘wanden’ hongen grôtfol mei ‘tekens’, mar wat gie it de measten fan ús dochs goed, wat koene wy lekker en goedkeap de wrâld oer reizgje om sa, nei in ritsje Schiphol en in dei of wat ‘langparkeren’, geregeldwei te ûntsnappen nei plakken mei mear romte en mear lânskip as thús.

No is it dan safier. In krisis as dy fan corona is al withoefaak troch firologen

oankundige, mar ynienen komt er ús oer it mad en ynienen liket dat 'it nei de bliksem gean' him yn fleanende faasje ûntjout. Soks giet dus net stadich, soks rôlet oer jin hinne! Soks is as de see dy't nei in dyktrochbraak it doarp ynienen yn it klotsende wetter set.

Ik sit thús, en folgje mei ynhâlden siken it nijs. Ik strún it ynternet ôf op syk nei ferstannich praat. It reint moaie, djippe bespegelingen. Want yn in krisis is neitinke en nij tinken nedich, en it moaie is dat sok frij tinken dan ynienen mei! Miskien wol oanmoedige wurdt. Kin ik dan einliks sizze wat ik op myn hert haw? En soe der no wol lústere wurde?"

Of *De berchrede fan Oeds Westerhof*:

<https://www.demoanne.nl/de-berchrede-fan-oeds-westerhof/>

"De flinter is in flearmûs wurden. As in orkaan fljocht it coronafirus oer de wrâld. Wa't sûn is wurdt siik, wa't swak is ferstjert. Dat jildt foar minsken en likegoed ek foar bedriuwen. It binne ûnwisse tiden foar elk, behalve dan foar ûnheilsprofeten, wûnderdokters, predikers fan *het eind der tijden*, synisy, utopisten en oare selskroane keningen fan de wissichheid.

Ik wit net wat dizze coronakrisis foar ús betsjutte sil. Ik ha in krisis fan dizze omfang nea meimakke. Myn gefoel komt it tichtst by de tiid fan Tsjernobyl en de útbraak fan aids. Dat wiene ek fan dy ûnsichtbere meunsters. De ynternasjonale spanning liket wat mear op dy fan 9-11, wylst de ekonomyske panyk wat mear oan de bankekrisis tinken docht. Eins komme al dy dingen gear yn de coronakrisis. Hoe't it komt, dat witte we net, mar we binne yn gefaar."