

# *bunnies on strike* introduces bunnies strike talking

spoken word - zine #1



<http://bunniesstriketalking.tk>  
<http://bunniesonstrike.cjb.net>

\*            hi            this is the bunn  
              sure        ies on strike ba  
this        nnies        nner protesting  
is bu        nnes        be active, fight  
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your eye be alert        go  
there are minds at        g  
work here and you        resist  
won't always know        resist  
what's happening        resist  
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read the online zine <http://bunniesonstrike.cjb.net>  
<http://bunniesstriketalking.tk> spoken word partition

bunnies strike talking : bunnies strike talking : bunnies strike talking : bunnies strike talking :

this is issue number one of  
**BUNNIES STRIKE  
TALKING**  
spoken word zine  
by Manuela & Tanja

how to contact us Bunnies Strike Talking? email us!  
mail manuela: manuela@bunniesonstrike.cjb.net  
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wanna see more? go to the sites:  
Bunnies Strike Talking <http://bunniesstriketalking.tk>  
Bunnies On Strike <http://bunniesonstrike.cjb.net>

wanna hear us? ask for the cd!  
=> email us on how to get one

using Skype for IM or talking? we're out there!  
type in bunniesonstrike to see if we're online!

*answers to the  
beauty quiz  
are you the ultimate babe?*  
*written by Manuela and Tanja*

**Did your answers contain A's, B's, C's or D's?**

Then, my girlfriend, you may be happy to hear that you are within the range of accepted behaviours of this society. By being this way your life will continue to be as worry-free as it has been so far and you will achieve the goals that are available for you. Bunnies On Strike would like to compliment you on your choice of lifestyle, as long as you're happy! We hope you are aware that you are not allowed to have your own opinion if you lead this life. Good Luck with fitting in all the time!

**Didn't you find anything to answer?**

Were you even enraged by the questions? Praise the Gawdness, you score unlike most people: which is nothing to be ashamed

of. You probably have your own vision, your own attitude, and have a hard time finding a place as a young girl in this stereotyping society. Continue to live this way, resist the temptation to be what they want you to be! For who else but you knows better how to live yr life. Well it surely isn't some magazine. Keep on going strong, after all you know yr worth it!!!

In the spoken word piece Manuela is the all-knowing self-indulgent show-host. Tanja plays a doubting teen who has to answer these questions. The following writings shows the kind of questions we use during the performance of our piece called 'beauty quiz' but it is not a written piece on what the performance is like... enjoy!

stupidity!

No place to call home: you can only live in temporary accommodations which are always at risk and you live "in the hands of fate" (friendly strangers, railway stations, un-occupied houses or "squats")

-you are forced to live off the streets to survive: often getting into not-so-legal activities

-you depend solely from the generosity of others (and society's generosity...which you claim to want to have nothing to do with)...

*Well of course there are limitations!*

*Do you think I wanna work for a boss or something? I stand for Nichillism! I don't want to live for only greed and possessions, I don't wanna pay of some stupid mortgage and only have time to travel when my boss says it's ok. I wanna depend on only me.*

-you can't expect or need or want anything outside of the "bare necessities" of life. (Where do you get money to dye your mohican from, by the way?)

you never make plans and are therefore never prepared for life's unpredictability

you never make plans and are therefore never prepared for life's unpredictability

-you can't get ill and can't get old

*There's No Future if you live life within the dotted lines that society wants to limit you to. They don't want you to be happy they want you to be productive and trick you into heavy bank-loans so you have to work all your life paying of your debt. That is no Future. Not for me anyway.*

-After the age of 27-30 you are usually alone (the best of punks by then have re-integrated in society).

*Well, I'm not really sure of that...*

*There are some punks that are older...*

*[Thinks] Well anyway I don't believe in Religion. It has no scientific or realistic substance only provokes wars.*

-Egocentric (not Deo-centric), selfish (as don't obey moral laws concerning our relationship with others), you don't care about anything (nothing has meaning to you anyway)

-Your life has no aim, no direction, no justification, nor continuation after death

-You create and live in dramatic situations without future or present  
*I demand Anarchy!!!! cos how can ANY form of government progress if the police is paid by and ordered around by that same government?*

-Won't find support on this battle and can't do anything about it, realistically, so it's merely an ideal used as a justification for being as you are.

-Can't accept society for what it is: will live on the limits of society, will be repudiated, insulted, have to deal with not being accepted and with the violence of "the mass", both verbal and physical

*Well, I still won't accept your authority!!! [runs off]*

Go on, run away...

...The youth of today...where are their values?

# bunnies on strike

## **BUNNIES STRIKE TALKING**

### **spoken word zine #1**

- introduction
- test-bunnies on strike
- the a-b-c of living
- bang
- making friends
- I said I'm sorry
- obstruction
- smile
- football
- goal in life
- getting my front row seat
- bigger than I am
- manners means
- ...a better goal in life than theirs
- I don't miss you
- it wasn't summer in amsterdam
- penning
- routine annoyance
- **MORE PIECES**

performed pieces gathered

**this is just my side of things and I guess I shouldn't speak for bunnies strike talking but I just wanna introduce you to the beginning** by Tanja

**Manuela and I knew each other for years when we decided to do spoken word and even then, it just sort of happened!**

I think we met at a concert or probably through the internet and then a concert, I don't really remember. It feels like I've known Manuela forever, we always have ideas and energies around us. Together we're super inspired. And it just had to happen, we had to meet minds in a project. Manuela had been to Ladyfest Scotland and was totally inspired to get into writing spoken word pieces. This inspiration came from experiencing Jeanne Spicuza spoken word performance. She's such an amazing performer, and does such powerful spoken word pieces that you can only hang onto her every word when you see her perform. Manuela started to get her hands on written material of more spoken word artists and started writing. I was totally excited when I heard she was going to perform some of her work at Ladyfest Belgium and asked her if we could do some stuff together in name of BUNNIES ON STRIKE. She was enthusiastic and we started to write some stuff together and practised on the way to Belgium. At that point I had never seen Jeanne Spicuza aka

"Seasons and a muse" perform. So I wasn't nervous. Just excited. When I met her, she was a bit worried about the audience ability to understand English. And I convinced her they would and that in any case Bunnies on Strike (band + spoken word) were there and so was Nina, and we all could understand it well! When Jeanne actually performed I was so inspired! I loved her show so much. I was totally motivated to write. And so, I did write. And Manuela did too. And now we have all these pieces and too little time. We have performed (often abroad) and added some really theatrical pieces. We have moved from reading our work to performing the essence of our words. And whether people grasped the meaning of the words or not, we found that the emotion was universal. Some pieces we do solo, and some pieces we do together. Having performed in all kind of ways we figured it was time to get our Bunnies Strike Talking pieces online, so we uploaded them at <http://bunniesstriketalking.tk> And now the year is almost 2005 and time has come to materialise our work into a zine. I hope you enjoy reading the pieces as well as the other stuff we wrote for this zine.  
cheers Tanja .

## so you want to be a punk?

written by Manuela

What you can read below was adapted from another table created by my father after a great fight we had when I was about 15. I was not respecting his curfew hours, and in general not giving a fuck about my parents' orders and suggestions: I was rebellious, angry, and could not wait until I was 18 to leave home, get a band, take drugs, and be a perfect punk with my fantastic friends at the squat I hanged out at.

I tried to justify my actions by telling my father about my ideals: how I lived them passionately, how I was going to be that way for all my life. He merely smiled, whipped off to his PC, and came back with an A4 sheet where one by one, my ideals were brought down (Nowadays my father and I still have our best conversations by email). After he gave me time to calm down (pointless to say I was a moody cow at that age) he came into my room and we discussed the consequences together.

Contrary to what he thought, this discussion with him reinforced my principles once more, because I really used the chance to question them, and come up with valid reasonings: in the end we concluded, as Socrates did, that there's no pre-set conclusion to ANYTHING, just what applies to each individual: we are not a mass, we are a population of individuals.

I'm sure many of you have been disappointed by the punk scene: very few are those that are truly active in the scene, and not merely "tourists", the rest, a bunch of hypocrites. What exactly is failing? I would like to invite each of you to go through the same experience, as it really helps to put your ideas in focus....remember, to debate, you need to have an opponent side! And for once, take a minute to really THINK about it.

### THE PRINCIPLE vs THE CONSEQUENCE

*I don't believe in the authority for it forgets that I might have something valuable to s...*

[interrupts the teen] You don't believe in authority? That means:

-no family (no respect to your parents and relatives, no respect gained back...you are cut out)

*but, but...*

-can only have jobs where you are autonomous or independent (where there's no boss)

-if truly convinced, can/will have trouble with Justice/Law, because there are limitations to what one can do in society  
*that's not true...*

*And now I wanna have my say! Listen to me!!! I DON'T BELIEVE in authority, you always tell me what to do and you always think you're right. Well I think you should at least let me talk back and then decide with me, if you want me to even listen to you. If you don't even give me a chance to talk back you send out the message that I'm incapable of thinking let alone ever decide on anything.*

*You think you have the right to control me as if I wasn't your daughter but some kind of computer in need of programming. Well guess what? I have a mind and I'm just as capable of deciding what to do, I just have a little less life-experience - that doesn't make inferior or something. Authority is*



3a

### Why does BUNNIES ON STRIKE exist?

In this male-centered world feminism seems to be something that needs to be excused and explained too much. I live in a world in which girls are in an unfair position. That\*s something that needs to change and is worth fighting against. Like racism, homophobia and animal-torture, sexism is not tolerable. Unlike racism, homophobia and animal-torture, sexism is something I have to deal with everyday.

Bunnies on Strike is multi-faceted: it's a zine, a webzine, a band, a collective, a radical cheerleading group and...

Bunnies on Strike + spoken word = Manuela and Tanja



even people dressed up as fake BUNNIES deserve a rest from work -  
how come test-animals never get a break?

BUNNIES ON STRIKE is against animal abuse  
we fight for animal rights and believe that all animals should  
have the right to strike. Even test-animals, like test-rabbits  
and test bunnies.

We call ourselves Bunnies On Strike.



## test-bunnies on strike

by tanja

Imagine: Doing a demanding job for the great good which is humanity. Everyday. For 24 hours. No holidays. No coffee breaks. No workspace to move around in. No cao\*s. No union to rely on. No rights. Sounds like another time, doesn\*t it? Another place where slavery was common. It\*s NOT! It\*s happening here.

It\*s happening now. Day after day. Minute after minute. Nanosecond after nanosecond. They say that when you're being tortured, you're body gets numb from it. It might be that your body excludes the pain, or that your nerves get less sensitive, I don\*t know. I just hope it works that way.

- b) You can hypnotize guys and make them fall at your feet, madly in love.
- c) Your super power would enable you to always have money or a credit card at hand.
- d) Become invisible so you can look into model's houses and learn their secrets.

### 5) You've been out with a man for the first time. How would you judge if he was into you?

- a) He couldn't keep his eyes off your body.
- b) He didn't check out other women.
- c) If he boasts about you to his friends.
- d) When he talked about his family. You couldn't wait to meet them!

### 6) When you're running late, which step of your morning routine are you most likely to skip?

- a) Shower.
- b) Brushing teeth.
- c) Breakfast.
- d) Hairstyle and make-up.

### 7) Your underwear drawer contains

- a) Only strings and push-ups
- b) Trunks and singlets, who needs a bra hiding yr nipples?
- c) Sports bra's and Sloggi undies.

### 8) When you buy clothes, you look mostly for:

- a) Clothes that remind you of that new music video you just saw.
- b) Always things that make me look slim.
- c) Something sexy with classy matching shoes, handbag and accessories.

- d) Something that looks like some of the things you already have hanging at home.

### 9) What do you have in your handbag?

- a) Make up, cleanser, cigarettes and perfume.
- b) Tampax, wet tissues, anti bacterial hand cream, deodorant.
- c) Nail varnish remover, filer, hairbrush and comb.
- d) Love potion (or viagra pills).

### 10) You're most likely to sabotage or revenge someone out of jealousy because of:

- a) Boyfriend.
- b) Possession.
- c) Beauty.
- d) Popularity.

answers will be found at the back of the Bunnies Strike Talking zine of

bunnies on strike™

beauty quiz

# are you the ultimate babe?

written by Manuela and Tanja

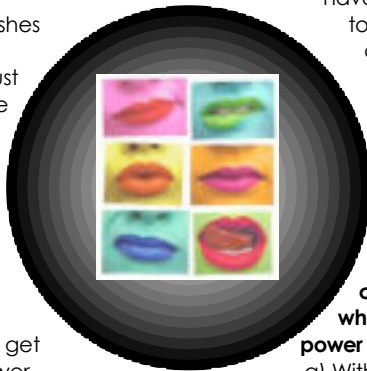
Bunnies On Strike Talking\* have devised for you a test to measure if you're "hot or slop": answer these questions and find out where you stand in this trendy world!

**1) If make-up is your tool of choice in getting a certain guy's attention, you will be wearing:**

- a) Red lip gloss, shiny eyeshade and a bronze-golden foundation.
- b) See through lip gloss, mascara and chewing gum.
- c) Glitters, fake eyelashes and long nails.
- d) I like my lip balm just fine and won't choose for anything extra.

**2) In a job interview you wear your hair:**

- a) Innocent like a schoolgirl: braids or hairclips.
- b) Dominatrix-style ponytail – you'll either get the job or the interviewer.
- c) Curls around your face: the Shirley Temple look warms everyone's hearts.
- d) Let the hairdresser decide.



**3) When a man tells you that you look great, what is your typical response?**

- a) Giggle and flirt: you've been trying to get him to notice you all day.
- b) You look behind, make sure he's talking to you and reply: "Really? You think so?"
- c) You look so deep into his eyes that you forget to reply.
- d) "Thanks, on the opposite you look like you've been flushed through the toilet, down the drain and haven't had time

to change afterwards, try a For Him magazine". If the wimp is trying to get you, he's probably not good enough.

**4) If you could be a cartoon heroine, what would your super-power be?**

- a) With a click of your fingers you always look perfect, you can fly and still look good.

For the sake of all those who get tortured. For the sake of the test-bunnies. Let it be that way for the sake of the test-animals, the lab-rats, the guinea-pigs, the stekker-katten(cats with computer plugs connected to the insides of their brain), the ear-mice, the HIV monkeys, the ... well I could go on like this for ages and ages. But I hope I've made my point. The test bunnies don't strike. Not because they're the hero-like pioneers sacrificing their lives for the great good that "humanities civilisation" questionably is. But because they don't have the option. Unlike the ones who execute these tests they lack the control over their own life.

I've heard people state arguments protecting these horrid practices, but none of them are convincing. In Holland, the use of animal-testing for cosmetic products is forbidden. That doesn't mean Dutch companies don't import cosmetics that have been tested on test-animals, as the law doesn't cover imported products. Nor does it mean that the pre-products used in the final product haven't been tested on

test-animals. The ingredients could have been imported from countries where animal testing is commonly used to test the quality of the cosmetics. Even though the test-animal torture has only been shifted around, this rather new law in Holland could be a step into the right direction. It's a slow process. But it seems to be progressing. Slowly. I recently read that the big bad European Union is working on taking over that law for the whole of Europe and then it might even involve the import-products. I am very skeptic about the European Union and I'd rather not have my hopes focussed on it, but I can't help myself. Together with the organisation that works on plastic substitutes for preparation skills, this could be a mini-step into the world where \*Bunnies On Strike\* could be on the front page of the news-paper. A world where we learned to listen to bodylanguage of animals and people. Oh yes. There is some hope left. Let's fight our way to it and make sure we achieve every single mini-step that's worthwhile.



## The A - B - C of living

written by Manuela

There are 6 ways to get into the alphabet  
And I chose the L for the way it made me feel  
They had an intercity going there and it was the right hand getting tickets.

At the Q point, it really started happening for me.  
M had made me go mmm, (I'd been)  
Nnnarcotized enough, (I'd)  
Oooopened up new doors, I was now the qqqquueeen  
And the rest after me seemed such an ease, such a bore.

But I forgot, I was still a consonant.  
Vowels are more popular, you see,  
And at the point I'd gotten now  
Who wanted to compete with the U anyway?

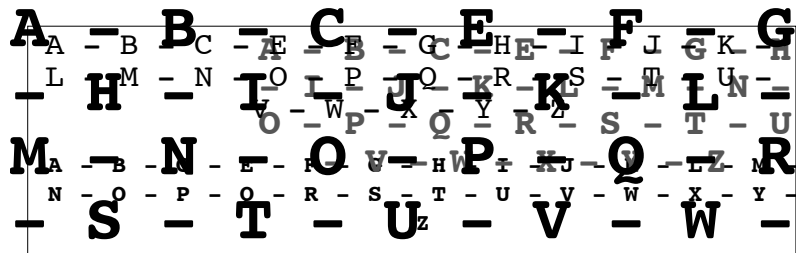
Yet I did, because even letters want to be heard, and not just read.

Back to the I, I found I couldn't go,  
Disdained as once disdained by me  
I was laughed at for my tall body, and my long leg.

Re-roaring thru, I rioted, resisted,  
revolutionized the whole alphabet  
showed them characters from far away  
we graffitied our new names on the walls  
and for a moment even the h's got their day.

...Until the vowels proved their omnipotence  
and everything all went back to the way it was.  
Seemingly so still like a soothing surrender on my part  
I stayed, put in S land,  
An L in a world of double bubbly heads and curls.

Yet be afraid, because a consonant can change a whole word.



## female competitiveness game

written by Manuela

I've never quite liked the female competitiveness game-  
You know those tensions caused by nature's pull to be the only womb of the neighbourhood.  
The shattering pain of exclusion from an ally- a sister- a friend-  
The imbecile matching between likewise imbecile souls without a better cause  
this whole coolness and appearance game-  
It's killing me.

I guess-it's a female primal instinct  
To defend her status of queen in a group  
To then naturally form bonds against those who don't mirror her soul as a mirror -if she has one  
'cause she doesn't-  
the leader of the pack in a harem where freedom is being able to beautify for the uncomprehending world  
-Girlies-  
Clad in make-up masks and flair  
Don't come and tell me you're an independent woman  
Don't come and tell me it was all in my head

Don't come and tell me it was not your fault  
Let's face it here!

There's tension between us.

Punk Princess, Trend Model, it's all the same!  
And I'm fucking giving up on this prejudiced model.  
So that makes me one of the guys then?  
Great! I don't have to prove myself there  
They know that already.  
Excuse me for having self-destructive ways-  
Not everyone chooses to cope with life with your weapon of stupidity,  
No thanks.



## Trophy to be

written by Tanja

As soon as you notice me you make me a participant of the game But this is your game. Not mine! And I have not been invited or asked to join. I have been made a participant. The rules are not on my side and no matter what I say or do, I cannot exclude myself once I've been made a participant. I try: I show my disinterest, I do the best I can at being rude, I construct my answers so that I will seem unappealing. But the harder I try to exclude myself from this game, the more I seem to get entangled into it. And instead of losing interest as I intended, you enjoy my defensive attitude. In your eyes I'm playing hard to get. And tell me, what could be more fun than trying to get the girl that plays hard to get? Your adrenalin rushes through your veins as you think of the achievement I could turn out to be. Suddenly I feel your hand rush over my knee. I push it away with a firm no, but this only makes you enjoy the game even better.

For me there's no way out - no escape button that can release me from your hunt. Any move I can make will make me more of a participant. I look away, but it's useless since you consider looking away flirting. So I walk away, but you follow me. Probably because I asked you not to.

When I look behind me, I notice the pride you take in the fact that some of the men I passed are checking me out. I feel the anger rise in me, for all I am to you is a trophy-to-be. Something you can be seen with. Something to boast about with your mates.

I take my time in the ladiesroom. Stretch every action. But you are next to the door when I come out. Eager to continue your hunt. I wish I could find a way to make myself clear to you. I wish all this would stop and you would go away. But all my attempts to send you away have made you more eager. They had the opposite effect of what I intended.

I now see no other way then to resort to lower forms of communication. I have to chat up some other man and flirt with him, just to stop you from hunting for me. I despise myself for doing it, but I can't have you follow me home. I deserve better. No, no; don't! Stop it, don't make me feel so damned guilty.

## bang - gone

written by Tanja

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone  
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short  
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

I never looked over my shoulder like I do now  
clamping onto a bicycle lock as a potential weapon  
with my cellphone ready to dial in my other hand  
I never listened so carefully for any sound that was not produced by me  
arranging to phone a friend on my safe arrival home  
knowing she'll call me and get help if I don't answer my phone  
no I've never been forced to live so scheduled

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone  
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short  
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

I've never been so cautious, never felt so unfree  
too aware of everything, I lost my sense of safety  
you did this to me...  
he did this to me...

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone  
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short  
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

but I refuse you, to have any kind of power over me  
I won't go down without a fight...  
and it's become a fight just to get out at night  
cos everywhere I go there's a potential of danger  
and it's not worth the energy it secretly consumes  
but I will fight myself and get outside  
I take myself out, day and night  
I'm telling you now I'm here I'm alive

I didn't know what I had, and then - bang - it was gone  
I've had it longer than some of the other girls - yet way too short  
and that you took it from me makes me so furious

# Making Friends

written by Manuela

You dare a stare. You await the response.

Casually, gracefully, you throw in the subject

The mutuality of an experience I did it too, we cannot believe it

Diverse and yet intense

The moment that's being shared You swallow this bite down

whole

Yet it only makes sense in that fucked up way things go

The beads click around her long neck

Coffee spoons tingling people are mingling

Doomed are you suddenly now

Will she save you or leave you Will she make fun when people aren't with you

Two words too much, thirty steps too far ahead

Why not take the big leap, the risk, the space between

time

A nod or a glare, or a laugh or a slap

Or a memory we'll share in time When this reality's accepted

And not knowing if we've been affected

Or not what are we doing here now?

There's dishes to clean

And there's streets to be seen

And yes I'll send you a message soon

This kiss feels demented

Have I been too desperate

The door always seems to slam on my ass

Your knowing eyes are back to routine

And my evening's been wasted

As I keep on re-tasting

That bitter loss I've had

Cause your boundaries mask you from life.

Spring 2003. Dedicated to

Jessie, an amazing woman.

## a r t

written by Manuela

Art

What is Art?

Art is unfair

It's made of pristine whitewashed walls

And fartsy competitive soirees

Where so-called avantgarde experts

Compete for the price of fleeting fame

Of intellectual superiority

Anything

To get rid of the gnawing selfless

Tantrum-filled drive

To?

?

Why are they doing it?

What drives a man to art?

Is it that burst is it that lost love

Is it pain

Yes, blood

That they shed

When they're done

Sucked dry

No

Is it the vein that they open

When the words come flowing out

Is it a cyclone of images

That need structure, a farce



That's what it is, a farce You-know-who knows him-and-her are there

And the best guitarists of the world

Are those buskers in the street

And the boy who draws his dreams

Creates lullabies for the mothers of tomorrow

Y'know, those little daily miracles

Life is an art...and as my grandma always said,

"Learn an art, and keep it apart.

You never know

When you may need it".

## buttons

written by tanja

I can push buttons that should not exist  
in me I have buttons no-one should have  
I look at you and I see your curiosity  
for I have learned things no-one should have to learn  
yet when my button switches your ignorance shows  
I can feel the accusations rise up in you  
you keep quiet - you are polite enough  
but I can feel it

I've been here before and I'm reading your mind  
you think I should have reacted differently, don't you  
you think you know how you would fight, right?  
do I feel you thinking that I wasn't strong enough?  
And if you were in my place...  
oh if you were in my place it would have turned out  
differently

but you're not  
you're not in my shoes  
never have you known anything like what I have  
and still you quietly judge me  
you just stand there not saying it, but it's oozing from you:  
'I would have done differently'  
well, I'm just hoping you won't find out...  
I'm just hoping you won't find out...



## I said I'm sorry

written by Tanja

I'm sorry.  
I said I'm sorry.  
But I'm not apologising for my irrational  
behaviour.  
I'm not sorry for being emotional.  
Does it burden you?  
Is it upsetting - to have to deal with  
feelings?  
Am I confronting you with the real  
world? The real world that lies  
behind the rational. The outcome of  
the calculations. The reality behind the  
scheme.  
I'm not sorry for being emotional.  
I'm not.  
I'm sorry for you!

Lost in logic and ratio. Hiding in the  
safer world of numbers,  
statistics, target schemes and decade  
plans. Is it fear that drives you?  
Is it the fear to feel, fear to  
experience? Is that it? Are you  
determined to plan and strategise  
because you're scared to feel what's  
real. Or don't you believe that you feel  
at all anymore, after all these years.  
Years of planning, strategising,  
meeting target scheme goals, setting  
out decade plans and keeping ahead  
of the others.

Whatever it is that drives you to live for  
this,  
I'm sorry...  
like I said, I'm sorry.

## - OBSTRUCTION -

written by Manuela

Let me sit down  
Please get out of the way  
Could you please move out of the way  
please?  
You are in my way  
Everyone move away now  
Everyone get out of the way  
Could you please move out of the way  
please?  
Could you please get out of the way?  
You are in my way  
I need to get somewhere  
And you are in my way  
And you are also in my way  
Could you please move out of the way  
please?  
Could you please get out of the way?  
It all seems to get in my way it does  
It all seems to get in the way  
Let me sit down  
Please get out of the way



Wilt u zo vriendelijk zijn om vriendelijk te zijn?  
It seems as if some people take great  
satisfaction in being nasty to others. They  
don't see that we all have a lesson to learn  
from each other. They are waiting for that  
moment exactly to let off their frustration and  
disappointment on someone else's  
inadequacies, often due only to  
misunderstandings, misinterpretations and  
misperceptions...*het gaat allemaal mis!* And  
in the meantime the world just keeps  
spinning. *If only I could show them the irony in  
this, they would laugh too.*

## smile

written by Tanja

It's not the best of ways to wake up  
not even remembering going to bed  
guessing I must have fallen asleep of  
fatigue. Showing all the signs of  
partying too late: reeling - sore back -  
feet imprisoned in shoe straps with  
machinelike breathing in a stale  
throat of cigarette smoke a dizzying  
stench of alcohol being exhaled by  
everyone in the room  
carefully placing my feet - trying to  
keep my balance I'm stepping over  
other people's sleeping bodies in  
order to find the bathroom or any  
source of water

I can't say I remember how fun last  
night was right now for I'm just trying  
to stay on top of my actions -trying to  
remember what to do next -trying to  
be the first to hit the shower even  
though I'm the only one awake...  
I'm starting to realise where I am and  
get myself to the bathroom in the  
vain hope, that the hot water will  
even slightly refresh me.

Tea or breakfast could do miracles  
but there's no sign of either. In an  
eager attempt to wake my mind I try  
to sing a song in my head  
somehow the only song I can  
remember hasn't got much of a tune  
to it: "lying here I'm waking  
everything is aching - it's the price of  
waking up throwing up I'm reeling -  
staring at the ceiling ..."  
I stop singing inside my head for it's is  
a little too confronting. Well at least I  
haven't thrown up yet...

but even if I won't, others might  
puke, I hear myself think.

I hit the shower and drink from the  
sink - I know that I shouldn't use up  
the hot water, but I can't seem to get  
out.  
the lovely heat of the water surrounds  
me with nice fresh steam, I feel  
protected by the warm glow and  
comforted by the clean steam. My  
nostrils slowly come to life and I enjoy  
the scent of the soap. I dry myself  
slowly and am repulsed by the smell  
that comes of my clothes. I curse  
myself for not rinsing them the night  
before, I have to wear these smellies  
for I have no alternative.  
Putting up my make up I can't not  
notice the state of my face... I'm  
glad I brought plenty of everything  
and I take my time slapping it on.

When I get out of the bathroom I find  
a way to make me some tea.  
Everyone's still sleeping, I open a  
window. By the time the tea is ready  
the first people wake up. I pour them  
tea and feel remarkably fresh  
compared to them. I remember how  
much fun we've had, only a few  
hours ago. My "waking up terror" slowly  
disappears and I'm looking forward to  
enjoying a lazy day. I'll have a rich  
breakfast in some nice place down  
town and who knows maybe I'll go  
shopping...  
Yeah, this is the decadent life.  
I smile.

## the trouble with dependency

written by Manuela

is that when it's emotional, it brings  
about enormous misunderstandings.  
Oh! The first chapter of love is always  
so "..."

But when the next page is turned  
expectancy takes over  
Routine kills undeniably and...

All joy's left to memory's storage,  
We find ourselves caught in this trap of  
humanity,

Form wins over spontaneous cherish-

And suddenly he's angry if you call  
him too much

And suddenly you don't want him as  
much as before

Time goes by, his name's not so sweet  
to you anymore

unless it's the right time of the month  
and you miss him

Resentment? Resent, repent, blame,  
hate,  
Destruct that beautiful union what was  
out to save the world  
We were gonna show them, we were  
gonna win...

Now they've both lost, and nobody's  
watching the game

And even the ball they were kicking has  
no spring

What next?

Back to square one, the player's just  
one,

Gotta find yourself a team or you'll  
never win this championship.

Does this game of love always have to  
be so competitive?

And once we've won, hey, victory has  
not taste-

It's the game that keeps us going.



6b

## sorry

written by Manuela

I apologise  
for knocking you over with my excessive  
talking  
I am sorry  
for not comprehending what may seem  
to you so obvious  
My deepest excuses  
if I don't fit into your model of behaviour  
My greatest gratitude  
for letting me in to your 'empowering  
enlightenment'  
The world's largest sorrow  
will never make up for who I am

I couldn't help it  
if I acted that way  
I can't help it  
if I'll act that way again

It's the way I'm made...a fact you don't  
seem to understand  
It's the way the world goes...but what  
would you know  
your world ends with your nose  
Blame it on my parents...if projection is  
the defence that suits you  
Blame it on the past...if that burden you  
carry  
likes to torture you  
Maybe it's my culture...the new thinkers  
would say,  
understanding nothing of it all

In the end I'm just a girl.. is what I'm told,  
is what I fight, is what I deny  
It's a fact of life...the cynical may say,  
upon encountering this dilemma.  
Maybe I'll learn with age...is what they  
hope, is what they want, is what I fear  
But I really do apologise -sometimes-  
not that you'd care, not that you'd know,  
not that you'd bother to find out

And I am sorry...once in a while, when I  
feel empathic,  
when you have beaten me, fuckers!  
And my deepest excuses will never  
make up for that void of ignorance  
spreading in the bubble of your safe life  
I didn't mean to...rock your boat, upset  
your thoughts, or tease the shadow in  
you  
I didn't want it...to shock your status quo,  
but you must understand,  
it just has to be done

So would you accept...that everything  
you know, everything you count on,  
might me futile and false  
So would you agree...if I ever told you,  
that by opening your mind,  
you could find a way out  
And will you understand...that once  
you've done that, once you're free,  
there'll be no good or bad  
Or will you ignore...those temptations you  
have, those limits you set,  
which are dying to be broken-

Because I'm sorry...if that's how it is, is  
that's how you'll stay,  
if that's how you'll live  
And I do apologise...should it happen  
again,  
that my wills will destroy the peace of  
your mind  
My deepest excuses...once again, if my  
life poses a threat to your balance  
But now it's your turn, if you will may,  
to stop a while and change your rigid  
assumptions-

-Don't you think?

“‘CAUSE HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY  
HE'S FOOTBALL MAD  
THE FOOTBALL IT HAS TAKEN AWAY THE LITTLE BIT  
OF SENSE HE HAD  
AND IT WILL TAKE A DOUZEN SERVANTS  
TO WASH AND CLEAN AND SCRUB,  
SINCE PAUL BECAME A MEMBER OF THE  
LOCAL FOOTBALL CLUB! ”  
written by Manuela



He says: It is still around the office.  
People wear orange caps, have  
painted their faces orange, are  
wearing inflatable cheese heads with  
toothpicks and dutch flags, orange,  
orange, orange etc. etc. You can't  
even take the boss seriously, he has a  
clown face on. They take it so seriously.  
They said I wouldn't be allowed into  
work tomorrow if I didn't have  
anything orange on me, I am not  
showing team spirit., apparently.

She says: It is still around the streets of  
A'dam. TV sets blue, tuned all into the  
game. The best night to walk around  
and enjoy the streets, it is quite, it is still.  
The anticipation is high. Even the  
nightshop definetely not dutch owner

doesn't look up from the screen as you  
ask him to please pay or your ice-cream  
will melt.

He decides: I'm going to watch it and  
cheer for Czech, just for fun.

They go to the Overtoom and watch the  
game on the big screen.

She says: that is not fair. The czechs all  
tall ands skinny look frightened against  
the dutch – which by the way, perhaps  
has 3 dutch guys in it, look at that none  
of them are dutch, they're all big and  
black.

He shrugs: that's the way football goes.



## the tension of waiting

written by Tanja

I've been mentally locked inside this room.

waiting - waiting for that one call.

And everytime I had to leave this room I was scared to miss the sound of the phone ringing.

I was rushing - rushing - rushing... constantly alert! I'm so fixated, my mind makes up sounds - I keep on thinking \*do I hear the phone ringing?\* Rushing - rushing.... But I hear nothing... nothing at all. Deadly silence. The phone wasn't ringing - I was making up. Again.

I have already turned of the tv-set. It was too much of a fright when there was a phone ringing on screen. I'm so nervous I need to concentrate. Concentrate to keep fiction from reality. And then..... reality kicks in! The phone rings! This time I'm sure for I feel like being overpowered by the loud volume of the ringtone. I freeze. Fear runs up my spine. I'm too scared to pick it up... I suddenly realise my throat is dry. For a splitsecond I consider running away. But I focus. It's now or never... I stretch my arm and lift the receiver.

=>note: manuela expresses my thoughts between [] Hello - my voice breaks. [Who is it who is it who is it?] No, I'm not interested! [Fuck those telecom questionnaires! Sick bastards bothering me etc etc] I'm waiting for a phonecall,

goodbye! [How dare they invade my privacy!]

I run to the kitchen to get a drink. Did I hear something? Was it the phone? As fast as I can I rush back. But the phone isn't ringing.

I pick up my glass and take a sip. Too fast. I choke. As I'm coughing my lungs out my mind worries overtime! WHAT IF THE PHONE RINGS NOW, now that I can't pick up without coughing... I seems to take minutes before I can breathe normally again. I'm too scared to drink now. I leave my glass on the table.

I wait.

The clock ticks [tick tick tick]

I look on the clock and realise I should have been called half an hour ago... what's taking them so fucking long?

My heart beats in my throat... [boom boom boom]

I hear something and automatically I open the bedroom door: my baby boy is dreaming. My heart fills with love. He has been here so long he speaks dutch when he dreams. This is his home-country now... He wouldn't know how to cope in Somalia. As I close the door the phone rings. My heart jumps. My throat is paper-dry. again. I'm scared to the bone. I take a deep breath, slowly pick up the receiver.

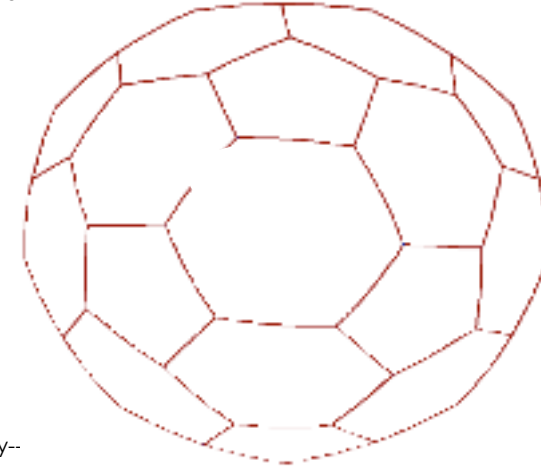
She says: I wonder if it weren't such a male game what rules it may have developed instead.

She says: It's funny to go and laugh at them and make fun of it all.

Later that evening she calls her friend B.

B. says: That's the way football goes.

B is surprised: No, you guys went to the game? you never do that?



---The next day---

=====  
Message date : 01-07-2004 09:04  
From : Hassle, E  
To : M Ulkuwi  
Copy to :  
Subject : Go(a)l

=====  
**From:** M Ulkuwi  
**Sent:** Thursday, July 01, 2004 10:25  
**To:** Hassle, E  
**Subject:** Re: Go(a)l

Wow you should see my colleagues today. Everybody quiet with their very typical dutch unhappy faces. All the colors and decorations are gone (our department waste the most decorated). Nobody dares to say anything cuz they know it'll lead to.....

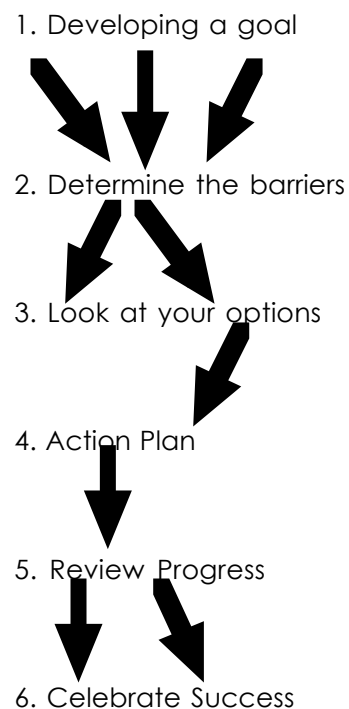
I hate to say this but...that's the way football goes!

## What is your Goal in life?

written by Manuela

What is your goal in life?  
What is your goal?  
Why should we have a goal?  
Does everyone have a goal?  
Why am I here?  
What am I doing?  
Why do I make these choices?  
What is my purpose?  
What happened?  
Why does it happen?  
Why does nobody stop it?  
Why do we have to accept it?  
What is your goal in life?  
What is my purpose?  
What happened?  
What is your goal?  
Why should we have a goal?  
Why does nobody else have a goal?  
Does anyone have a goal?  
I must have a goal  
I must have a purpose  
I want to know what happened  
I do not want to accept it  
That is my goal

## Life Questcycle:



words - waiting for us to give them function  
words can be like knives - like weapons - stabbing and destructive  
words are tools to create and tools to destroy  
waiting for us to give them function  
words spinning waiting eagerly to spread truth whirl lies  
for words are only perception  
and therefor are always deception  
but what we say will hit you - for it is true  
  
- yes this is true

## BUNNIES STRIKE TALKING Spoken Word Pieces

This will give you a little taste of what we have to offer and what kind of topics we address.

**warning:** reading these pieces you should keep in mind that you miss out on a vitally important aspect, namely: **the performance!**

- The Tension of Waiting *by Tanja*
- Words Like Knives *by Tanja*
- Sorry *by Manuela*
- The Trouble With Dependancy *by Manuela*
- Buttons *by Tanja*
- Art *by Manuela*
- Trophy To Be *by Tanja*
- Female Competiteveness game *by Manuela*
- So you wanna be a punk? *by Manuela*
- Beauty Quiz *by Manuela and Tanja*



## routine annoyance

written by Tanja

I looked at you and I knew yr thoughts  
this isn't some kind of romantic ideal or anything.  
I just knew cos it was all over yr face  
and yr weren't even trying to mask any of it

you looked at me and I knew yr thoughts  
you didn't need to speak, or write or anything  
I just knew cos it was just very, very clear  
and you didn't even consider masking any of it

I passed you - unintentionally you know  
it's not like there's an online map out there  
guiding me where to go and where to avoid  
becos if that was the case, I'd avoided the likes of you

but theres no map keeping track of the freaks and the perverts  
there's no agency for safety - let alone emotional wellbeing  
there's not a cop on the street trying to keep the world sweet  
cos shop-owners gotta eat and this man is important as a consumer

I've been here before, time and time again  
and I can't say I'm angry, it's more an annoyance  
and with the shoes and the skirts and the shirts that I buy - it's a routine now  
still there's days that I wish I could avoid this.

## getting my front row seat

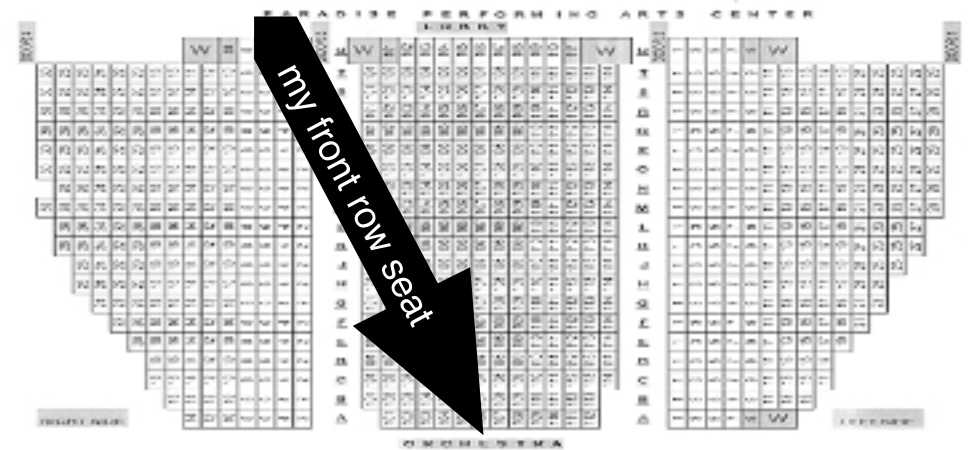
written by Tanja

I wanna own the front seat  
I want everyone to acknowledge me  
I wanna be seen - I need to be seen.  
I'm gonna own the front seat.

but it's hard to be out there  
having to be on the line, and fight for the cause  
like waging a war - they've made it that way  
because they like to fight and they wanna be boss

and sometimes it's just too tough  
I ease myself and I settle for less  
I'll settle for the back seat  
back away from struggles - far away from the fight  
but the sense of guilt is nagging  
and somehow I can't relax  
I deserve more then I'm getting  
and future armies of women won't forgive me if I pass

so I can't pass on this struggle  
take on as much as I can  
if not for me, for the future  
I'm here to get my front row seat



## bigger than I am

written by Tanja

yr trying to make fun of me  
make fun of my style, make fun of my mind  
but the things you say are so easy to find  
you can't beat my style you can't beat my mind  
you make me out to be crap  
but you can't keep me back, you won't keep me back  
you're not bigger than I am

it's so easy to find the flaws and criticise  
it's much harder to get up, go out and have a try  
to become who I wanna be  
and I fall when it's meant to be  
and I keep going - keep trying  
with all of you criticising  
cos you're not bigger than I am

and yeah I feel like a failure  
sometimes I don't know where I'm heading  
but I do try again  
yes I do try again  
cos I'm never a failure  
I'm never a failure  
not for very long  
I'm never a failure  
I'm going strong  
mostly for me  
cos I deserve to be me  
but sometimes for you  
yes a little for you  
just to show you:  
you're not bigger than I am  
hell no, you're not bigger than I am

## it wasn't summer in Amsterdam

written by Manuela

So my destiny went on a roll  
again with ID crisis  
And I stood compartmentalizing  
music  
At the window, cars over  
bridge, static in the air,  
I felt modern boredom.  
I could've focused on the  
available potentials  
however devious afterthoughts  
slimed their way thru them  
Fragile barriers, a grey ray, we  
are always hurried  
We are always panting and  
catching up with ourselves  
Obliterating the downs so the  
kite only flies high,  
A workweek of breezes and  
rides,  
A weekend of bruises and tides,  
neon lights part of the scenery  
They are advertising my  
conscience!  
So it blends with the color of the  
city.  
I look closer.  
Monkey power, masses kept  
ignorant,  
Where do they live?  
Let's give palms and prizes and  
TVs  
Let's cut on art and give it to the  
powerful G's  
So I am better off

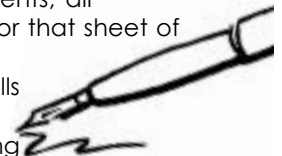
Simple  
back into the room we few rest  
we hear your tune tick away and  
watch in bewilderment  
Four walls to cater for rage  
You can even bang your head on  
one if you please!  
But we are displeased,  
You offered us a way out, and I  
didn't want in  
I can't play your riffs, but I already  
know the song!  
So sing the song, let me  
compartmentalize it,  
Let's see if I get an A.  
I'll be at the window, cars over  
bridge, static in the air,  
I feel modern boredom.

## Penning

written by Manuela

The bottle fell to the floor  
Taking all the words unsaid with it  
I, the pen, lay staring  
Praying to be used  
Bloodless, I'll soon be drained

I am a tool that served many  
hands  
Lovers, poets, students, all  
Waiting earnestly for that sheet of  
white immaculate  
And if the bottle falls  
All hopes of uniting  
All hopes of creating  
All hopes of soothing go-  
Oh, the emptiness of my  
companion



## I don't miss you

written by Tanja

I don't miss you - not you in particularly - not you at all - not now anyway, after all that you've done and especially all that you've not done

I don't really mind that you've decided to get lost, piss off and never speak to me again

I couldn't care less that you nervously ignore me when I'm standing right in front of you

I don't give a damn when you avoid my eyes when I speak to you- I enjoy your panic when I remind you, that things that were, will never be undone

I don't miss you and the power you had over me, that you foolishly tried played with yet never mastered and never understood, trying to make me feel awkward in ways that I was immune to

I'm glad that you're not in my circle of friends, my nightlife, my grocery store, my neighbourhood, my shopping streets, I'm fortunate you don't linger around in places where we went

I'm happy that I'm rid of you, it was easier than anything I could have imagined,

...so how come I worry about you  
why do I remember too much too often  
how come I miss touching you - the shape of the hair on your flat belly  
how come I don't want to avoid you any longer  
dressing immaculately sexy  
hoping for you to be sorry  
how come that I need vengeance but would never allow me to sink that low for cruelty in action  
how come that even though I don't want you back I still fucking miss you  
didn't have to say that I really do

## manners means

written by Tanja

manners means  
proper behaviour  
handling things properly  
eating according to custom  
skilfully flashing around your skills  
dressing neatly, expensively  
conservatory elegant  
drinking within acceptable limits  
not talking too loud  
walking slowly, gracefully  
smiling to everyone  
coldly un-meant and stiff

it all goes without saying  
it's the well-mannered etiquette  
everyone's following  
but I can't get the knack

manners means  
proper behaviour  
obliged to be speaking politely:  
never say what you mean  
never hear what's been meant  
whirling around my intentions  
wondering about the other's intentions  
and then politely excuse each other  
from the burden of conversation  
to enrol into further meaningless babble

it all goes without saying  
it's the well-mannered etiquette  
everyone's following  
but I can't get the knack

manners means  
proper behaviour  
oh, yes I understand it correctly  
please, pardon my forwardness,  
when I unveil  
manners means deceit - indecent  
roll-play  
you won't mind, now that I've broken etiquette  
and allowed you to peak into my head  
you won't mind, now that disturbed you with my ill-mannered talk  
I'm to split with this masquerade  
and return to real life  
I won't settle for proper behaviour I might add  
to the truth I return - I'm taking a wall

I'm off



they put me in a 5 star hotel room once I opened the door to what they had said is my hotel room one for yourself only finally finally a moment to myself in what was to be my home for the next week or so and what do I find a hall a hall and a wardrobe and a safe and a door and a bathroom a fancy bathroom with marble and mirrors and glass and a row of bottles and lots of other things I'll have a look at later; and lots of soft and white white towels and back into the corridor into the area with the bed the sheer size of the bed it's so big it's so big it's twice the size of me and I'm small so I'm gonna lie in it wow I almost yell I then remember about the syndrome people have in hotel rooms that they wanna jump on the bed so I jump and then walk to the balcony and it looked onto the street so away from the corridor and the downstairs and the pool and the partying good so I would be away from everything and so what's in all the drawers and cupboards and fuck a huge tv I haven't had tv at my house for a year now I wonder what they're showing nowadays ah well fuck tv and you all I think I'll check out the fridge I wonder how many I can have I wonder if they can tell let's walk out again into the hall and see what the people are like

Fake boobs fake boobs around skinny bodies in black dresses and gold earrings and black handbags and dallas hairstyles with tall blonde fringes over fake smiles with white

teeth and facelifts and they are popping pills and they do not eat so much and they look at dirt up and down and they like to be fake and suck dick the fakeness the fakeness of it all the women are fake they are fake they are dresses in tiny black they have fake boobs I cannot stop staring at them better look away

I sing Rich Bitches in Volvos piss me off- in the lift.

old men old men they are old they are slimy they smoke cigars and they are smelly some look like they are good men with wrinkles going up most look like they're evil with all the bad choices they made in their powerful jobs of course you end up looking like that hey one guy over there's even practicing his golf stroke I'm going back this makes me sick

madame, madame, everyone's calling me madame at this hotel I'm not a dame and I'm not yours and I don't want to be yours I don't know you why do you even say that I know they train you to say that in your job but please stop being so nice to me I am a nasty person who picks their nose and sticks it under the table you have to clean later I leave a mess on the floor I keep asking for more I yell I curse behind your back you know and make fun of you and your stupid penguin suit but still you treat me so nicely, still you call me madame I feel sorry for the fact they have to train you to say that I am angry that they make you say that I wish you

social drinking as opposed to making friends acquaintances partners business colleagues ventureships takeovers down it all with a glass of rose' and make sure noone sees that you're downing the third on your way off to someone else on your way to face the next conversation why do these people do it why do these people not see that in not needing friends and in not needing real and only needing plastic and profit you just don't win

Back at the room I find a hairdryer and learn how to work the tv In case you are lonely this is the code for porn credit card details here I then learnt to work the safe and opened a beer from this rich snob city it tasted like sin, I wandered about the room

In case you need to fix your clothes here you go have a needle and a thread

In case you need to have a bath here you go here's a sponge and four different products for your hair and skin In case you get hungry or need more drinks here you go this is the menu for the room service they have everything for most cases but not

In case I do not need anything and I think it's rather a waste that you offer me what I do not need

girls girls boys boys flirt flirt sex sex pant pant conquer conquer nobody's really having a good conversation as far as I can see it's all barbie and ken all over again it's all barbie and ken all over again and again with your big bags of

makeup you think you are pretty if it costed you and it doesn't stick to surfaces and stays on all day and makes you look slim and you guys with your slightly open shirts and tossed hair to look like it's tossed but infact you have spent much time to make it look tossed and that's probably why the word tosser comes to my head how do you think I can even fall into your trap you think I'm a chick right don't you big boy

back to the hotel, everything's too dammed overpriced at this lakeside anyway high hats from large companies and everyone's excited to be there breathing their same air I roll my eyes I grit my teeth I cannot believe I have to do this I have to be here with these people who are flattered that they are with CEOs that they are with VIPs that they are with THE MAN that they are the man and I have chosen to fight the man from the inside but the road is long the road is narrow the road is leaving me less and less choice to go back and I'm getting tired by now why did in agree to coming here this is a lesson after this there will be choices

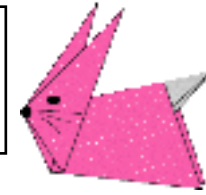
I need to get out of here and find a better goal in life than theirs.

by manuela

make yr own bunny  
!!! free centrepiece !!!  
diy origami instructions

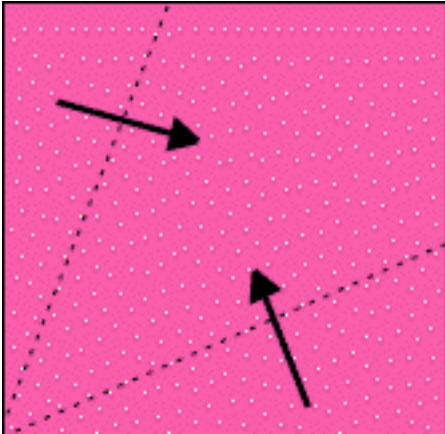


# Bunnies on Strike DIY Origami Bunny

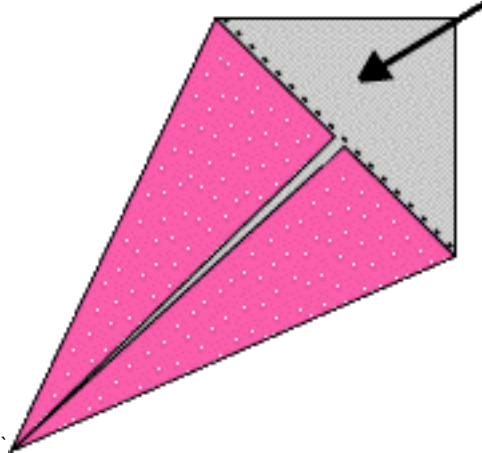


**Start with a square piece of paper!**  
Follow each step carefully.  
Fold along the dotted lines and in the direction of the arrows.  
Have fun and Good Luck!

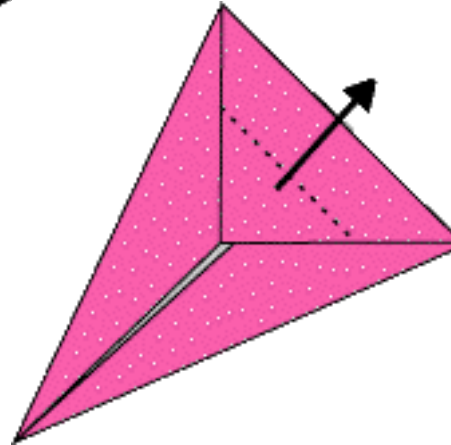
**Step 1.**  
Fold the corners in toward the center of the paper.



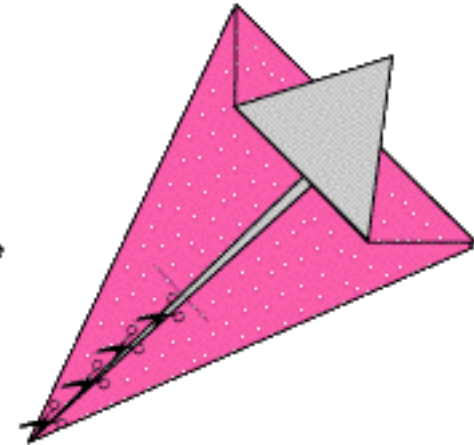
**Step 2.**  
Fold along the dotted line, downward in the direction of the arrow.



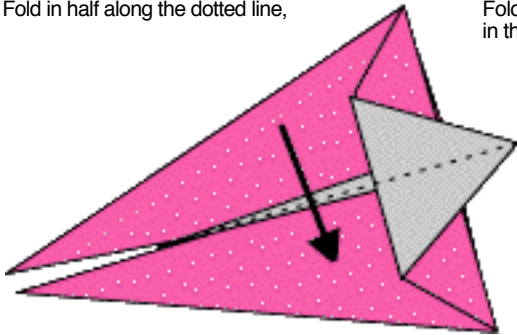
**Step 3.**  
Fold upward in the direction of the arrow.



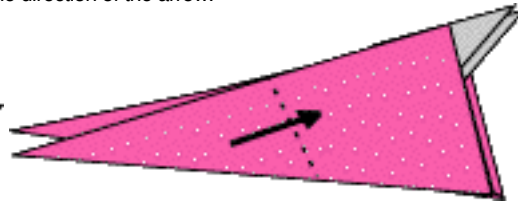
**Step 4.**  
Cut along the line where the scissor marks indicate.



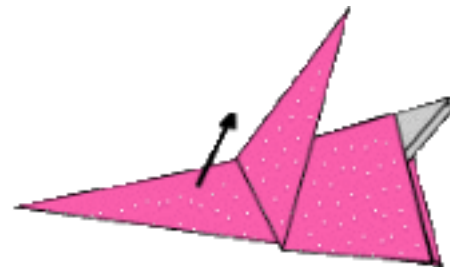
**Step 5.**  
Fold in half along the dotted line,



**Step 6.**  
Fold upward in the direction of the arrow, in the direction of the arrow.



**Step 7.**  
Fold the same way as step 6 on the other side.



**Step 8.**  
Draw on the face and a banner your done!

