

The Netherlands is being swept clean

Raise the flag! Let the red-white-blue wave at all schools, proud of the homeland! Tall Holland tall! Let us strike up the national anthem at naturalization ceremonies and obligate radio stations to play Dutch music. Sweep the streets clean, because everybody has to know: The Netherlands is ours.



left: Placard says uithetland for "out of the country", right: Minister Leers

This is the time in which we live. Nothing I mentioned here is exaggerated. The Netherlands is being swept clean, because imagine! Illegals, they may not stay?! What are they up to, stepping in our streets, sticking their hands into our garbage, bearing their children in our penal camps? They shall pay! Women and children first.

We, the Dutch, shall not feel a thing. We may still bring our soup and open up our churches. We may still look after the humanitarian face of our society and we may still pray and whine and sing at the NATO wired gates. Thank you lord, for all great care. Give us today our daily bread and it's crusts to the poor refugees. What a wonderful country this is.

But admit it: Such a minister, he just may not stay! What is he up to holding his moral of christian values above city and region like a vacuum cleaner, setting it on maximum xenophobia? That sucks! And not just a little bit. No more just sweeping the ranks like Albayrak and Verdonk did, using dustpan and brush to shake it all out over Belgium. No way! European agreements, you know.

It is time to launch the attack and pull out the plug, for the purpose of switching off that vacuum cleaner and disarming the entire council of ministers. The time in which we live is making this necessary. Many a squatter today feels what it is like to be hunted down because they as well are punishable and as far as the hunt for all wanderers goes, many homeless people know what it is like.

All these people, illegals, squatters, homeless, they all have one thing in common. They are being exhibited as being worthless in the freak shows that call themselves objective media. They are being tagged as a threat to national security as if they were carrying bombs around on dams and squares, in trams and buses. They are being chased by security forces that are called police, or special investigative officer, or city guard, or warden, or gate-keeper, just as long as they carry the badge with the fist that is allowed to beat you up.

Nevertheless, there is a difference that we should not forget between the squatter and the homeless person on one hand and the illegal on the other hand (apart from the fact that one can also be the other, but just for the sake of argument): when the squatter or homeless person eventually comes out of jail, after a shorter or longer period of time, he has the right to stay and live amidst the Dutch shit.

You are Dutch, are you not?! No, you cannot just because of the fact that you are here (Who wants to be anyway? It stinks!) be fined, locked up and beaten up. No matter how many beatings you get in a filthy cell of the cops. No matter how many people get locked up and get their humanity taken away from them. That passport, that social security number, it makes sure that, despite everything, you are allowed to stay. Even

the lifeless body of a prisoner may be buried hastily, to rest in the Dutch soil forever, cause of death unknown.

Are you Dutch? You can simply put an end to your persecution: by capitulating. It is simply a matter of accepting slave labor, pay rent to an exploiter that has an immense house in Wassenaar, and hang in front of your TV like a zombie, swallowing all the puke that is being thrown up all over you. The minister will be satisfied, your neighbor will be satisfied and in the course of years police and intelligence agency will be convinced of your pacification. You are out of danger.

But... are you illegal, then all of this will not help you, it is not even possible! Even the lowest sort of work you are prepared to do is prohibited. Even the smallest room you can not rent. You do not even have to think about TV (even though you miss little). You can never capitulate. You are an outcast! Criminal! Problem! You better get away, but a witch hunt, no... The minister is a religious man, you know. He only says: do not offer such people shelter, they might think they are allowed to stay. In the gutter with them, flush away, drain away, dissolve. The only shelter, the only grub that you may get, is the one between the walls, the fences, the locks and the electric wire of the prisons that create our employment. It is the ultimate remedy for a man without a future who will yield in the end and leave.

It is possible to leave. Look at the admonishing finger of the minister! There is enough choice between starvation, drowning, torture and murder. Out of sight, out of mind. No longer the worry of our country where people will only fall prey to slumlords, pimps and human traffickers that can go ahead thanks to the illegality, made up by our laws. No more of that. Our law is our wish, and on top of that it is the victim of that law that will be sentenced and punished as perpetrator.

Perpetrator? One can better actually be a perpetrator, and justly so! No grub? Then steal it. No money? Then take the bag of a shopping purse in the Kalverstraat. No house? Then the building of a speculator. It all is just and it would be as much justice if those ministers in the Binnenhof were to be wiped away in one stroke because: No freedom? No oppressors!

Many a dictator has been beheaded and people were dancing around his corpse, cheering for his end, celebrating freedom. The fact that the Netherlands calls itself a democracy, does not safeguard it from such highly needed intervention in power. Not to take over the power, but to break it. It all shall not be legal, but what the heck. So many things are not legal. To some people illegal action is a choice. To others illegal stay is an imposed fact.

Let us all be perpetrators!

Joke Kaviaar, July 16, 2011 (translation January 26, 2013)