

2512's FIRST, ISSUE...



A free, submission-based periodical A4 publication based in Den Haag, operated by students of the Royal Academy of Art (KABK). You can find its online presence at 2512.website

Below is a transcription of conversation with a Polish man on a train from Amsterdam to Den Haag. We are publishing this text as we find it important to deepen our awareness of Polish immigrants, a prominent social group in The Netherlands. Polish men are often brought up in a culture unfortunately rooted in Polish Catholic Conservatism; due to the nature of their immigration into The Netherlands, they tend to live in enclave-like, homogenous communities. Separated from the society that surrounds them, this can lead to the strengthening of previously taught violent and discriminatory tendencies. The text is not published to widen the spread of xenophobia towards Poles in this country, and the editors of the publication condemn many of the things Kacper said — obviously. That said, this text includes elements of (gun) violence, misogyny and racism.

3 September 2022 3:05AM — Somewhere between Amsterdam Centraal and Leiden Centraal:

I submitted to a punishment... Fuck it, I really did submit to a punishment. Fuck it! I will come back with no shoes on, but I will come back. And when I come back, every one of them there...

B: Has it all happened in the place where you live?

Yes, where I'm coming back now! Where I'm coming back now...

B: And what, you found yourself in a hospital in Amsterdam?

M: There is no other hospital nearby for fuck's sake? In Leiden there is no hospital?

I have no clue man... I only have keys to my house. The passport that I have in my pocket, I have no clue how it got there...

M: Someone put it there probably.

Yeah probably someone put it there, but fucking hell... Taking the passport, that person had to slickly bypass the huge jar of weed, that is usually in front of my passport on the shelf. So I'm very curious what happened to my jar of weed when they were taking the passport. If they could reach the passport, the phone and the card, so that I could easily get back home from there... Let's see what is left on the shelf. So I'm really coming back there - revenge mode.

B,M: (laugh)

Yeah, no cap, because I don't know whether I had my Jordans on in the Hospital, or whether they got stolen from me at the Hospital, because the boys elegantly put me inside of the ambulance in my Jordan's...

What the fuck, I'm gonna kill them all. If they are, without any consequences, still partying there, they should all stand to attention and I send them to the hospital.

Come on... I woke up in the hospital without my shoes on, the bright lamps over my head. "Alles gut? Alles gut?"

Second week in this fucking apartment. I would much rather be homeless in Amsterdam. Because, you know, I have invested a bit in homelessness... Sleeping bag - 80€, backpack - 60€. And I was homeless for a week because it's just fucking not worth it, you know? Better: a job and a crib to being homeless, I'm telling you. That's why I'm coming back to this speakeasy for fuck's sake. Where they made me take the speed. Yeah, it wasn't even close to speed.

B: And what did they tell you in the hospital?

I don't knooow... I didn't listen... They tried to get to me somehow, but you can't get to me in this state... You can get to me with a good joint. There should be fucking 30g more bunkered in the shelf. They know I'm keeping it there. So, you know, it could have been in a way that they were thinking: let's send him to fucking ICU and keep the 30g of fresh, hermetically packed weed to ourselves. Oooh no, fucking hell, you won't be able to pull this off... I'm coming back... "What?! He didn't fucking drop dead!?" No, I'm sincerely sorry, I'm alive... I'm calling off the mission... I know that according to plan I was supposed to come back not earlier than tomorrow morning. But tomorrow morning what I need to do is I have to go to work... To watch a robot do it's job.

M: That's your work?

Yeah that's my job. It's fucked up...

M: And what is the robot doing?

It folds cardboard boxes and packs it onto pallets. Pu, pu, pu, pu, pu... And when it goes wrong I just take the box away from its hands. (mumbling) Give it to me! You know?

M: And what time do you have to go to work?

6am...

M: (laughing) 6AM???

B: Haha, that's just perfect! Straight to work from the train then! You'll go home deal with them after work.

Yeah exactly... This is what kind of stories keep happening... You guys can read about this kind of stuff on the internet, but this is what is really happening to people...

B: Don't worry, we are gonna write about you in the internet tomorrow morning. You really don't have to! "A man without shoes on the train", right?

B: Where are you from in Poland?

From Lublin. Next to Sobibór. From the Lublin region. There is like 30km of forrest in every direction. Fucked up... Being at this moment in the heart of Europe, I'm thinking that it would be much nicer to just be in that fucking forrest. The chill way...

B: And what's your name?

Like the ghost... The friendly one... Kacper. You see me for the first and last time in your life.

M: Yeah I hope this is the last time something like this happens to you.

I moved out of Amsterdam for this kind of situations to not happen to me anymore. So that there is no instance of some girls nicely inform you that... Let's say, you meet two beautiful girls, Dutch girls, they are sitting on the bench, they have a juice in their backpack, they offer you the juice and you drink it. But those lovely Dutch girls proceed to informing you that they put two tabs of LSD inside the juice.

M: And what happened then?

Well, not so much. You wake up and there is cops around you. Generally, since I have a gun permit, I feel closer to the officers. So the safest is to sleep in Amsterdam on the bench in front of the police station. So if you one day have to sleep outdoors in Amsterdam, then: Sloterdijk, police station, there is this huge building, not so many people walking around, just some random cops. But it's super chill to sleep there. Even a for a week straight. And smoke joints... And I was supposed to smoke a joint! Because I remember the last one I smoked was at 4PM. So I'm almost 12h without THC at this point. So I suspect that... I MIGHT DIE!

M: Oh shit, then the train should hurry up.

B: Since when do you live in The Netherlands?

Since five years. Before that I lived in Warsaw, but Warsaw is a fucked up city, so I don't recommend. Amsterdam can make you lose yourself. But I had no idea that a village next to Amsterdam will make me lose myself. Or maybe it was just those friends of mine, who gave me this shit and said "this is something that will straighten you up". And it was late at night. I just simply didn't want to go to sleep yet. I thought, alright, let's do some washing. Let's do something else. And I did some washing. Some fucking brain washing, but already plugged to a drip-feed.

I also am making a huge circle, because I got into the first train I found in Amsterdam and I look outside the window and realize I'm in Gouda and I'm riding to Utrecht... Whatever... And with you guys... Kurwa... The adventure is coming to an end... It's a pleasure... It's really a pleasure... May I get to know your secret names? B*** and M*** my buddies kurwa in today's personal traveling tragedy kurwa in Amsterdam kurwa, fucking hell.

M: Leiden in 15 minutes.

Yo, did you guys ever order uber here? I'm gonna pay you, I can show you the dough.

3:17AM

I'm curious what Chinese drugs I was on.

B: Cause Polish are healthy or what?

They would like to be close to the Polish ones. They weren't even close. Sorry guys that I'm annoying you with all this.

M: No, man, don't worry about it.

But truth is I have a ticket to Alphen. And I'm on a train to fucking Leiden. For 4€... Around the fucking Netherlands for 4€. Fucked up with some unknown shit. When I woke up in the hospital and asked in polish "where the fuck am I?", I could only hear "Alles gut, ales gut" in response. I'm gonna fucking... all of those dudes... I don't know what I will do to them... I will sit down, roll a joint and make myself some tea. This is going to be my revenge. I'm gonna sit down and will be smoking the joint and they will be looking at me and they will ask me whether they can get a puff. And I will say "NO!". "Because I was in the fucking hospital today and it was all YOUR FAULT!"

B: But how exactly did it happen? You ended up in a hospital in Amsterdam but it's because they took you there?

Nooo, don't even ask me, man, because I was completely out of it. But I am guessing that now after this they might have some problems there because of the drugs. And I have been saying to them... When Artur, our coordinator, recently came to our house and there was a joint smoking, my joint was smoking in the living room, and I was sitting in my room buried in my things, and the joint was smoking. And Artur asks: "Who does this joint belong to?" And we responded "Is it smoking? Well, can't you see that there is every indication that the joint is smoking itself in the living room?"

M: And what is the last thing you remember from that night?

That my work is intermingling with them in that room. Everything started to intermingle... Work... Robots... Carton boxes... Then I just saw big bright light and I realise that it's fine, because I'm connected to a drip-feed. "We're driving already... It's okay... Nothing is lost yet... I'm alive..." Kurwa. There was no such drugs around when I was young. You guys should really watch out for yourself. Because it's not so complicated to get into some shit. I ended up god knows where kurwa, barefoot, while I never ever leave my house barefoot. And

now I am wondering whether my Jordans got stolen in the hospital or not. Because when I woke up there was two black guys standing over me... So black guys and Jordans, you know, are quite fond of one another....

In my opinion I completely don't fit this story of mine... I shouldn't even be here right now... I have no clue how the fuck I got here. Sorry guys for this monologue. But that's life, right? I am 37 years old, 8 years after my divorce. And I had such a good job...

B: What kind of job?

I was the one who was replenishing ATMs with money, so that you could take it out, I had to put it in first. I had a permit for a gun. They gave it to me when I was 26, I went there, just like you: bald head, hoodie. First the guy said he's not gonna give it to me, but I nagged him about it so much that he finally ended up issuing it to me.

So yeah, I have a gun permit. That's why I'm giving it away, because I realised that I would end up just killing this bitch. If the love of your life tells you "till death do us part" and then just moves the fuck out, of course I have the urge to fucking kill this bitch first time I see her. And I still have this gun, loaded. That's why I give it away every time I enter work, because when I know I have two full clips in my pocket, some calculations start happening in my head. I have two full clips, so that's 16 bullets. In the first room there is 6 people, in the next one there is 4, in the third one there is the manager and then there is just the service lobby, where no-one is armed. So, well, if I can just fucking destroy everyone right away on the spot, of course I decide to submit my gun to the reception guy, I'm not fucking crazy at the end of the day. Life is no fucking video game...

Oh, Leiden Centraal, 8 minutes... And then I guess I have to go by foot...

B: Yeah... Barefoot.

Don't you guys have a friend who's sober today and could pick me up from the station and drive me home?

B: We don't even live in Leiden. We're going to The Hague.

Fucking hell I used to live there for one and a half years. It's quite safe there but is windy and rains from every direction. But I used to work with flowers from Uruguay.

Here next to The Hague you have Taxa. That is quite a good job. You just sit there and watch a robot. That was a decisive moment in my life. From then on I decided I no longer want to work, I can just look at someone else working... For money... There I used to look at the robot screwing in 34 screws and puts in 4 magnets. I don't fuck with HORECA... Once while making a pizza I almost cut my finger off. They fired me and replaced me with some Spanish or Portuguese guy.

And here I just sit on my ass and the cheese is getting packed by robots kurwa. Packed, sealed, even on the pallets they are automatically sealed, fucking shoved in the fucking warehouse, which AUTOMATICALLY opens. And the fucking shelves automatically slide open and the pallet goes the fuck away somewhere there to automatically make someone a cheese sandwich in the morning. And I'm just standing there with this fucking funny hat on and fucking wave them "Bye, bye!"

Accident? Maybe it's a fucking accident, but they actually could put a monkey there in the position that I work at instead of me. So that it can also just wave goodbye to the pallets and when the "reset" button is blinking, it would click the fucking "reset" button. This is exactly what the fuck I do in my fucking job, click the fucking "reset" button. And, analogously, today I also had a "reset" button pressed. Actually, against my own choosing. I could almost feel like this fucking pallet of cheese boxes, since it also doesn't know where it is when I press reset. It's riding somewhere, opens its eyes and first it needs to realise where it is, because it's phone has 14% battery and because of some drugs that it took it can't even see that fucking screen so well...

Sorrow Is Not My Name

BY ROSS GAY

—after Gwendolyn Brooks

No matter the pull toward brink. No matter the florid, deep sleep awaits. There is a time for everything. Look, just this morning a vulture nodded his red, grizzled head at me, and I looked at him, admiring the sickle of his beak.

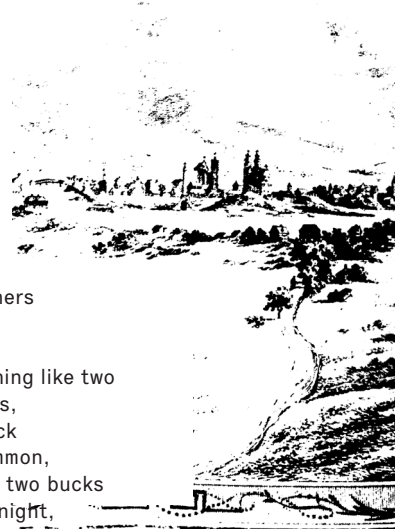
Then the wind kicked up, and, after arranging that good suit of feathers he up and took off.

Just like that. And to boot, there are, on this planet alone, something like two million naturally occurring sweet things, some with names so generous as to kick the steel from my knees: agave, persimmon, stick ball, the purple okra I bought for two bucks at the market. Think of that. The long night, the skeleton in the mirror, the man behind me on the bus taking notes, yeah, yeah.

But look; my niece is running through a field calling my name. My neighbor sings like an angel and at the end of my block is a basketball court.

I remember. My color's green. I'm spring.

—for Walter Aikens



FICTION that makes sense.

You can decide how much shoe to show under your pants.

No I haven't had dinner.

But I had a summer and I'm left hungry and baffled.

So maybe its best if we dry this way -to dry to do it this way.

I have a lot of hangers I'm not using.

You never heard despair like this.

The path has long been open, but our seats not taken.

I'm laughing each time we give a break.

Just look for a person with open arms in the crowd.

—Zeynep Yilmaz

