

performance from start till end of the event

Evelin Brosi & Elvis Bonier's Structural Film n° 76 "Il'om osoorroy obuut il
doon't waaant to oobee aan Eempoeeroo —
thaat's onoot moy obuusiionees — il doon't
waaant to oobee oor ccoonqoueer aanoyoon.
Il s'hoouid ilikoe to haelop eevreyoon ee
pooosibilee, Jee, gneentilee, blaack
maan, w'hittee. Wee aallo waaant to haelop
oon ee aanootheer, huumaan beeiingas aare
ilikoe thaat. Wee aallo waaant to ee
eac'h ootheer's haappiionees, onoot moy
eac'h ootheer's m'iseery. Wee doon't
waaant to oobee aano ddeespiisee oon ee
aanootheer. Ilon thais woorid thaeer ee
rooom foor eevreyoon aano thae earrth
is r'ic'h aano c'aan porooid ee foor
evreyoon. Thae w'ay of ee c'aan bee
f'ee aano beeaufuile. Buut wee haave
loost thae w'ay. G'eede haas p'oisooned
meen's s'oules — haas baarr'ic'aded thae
woorid w'it'h haate; haas g'ooose-
steepp'ed u's i'ntoo m'iseery aano
bl'ood's'eed. Wee haave d'eev'el'oop'ed
s'p'eed buut wee haave s'huut oourseel'v'es
in: m'ac'h'i'oneery thaat g'iv'es
abbu'nd'ance haas l'eeft u's in w'aant.
Oour k'now'ledgee haas m'ad'ed u's
c'y'n'ic'ally, oour c'leev'eer'ne'es
u'nk'ind. Wee th'aink to oom'ac'h aano
f'eele to oobee: M'ore th'ain
m'ac'h'i'oneery wee ne'eed huum'ani'ty;
M'ore th'ain c'leev'eer'ne'es wee ne'eed
k'ind'ne'es aano g'neent'le'ne'es. W'it'hoout
th'es ee q'ual'it'ies, ee ee
v'io'le'nt aano aallo w'ill ee loost. Thae
a'ee'rop'la'nee aano thae r'ad'io haave
b'ro'ug'ht u's c'lo's'eer to o'g'ee'theer. Thae
v'ery n'a'ure of th'es ee i'nv'ent'io'ns
c'r'ie's oout foor thae g'oo'd'ne'es in
maan, c'r'ie's oout foor u'ni'v'ers'ally
b'ro'oth'eer'hood foor thae u'ni'ty of u's
allo. Ev'een on'ow moy v'oo'ic' ee

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1080x1920 HD movie) is a remake of Jordan Wolfson's *I'm sorry but I don't want to be an
Emperor — that's not my business — I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to
help everyone if possible, Jew, gentile, black man, white. We all want to help one another,
human beings are like that. We all want to live by each other's happiness, not by each
other's misery. We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room
for everyone and the earth is rich and can provide for everyone. The way of life can be free
and beautiful. But we have lost the way. Greed has poisoned men's souls — has barricaded
the world with hate; has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed
speed but we have shut ourselves in: machinery that gives abundance has left us in want.
Our knowledge has made us cynical, our cleverness hard and unkind. We think too much
and feel too little: More than machinery we need humanity; More than cleverness we need*

kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost. The aeroplane and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in men, cries out for universal brotherhood for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world, millions of despairing men, women and little children, victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people. To those who can hear me I say "Do not despair." The misery that is now upon us is the passing of greed, the bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress: the hate of men will pass and dictators die and the power they took from the people will return to the people, and so long as men die [now] liberty will never perish....

*Soldier — don't give yourselves to brutes, men who despise you and enslave you — who regiment your lives, tell you what to do, what to think and what to feel, who drill you, diet you, treat you as cattle, as cannon fodder. Don't give yourselves to these unnatural men, machine men, with machine minds and machine hearts. You are not machines. You are not cattle. You are men. You have the love of humanity in your hearts. You don't hate — only the unloved hate. Only the unloved and the unnatural. Soldiers — don't fight for slavery, fight for liberty. In the seventeenth chapter of Saint Luke it is written "the kingdom of God is within man" — not one man, nor a group of men — but in all men — in you, the people. You the people have the power, the power to create machines, the power to create happiness. You the people have the power to make life free and beautiful, to make this life a wonderful adventure. Then in the name of democracy let's use that power — let us all unite. Let us fight for a new world, a decent world that will give men a chance to work, that will give you the future and old age and security. By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power, but they lie. They do not fulfill their promise, they never will. Dictators free themselves but they enslave the people. Now let us fight to fulfill that promise. Let us fight to free the world, to do away with national barriers, do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason, a world where science and progress will lead to all men's happiness. Soldiers — in the name of democracy, let us all unite! Look up! Look up! The clouds are lifting — the sun is breaking through. We are coming out of the darkness into the light. We are coming into a new world. A kind new world where men will rise above their hate and brutality. The soul of man has been given wings — and at last he is beginning to fly. He is flying into the rainbow — into the light of hope — into the future, that glorious future that belongs to you, to me and to all of us. Look up. Look up. (2015, 02:37 (loop), 16mm film), an ominous black-and-white film showing a man without a head fiercely expressing himself in sign language of which the title refers to a speech by Charlie Chaplin in the film 'The Great Dictator' (1940) and in which the speech is transposed into the silent dialogue of sign language. Wolfson's film is currently on view in the exhibition *De Collectie (1), Highlights for a Future* at SMAK, Ghent.*