

## A story of a room ; the palm game

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Welcome and thank you for being here in this room at this moment. It is possible to play a French game like 'Jeu de paume' in this room. We can translate this 'Jeu de paume' in something like, *the play of the palm*. The word palm could stand for the rackets in this game, rackets shaped like a palm leaf, or we can think of our hands, they used to play this game with the palm of the hand. The walls are dark, we are able to see the ball more easily with a dark wall. The head and the hand (palm) are important in this game. You need to calculate with your head, how the ball is going to move, land or hit the wall. You need to move your body and try to control your hands in order to direct the plan you made. Talking about heads and hands; there was a meeting in here. The people who had the meeting in here were locked out of another place. I used my hand to do the oath.

I am actually not here. I'm not here because someone already killed me. There were a lot of people that did the oath in this room. I was the first one who did the oath.

*I swear never to separate myself from the National Assembly.....*

Wait ...Before I forget I should tell you there are three estates in this country. Imagine a pyramid.

On top of this pyramid there is our king Louis of course.

The first ones after Louis are the Roman Catholic Clergy they are the first estate, then after them there is the second estate, those guys we call them the nobility ( ah yes guys from the government and guys with military functions). The last estate is the third, that's us, we are the third estate, we are about 89 percent of all the people in this country.

We are what they call bourgeoisie; advocates, lawyers, doctors...but in the third estate there are also a lot of other people like working people and farmers. Let's name this pyramid ; the old system.

**WE ARE ASSEMBLED IN THIS ROOM WITH A QUARTER OF A TENNIS COURT. WE NOW ARE ASSAMBLED AND MAYBE WE ARE ABLE TO REMEMBER SOME MOMENTS OR SOME PARTS FROM this story, it might be vaguely, but let's try it anyways.**

There was a meeting with all the 3 estates and Louis . Our great king, the first, the second, and the third estate had a meeting. For sure we had to meet, we had to meet because we were in a terrible crisis, we had a terrible winter last year and the biggest part of our people is starving to death. Do you remember that we did not agreed with the plans of Louis in this meeting?

Do you remember that our king closed the door on us?

He locked the room of the meeting (of The 3 Estates). 'Sorry guys of the third estate' he said, 'you can't come in any more, and if you can't ASSEMBLE how are you going to be a NATIONAL ASSEMBLY?' THIS IS WHY WE HAD TO FIND ANOTHER BUIDLING. AND WE FOUND THIS BUILDING THE SALLE DE JEU THE PAUME OR LETS CALL IT A TENNIS COURT.

A lot of things did already occur in here that's for sure . It reminds me of a story some years ago about the French Revolution.

By the way; there are quite some people connected to the moments were we are talking about now. I am truly apologizing for the people but I don't want to use their names now, I don't want to talk about facts, names and dates, Let's try to look at it from a different angle.

As I was saying; I am actually not here. I'm not here because I was already killed. A lot of people did the oath in this room. I was the first one who did the oath.

*I swear never to separate myself from the National Assembly, and to reassemble wherever circumstances require, until .....*

Let me tell you something; THE TENNIS COURT ACT WAS AN ACT OF DEFIANCE! YES SIR, WE STARTED A PERFORMATIVE ACT OF DEFIANCE. We knew that all along, we were starting something and we didn't knew where it would end.

Actually what about this location. What has this location to do with this event of the oath? This room has nothing to do with it. This room could very well be seen as a coincidental space. This place is a place where we got in by coincidence.

Did we, when we were looking for a place, thought about other places as well? Like a pub or someone's house or Livingroom, maybe another empty building? We thought this place could work because of its status, it's quite a big room, with big windows and could you imagine the status and the greatness of an event when these curtains will be flapping in a thunderstorm.

There is a chair on the tennis court, the chair where I climbed on to do the oath, and the curtains where flapping in the thunderstorm. The court is constructed out of lines. When you hit a ball right you are able to win, when you miss a ball or hit it in the wrong way you have the change to loose. Losing your head is going crazy. A lot of people lost their heads during the French revolution literally and figurative. Try to focus, focus on the ball, its more easy to focus if the background is dark.

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These lines on the floor are painted on top of the already existing floor.

Hard lines, marks on the floor. Like a dog pissing against a hedge, creating territory, creating distinction, making a construction of points, from A to B and so on.

These lines could resemble our disability to see the world as it is, the lines mark out that we only can see this wide, that we only can walk that far, that we only can jump that high. We are not able to fly ,jump, see, smell, hear or run like another animal. We are not able to be as strong and steady as a rock. We are not able to be as liquid and fast as water. We are almost naked with a black wall in front of us, we need our lines to be able to know where we are.

We draw some lines on the earth where we live on. We draw some lines and read them as if they could be something else then a line.

We are the people from the third estate and we want to create a structure. We want to be able to get a grip somehow on the world that surrounds us.

Please someone give us a story. Create another history.

My brain is making connections and structures all the time. My brain is doing that. There is an enormous amount of information and images that pass me by.

We were able to move. We are able to move in time and we are able to move in this space and in this world. We are able to use the head and the hand.

A revolution started because of our primary needs. A revolution started just because we were hungry.

Our symbol was a guy on a throne. Our symbol was head on a spike. Our symbol was a lady with a flag and a sword, one breast showing.

Men and sword, ready to attack, protected by a harness, protected by our fellow men, ready for anything. I believe I am protected, no human can stab thru this harness. I believe I am ready for any kind of attack. I can easily wound another men with this sword.

But I am looking in front of me, and I am looking and I try to see. The thing in front of me is dark. The thing in front of me is a dark wall. It is dark so I am able to see the ball.

*I swear never to separate myself from the National Assembly, and to reassemble wherever circumstances require, until the constitution of the realm is drawn up and fixed upon solid foundations.*