

**BUNGEHOTEL**  
**COMING SOON**  
(only for tourists)

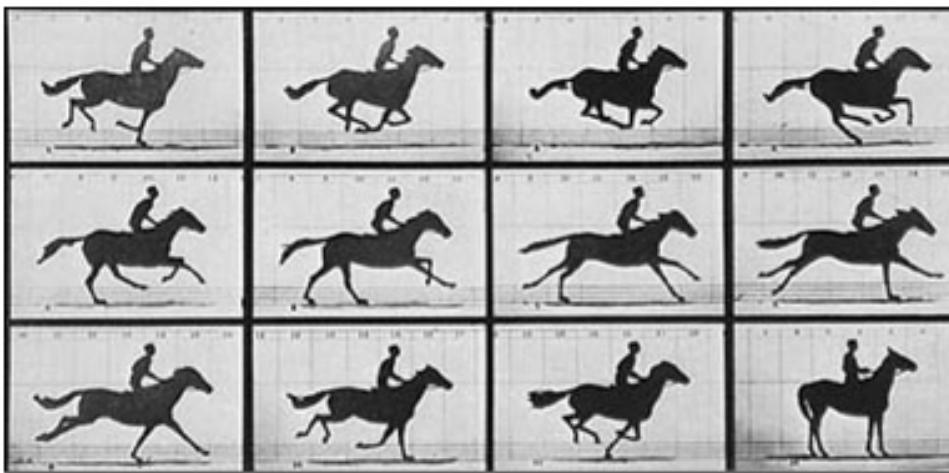
**ASSEMBLY LUXURY SUITE**  
Sleep where all the decisions were taken during the occupation in 2015

**EXCITING ENTRANCE**  
Jump inside the room through the window using an unstable stair, as a real rebel!

**OCCUPATION MENU**  
Free peanut butter sandwiches for all our guests. You don't need more than they did, do you?

**SLEEPING CHEAP**  
For a lower price, you can also sleep along the corridors... Embody the occupier's body

**EVICTION CHECK OUT**  
To wrap up your experience in our hotel, lock yourself in your room. The police will make sure that you are in Schiphol on time!



I DON'T WANT TO BE A POLICE HORSE



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Luz, Alyim Kuryel and from social media. | The pictures from this zine are from Luz.

Come visit us at the Magdehuis! To contact us: [multithese.zine@gmail.com](mailto:multithese.zine@gmail.com)  
<http://multithese.mobiog.org>

For more content, visit our blog:

**CONTACT**

Send your submissions to:  
[multithese.zine@gmail.com](mailto:multithese.zine@gmail.com)

Deadline: Sunday the 4th of April.

Your contributions (max. 1500 words) will be published in the new *Antithese* DIY magazine and online blog. Note that you can write in the language of your choice.

- pictures
- poetry, creative writings, artworks
- short personal stories connecting the Magdehuis
- global struggle
- abstracts of in-depth articles on the critical analysis

For the second edition of *Antithese*, we invite critical and creative submissions that engage this transition from the occupation of the Bungehuis to the Magdehuis.

De Nieuwe Universiteit. This historical moment has already inspired lots of students from abroad and Amsterdam has international student struggle.

Since the 25th of February De Nieuwe Universiteit is reclaiming the Magdehuis as an autonomous space to reflect University's model. While the protesters started at the UVa, for a big part against the budget cuts on the Humanities faculty, our struggle is becoming much broader: everywhere in the Netherlands people are reclaiming themselves under the banner of

## ANTITHÈSE 2: THE MAGDEHUIS APPLICATION

INSTRUMENTS  
 22.00 Acoustic jam session bring your instruments!  
 20.00 General Assembly  
 19.00 Food

18.00 Passive Resistance Workshop book we can print and bind together drawings, short stories, thoughts, all into a book Gonzo History by Björn Gay

16.00 Book-Making Workshop

17.00 Gonzo History by Björn Gay

19.00 Food police and the conservative press, common Joe in Margarita Thatcher, the

20.30-22.30 Prideland-based gays and lesbians lend their support to striking coal miners in 1984 Wales as they find a

18.00-19.00 Poet Maria van Dalem, Haitian poet from Querido publishers

19.00 Food also opposed the sale of this iconic building

17.00-18.00 Documentary, Occupy Giza We present to you Taskism Gezi Park

Tunisia Interactivly talk with discussion (Autopology), Youth Activism in

16.00-17.00 Fellow Tours Eggheads subsequent appropriation of the Bungehuis (and the whole community in an autonomous, non-

17.00-18.00 Documentation of the Magdehuis movements who represent the Bungehuis

20.00 General Assembly with teachers

19.30 Court Case pursued through direct action (i.e.

19.00 Rally and Press Conference university governance. These goals are

democratized and decentralized

**THURSDAY 16 FEBRUARY**

**FRIDAY 20 FEBRUARY**

**SATURDAY 21 FEBRUARY**

**SUNDAY 22 FEBRUARY**

**MONDAY 23 FEBRUARY**



University of Amsterdam. Our main demand is the

opposes the transformation of the higher education landscape in the higherreresearch. Our main demand is the triumphs over the quality of education and into a corporate structure where profit

education is reclaiming from the highest universities demands of the neoliberalisation of the Neetherlands landscape in the highest research. This non-commercial real estate speculation is also a creative industry to enjoy. This non-membership-only club for people from the members lend their support to striking coal miners sold off to Shō Ho House, who was recently sold off to Shō Ho House, who

will transform it into a hotel and

# EDITIONIAL: THE BUNGEHUIS REVOLUTIE

the last cuts due to austerity measures in education, healthcare, parenting and welfare. They also demand to stop the privatization of social services; to end the petrol extraction and transportation; and to call for convergence and solidarity with indigenous struggles against the neocolonialism of the state.

In Toronto, teacher assistants of the York University and University of Toronto are on strike since the end of February to protest against the insufficient funding and inadequate workers conditions.

### **MYANMAR**

In Myanmar, students are protesting since last November for the decentralisation of the education system, the right to form unions and the possibility to get courses in ethnic minority languages. Started last February, hundreds of students were doing a symbolic procession from Mandalay to Yangon. On March 10, the riot police violently repressed the peaceful protest, beating the students with batons and arresting more than 100 of them.

### **MACEDONIA**

Macedonian students are fighting against a new law on higher education adopted in January by the parliament, and more specifically against a new state-supervised test for graduates. Last December, more than 10 000 of students were protesting in the street of Skopje to call for more autonomy. This February, a thousand of them occupied the Skopje university faculties of Philosophy, Philology, Law and Economy. After the students and teachers, high school students have started taking the streets on March 22.

### **SPAIN**

From March 22 to March 24, Spanish students went on a 48 hours strike for the second time since February. They are facing a reform of higher education that

reduce the number of years to get a B.A. diploma, and add an expensive and mandatory master of two years. Because of the new anti-protest law voted last December by the parliament, the protests are violently repressed by riot cops and numerous students are facing serious legal threats.

## **PROGRAM OF THE BUNGEHUIS (ARCHIVES)**

### **MONDAY 16 FEBRUARY**

13:00 Visit of Jasper van Dijk, SP Member of Parliament, spokesman on education.  
17:30 Think! Humanities Lecture series: Lecture of Robin Celikates: "*Beyond Traditionalism: Politicizing the Humanities*"  
20:00 National Action Meeting for the democratization of Higher Education  
21:00 Poetry and lecture; Ernst van de Hemel & Emile

### **TUESDAY 17 FEBRUARY**

15:00 Dr. Dan Hassler-Forest: Zombie Education and the Cultural Logic of Neoliberalism  
16:30 Quebec's Student Strike by a participant and organizer from Quebec  
18:30 Food (vegan)  
20:30 Screening of Ukrainian documentary short films about protest on Maidan. Discussion and talk afterwards.

### **WEDNESDAY 18 FEBRUARY**

14:00-15:00 Maarten Waterloo (VU, Hydrology) 'The role of water in your future'  
15:00-16:00 Samuel Vriezen (freelance composer, poet and theorist) 'Interrupted Time and Game Time: alternative temporal structures in musical composition'  
16:00-17:00 prof. René Boomkens (Algemene Cultuurwetenschappen, UvA) 'Parrëssia vrijmoedig spreken en de waarheid'.  
18:30 Food

Coverage of the Bungehuis occupation has died down since the Maagdenhuis Appropriation. The Bungehuis experience, however, was essential to the growth of the students' movement and deserves some emphasis. The first edition of Antithesis is entirely devoted to these eleven days of occupation. You will find in those pages a series of archives, stories and poems from Bungehuis occupiers and sympathisers. The articles provide some analysis but also convey the emotions experienced by those involved. This format shifts the discourse from that presented by the media and public institutions to the activists' own perspectives. You can also visit our blog for more content: antithesis.noblogs.org. |

## **WAT IS DE BUNGEHUIS REVOLUTIE?**

*Na weken van voorbereiding is het dan eindelijk zover: het is de vroege ochtend van vrijdag 13 februari. Gewapend met houten planken, slaapzakken en proviand rennen we in het donker het Bungehuis naar binnen en gaan we meteen opzoek naar een goede plek om een banner uit het raam te kunnen hangen; eventuele politie of bewaking moet weten dat we geen inbrekers zijn. Nadat alle eerste taken uitgevoerd zijn komen we bijeen om te vergaderen: we zijn binnen, hoe nu verder?*

De eerste ochtend stond er al een demonstratie op de agenda. Humanities Rally trommelde zoveel mogelijk mensen op en ze marcheerden vanaf het Binnengasthuisterrein naar het Bungehuis. Voor de deur van het Bungehuis onstond een steeds grotere stapel boeken; men bouwde de toren van Babel. Geschreeuw en gezang worden afgewisseld met toespraken en uiteindelijk wordt iedereen uitgenodigd om naar binnen te gaan, via het raam aan de achterzijde. Dat was een

zeer goede beslissing want vanaf dat moment werd het Bungehuis een bezet universiteitsgebouw met een open karakter en kon er een politiek en cultureel programma opgezet worden.

Op zaterdag 14 februari zou er een gesprek plaatsvinden met het College van Bestuur wat helaas op het laatste moment afgelast werd. De communicatie verliep stroef en er werd over en weer ge-e-maild over de formulering van de eisen van De Nieuwe Universiteit maar tot een gesprek is het niet gekomen. Na een sommatie welke gericht was aan vier personen, zonder te verifiëren of en hoe deze betrokken waren - stelt het College van Bestuur een ultimatum: de bezetters moeten de volgende dag voor 12u vertrekken, anders volgen juridische stappen. Daarnaast eist het College een boete van € 100.000 per dag (per persoon?) als de bezetters blijven zitten. Op deze schandalige actie schrijven de docenten een open brief die door meer dan 250 docenten ondertekend wordt, waarin ze stellen dat zij ook in het Bungehuis zijn geweest en daarom ook beboet zouden moeten worden.

In een kort geding dat plaatsvond later die week stelt de rechter het College in gelijk, maar de oorspronkelijk geëiste dwangsom van € 100.000 per dag wordt verlaagd tot € 1.000 per dag. De Ondernemingsraad van de Faculteit der Geesteswetenschappen koopt dan meteen de ladder op die gebruikt werd om naar

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**WIJ WILLEN NIET DOOR HET KAPITALISME TEN ONDERGAAN,  
DAAROM MOET HET KAPITALISME DOOR ONS TEN ONDERGAAN.**

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They wait five more minutes. They start pulling. Handcuffs. They put us in the hallway. We start screaming: BEZET BLOKKEER DIT BELEID PIK IK NIET MEER. We laugh. The police smiles they're not hurting us yet, but the handcuffs are tight. They ask us if we can do the yells in canon. We pull it off. Some of my friends put up much more of a fight than I did. They're lying on the floor, handcuffed, screaming. Then they take us out, into the vans.

Outside there's a crowd. I feel loved, we did this for them they do this for us. They yell, they scream. I smile. And we're off to the station.

## I: WHEN IN JAIL...

They search us, they take our shit. They tell us we have the right to remain silent, and the right to a lawyer. We all have the same one; and he and his assistants are on their way. We know and no one says anything. We're keeping calm, keeping silent. And then we're put into cells. We're all alone. We start singing we can hear each other. We whistle, we sing, we pound walls and doors. Cannot break our spirits we were actually having fun.

I lie down. There's a matress. I'm so tired. I had been sleeping on a very cold library floor for over a week: a police cell, with a matress, at 20 degrees celsius is actually an improvement. There's a pillow. I fall asleep. They're asking my name, I don't respond. They're going to take my fingerprints. They're going to take my picture. Back in my cell I fall asleep.

There's food, there's tea and coffee. I got to shower. I got some fresh air. And they're asking me to sign things: don't sign anything. They're asking me who I am: don't say anything. And they're lying to me: they say there's about 10 of us left. The lawyer just told me that we're still 40 (out of 42). I was prepared for this: don't believe anything the police says, and always reply: 'no comment'.

## II: ...WHY NOT DO CARTESIAN MEDITATIONS?

To quote Slavoj Zizek: "my claim is basically a very simple one:" when you're in a police cell, you take on the shape of the Cartesian cogito. Why? Because you must always assume that whatever your senses tell you is a lie. These bodies, police officers, will tell you things that may or may not be true. You might be given food,

# DON'T LET MONEY BE THE ONLY ANCIENT LANGUAGE THAT SURVIVES

PLATFORM BK OFFERS ITS FULL SUPPORT TO THE FOUNDING AND ACTIONS OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY WITHIN THE UVA

everyone but occupying a university building is a time-honored part of the repertoire of student protest, and while it may be understandable that the university tries to use legal means to get the occupying students out of the building, resorting to criminalization and financial threats of such magnitude against them is disproportionate and unjustifiable. We hereby publicly declare that we have also been, and/or will be, for shorter or longer time, in the Bungehuis during the occupation. We ask the Board to reconsider its threat against student and other members of the university community it claims to represent and guide or else to act consistently.

| Signed by 290 academics |

## COULD IT? A POSTMODERN POLITICAL IDEALISM?

It is by doing things that need to be learned in order to be done, that you learn them.

Aristotle

The secret is to really begin.

The present social organisation is not just delaying, it is also preventing and corrupting any practice of freedom. The only way to learn what freedom is, is to experiment it, and to do so you must have the necessary time and space.

(from: At Daggers Drawn, with the Existential, its Defenders and its False Critics)

We might be at a so-called breaking point. It has already been proclaimed that we have written history, and leaving the question of whose history this is aside, we probably have. The "*Bungehuis Revolution*", which I (and others) will continue to call so since the Bungehuis occupation was certainly a breaking point *within* the current protests. It seems, leaving the sixties aside for a moment, the Bungehuis occupation can only be overshadowed by the occupation of the Maagdenhuis, which is not only different but also *wouldn't have been possible* without this previous occupation. We should certainly not fail also to acknowledge previous movements (to save space I will refer you to the genealogy for this) or the efforts of people involved in the ongoing occupation(s) elsewhere, but it's clear that from the 13th

introducing experience. Of the 30 hours I was there, I think I slept for somewhere between 20 and 24 hours. The rest of the time was spent rearranging on my paper cups with coffee drops unfortunately I wasn't allowed to take those artworks with me) and the following reflections.

**RELIEVE HOW HARD CAN IT  
BE TO GET AIRIESTEID?**

We come walking in whistling.  
We laugh. We eat chocolate, we  
dibble them tea and coffee. They stand  
here, whistling, taking pictures, rippling  
out posters from the walls. It feels like  
someone is tearing down your house in  
front of you. They ask us to leave. We lock-  
in arms. GONG TWICE, they ask us to  
leave. Some do leave: that's alright, we say  
goodbye, locked-in arms and all. Third  
time, they ask us to leave and warn us they  
will use force and arrest us if we refuse.  
This will go on our criminal records they  
say. I know we all know that we have a  
good lawyer. I'm not scared but calm.

We are now under arrest. They still  
tell us we can leave without being thrown  
into the van. HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO  
GET ARRESTED? We sing: every  
woman in this ass a little butt... .

They're coming, the police they're finally national news tipped us, and now our scouls see them coming. We're in the canteen downstairs Bungeheuis dancing. We divide into groups. This is a mess, not what we agreed upon. But it's a the heat of the moment-kind-a-thing. It's almost everyone's first evolution, mine too. We're not scared per se, but definitely excited. We split into groups, every group takes a different floor. I stay in the canteen with

Note to the reader: this piece of writing is an incomplete sketch of being arrested and 30 hours of police cell. This was my first time in such a cell and it proved to be an

| By marwin vos | maart 2015 |

| By marwin vos | maart 2015 |

gging de andere oorlog door  
het omringende oppervlakken,  
geen drie zones die als volle  
eilanden deze gebieden goed uit,  
verzorgden, dat kwam ruimte dan  
haddden geven bij of ruimte dan  
heilig en vredestreden, we  
licheamen en de lumen waren  
stichtelen lichenen, de  
lumen in de stijf, wij  
geproduceerd wij stichtelen  
voortdurend zoveel warmte  
het vlijt weggespoeld, er wordt  
een lichaam schoon gewassen,  
lum, een onecht paradijs, geest  
sooglog wordt uitgebreid een  
opgeomen in de stijf, de  
klimaat en lum worden  
over globale problemen,  
hardekkig lokal te denken  
gezonheid, wij trachten  
kapitaal, voedsel en  
stijf, wij stichtelen lumen voor  
wij stichtelen lumen in de

spescta, beschermd in kelen  
koopkrachteweld en handel  
in mensen waarom zij naar  
charlestlst kunnen spelen,  
dwepers bij hun algod,  
fullume in verwoering;

Hopefully this is a breaking point. Hopefully the moments that a two-hundred strong demo realised it was stronger than two uniforums, or when more than forty of us decided not to compromise and to be physically evicted and when group within a community association like the next day decided they were not afraid any more and opened up the next building are not just moments. Fear

system that calls itself democratic without honouring this (which is every democratic state), but this was surely not the consensus that was there, nor does it have to be. But more impressive than the variety of ideas about democracy that might have been there was the absence of any other grand theory, or politicalism. This was certainly especially since its absence did not limit single issued campaigns. The posters saying "You teach me and I'll teach you" can be dismissed as a just having a funny slogan, but should be seen as at once a simple but powerful statement on what sort of education we might have.

Even the popular culture reference is not merely cultural influence that we grew up with; it is a reference to something that influenced our generalisation specifically. In fact, it is a reference to something that influenced our generalisation seriously, it is a reference to something that influenced our generalisation seriously.

Again: I won't attempt a definition). There was an interesting lack of grand theory. Although an ideal of democracy was formulated, only in practice did we formulate "what shape this would take. I think still many people have different ideas about what they expect from a democratic university. For me it only appeals as the Latin anti-authoritarian notion that "those who it is about" (to decide what should happen to them, what

I haven't even questioned whether we did actually rid ourselves of a postmodern cynicism". We certainly didn't rid ourselves of postmodernism.

At February on we really gained momentum. It's not, however, this momentnum, this bigger campaign or even that occupation as a whole (or as a purely political movement) that I want to discuss. Rather, I want to try and put the inspiring events into words that do not necessarily describe the events, but maybe emphasize some of the "undercurrent" developments in the dynamics of this occupying army. This is not something I do not especially, but not with other ideas on and how they might fit into this occupation, what I can speak about everyone or any whole", but mean to develop thoughts about the hidden premises and tendencies that made these events so inspiring to me.

van het publieke belang te worden geplaatst. Burgemeester Van der Laan lijkt meer energie te steken in ontruimingen in plaats van de dialoog aan te gaan over de toekomst van de universiteit en de stad.

Het is bizar dat een publieke instelling zoals een universiteit nu rechtszaken begint in plaats van de dialoog aan te gaan, om zo het privaat belang van een hotelketen te dienen en daarmee haar begroting eenmalig op te kloppen met een mooie financiële meevaller. Het is nog vreemder dat de UvA op haar eigen website schrijft dat “*The UvA’s staff and students are independent thinkers; competent rebels who dare to question, who aren’t satisfied with easy answers and standards solutions.*” Ook maar even willen luisteren naar de inzichten en kennis van deze rebellen, ho maar.

Het is daarom betreurenswaardig dat de gemeenteraad mee is gegaan in de bestemmingswijziging van het Bungehuis naar hotel. Hopelijk brengt de breed gedragen steun voor de bezetting de UvA en gemeenteraad tot bezinning om het vastgoedbeleid eindelijk eens te baseren op wetenschappelijke kennis en inspraak in



plaats van op kortzichtig financieel-economische winstbejag.

| By Jannes van Loon doet promotie-onderzoek naar vastgoed en finance.  
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Jannes.vanloon@ees.kuleuven.be |

## NOTITIES HEFBOOM PATRONEN

de verwarde bewegingen van de bezetters zien als de aanhalingsstekens om deze droomhandel in toekomsten, geen bloementuin, geen opkomende zon ze omlijsten een tableau waarin we nu duidelijker onderscheiden, het dansen van regeringsleiders en lakeien, CEO's en beursagenten die het vuur verder dragen, dwangmatige rituelen van mijnbouwbedrijven en grondstoffenbeleggers, brave hackers ingelijfd in diepe

is one of the most powerful pacifying tools of authority because it *disciplines*, but its effectiveness can be precarious. When we break out of our panopticon *regardless* of who's watching they will run out of guards soon enough. Their use of fear makes our fearlessness a greater weapon.

*“It is not the brick, that scares the[m], it is our willingness to throw it.”*

When “critics” claim that we lack a coherent, or concrete plan for the future we should *embrace that*. The negation of what is is by no means a final stage, if we accept a vague form of Hegelian dialectic as the last remains of any grand theory, we are the *antithesis*. But what can happen outside (or at least around and not fully in) this framework is already a practise of freedom, that, to avoid loaded adjectives such as positive, constructive and productive I will for the moment call a “*creating freedom*”. It animates our ideals, rough, subjective and diverse as they may still be, into *experiments*. May I remind you an experiment is not considered unsuccessful if the results are negative? We might have *hoped* for different results, it doesn't mean we shouldn't have done it at all. We can remain ambiguous in our morals and ideals, we *should!* We are only really developing them once we start to rebel *the secret is to really begin*.

A prevalent problem that some postmodern theories attempt to solve (and some only amplify) is a subjectivity and a deconstruction that seemingly drives us into nihilism. But it's not the subjectivity itself that does this, it is only the *negation of objectivity*; on a premise that any belief that is not held as being objective is worthless, that realises this spurious idea. In practise, and especially the practise of rebellion we can find worthwhile beliefs again, we can shape our ideas and our practises in a *never-ending reflexive equilibrium*, we can



create a new *language* and practise this *creating freedom* that is not possible within the authoritarian and capitalist world we are now forced to live in. This is not some young dreamer speaking this is not poetry. It is a call to arms. It is not an attempt to “gain followers” for another cause using the momentum generated by the recent events. This is what this experience evoked in me and thus I'm really only vocalising what my experience already wrote. But words are only as revolutionary as the people who get inspired by them. A text can only be part of a revolutionary practise when *it* becomes *activated*, and that is not done only by reading it.

*The secret is to really begin.*

| By Onruststoker |



noch de universiteit willen inbinden. Het is dus afwachten op de uitspraak van de rechter. Wat daar ook uitkomt, het fervente verzet van zowel studenten als docenten geeft me een warm gevoel, een gevoel van trots. En hoe ik later terugkijk op deze periode, als ik op middelbare leeftijd ben en wie weet mijn kinderen tegen het een of ander protesteren? Ik gok op nostalgie.

| By Saskia Kroonenberg, 19/02/2015 |

## UNIVERSITEITSGEBOUWEN MOETEN PUBLIEK BLIJVEN

Dat bijna alle Amsterdamse vastgoedeigenaren commercieel belang boven alles stellen doet de stad op lange termijn meer kwaad dan goed. Dat zelfs de UvA bakermat van de kritische stadsgeografie hierin meegaat is abject. Alle UvA gebouwen moeten publiek blijven en de UvA moet haar plannen voor centralisatie herzien.

Vanaf de jaren '50 werden steden wereldwijd overspoeld met megalomane projecten van technocratische bestuurders. Vooral in Amerikaanse steden werden hele stadswijken weggevaagd om ruimte te maken voor de toekomst, voor de auto. Verzet werd vakkundig geneutraliseerd, immers, wie kan er tegen de vooruitgang zijn? De modernistische gebouwen die verrezen langs vers aangelegde stadssnelwegen boden toch een veel betere woon- en werk omgeving dan de verpauperde huizen die ze vervingen?

Gelukkig stond er in New York een vrouw op, Jane Jacobs, die met heroïsche inspanningen een groots verzet opzette tegen de meest dogmatische technocraat van Amerika, Robert Moses. In zijn visie "cities are created by and for traffic. A city

*without traffic is a ghost town*" en burgers "do not know what is in their own interest". Het door Jacobs geleide verzet stopte de aanleg van highways dwars door Manhattan.

In de jaren '70 raakten ook Amsterdamse technocraten besmet met het virus van modernisering. Zij besloten de door de eeuwen heen opgebouwde, fijnmazige stedelijke diversiteit uit te wissen, bijvoorbeeld door het slopen van (historische) wijken voor de aanleg van een metro. Gelukkig stonden er tegenkrachten op, vooral krakers en buurtbewoners, die de waarde van stedelijke diversiteit zagen en hard hebben gestreden voor het behoud ervan. Was Amsterdam ooit zo mooi, populair en drukbezocht geweest als er dwars door het centrum overal Wibautstraten en Mr. Visserpleinen hadden gelegen?

Deze historische voorbeelden zijn meer dan anekdotes, naast verzet heeft Jane Jacobs het fundament gelegd voor de stadswetenschap met het boek 'Dood en leven van grote Amerikaanse steden'. In deze Bijbel van de stedelijke planning staan enkele ideeën die verklaren waarom Amsterdam zo ongelooflijk succesvol is. Deze ideeën laten zien dat het huidige, kortzichtige financieel-economisch denkkader van de UvA en de gemeenteraad een groot gevaar vormt voor de Amsterdamse stedelijke diversiteit, en daarmee een bedreiging voor het voortbestaan van Amsterdam als één van de meest fijne steden om in te wonen, werken en te recreëren.

Jacobs' werk is een felle kritiek op de dominante vorm van stedelijke planning toenertijd waarin functies wonen, werken, recreëren strikt van elkaar gescheiden werden. In Jacobs' visie is een succesvolle stad juist een stad waar continu verschillende soorten mensen op

three times a day, had an educational program every day and made sure there was proper, free vegan (and non-vegan) food all the time. Why did media portrayed us as savages trashing the building? Does money and marketing play such a big part in the decision making processes of the press? Or is it that the state doesn't want "their" university to look bad, so they make us look bad? Well, I learned that there is no such thing as separation of press and state. The media lie: honesty isn't worth anything when sensation is at stake.



Thirdly, the UNIVERSITY. In the narrowest sense this concerns the humanities faculty of the UvA, in the broadest sense it concerns the way education is shaped throughout the world. In case of the UvA, the university is not much more than an extension of the state of the Netherlands. Instead of trying to talk to (and work with) students, teachers and other employees, the board of the UvA decided to attack us. When immediate eviction wasn't possible a lawsuit followed, eventually leading to the eviction as described above. I've learned that education is as much a priority to the university, as health is to the pharmaceutical industry: it's a necessary part of business, but nowhere near as important as making profit is. Again, honesty isn't valued: the information going out is so far from the truth of the actual

situation, it's staggering! But how are we supposed to educate ourselves if all the information we get is tainted by the media or by corporations such as governmental universities? I'm hoping to do so by trying to find objective sources and staying critical of my morals, values and opinions.

Fourth, SOCIAL SYSTEMS. We went from taking control of a beautiful university building (which is going to be sold to a hotel chain to be turned into a restaurant by the way), to being beaten-up by men with sticks, to being manipulated, laughed at and disrespected by prison guards. I've found my natural response to any social situation is trying to understand why someone does something, which clashes with my personality of always being critical. My opinion of a situation where people are

fighting is therefore quite turbulent: I can understand why they wanted us out of that building and felt like they needed force us to do so, but I can also see that they really didn't have to. I also understand why the prison guards treated us as if we were beasts, but I honestly think they didn't have to. Most importantly, I understand why we felt the need to occupy the Bungehuis and get arrested, but isn't there a way this could have happened more peacefully? To be honest, I don't know. I think, the danger in decision making isn't in being doubtful and reflective of your own choices, it's in NOT being so. It is in being too sure of yourself and losing the ability to reflect.

Finally, a positive note. We have accomplished things! Some of the demands were met: small language studies

Three they are waving their banners pushing their placards

| By Rainbow warrior |  
Thanks for taking the time to read.

positive and active!

first sheet of double layered glass on the sure as the clock which hung outside the two hours I guess, but I couldn't know for I had to try once more, it had been about

cell in the bricked in police lock up.  
of thick dry blood. Bricked into the tiny side was still slitting and caked in a layer rest on the right side of my body as the left clutching at a thin blue blanket, trying to There I found myself in fetal position,

## OUT BIRICKEI IN AND

| By Yambø |

the better  
the bigger the mayhem  
which is ironic for a protest  
just keeping the peace  
Always conservative  
The cops take a side  
Before they clash  
under  
hooligans  
and even  
medewerkers, Hal  
De terugkomst van  
docenten  
kannt van de  
studenten aan  
Toen ging het erom  
de maccht van  
hooligans en  
breken, nu is het een  
hooliganen en  
processoren en  
studenteren stan  
kant van de  
docenten aan de  
verschill met de jarren  
Even groot  
verschil met de jarren  
Menssen om le  
reclames met Moosie  
gellike Engelslalige  
haar werk goed;  
daarneleggen doet  
Gommunicatie (MAC)  
Marketing en  
koumt de profit niet ten  
goede. De adelings  
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weerwoord te bieden?  
Doe niet zo gek, dat  
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Hoe romantis is het protest?

To be honest, I feel somewhat like a  
consigliere. I hope some times or an  
extremist at other times, but most of the  
time I just feel like the world's most active  
optimist. Thinking "we can be the change we  
want to see in the world" gives me so much  
energy than thinking "nothing's ever  
going to change". We were supported by a  
wide range of people, from hundreds of  
proletarians, to Turkish miners, to Nam  
Chomsky himself! Student movements are  
starting to merge at other universities  
across the country. And the movement  
from the Bungehuis occupation led to a  
new shockupation (unaccepted occupation)  
of the Maagdehuis just an hour after we  
were released from prison! Let the positive  
vibes spread, let us not be passive and  
neglative, but rather feel empowered,  
positive and active!

There they are  
shoulding their mantras  
Somebody gets arrested  
Somebody will talk to the media circus  
Somebody is on the inside  
we can take action!

I Amsterdam

©

Victor February 2015



het hard tegen hard, noch de bezetters  
In de stijf om het Bungehuis gaat  
het resultaat. Juist.  
benadrukken dat de student aan de UVA  
wordt uitgedagd tot kritische reflectie zijn

die zich bezig zou moeten houden met  
voor de universiteit op zich, een instantie  
ge het kunnen zien als een herwaardering  
besluitvorming. Algemeen beschouwd zou  
bezuinigingen) en de outdoorzichtige  
voorgeslede herovermogen (lees:  
strijd tegen de hooligans en  
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diverseitie]  
Amsterdamse sledelijke  
gevaar volgt voor de  
de gemeenteraad een groot  
denkkader van de UVA en  
financieel-economisch  
het huidige, kritische  
“Dze ideeën laten zien dat  
eenheid een  
platorm bieden om in  
de studenten] De docenten een goed  
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lashing out at everything for the purpose of self-harm.

Although in rare moments of clarity it was possible to bite through my ego and pathetic self-pity, and admit to myself that this unharmonious situation didn't arise due to the fault of any workers within the lock-up. The fault is not with the dominatrix, who most likely manages to whip her empathy back up when she gets back to her household in the company of her partner and children. Nor is it with my new mate who now has webbed feet. The torture has no one owner, but in fact we are all culpable, as ironically, its operator is isolation, a feeling that has never throughout history been so intense as in the 'modern' period, where our new toys have shredded community, and our neighbours have been reduced to financial digits.

Even over the microscopic time frame of a little more than a decade, since the tragic conception of social media and mobile phones, free-spirited adventure and openness to learn from whoever co-inhabits your immediate vicinity has been sacrificed for pedantic plans to meet with those who think, act and groom in a similar manner to ourselves. We have collectively become more interested in stalking the lives of phantoms over the other side of the planet than interaction with those within our community.

These media vampire gods sink their fangs into community whilst performing fellatio on it, destroying its natural structure whilst

**"Wat daar ook uitkomt, het servente verzet van zowel studenten als docenten geeft me een warm gevoel, een gevoel van trots."**

sucking out anything that may give birth to a future generation with greater social abilities than a scaly cold-blooded bot.

Now, as the lady behind the intercom, the gentlemen with the steel toe fetish, and myself had fulfilled our lifelong ambition of inhabiting a high security property all by ourselves without the need to share it, we seemed to have figured out that dream accommodation was not all it was hyped up to be.

I tripped on my face muffling myself with judgments and internal commentaries on terrains and characters. That is what landed me in the lock-up initially. Maybe I still haven't unshackled myself in entirety. I query to myself whether there remains another bridge to perpetual freedom, an evasion of conflicts both internal and external through the face of walking whatever I consider poetry rather than writing and dreaming it.

Bypassing the game of vermin and felines.

| By Ibby E Okinyi  
& William E Gatesbreaker |

## ROMANTIEK OF HARDE WERKELIJKHEID?

Het huidige tumult rondom de hervormingen op de UvA, op gang gebracht door Humanities Rally en de bezetting van het Bungehuis doen me denken aan de studentenprotesten uit de jaren '60, waar ik een romantisch beeld bij heb gevormd door af en toe iets lezen, tv en korrelige zwart-wit foto's van grote groepen mensen met wollige truien, lange haren en grote spandoeken. Die goede ouwe tijd! Maar was het wel zo mooi? Oubollige zwart-wit foto's en verhalen over

thing that vaguely resembled a window was broken down at 4:52, while it mockingly blocked out some of the little natural light the prisoner was entitled too.

Maybe the robot had gone home to oil her hinges and possibly someone else in the universe with an ounce of empathy had commenced shift to broadcasting the grunts into the end of the police station intercom button.

I pushed, full well knowing the automated answers to the questions I was about to pose.

'Hi there'

I said in the friendliest tone possible for me to muster up considering the situation.

'What do you want'

Blurted my captor.

'I was wondering if I could have a little milk, because I lost a lot of blood last night'

I queried.

'WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU! ARE YOU STUPID?! You already had your milk, it's one per person do you understand'

Continued the dominatrix.

'You will talk again to the police detective when THEY need to talk to you, UNDERSTAND!'

I decided that I was happy that the creature I was just conversing with was on the other side of wall, with a

mound of micro-crap and cable in between us because I guessed that by the way she talked, her insides must have been in the advanced stages of a terminal decay process. I concluded that if she hadn't combusted yet, the toxic gases in her innards must have conveniently been vented out somewhere, so logically at best she must have had terminal bad breath, which, in the weakened state I was in, may just knock me out for the count. I knew as well that there was no point in trying to challenge her on any level, the stench was sticking. It would be a waste of energy to bring storm to a creature who had the predatory resources to survive the asteroid hit 66 million years ago that wiped out all other non-avian dinosaurs.

I lay back down on the blood stained plastic mattress, my luxurious bit of furnishing, meditating to the serenade of a fellow captive who was losing a kick-boxing bout against a quintuple reinforced metal door somewhere up the hall. The hospitality extended to you in isolation cells is never complete without the intermittent gongs of neighbour's broken big toes announcing their presence.

However, somehow, being trapped in the same pitiful conditions as they are, you strongly feel their pain, and wonder how they reached the point of spasming and



