

BUNGEHOTEL
COMING SOON
(only for tourists)

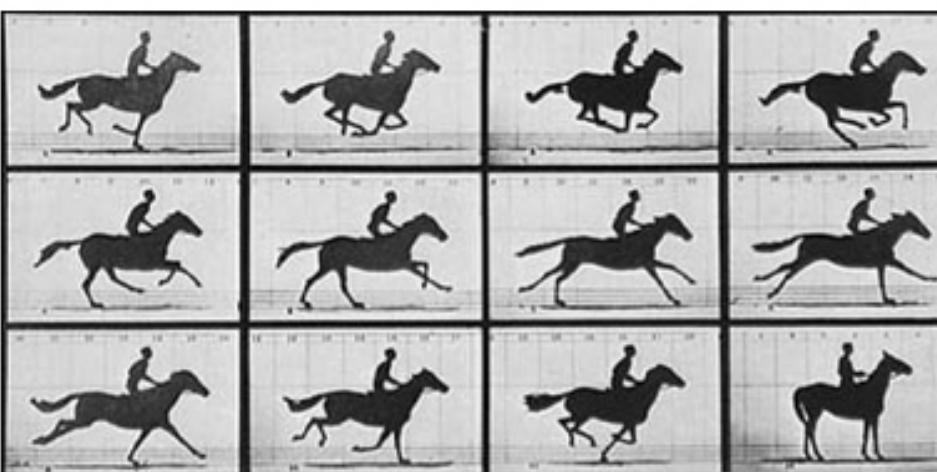
ASSEMBLY LUXURY SUITE
Sleep where all the decisions were taken during the occupation in 2015

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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EDITORIAL: THE BUNGEHUIS REVOLUTIE!

Antithese was formed by a group of concerned students and academics from different faculties who represent de Nieuwe Universiteit movement. What started as opposition to Humanities Faculty reforms at the UvA (Profiel 2016) and the reorganisation of the Beta faculties at the VU and UvA became a new front line of the international student struggle. On Friday the 13th of February, this group of students decided to occupy the Bungehuis (Spuistraat 210) and oppose the reforms enacted by the Board of Directors of the University of Amsterdam.

De Nieuwe Universiteit's demands oppose the transformation of the higher education landscape in the Netherlands into a corporate structure where profit triumphs over the quality of education and research. Our main demand is the

democratisation and decentralisation of university governance. These goals are pursued through direct action (i.e. occupations), the purpose of which is to embody the ideals that we seek to achieve in our own actions. For instance, the occupation of the Bungehuis (and the subsequent appropriation of the Maagdenhuis) have allowed its participants to learn and practice direct democracy (consensus model) and self-organise a whole community in an autonomous, non-commercial space.

The Bungehuis occupation also opposed the sale of this iconic building (and others in central Amsterdam) to the tourist industry. This beautiful building was recently sold off to Soho House, who will transform it into a hotel and membership-only club for people from the creative industry to enjoy. This non-transparent real estate speculation is also a symptom of the neoliberalisation of universities.



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 *Antithese* 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: antithese.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

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

binnen te komen, voor het schappelijke bedrag van 1000 euro! Er werd steeds meer gedoneerd of opgekocht want de bezetters hadden het Bungehuis uiteraard niet verlaten, dus de boetes stapelden zich op.

In het daaropvolgende weekend is er nog steeds geen zicht op een constructieve dialoog voorstellen van het College over bijvoorbeeld een alternatieve locatie worden allemaal gedaan met de voorwaarde dat de bezetters vrijwillig hun drukmiddel opgeven. het Bungehuis vrijwillig verlaten wordt. Uiteindelijk mengt de burgemeester zich in het conflict, hij roept op zondagavond een kleine delegatie op van De Nieuwe Universiteit en het College van Bestuur om in zijn ambtswoning te komen overleggen. Helaas

ookal viel het te verwachten - is dit gesprek niet vruchtbare gebleken; er wordt een debatmarathon en een 'festival van de wetenschap' voorgesteld door het College van Bestuur, zonder zich te committeren aan enige vorm van bindende afspraken. De dag erna vindt een vervolgesprek plaats waarin praktisch hetzelfde is besproken als de avond ervoor. Het College maakt wel duidelijk dat ze niet verder dan dit wil gaan en waarschuwt: *ik zou opschieten als ik jullie was.* De volgende ochtend, dinsdag 24 februari, wordt het Bungehuis ontruimd door de ME.

Tijdens de ontruiming is er een groot protest van studenten en docenten en de demonstranten maken het de politie niet makkelijk door de arrestantenbusjes te blokkeren in vreedzaam protest. Uiteindelijk werden de demonstranten door de ME naar de Damstraat gedreven zodat de ontruiming verder kon gaan, dat in totaal 4,5 uur duurde. Louise Gunning, voorzitter van het College van Bestuur, spreekt de demonstranten toe vanaf de trap van het Bungehuis maar pas nadat haar verweten wordt alleen te praten met studenten als er pers aanwezig is. Het

College organiseert vervolgens een persconferentie waar de enige aanwezige student verzocht wordt de ruimte te verlaten.

De volgende middag vindt er een grote protestmars plaats met meer dan 1000 demonstranten. Nadat de officiële mars voorbij is loopt de spanning op, en studenten bestormen het Maagdenhuis. De appropriatie begint... |

OPEN LETTER FROM THE ACADEMIC STAFF AGAINST THE LEGAL THREATS ON OCCUPIERS. FEBRUARY 19TH, 2015

The Executive Board of the UvA (CvB) has raised the stakes: in addition to seeking a preliminary injunction from the court against the occupying students, according to Folia the CvB now threatens to seek a penalty of up to 100,000 Euro against anyone who enters, or is in, the Bungehuis without permission after the ruling. This is a form of blackmail against a non-violent student protest that seems unacceptable to us. The aims and methods of the protest are, of course, not shared by

"The aims and methods of the protest are, of course, not shared by everyone but occupying a university building is a time-honored part of the repertoire of student protest"

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 Existent, 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

of February on we really gained momentum. It's not, however, this momentum, 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 (especially, but not only) this occupation, and how they might fit with other ideas on radical politics. I do not hold the illusion that 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.

A phrase I heard more than once when I was in the occupation, and one that I adopted, sometimes in part sometimes as a whole, was that we were finally ridding ourselves of a sort of *postmodern cynicism*. Understanding cynicism not as the tradition of Diogenes and even Socrates of questioning everybody, especially authorities and those who claim to hold absolute truth, but as a "hater-mentality" it is certainly something to rid ourselves of. Not risking an attempt at defining postmodernism, I would like to add that this original form of cynicism in my view could very well fit within a lot of the ideas we talk about when talking about postmodern thought. But the *hyper-cynicism* that our generation expresses, more often than not just masquerading a *consumerist individualism* that is in no way *constructive* of the individual, is not something we should cherish.

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

(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 plain anti-authoritarian notion that "*those who it is about*" (to some extent a "demos") should decide what happens to them, and no one else can.

"This is not some young dreamer speaking this is not poetry. It is a call to arms."

I loathe every 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 *political ism*. This was comforting, especially since its absence did not limit the character of the occupation to a purely single issued campaign. 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 fight for. Even the popular culture reference is not merely entertaining, it is a reference to something that influenced our generation specifically and the popular culture that *we* grew up with is a serious tool if our generation is to formulate any sort of *we* again.

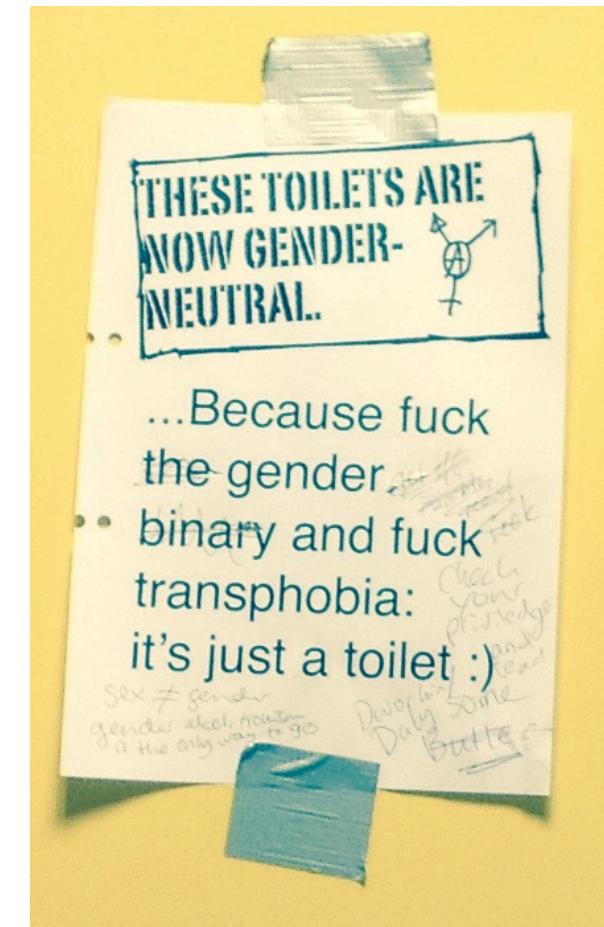
Hopefully this is a breaking point. Hopefully the moments that a two-hundred strong demo realised it was stronger than two uniforms, or when more than forty of us decided not to compromise and to be physically evicted and when group within a demonstration the next day decided they were not afraid any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

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 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 |

RAINBOW WARRIOR'S EXPERIENCE OF THE BUNGEHUIS OCCUPATION AND EVICTION FROM THE INSIDE

They took my shoes, and what I got in return are some nasty physical and emotional bruises and a few very valuable life lessons.

I felt confused, shocked, exhausted, and relieved when I was the last one to be released from prison yesterday (February 24th). My friends, 41 others who had just spent 30 hours in a police cell were cheering fanatically, but how was I to brave the world without my shoes? My time in prison honestly hadn't been that bad, a lot of sleeping and watching Discovery Channel, and I was able to leave without having been identified which means there'll be no legal consequences. But I think I underestimated the impact that the whole experience had on me. My opinion of the police, the media, the university and social systems has changed so dramatically that I broke down yesterday and decided to write about how I felt about the experience.

Firstly, POLICE. "What are we going to do with those girls in the corner? You three are the last ones in the room, no need to pretend to be brave now. We'll have you out in a second anyway". Sexist pigs, my first thought was. A few seconds later, we were being dragged through the room, resisting passively but fervently, before they were able to break us apart. I became limp when the ME (Riot police) put their handcuffs on me so tight that I have 3 or 4 bruises on either wrist now. "Are you going to walk, or

do I have to help you with that? No reply? All right then". Apparently he thought it was necessary to take off my shoes by dragging me across the floor, force the tip of his police baton into the inside of my leg (which hurts like hell), kick me and eventually forcing me to walk by pushing my nose up so hard I couldn't help but scream and my eyes started to tear up. The amount of force used by the ME to "remove us" from the Bungehuis was astounding. It shocked me quite a lot to experience this, but it shocked me even more now I know that none of this was on the news. I actually read an article saying that the ME had been quite "serene". Well, I don't know if this was true for some of the other occupiers, it certainly wasn't true for me.

"A few seconds later, we were being dragged through the room, resisting passively but fervently, before they were able to break us apart."

Secondly, MEDIA. They lie. Yes, they manipulate and twist stories, but they also blatantly just lie. I have never been one to like the media, nor do they like me. See, I always want to tell the truth, the whole truth, which isn't what the media want to hear. They want one-liners, strong verbalizations, sensational quotes and other inspiring words to print. I can't do that so I stayed away from them, but couldn't help but notice that the UvA got much more space in the papers than the occupiers did. And the way things were portrayed just didn't resemble reality at all. We were marginalized as unorganized extremists, even though we held democratic General Assembly's two or

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



I amsterdam

will not (yet) disappear, and there are discussions about a possibility for a student on the board of the UvA, which is a great first step in the right direction. But most importantly though, people were reached; we can take action!

To be honest, I feel somewhat like a conspiracy theorist sometimes 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 more energy than thinking "*nothing's ever going to change*". We were supported by a wide range of people, from hundreds of professors, to Turkish miners, to Noam Chomsky himself! Student movements are starting to emerge at other universities across the country. And the momentum from the Bungehuis occupation led to a new shockupation (unexpected occupation) of the Maagdenhuis just an hour after we were released from prison! Let the positive vibes spread, let us not be passive and negative, but rather feel empowered, positive and active!

Thanks for taking the time to read.

| By Rainbow warrior |

PROTEST

There they are
waving their banners
pushing their placards

shouting their mantras
There they are

Somebody is on the inside
Somebody else is on the outside
Somebody will talk to the media circus
Somebody gets arrested
Someone call the cops before they even meet

Before they clash
The cops take a side
Always conservative
Just keeping the peace
Which is ironic for a protest
because the general rule is
the bigger the mayhem
the better

| By Yambo |

BRICKED IN AND OUT

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

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

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

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, it's 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 fervente 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 ourself 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 HAARDE WERKELIJKHED?

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 goeie ouwe tijd! Maar was het wel zo mooi? Oubollige zwart-wit foto's en verhalen over

provo's wekken nostalgie op, maar hoe zit dat eigenlijk met de huidige protesten? Zullen we daar ook met nostalgie over mijmeren straks, op middelbare leeftijd? Hoe romantisch is het protest?

In het Bungehuis wordt geslapen op kartonnen dozen, de UvA heeft de verwarming uitgeschakeld en dreigt met boetes van €100.000 voor wie er na de uitspraak van het kortgeding (vandaag om 15.30) nog in het pand aanwezig is. Behoorlijk oncomfortabel dus. Maar aan de andere kant wordt er gezamenlijk gekookt en gegeten, zijn er interessante lezingen en zijn er veel sympathisanten, onder andere hoogleraren,

docenten en medewerkers. Ha! De terugkomst van de solidariteit?

Een groot verschil met de jaren '60 is dat nu de docenten aan de kant van de studenten staan. Toen ging het erom de macht van de professoren en hoogleraren te breken, nu is het een strijd tegen de voorgestelde hervormingen (lees: bezuinigingen) en de ondoorzichtige besluitvorming. Algemeen beschouwd zou je het kunnen zien als een herwaardering voor de universiteit op zich, een instantie die zich bezig zou moeten houden met

onderwijzen en onderzoek verrichten, niet met management en winst boeken. De afgelopen jaren hebben veel studenten last van de verschoolsing, zeker na de invoering van het 8-8-4 systeem. Helaas lijkt het de huidige universitaire machthebbers (die natuurlijk goed moeten luisteren naar de politieke machthebbers die in Den Haag aan de geldknoppen draaien) uiteindelijk om geld en prestige te gaan. Luisteren naar de studenten? De docenten een goed platform bieden om in eenheid een weerwoord te bieden? Doe niet zo gek, dat komt de *profit* niet ten goede. De afdeling Marketing en Communicatie (M&C) daarentegen doet haar werk goed; gelukte Engelstalige reclames met Mooie Mensen om te



benadrukken dat de student aan de UvA wordt uitgedaagd tot kritische reflectie zijn het resultaat. Juist.

In de strijd om het Bungehuis gaat het hard tegen hard, noch de bezetters

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



verschillende tijdstippen komen voor verschillende soorten activiteiten. Dit leidt niet alleen tot levendigheid en sociale veiligheid maar ook tot economische activiteit, bijvoorbeeld doordat de verschillende soorten mensen verschillende dingen consumeren. Om deze diversiteit te waarborgen moet de gebouwde omgeving divers zijn, qua huren, qua functies, qua bouwvormen, qua dichtheden. De overheid speelt hierin een essentiële rol, zij kan functies als schaakstukken inplannen. Dankzij de vele gespreide locaties van de UvA zorgden studenten voor een toename van de levendigheid in vele buurten. Buiten college-uren geven zij een impuls aan de lokale bedrijvigheid door geld uit te geven aan allerlei dingen, van printshop tot coffeeshop. Ook bieden zij in veel buurten - vooral overdag - een gezond contra gewicht voor de massa toeristen.

Echter, te populaire wijken lopen het gevaar van homogenisering, de 'zelfvernietiging van diversiteit'. Doordat bepaalde functies zeer populair worden komt er alleen nog een bepaalde groep mensen naar een gebied die op die manier de stedelijke diversiteit c.q. authenticiteit vernietigd. De gemeente Amsterdam heeft, terecht, opgemerkt dat het centrum dit gevaar loopt: door de grote hoeveelheid toeristische functies domineren toeristen het centrum in toenemende mate. Toegeven aan hun wensen, het centrum Disneyfiseren, zorgt ervoor dat toeristen op

een gegeven moment alleen nog maar andere toeristen zien en Amsterdam haar authenticiteit verliest. Een hotelverbod in het centrum dient dus iedereens belang. In gebieden op 10 tot 20 minuten van het centrum zijn bewoners ook nog opecht blij om toeristen te ontvangen, wat leidt tot hilarische Amsterdam-Engelse gesprekken tijdens een potje Ajax-Twente in café Zomerlust. Andersom zorgt de concentratie tot een paar stadscampusen ervoor dat bepaalde wijken nu gedomineerd zullen worden door een homogene groep studenten.

Wat mij grote zorgen baart is dat bovenstaande blijkbaar onbekend is bij het bestuur van de UvA terwijl haar afdeling 'Urban Studies' internationaal vermaand is. De interne kennis over stadsplanning is bot genegeerd door het technocratische bestuur toen zij een megalomaan plan opstelde voor de ontwikkeling van 'stadscampusen'. Hierbij verschuift de vastgoedactiviteit van de UvA van het beheren naar het binnenstedelijk (her)ontwikkelen van vastgoed. Dit is de meest risicovolle vastgoedactiviteit die er is en dit betekent dat de UvA gigantische risico's op zich neemt. Nog zorgwekkender is dat tegenwoordig tegenkrachten die vaak het publiek belang (proberen te) dienen nu steeds machteloser gemaakt worden door de steeds harder wordende hand en hoeven van de politie-rechtstaat. Sinds het kraakverbod lijkt het beschermen van eigendom steeds verder boven het dienen

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 meevalle. 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 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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NOTITIES HEFBOOM PATRONEN

de verwarde bewegingen van de bezetters zien als de aanhalingstekens 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

spectra, beschermd in ketens koopkrachtgeweld en handel in mensen waarom zij naar hartelust kunnen spelen, dwepers bij hun afgod, fulltime in vervoering?

wij stichtten tuinen in de strijd, wij stichtten tuinen voor kapitaal, voedsel en gezondheid, wij trachten hardnekkig lokaal te denken over globale problemen, klimaat en tuin worden opgenomen in de strijd, de oorlog wordt uitgebreid een tuin, een onecht paradijs, geest en lichaam schoon gewassen, het vuil weggespoeld, er wordt voortdurend zoveel warmte geproduceerd wij stichtten tuinen in de strijd, wij stichtten lichamen, de lichamen en de tuinen waren heilig en veeleisend, we hadden geen tijd of ruimte dan de tuinen en lichamen te verzorgen, dat kwam goed uit, buiten deze zones die als stille eilandjes slechts op zichzelf gericht waren en de druk van het omringende opvingen, ging de andere oorlog door

| By marwin vos inzending antithese, 12 maart 2015 |

A SHORT PHENOMENOLOGY OF SHORT IMPRISONMENT

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

interesting 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 drawing on my paper cups with coffee drops (unfortunately I wasn't allowed to take those artworks with me!) and the following reflections.

PRELUDE: HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO GET ARRESTED?

They're coming, the police they're finally coming and we know. Someone from the national news tipped us, and now our scouts see them coming. We're in the canteen downstairs Bungehuis dancing. We divide into groups. This is a mess, not what we agreed upon. But it's a 'the heat of the moment'-kinda-thing. It's almost everyone's first eviction, 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 my group.

We sit in a circle. Windows breaking. And there's the police they come walking in whistling.

We laugh. We eat chocolate, we offer them tea and coffee. They stand there, whistling, taking pictures, ripping off our 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. GOING 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: eeeeeveryy womaaannn iss aa llleessbiiaann at heaaaarrtt...





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,

but you have no control over the world of appearances. No access to it: you can't know for sure.. There might be some evil demon (police officers) to take your privileges away from you. No certainties, other than that *you think, you exist*. The lawyer you get might be a fake police lawyer... The material world will rat you out.

You become *all mind*: you have *no stuff*. They took everything away. In as far as you are a body, you are split from the thinking thing in the cell. How?

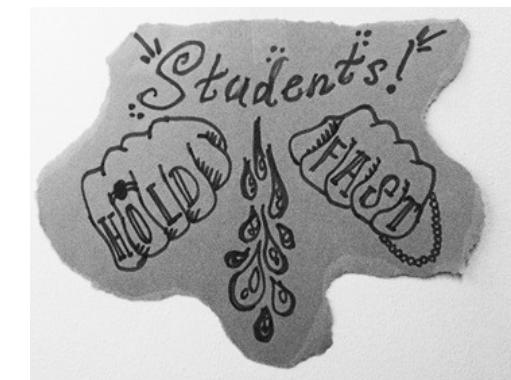
In the cell, all you can do is think: to me it occurred that if anything is going to keep me from being in this cell anonymously (as was my purpose) my body is an enemy: they can take pictures of 'me', they can take 'my' fingerprints, and then perhaps they can identify 'me' put a name to the face, the prints. They took my body well the relevant bits out of the cell. Filing us, compiling us, broadcasting us? Divide mind against body: I identify with my thoughts and loathe material existence.

Lying on that bed, I closed my eyes: now there's no sensory input anymore. I fall asleep. I wake up knocking at the door: same story "what's your name? We need more fingerprints". *EVIL DEMONS*: is there a logic to their coming and going? It's impenetrable to me. They already have fingerprints of all of us, and I promised them that I won't tell them my name a hundred times. Take my thoughts (words, promises, whistling, singing) seriously: it's the only thing I can be sure of...

Descartes was wrong about everything. But gave a damn good description of what it's like to be in a police cell.

Note to the reader: ...and then I was released. And then you start getting stories from your friends. About how sexist the police were. And how they lied to them. Their comments on our appearance, how they refused some of us

medication, how they tried to manipulate us into giving up our anonymity, sending us fake lawyers that some of us got tricked by... This makes us all the more prepared for next time!



CURRENT STUDENT STRUGGLES

UK

Two occupations are ongoing in London right now. The students of the London School of Economic and Political Science (LSE) are occupying the administration of their faculty to fight against the profit-driven and bureaucratic business model of higher education. Inspired by de Nieuwe Universiteit, they have created the "Free University of London", an "open, creative and liberated space, where all are free to participate in the imagining of a new directly democratic, non-hierarchical and universally accessible education".

At the University of Arts London (UAL), the recent cuts over 800 places in the Foundation courses gave rise to the occupation of the management rooms. The art students are protesting for free and democratic education, but also to end the institutional racism.

CANADA

Three years after an historic strike of 7 months, more than 60 000 Quebec's students strike back since March 22 against

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) 'Parrèssia vrijmoedig spreken en de waarheid'.
18:30 Food

THURSDAY 19 FEBRUARY

15:30 Court Case
19:00 Rally and Press Conference
20:00 General Assembly with teachers

FRIDAY 20 FEBRUARY

16:00-17:00 Fellow Touraj Eghatesad (Anthropology) 'Youth Activism in Tunisia' Interactive talk with discussion
17:00-18:00 Documentary 'Occupy Gezi' We present to you Taksim Gezi park boycott with all ways; day and night, with good sides and bad sides
18:00-19:00 Poet Maria van Daalen 'Haitian Voodoo', poet from Querido publishers
19:00 Food
20:30-22:30 Pride London-based gays and lesbians lend their support to striking coal miners in 1984 Wales as they find a common foe in Margaret Thatcher, the police and the conservative press.

SATURDAY 21 FEBRUARY

16:00 Book-Making Workshop Poems, drawings, short stories, thoughts, all into a book we can print and bind together
17:00 Gonzo History by Björn Gay
18:00 Passive Resistance Workshop
19:00 Food
20:00 General Assembly
22:00 Acoustic jam session Bring your instruments!

ANTITHESE 2: THE MAAGDENHUIS APPROPRIATION CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Since the 25th of February De Nieuwe Universiteit is reclaiming the Maagdenhuis as an autonomous space to rethink university's model. While the protests 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 grouping themselves under the banner of

De Nieuwe Universiteit. This historical moment has already inspired lots of students from abroad and Amsterdam has become a new front line of the international student struggle.

For the second edition of *Antithese*, we invite critical and creative submissions that engage this transition from the occupation of the Bungehuis to the Maagdenhuis' appropriation. We are looking for:

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

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.

Deadline: Sunday the 4th of April.
Send your submissions to:
antithese.zine@gmail.com

CONTACT

For more content, visit our blog:
<http://antithese.noblogs.org>
To contact us: antithese.zine@gmail.com
Come visit us at the Maagdenhuis!

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



