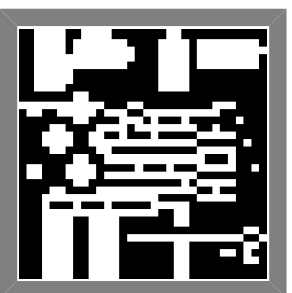


usingspace
twelve
august2018



using
space

twelve

Using Space is a zine about squats, social centres and alternative ways of living. You can pick up paper copies at various infoshops and free pdfs of previous issues on the internets at sites including archive.org, squat.net and cobblebooks.wordpress.com.

ISSUE TWELVE is severely overdue but heyho it is what is and the shit times are when you find out who your friends really are.

2017 greets: Klinika / squat.net / big up ADM / Trespass / Everyone at the G20 Hamburg who smashed shit up / Kara Wild / Poortgebouw / Infoshop Opstand / Krem / Zuiderfest / Kodama / solidarity with water tower squatters / yay fenix / hi phoenix hootenanny /

Rip Heather Heyer / Rip Attieke / Rip Rene / Rip piggy / Rip ouwestiem

2018 version: [@supportthe23](http://killedbypolice.net) / fuck the police / Shouts: genghis / jardin d'ourson / TKMAXX / Jebbink / Jerry / ennui / lostcomm / enoughisenough / nigdjezemaska / trespass / cedar / freedomnews / studentato occupato / nino / comradeG / pompa / 325 / crimethinc / squek / the new DH kraakspreekuur / Rip nia wilson

courtcases ongoing and ADM also started a new one against the city ... so who knows what will happen eventually.

Also it is bad that I am happy coz if they are getting evicted at Xmas then the birthday party is definitely on?? It was fucking great last year :) Like an oldskool miniGlastonbury. I saw lots of peeps, refused to shake hands with a crap lawyer (long story watch this space), experienced weird cabaret, heard someone fell off the big plastic rocking horse, nearly got into a fight in the toilets, got blown away by the fire orchestra, was in the mosh that nearly destroyed the sound desk when Darmstadt played, and last but not least those lovely FCKN BSTRDS giving me a lift home all the way to where my bike was parked. It was wicked ... and I was sober.

That date for the party – September 20-23 !!!!!!!!!

Their website is adm.amsterdam – provided by ... Urban Resort

You can also find an update on the whole situation by ADM resident (and Urban Resort employee) Hay Schoolmeesters <https://vimeo.com/281527603>

It's an 8 minute speech, given during a recent circus festival at ADM. I don't know if Hay wrote it or just read it, but surely when he says:

In a time wherein gentrification and commercialisation are preached by administrators and companies. Not only as an all-embracing credo. But even worse, every time is used as a methodology for the design of our city, our culture and our society.

... isn't everyone else thinking about the Volkskrant debacle discussed earlier in this issue if he works for Urban Resort?

Or maybe not, maybe there's something I'm missing here... but squatter friends hate them for betraying the movement, artist friends hate them for being kicked out of their place really fast... so what is so cool about Urban Resort again??

Anyhoo, see you at the party ;)

ADM

- the last party?



ADM (Amsterdamsche Droogdok Maatschappij) is a big squatted shipyard (120 people since 1997) in the old harbour of Amsterdam, near to Ruigoord, the squatted village. They are currently under eviction threat. Recently, the Raad van Staat announced its judgment in an ADM courtcase and said they have to be out by Christmas 2018. I was surprised since I was at that courtcase and the owner (Chidda) did not do a very good job at all of showing a need to possess the terrain. Also the whole thing seemed so complex I thought it would roll a few more years at least. But apparently since then Chidda have found a buyer who wants to make it into a shipyard... and for some reason the judges believed this bullshit. This isn't the end yet for sure, there are other

More Zines! More Squats!

Using Space is a DiY zine project. Would be great to see more zines coming out of the squatters movement and the counter-culture generally. It's lovely to go to a gig or an infoshop and pick up a zine for the bus home right? So ... uh ... get off your fucking arse, delete your facebook, starting stealing content and make a zine! It's not that hard.

But ... do you feel like no-one else would be interested? Well, that's what everyone else feels like too. Anyway, that's not true and we need grassroots media more than ever. Indymedia has fallen apart and maybe that's not altogether a bad thing, maybe the need for that sort of infrastructure is was temporary as the internet develops. But where then is the replacement? If we have to use corporate media, surely there can still be islands of autonomy. But we have to build them ourselves ... for example why does reddit have millions of users and fuckall about prisoner support?

Making a zine is easy – you just need to sit down for a night around the full moon and let all the shit flow out. We made this in libreoffice in A4 and printed to file as a brochure pdf to get the A5 format we know and love.

Printing a zine is easy - yeah copying in a shop is expensive, perhaps you can sneak copies at work, or use a laser printer. Well actually printing isn't easy when you live offgrid and your printer gets lost in a fire... but now we have a new laser printer plus enough paper and ink to print this fucker.

And postage is shit nowadays let's not get started in on that pile of shit, flipside is then we keep the contact face to face.

Huge piles of Red Bull cans left by squatters in squalid flat

These **shocking** images show the **squalid** conditions of a house previously inhabited by Red Bull-addicted **squatters**. The property, in Leigh, Greater Manchester, is littered with hundreds of empty energy drink cans and a sea of cigarette ends. A mountain of cigarettes, rubbish and ash covers the kitchen table, while the floor is almost invisible due to the sheer quantity of empty diet Red Bull cans. The **stomach-churning** images of the home, on Plank Lane, were shared on social media in a local community group.



The kitchen looks to be the most filthy room as you can't even see the floor for the hundreds of cans, bottles and plastic bags. Takeaway boxes and more cans and bottles stick out from under the huge pile of thousands of cigarette butts. More empty Red Bull cans are heaped up around the dish drying rack, as well as more cigarettes just left on the dirt and ash-ridden work top. Empty cans overflow out of the kitchen sink.

It's believed the house has been empty for **several** weeks, and **may have been used by squatters**. The person who took the photograph said they wandered in after seeing the door open, but left quickly because of the **horrific stench** coming from inside.

<http://metro.co.uk/2017/11/03/huge-piles-of-red-bull-cans-left-by-squatters-in-squalid-flat-7051696/>

Why on earth would Urban Resort do this? The authors breathlessly explain: "They wanted to be able to continue to doing things their way, even if they were to manage the smaller art factory" so that they could focus on what they really cared about, namely "the atmosphere, the experiment of it, and the people." Uh, OK... so let's get this straight because it's pretty crazy. Some rich guy turns up and sees something he can appropriate and turn a profit on, and Urban Resort decide to help him out, instead of acting on behalf of their "two hundred legal tenants" (that reported figure is in quotes because I don't necessarily believe the number was that high). They willingly become pawns of some capitalist and fuck over loads of people, so they can keep the dream of caring for their renters alive? They agree to cut contracts by a year and bully out tenants, so as to improve the atmosphere? Great experiment! That just seems totally perverse to me. And it even gets worse! One of the financial backers for the hotel was real estate tycoon Van Zadelhoff, who a few years earlier had been pressing for the criminalisation of squatting.

In a nutshell, Urban Resort appear to have been the willing puppy dogs set to work by the Council to make a new trendy artist hangout and club, which was then gentrified into a hotel with their assistance. And then this book attempts to celebrate this rather sad sequence of events, but really just reveals the whole process as a shitshow. Further, reading this tripe I really had to wonder why Urban Resort have all this blabla about working within a system they despise because if they can see the ultimate benefits, why don't they take buildings for migrants or for people on the housing list for affordable housing instead of fucking artists. I really think a lot of people are desperate for accommodation and would be happy to help build it, instead of artists who are most times clamouring for space and then just concentrating on ways to make money for themselves. In this book we read about the DJ who got big and the person making handbags who now is a bestseller and the artist who got famous through exhibiting animals.

Their success stories leave me unmoved.

I find it staggering that Urban Resort didn't see the difference between people paying rent, thus expecting to see something for their money, and self-organised squatters who build things up for free, because they have the time and energy to do so. Squatters also do this because they have to, no-one else is going to do it for them; they are in practical terms acting as the owner of the building, maintaining it as they use it. And by the way, this is still happening all over the country, despite criminalisation in 2010.

At the end of the book, the authors unleash some spanking new theory on their readers, as might one expect from a duo formed of an academic who critiques the “spatial politics of artistic production” and a researcher “working at the interface between creativity and business.” These justifications didn't really wash for me. Urban Resort seem to have become facilitators of gentrification and not much else, however much they want to described what they do in fancy terms. Even the authors themselves have to admit that “it is true, many of the more radical aspirations of Urban Resort in regard to building self-organizing communities and establishing an alternative economy, could be considered failures. Self-management, as it is considered in squatter terms, never really took off in the building.”

In the end, the building became a hotel. Nothing lasts forever and of course Urban Resort can claim they pulled off a great job (if anyone is listening), but the way the atelier project turned into a chic hotel makes for interesting reading. The project was run on contracts for a set time period. Some entrepreneur called Job Heijmans popped up and wanted to make a Berlin-style trendy hotel in Amsterdam; he saw the ateliers and thought they were edgy or whatever, so he wanted in. More than that, he wanted to start his hotel project early, so even though the project users all had a year left on their contracts, they would have to move (although some could stay in the building to let their cultural capital increase the coolness of the hotel). I would be livid if I signed a contract and invested in a space in a building and then was informed that I had to move out early – or indeed if my work was then used to make a fucking hotel look trendy. Obviously some of the groups told Urban Resort where they could stick it, but Urban Resort had shaken hands with the devil and pledged to enforce the plan, with their only condition being that they could continue to manage the ateliers that were left over for hotel patrons to patronise.

SQUATLIFE EXHIBITION

**Saturday 14 July -
Sunday 26 August**

Location: St Albans Museum + Gallery, Market
Place, St Peters Street, St Albans, AL3 5DJ

Opening times: Monday - Saturday 10am -
5pm, Sunday 12pm - 5pm

Cost: FREE Event

A thought-provoking and challenging exhibition
inspired by Dave Kaul's photographs of

squatted premises in St Albans in the 1980s. This collection of iconic images illustrates a period in history and a culture that has almost completely gone and has rarely been documented.

The treatment of paupers in St Albans over the centuries features alongside the contemporary images of squatters. The display, by members of St Albans & Hertfordshire Architectural & Archaeological Society, illustrates the often harsh treatment meted out to those punished simply for being poor and homeless. This will be the first community-focused exhibition at the new St Albans Museum + Gallery.



The Squatlife project has been made possible with funding from an award from the Heritage Lottery Fund and generous donations from Runhall Sedgwick Estate Agents, St Albans Museums and Galleries Trust and 11lfe.

NAZI SQUATTERS FUCK OFF

On Saturday April 22 2018, some muppets from the latest flavour of a small neo-nazi group “squatted” a house in Amsterdam Oost. They did this to “protest” at We Are Here, a group of undocumented migrants who have been squatting in Amsterdam for the last five years and who successfully occupied twenty houses in the east of the city in Easter. The nazis were demanding that all the undocumented migrants be evicted and arrested (“islamists go home” and other nonsense).

They had been threatening to take action for a few days, burning banners, talking crap and so on. Antifa Amsterdam had already been monitoring them. In the end, the five nazis took a house one morning which had been given to them by an antisquatter. They were immediately confronted by a large angry mob who tried to kick the door in, broke windows and threw fireworks. The police told the muppets to leave (and they did!), Camelot (the antisquat company) immediately cancelled the antisquatter’s contract and the house was boarded up.



Result! Even if it’s a bit strange to sympathise with the evickers for once rather than the evictees (in the Netherlands i mean, there’s lots of shit squatting going on worldwide eg zionists in Palestine).

So you might think that since the Netherlands has had a long history of squatting, there might have been more nazi squats here – like for example they do exist in Italy, sadly. However, here don’t seem to have been too many

I was interested to find out more, having heard Amsterdam friends moaning about Urban Resort. And well, I generally don’t like artists, I already established that. Also I’m a squatter, which made reading this Volkskrant book pretty painful. Urban Resort may well be coming with good intentions, but in the end they have really abandoned their squatter roots. For the authors, the “practices of Urban Resort can be seen as a practical critique of neoliberal capitalism, one that criticizes the existing system by engaging with it.” for me Urban Resort are squatters who gave in when it got hard and naively became lackeys of capitalism.

In illustration, at some point the Volkskrant project was teetering on the verge of bankruptcy because a lot of the groups using the various office spaces were behind on rent. So Urban Resort began what they proudly called ‘operation carwash’ - they blocked all the keycards giving people access to the building and set up tables at the entrance. People could either pay off their rent or not get inside. “Some of us stood up behind the tables, in case things got violent.” Urban Resort did this repressive action six times, also at night “to catch those who had been avoiding them.” Now is this effective building management or a violation of tenancy rights enforced by people barely able to manage anything? This book seems to take the first view, I would take the latter.

It just seems like the group lurched from crisis to crisis. Somehow for all their much vaunted experience they didn’t really know what they were getting into. For example, they thought it was good for the entire building to be open plan and open access, until the inevitable thefts occurred. As another example:

It took a long time before we realized that by asking rent from the people we provided with space, they would participate less as a result. In squatted communities, your participation is a necessity, because there are always things that need to be done in order to keep the building. Here in the Volkskrant building people think: “I pay rent, therefore I can expect some things in return.” We must be aware of that, and as an organisation we should spend more time interacting with our tenants.

through the putrid mess of ever increasing real estate prices. Urban Resort is a group of people from the squatting movement in the 1980s who now seem to think the best way to access buildings in Amsterdam is through renting. They say on their website “Stichting Urban Resort develops and manages ‘broedplaatsen’ [breeding places] for artists, craftsmen, freelancers and starters.” Right now they are managing around 15 buildings, positioning themselves as connectors between the city administration and those who need space. Similar to antisquat companies in that what they do is reaccommodify squat chic, dissimilar in that I don’t think Urban Resort are getting rich. Their first project was the old Volkskrant newspaper building and now there is a book out about how things unfolded there, which I stumbled across online as a free pdf.

THE VOLKSKRANT BUILDING



Boukje Chrossen & Sebastian Olina

KNOWLEDGE MILE

(openly) nazi squats in dutchland and when they do occasionally emerge out of some stinking cesspit, they tend to be crushed immediately.

In the 1980s, a wing of a big squat in Amsterdam was taken over by some nazis, but when the other squatters saw fascist literature, they immediately kicked out the twangers. Some right wing hoodies had a squat for three months up north in Groningen which was then evicted. The shittiest case by far in terms of size and longevity seems to be in Eindhoven, where nazis squatted an old military terrain from 2000 until 2003. They used it as a meeting space and for concerts, and were eventually removed thanks to public revision at an openly far-right venue.

Until these pricks this weekend, the last I heard about fash squatters was in Spijkenisse in 2009. When the two twats were kicked out, they left behind nazi memorabilia and lots of flammable chemicals. They had been dumping all their trash in the basement and it took the cleaners two days to empty it out. The poor neighbours had been complaining for some time about their constant sieg heiling.

Also around this time, there were nazi squatters in Monster (it's a small town with an awesome name somewhat between Rotterdam and Den Haag). Soon after the occupation they were attacked by local kids, the shit went down, the police turned up, the nazis fought the popo, they all got arrested and the place was shut down.

Up the Monster kids!!

BASH THE FASH



INTERGALACTIC WEEK @ZAD

27/08 - 02/09/2018

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TERRITORIES
STRUGGLES
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INFO: GALACZAD@RISEUP.NET

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Photo © Philippe Goussier

BOOK REVIEW -

The Volkskrant Building: Manufacturing Difference in Amsterdam's Creative City

Back in 2008 or so, a friend told me about a new artspace which was looking for people in the small city where we were both living at the time. On his insistence, we went to look at it: he was interested in space for himself; I was more interested in the project itself and how it worked. When we picked up the keys from the funky hotdesk central office, one of the money people asked if I was “also an artist” and gave me a creepy smile.

I hate that shit. I said I was not.

I never call myself an artist.

What makes artists better than other people?

Why do artists have the right to get cheap housing or workspaces over and above other people?

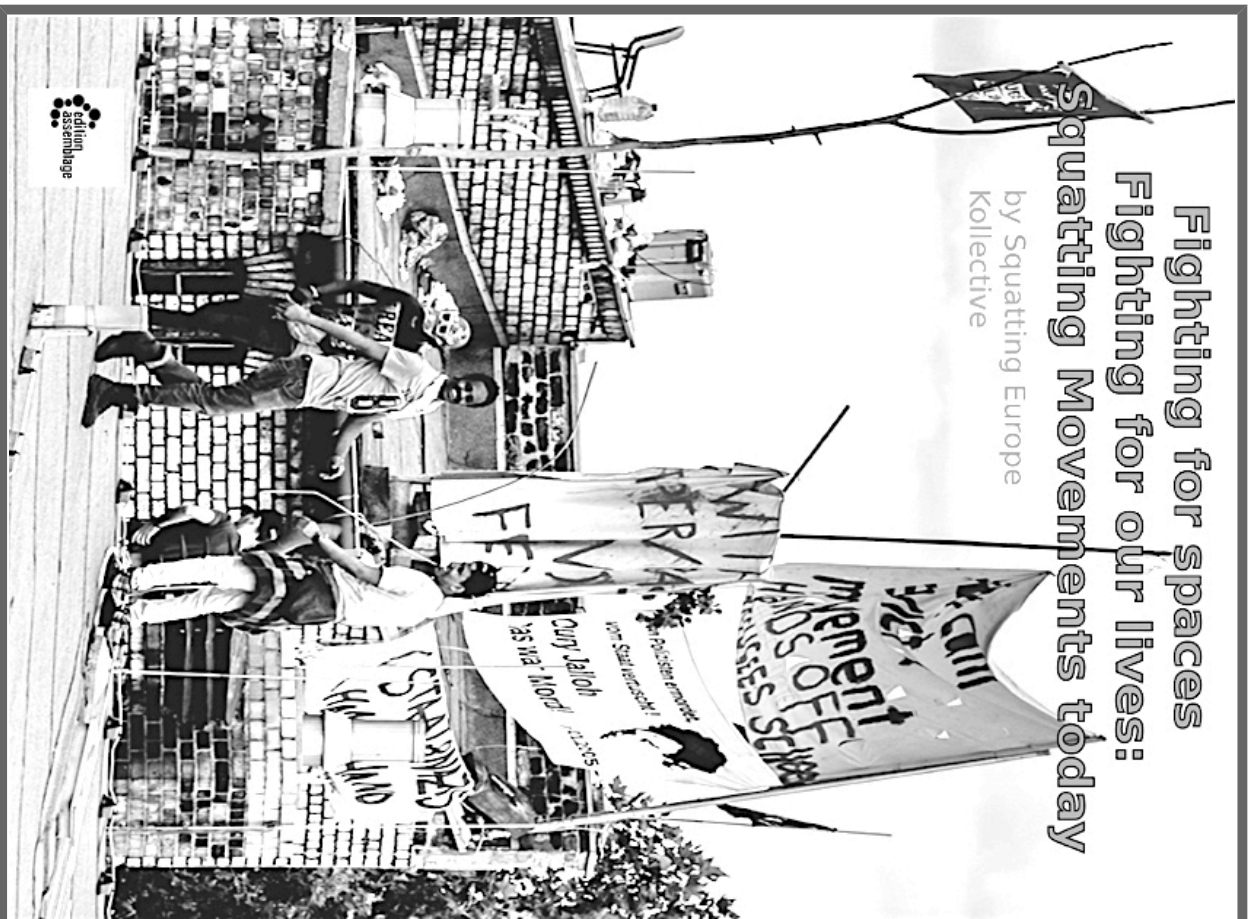
If someone (like my friend), is politically aware and fine with calling themselves an artist, good for them, but it simply makes me feel pretentious and arrogant to claim a connection to a muse and to demand to be given stuff in consequence. So we went to see the place: it was a mess, they were asking people to pay rent to use it and at the same time to build their own workshops! It was obvious to me that the place itself was fucked, the roof was leaking and it would be a nightmare to heat.

My friend ended up taking a space there. I went back to my usual position of thinking it would have been better to squat. At least if you rent, you can expect the roof to be working... or else you sue. Or if you squat, you fix the roof yourself. This middle-ground of antisquat or atelier rent means that you have no rights and get instrumentalised as cheap labour. And then you get kicked out a few years on, when the area becomes more interesting because of the interest accrued from your own bloody cultural capital.

Still, these parasitical middlemen insist on offering solutions, wading

Fighting for spaces Fighting for our lives: Squatting Movements today

by Squatting Europe
Kollektive



edition-assemblage.de/fighting-for-spaces

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