using
space
twelve
august2018
using
space
Or maybe not, maybe there's something I'm missing here... but squatter

either its the issue of the works or Urban Resort

... but even worse, every time

You can also find an update on the whole situation by ADM resident

The website is admirable – provided by ... Urban Resort

Their date for the party – September 7-9

... Urban Resort

sale

... the birthday party is definitely on?? It was fucking great last year :) Like
courtcases ongoing and ADM also started a new one against the city...

Thank you, see you at the party!

Arnold "I'm a bit rusty, but..."

They need to solve the sound check problem and the stereo is dreading issue on the morning of the morning.

And they drop the previous issue on the airwaves as well.

... other, social centers and artspaces

... use of space in the midst of a growing social movement.

... so who knows what will happen eventually.

contextual and ADM also staged a new one against the city...

2/5 3cm-thick / seek like the new DH, Kriegenbruck / Hau, Wir wissen
/ freikommunikation / reederei ocupado / contra/ed / punk
/ loskomun / röcksprungan / kriegsmonarchie / reedspeck / reeder
/ shows: Gardens / Zhang Fung / TINKTAXX / Döbbin / Jerzy / count
/ lester / The Park / Fuck the police

ISSUE TWELVE is severely overdue but hey it’s what it is and

It’s probably something with poor coverage and solid writing...

... everyone...

2/17: Andrew: "We’re going to buy coffee today.

We’re going to buy coffee today.

... urban resort

... at the San Diego County Courthouse

... an urban resort...
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 a 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 do a very good job at all of showing a need to possess the terrain. Also supported since I was at that courtcase and the owner (Chidda) did not make a very good case either. However, the court ruled in ADM’s favour and said they have to stay until the end of the year.

Now I’m more of a do-it-yourself supporter. 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 400 copies at a shop. You can print 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 sucker.

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. More details? More squats! - the last party?
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 litter 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 worktop. 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.


Why on earth would Urban Resort do this? The authors breathlessly explain: “They wanted to be able to continue 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 of the hotel? 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 tragedy. 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 contribute to making things better. Why can’t we all work together to resolve these issues instead of just concentrating on ways to make money for ourselves and our rich buddies?
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 describe 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 Heimans 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 to move 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 refused Urban Resort when they asked. Others had no choice, 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.
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 evicters 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, there don’t seem to have been many.

I was interested to find more about having lived American friends and family in the area, and one of my friends told me they had been living in a residential building for several years before it was “squat” of the Viktorian project; the book seems to be more about the activities of the group, and it’s certainly not a book I would recommend reading if you’re interested in learning about the history of squatting in the Netherlands.

In the book, the authors discuss the idea of squatting as a form of resistance against capitalism, but also point out that it can sometimes lead to conflict and conflict resolution. For example, they mention a case where a group of squatters tried to take over a building, but were forced to leave by the police after a long legal battle. The group then moved to another location, but the process was not without its challenges.

In the end, it seems like the group was unsuccessful in their efforts to take over the building, but the authors suggest that squatting can be a useful way to draw attention to social issues and challenge existing power structures. Overall, the book provides a thoughtful exploration of the history and practice of squatting in the Netherlands, and is well worth reading for anyone interested in the topic.
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 recommodify 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. (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 hoolies 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 some kids and local residents who finally kicked the nazis out. Also around this time, there were nazi squatters in Monster (it's a small town up the Monster kids!!)

BASH THE FASH
Back in 2008 or so, a friend told me about a new artspace 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? Why do artists have more rights than other people?

I mean, I really don’t care if you’re an artist. I mean, I really don’t care. I mean, I really don’t care.

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The Grey City: Squatting (Edition Assemblage, 2009)