

On the 6th of May 2024, students of the University of Amsterdam pitched their tents in the middle of the campus and organized the first protest encampment for Gaza in the Netherlands. Thousands of people were mobilized in support of Palestine. They engaged in massive protests and occupations denouncing the complicity of the Dutch state in the ongoing genocide in Gaza.

This book goes back to that moment, when barricades were erected throughout the city and the call for a free Palestine rang out in the streets.

Between Palestine and us
Testimonies of the 2024
student uprising in Amsterdam



Solidarity is contagious. When Columbia University students organized an encampment protesting the genocide in Gaza in 2024, they kickstarted what was soon to be called the global student Intifada. Across the world, university students disgusted with their institutions' and governments' complicity in the destruction of Palestine followed their example. Hundreds of occupations and protest encampments were organized, constituting a truly international anti-zionist anti-war movement.

Amsterdam joined the ranks of this movement in May 2024. Various groups in the city had been organizing in solidarity with Palestine for months already, mostly in non-disruptive ways. Peaceful marches, sit-ins, teach-ins, and petitions to the authorities were regularly carried out. Then, on the 6th of May, students of the University of Amsterdam (UvA) and their allies occupied a patch of grass in the middle of the Roeterseiland campus, pitched their tents, and kicked off the first protest encampment for Palestine in the Netherlands. They had three demands: they wanted their university to disclose its ties with Israeli institutions, to cut those ties, and to divest from any and all institutions and corporations complicit in or profiting from the genocide and the occupation.

As the UvA management remained dismissive in the face of these demands, the encampment gathered momentum. Hundreds joined the protest zone, demarcated by barricades on every entrance, forming a spontaneous coalition of student protesters, academic staff in support of Palestine, squatters, activist groups, and autonomous collectives and individuals. They mobilized themselves into a tumultuous movement that would face off the cops and the city authorities for the next couple of days through an ever-increasing escalation of protests, defensive moves, and evictions.

These riotous May days rocked the city and the country. In the weeks and months that followed, protest encampments were organized in almost every university town in the Netherlands, constituting a nationwide movement that took part in the global student Intifada. And in Amsterdam itself, after the violence and the evictions, student protesters and squatters joined forces to create new physical and social space for education and organizing. Finding fugitive ways for

a part of the movement to reconstitute and reproduce itself, they opened up two consecutive squats known as the Free People's University.

A year later, as the genocide persists, the West's complicity remains unwavering and the Palestine solidarity movement worldwide has been met with an intensifying backlash. With fascism now rampant, we're living through a moment in history where deranged state violence is threatening to breach all boundaries to destruction and repression. The annihilation of Gaza, with impunity, has made life everywhere less safe, more conditional, more threatened. Though our situation is incomparable, the stakes are personal nonetheless: if we're not fascism's first victims, we may well be its last. And so, in this moment of danger, we must still look for ways to bring international solidarity into practice, as it remains, as it always was, our only recourse.

This book portrays one such attempt. It goes back to Amsterdam in May 2024 to preserve the memory of the uprising, to document the events as experienced by those who were there, and thereby to foster the continuation of the solidarity that the movement brought to the streets. As participants in the movement ourselves, we—the editorial collective—have not sought to historicize, theorize, or even represent the uprising. Instead, we have assembled the material in a way that allows the events to speak for themselves, and to allow for a multiplicity of voices to describe or interpret them.

We have not aspired to completeness. Many events were left out, such as the encampments at VU University and Science Park, numerous other marches and confrontations, as well as what happened during the production of this book, such as the citywide riots in response to aggression by Zionist football hooligans in November 2024. These omissions are rooted mainly in the editorial decision to focus on what we considered the main events, next to constraints of time and space. The resulting incompleteness is inherent to a project like this, leaving space for any number of additions, different perspectives, interpretations and reflections. What we present here is our necessarily limited, but, to the best of our abilities, truthful account.

For documentation we have relied to a great extent on a crowd-sourced activist online archive known as the “Netherlands Student Intifada Archiving Project”, set up in the wake of the protests by a coalition of groups, among which the publishers of this book. It provided us with a large amount of photographic material from the perspective of the participants, sometimes shot with photo cameras, more often simply with phones. To further amplify the voices of the protesters, we have also reproduced dozens of written testimonies uploaded into this archive, providing a range of statements directly describing the events. As part of this documentary effort, we have included a number of speeches and statements that were made during the protests, while using screenshots of Signal messages from the organizers’ open group chat to provide a timeline. We have also reprinted in full a zine that was made by protesting students of the Gerrit Rietveld Academie and Sandberg Instituut, Amsterdam’s art academy.

The rest of the material in this book is of a different nature. It consists of contributions that were provided or collected by members of the editorial collective and by other students, protesters, artists and writers based in Amsterdam after experiencing the uprising. Through different genres—essays, poetry, theater, visual art—these contributions explore in the aftermath the meaning, the reach and the limitations of the protests, the inextricably entangled experiences of hope and defeat, the necessity of resistance, and the distance between Palestine and us. Included as well is a series of drawings by Palestinian artist Amal al Nakhala called *Between Gaza and I*, which formed the inspiration for the title of this book. Taken together, they form an open-ended assemblage of testimonies.

The result, we hope, transmits the experience of the uprising, and, by preserving the memory, keeps open this moment, this space of resistance, beyond its dissolution, and into the possibility, the necessity, of rising again.

Free Palestine, from the river to the sea.





▼ ENCAMPMENT ACTION ▼

Come to REC CAMPUS NOW to join us as we create a liberated zone, in solidarity with Gaza! All students, staff and humans are invited to join us NOW as we show UVA, VU and AUC that there is no business as usual when a genocide is unfolding. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A STUDENT - all are welcome in our liberated university!

We will occupy and hold the line against any attempt to evict us. We need mass mobilisation, and lots of support! Join us as soon as possible, we plan to STAY. Bring tents, sleeping bags and pack your belongings with you. We need both campers and supporters day and night!

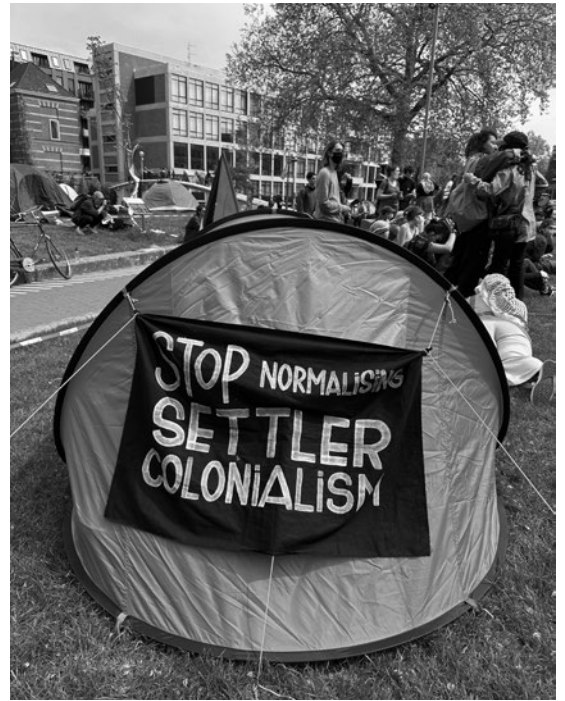
This groupchat will be used to communicate what is needed at the encampment during the coming days. We expect repression, so we request our communities to stand by in solidarity with us. We cannot exist without your support.

P.S. PROTESTING STAFF AND LECTURERS WELCOME - Join the brave staff and faculty as they conduct a solidarity demo at 6 PM in support of Gaza and the studen... **Meer lezen**

13:28









ROETERSEILAND ENCAMPMENT, AROUND 14:00. ZAYYAN, STUDENT AT THE
UVA, READS HIS POEM *DARK BEFORE THE DAWN*.

I hear a lot of talk about the resistance,
I still see shyness,
I still see the inability to comprehend,
Stop, and breathe,
Judging from a distance will mislead,
It can be hard for you to understand,
There are many tongues at war, fighting for space,
There is Arabic, English, Dutch and German,
With each language come different degrees of
 obfuscation,
Colonial reasons to support or deny a nation,
In Arabic we are murdered, and we are martyrs, it is a
 slaughter,
In any other language we are collateral damage,
Faceless, tasteless, we are Islamic animals, barbarians,
In fact, we are less than a number,
In fact, we are less than a fact, we are baseless
Because they don't trust our counting,
In English we are watered-down, we are non-combatants
 or terrorists,
Not fathers, not children, not women, not people,
We are less than a face, we are unconfirmed graves,
Until a truly civilized man, hailing from a European
 land, can verify the carnage
This means that they don't trust our faces,
Even when we learn English, we can get rid of our
 accent
So I can tell them in a calm, collected and educated
 voice,
So I can show them how,
How there can be a child called Dana, or a child called
 Youssef,
Do I have to show you a child, do you need a dead baby
 to prove innocence?
Do they have to be smiling?
Do I have to show you a missile, blowing her to pieces?
Should I show you the fragment that pierced through
 the wall, through his head, while he was asleep in a
 hospital, in bed?
Just for you to get it into your head?
Just for you to get over your political weakness,
I promise you, we have enough bodies to cover the sun
I feel like there is something between us, for the

people who don't see us
Do they not trust their own eyes, do they not trust
what they see on the screen?
Do they even see me as a being?

Do we have to show you each and every house in the
Nakba,
Please do not be led astray
Should I show you how each person got ripped from their
homes burned, killed and tortured and if you were
lucky, you got away

Do not be led astray and do not shy away from this
claim!
Resistance no matter how angry, is always a reaction in
every time and space

How can I make this palatable?
How can I plate this nicely?
It's not palatable it should make you sick
I really don't know what to say

Because there is too much to say about the Nakba,
There is no way to put it into words, how can I portray
the pain?

Not knowing truly what they faced,
I know that over a million were violently displaced,
Thousands upon thousands killed, villages and cities
burned,

But how can I know what they faced?
I can't know the feeling of seeing a soldier an angry
evil man holding a knife to your wife your daughter
your son's face,

Then slicing his throat in front of your eyes then
shooting you point blank,
Because the British told him that he had the right over
your land

Not even 100 years ago,
So no I don't really know what more to say about the
Nakba

The truth is, each and every state is built on violence
Even the most "peaceful" is built and fortified, and
thrives of its ability to stretch its arms
the police, CCTV, checkpoints, phone tracking
technologies

The truth is, the ability to put violence where you
want it to be is safety
This is our world
Freedom will only be achieved when your oppressor deems
you too dangerous to oppress
This will only happen through violence, this will only
happen when the Palestinian resistance, whoever they
are, are too strong to be defeated,
Too strong to be wiped off the map
When Gaza rises from the ashes, which it will
This will be thanks to the resistance,
Who did not and will not allow the occupation to take
full control over Gaza,
Who will not remain colonized,
And this is how you prevent a Nakba,
By growing and displaying your strength to your
occupier showing them you will no longer be
occupied,
And that is how you can make a deal that is actually
respected
The resistance knows it cannot wipe Israel off the map
it wants sovereignty it wants freedom it wants the
end of occupation
People do not fight for fun they fight from grievance,
They fight because you lowered the value of their life
However, this is not the same as the Nakba,
This time we will not lose ground,
We will come out stronger,
The Palestinians in Gaza are steadfast in their
struggle against a force that has removed them
dignity, sanity, food, shelter, medicine, water,
love, hope

Against a force that has removed generations of
Palestinians from existence
For over 75 years
That has removed over 900 families from the civil
registry in one year,
I pray, that this time will be different
The future is bleak,
But it is always dark before the dawn
أعلم أنه صعب (I know it is hard)
يمكنك البكاء دانا (you can cry Dana) but stay strong
أعرف أن والدتك ليست هنا يا يوسف (I know Youssef that
your mom is gone)

It is dark before the dawn
I just said
I know that it's hard
And you can cry Dana but stay strong
And I know Youssef, that your mom is gone
But it is always dark before the dawn,
Hopefully she won't be gone for too long

I know it may feel like we are drowning
And to be honest we are,
I always try to write positively though,
To magnify any glimmer of hope,
But you made it so hard, you made life so hard, you
made death a relief
You wonder why people resist while you pile bodies on
the street,
I saw a bomb drop next to a man,
Literally 10 meters from his feet,
Who didn't flinch and his heart didn't skip a beat
He was already dead inside just a walking piece of meat
His body's innate drive for survival,
was stolen, just like the land under his feet
And the sky above, even the ground water that flows
underneath
Is poisoned with phosphoric acids, blasphemous passages
about how we are all savages
But that was the whole plan, gaslight radicalize rinse
repeat
Devised strategies and layers of superiority complexes
and deceit
What do you mean when you say sovereignty?
What does sovereign mean to me?
What does sovereign mean to the remains of children
littered in the streets?
This genocide is televised
You can watch on your screen

So I know that Youssef and Dana may not be alive any
more,
And over 100,000 of us have fallen
But I know, we will never be defeated
This number may grow but as long as this grows,
We know, we have a cause, worth dying for
Worth fighting for

And every time you kill an innocent Palestinian as a
"terrorist deterrent"
You sign your own death warrant, and that is the truth,
it is an ugly cycle
There is always going to be blood, there is always
going to be death.
You will never be gifted liberation, it must be taken

Do you know what they said when the slaves of the past
rose up against their oppressors?
They said "Look at them, savages, they don't even want
to be free,
they need to stay in a cage, because all they want to
do is kill you and me"

Now do you see?

It's the same rhetoric with 500 years in between
The only difference is the mechanized scenes
Filtered through AI, social media censoring schemes,
Designed to desensitize your brain and make your eyes
bleed,
We scroll through a genocide and memes

Not everything is at it seems,
There are actors with manufactured positions,

2 words: controlled opposition

Why did a publicly open ex-ISIS chief just get
appointed to a US backed militia that was supposed
to make Syria free?

Why was an extremist block in the Muslim brotherhood
welcomed by Israel into the Gaza streets while the
PLO were murdered in their sleep?

Why were Israeli passports found in Iraq at an ISIS
base?

Why is it every time we take out ISIS another one takes
its place?

Who started the claim that weapons of mass destruction
were in Iraq, and that a war must be waged?

We are sick of the lies and deceit

This fight is far from over, it has only begun,

And I said it before,
It is going be dark before it's done.
And I know that's easy for me to say from over here,
Ya Dana Ya Youssef
I know it feels useless, I know I say this from the
safety of Europe, where everything is toothless
With no bombs near, I say this with a full stomach and
no existential fear
But you taught me life Youssef, you taught me life Dana
You taught me how to live
Because if I was in your shoes, I would have died a
hundred times Dana
You taught me how to stand up and fight Dana
No matter my opponent's might Dana
Because I know what's right Youssef
And I know we will get through this,
The harvest from this tree will not be fruitless
Because I see the tides of the sea shifting, ya Dana ya
Youssef
You might not feel or see this, but it has begun
Just remember, it is always dark before the dawn

THERE IS A ZIONIST
JOURNALIST ON SITE and
unfriendly people who have
arrived - PLEASE COVER
YOUR FACES AND DO NOT
TALK TO MEDIA

13:48



7



2

approach a steward if you
need a face mask!

13:48



7







!!!! URGENT: WE NEED AS MANY TENTS AND BARRICADE MATERIALS AS POSSIBLE. PLEASE BRING THEM IF YOUR COMING.

15:08















ROETERSEILAND ENCAMPMENT, AROUND 16:00. LIANA SAIF,
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR AT THE UVA, GIVES A SPEECH.

Academia is a place where communities gather to produce and craft intellectual and technical tools for attaining, writing and applying knowledge. However, academia is also a political space, especially considering that becoming part of it is a matter of economic, cultural, and political privilege. Being a political space, it was not surprising that our university was ready to mobilize its funds, policies and walls to show solidarity with Ukraine against Russian aggression. The university released a response on 6 October 2023, stating: "We are in close contact with students and staff from the region who are working and studying here. It has been decided to freeze all ongoing collaborations with Russian (academic) institutions, and new agreements will not be entered into". The university has taken then the right political action. The same steps must be taken now in solidarity with Palestinians in Gaza and beyond. This is an obligation with which we honor our profession as scholars, students, and staff, for if academia is a global network of communities of expertise, then when one of our communities suffers, we ought to stand up for them. Otherwise, we are complicit in scholasticide.

The occupation and current genocide destroyed the infrastructure of academic life in Gaza. Jewish Polish legal scholar Raphael Lemkin (1900-1959), who defined "genocide" as an effort to "undermine the fundamental basis of the social order," played a pivotal role in introducing the concept into international law. The educational system, as a cornerstone of that social order, is one such target in the actions of Israel against the Palestinian people. Palestinian scholar and Oxford University professor Karma Nabulsi coined the term "scholasticide" during the 2008-2009 assault on Gaza to refer to Israel's systematic destruction of Palestinian educational infrastructure. It refers to Israel's assault on Palestinian academics, faculties, administration, and archives, and the erasure of the culture and knowledge of the occupied. Scholasticide comprises several strategies including: 1) Causing bodily or mental harm, killings and assassinations of university and schoolteachers, students, staff, and administrators. 2) Arresting, detaining, and

incarcerating university and schoolteachers, students, staff, and administrators. 3) Their systematic harassment, bullying, intimidation. 5) Invading, bombarding and demolishing educational institutions. 6) Destroying and/or looting of teaching and research resources including libraries, archives, and laboratories, as well as facilities supporting the educational process, including playgrounds, sports fields, performance venues, cafeterias, and residence halls. 9) Besieging schools and universities and using them as barracks, logistics bases, operational headquarters, weapons and ammunition caches, detention and interrogation centres, and 10) Hindering access to the internet, disrupting the provision of electricity, and preventing free entry of educational supplies including books and laboratory equipment.

On 6 November 2023, Gaza's Ministry of Education suspended the 2023-2024 school year due to Israel's aggression and indiscriminate bombing of schools and other facilities. By February 2024, Israel had bombed every single university in Gaza and 370 schools. Israel's systemic attacks started on 9 October 2023 with the bombing of the Islamic University of Gaza, with the IOF eventually assassinating the university's president, scientist Dr. Sufyan Tayeh, alongside his family on 2 December. This attack was followed by the bombing of University College of Applied Sciences and Technology on 19 October 2023, Al-Azhar University on 6 November 2023, Al-Quds Open University on 15 November 2023, and Gaza University on 4 December 2023. On 17 January 2024, the IOF obliterated Al-Israa University, the last remaining university in Gaza. By February 2024 Israel had killed 261 educators, over 5000 students, and 90,000 Palestinian university students cannot attend university in the Gaza Strip. In the same month Israel killed Professor Nasser Abu Al Nour, Dean of the Faculty of Nursing at the Islamic University of Gaza, along with 7 members of his family in a strike on his house. The numbers have continued to rise!

It is also crucial to call out the methodical destruction of archives and heritage by Israel in its war against the Palestinian people. On 1 February, 2024, a report was issued by Heritage for Peace, the Palestinian

Ministry of Culture, the Arab Regional Group at the International Council of Monuments and Sites and others. They list the destroyed archival establishments; among them:

- Central Archives of Gaza City, Gaza City Hall (Gaza City), completely destroyed from direct shelling. The archives contained 150 years of records pertaining to Gaza's history.
- Omari Mosque and Library (Gaza City) was completely destroyed, likely including the library. The mosque was built in the 7th century and contained one of the most significant collections of rare books in Palestine, including works dating to the 14th century. Over 200 manuscripts from the library's holdings were digitized in 2022.
- Gaza Municipal Library (Gaza City) was significantly damaged and Rafah Museum (Rafah) was completely destroyed by airstrike.

This report also includes the names of killed information workers such as Abdul Karim Hashash, writer and advocate for Palestinian heritage, collector of Palestinian rare books; and Doaa al-Masri, librarian at the Edward Said Library killed On December 7, 2023, with her parents and siblings. Beyond Gaza, according to Birzeit University Professor Samia Al-Botmeh, "since 1982, more than 2,000 students from Birzeit University have been imprisoned by IOF. More than 124 students, 2 academics, and 2 staff members are in Israeli prisons, 57 of whom were arrested after 7 October and 5 of them are under administrative detention. 30 Birzeit students were murdered by IOF."

Scholasticide is not only the destruction of educational structures and members of the occupied. It is also the occupier's mobilization of its own institutions in their settler-colonial project. Long before October 7, Israeli security forces had increasingly relied on high-tech innovations developed by Israeli universities. These technologies enable Israel to maintain its occupation with fewer soldiers while also bolstering its security industry by creating new export products. Universities such as the Technion in Haifa, the Weizmann Institute, the Hebrew University, Ben-Gurion University, and Tel Aviv University, among others, have

collaborated with the arms industry to advance these efforts.

Scholasticide depends on the suppression of Palestinian academics. The Hebrew University of Jerusalem suspended Nadera Shalhoub-Kevorkian, following her remarks calling for the abolition of zionism, demanding cease-fire and calling for an end to apartheid and Israel's occupation of Palestine. Shalhoub-Kevorkian is a prominent Palestinian professor who has worked on trauma, state crimes, surveillance, gender violence, law and society, and genocide studies. As Maya Wind writes, in her recent book *Towers of Ivory and Steel*, Israeli universities directly constrain Palestinian rights by supporting and even developing the policies of occupation and apartheid used by the Israeli state as part of the zionist settler-colonial project. Be sure that Israeli institutes are currently participating in this genocide. For example, Hebrew University among others is training intelligence soldiers to create target banks in Gaza. Israeli universities also offer legal scholarship to thwart holding Israel accountable for its war crimes. Universities actually grant university course credit to reserve soldiers returning from Gaza. In response to the student protests in the USA, a statement was issued and signed by the association of Israeli University Heads, on in April 2024, condemning the pro-Palestinian anti-war demonstrations at American universities, seeing in them support for "terrorist organizations", accusing students of antisemitism, including our Jewish students and colleagues who are calling for accountability and express compassion and grief for the murder of almost 35,000 Palestinians.

We, however, must reach out to our colleagues in Palestine, heeding their recent compassionate and moral statement signed by the surviving presidents of Palestinian universities. They address students around the world and write: "You stand for the courage that is needed to take action strongly for justice and freedom and determinedly against systems of genocide and racism. We know the risks you are taking in face of the repressive measures that are taken against university spaces built on challenging the powers benefitting from silence. At a time when the voices of the oppressed are

intentionally silenced, your solidarity serves as a beacon of hope. Your actions are a resounding message that injustice and oppression will not be tolerated." We can no longer tolerate "selective neutrality" and the mobilization of the myth of political objectivity that Western institutions have tried to convince us of while it engages in scholasticide and epistemicide. We can no longer accept consigning "decolonization discourse" to mere liberal cosmetics; it should be taken seriously and applied to the very structuring of our universities. On 23 November 2023, the university board released a statement, insisting that they "do not want to take a stance... because, as an organisation, we do not want to take political positions. Our university should provide a home for debate and criticism, within our rules. It cannot fulfil that function if we, as an organisation, take an explicit stand ourselves". This is ridiculous and undermines an ethical, conscious education! Their statement even goes to say that: "The university is not a political organisation". What a lie! This statement is made clearly false by the university's own response to the Ukraine-Russia war. This selective "neutrality" is implicated in Western colonialism and white supremacy.

Nevertheless, anti-War activism, pro-Palestinian solidarity and real decolonial work is inherently difficult because it challenges existing power structures. Any attempt to decolonize higher education that seeks to bypass critical and potentially uncomfortable dialogues risks depoliticizing decolonization! By shying away from such conversations, "we strip decolonization of its transformative potential". Furthermore, feeling angry and full of grief for the murder of 35,000 Palestinians does not compromise the integrity of university and "rational" discourse; emotive discourse is not an invitation to chaos, intolerance, hatred and lack of safety as the university wants us to think. It is expression of empathy!

Finally, I want to say that education holds a pivotal role for Palestinians in asserting and documenting our history. Within the walls of classrooms, a powerful act of resistance unfolds. Education becomes the fertile ground where the seeds of political awareness are sown.

Despite the brutal restrictions that may confine their bodies, their minds are determined with the pursuit of knowledge. Education for them is not simply a path to a better life, but a vital tool for shaping their own destinies and building a brighter future for their people. On the 7th of December, poet and academic Refaat Alareer was assassinated by Israel. He inspired and liberated his students' imagination by thinking poetically, thinking politically. He demonstrated to his students how their words and narratives actively contribute to shaping and driving the process of Palestinian liberation. He left us with a shatteringly poignant request that we must honor, "If I must die, you must live to tell my story." By telling his story and their stories they are shaping the destiny of Palestine.

For them, we call on UvA:

To disclose and suspend all formal and informal ties with Israeli higher education institutions.

To provide more resources towards building relations with Palestinian institutions of higher education that have been destroyed by the Israeli state, by building academic links with Palestinian universities and academics.

To provide scholarships for Palestinian students and fellowships for faculty members who have lost their universities and livelihoods.

And to call for ceasefire!

Free Gaza! Free Palestine!



NEED SUPPORT AND
SOLIDARITY NOW!!!! 🌟🌟🌟

The UvA is threatening to
VIOLENTLY EVICT THE
TONIGHT USING POLICE
FORCE. There is so much
strength in our numbers,
please come to the
encampment at Roeterseiland
NOW!!!! We must support the
campers tonight and into the
morning to ensure everyone's
safety! We need as many
people as possible on the
ground!

ALL OUT TO ROETERSEILAND
NOW 🌟🌟🌟🌟

17:20









ROETERSEILAND ENCAMPMENT, AROUND 17:00. AYALA LEVINGER,
MEMBER OF EREV RAV, GIVES A SPEECH.

Good afternoon everybody, my name is Ayala. I came to speak to you today on behalf of Erev Rav, the anti-zionist Jewish community in the Netherlands, and on behalf of myself, as a grandchild of a survivor of Auschwitz.

I support you in your solidarity actions and your demands on your university not to be complicit in the genocide of the Palestinians in Gaza happening as we speak. I stand here also to show solidarity with students around the world who are facing horrific state violence and now also spontaneous pro-zionist violence after videos of police violence against the students and staff started circulating like a fucking invitation far-right rioters couldn't resist. That is a development that should frighten everyone.

I also in particular support BDS.

From 2005 Palestinian civil society chose boycott, sanctions and divestment as a peaceful resistance means. It is peaceful and very well argued. Nowhere in the website of the BDS movement it says boycott Israeli universities because the teachers or the students are Jewish. The media and our politicians know that and pretend not to and label it antisemitic.

Israeli universities aren't innocent bystanders in Israel's oppressive regime; they're active participants. Through research, rewriting historical narratives, calculating calories, developing weapons etcetera, they contribute to the occupation, settler colonialism and apartheid-all war crimes and crimes against humanity, even before we started witnessing a livestreamed genocide. It is time that our media and politicians stop pretending to be ignorant about it.

So academic boycott was always justified and peaceful. In 2014 I heard from Israeli left-wingers that "academic boycott is actually a form of academic terror" which even then was a fucking cynical thing to say. Palestinian students in the West Bank constantly face arrest for protesting or because of social media posts and

months and years in administrative detention or years of house arrest. Palestinians of East Jerusalem lose residency if they go study abroad. Now the Israeli war on Palestinian education has turned really sinister.

There is not a single university standing in Gaza. Beautiful buildings, all bombed. It's heartbreaking. Three university presidents and 95 university deans and professors have been targeted and killed. Elementary, junior high and high schools are also not functioning either. Kids are not learning to read and write. And while this is happening before our eyes, world leaders have the audacity to talk about how unlawful it is for a protest to force the cancellation of classes and graduation.

Enough with this gas-lighting, we see everything. Your words are so cynical it's outrageous.

Western complicity is disgusting. The cynicism of saying "never again" on one hand and refuse to mention the genocide going on at the same time because the victims "don't look like us" is outrageous, the gas-lighting is infuriating.

In the last half year I feel besides anger and deep sadness mostly despair, and to see the student solidarity movement around the world was beautiful, emotional and hope-restoring. Solidarity is very powerful. Please keep on. Also to see that in all protests there are other Jewish people like me, organizing and participating, is powerful.

Still the media erase the existence of anti-zionist Jews. Let zionists guess our motivation from misunderstanding that zionism is not mandatory to self-hate, to even delusional that this will help us against antisemitism, an argument only someone who does not understand at all what it means to fight for justice instead of just his own privilege can think of.

Why we are anti-zionist and why you should be too: as Angela Davis said, "in a racist society it's not enough to be non-racist, we must be anti-racist."

In a zionist society, in a society that supports Israel while it completely destroys Gaza, kills Gaza's inhabitants-14.000 children among them-causes starvation, blocks humanitarian aid, targets civilians, refugee camps, hospitals, schools, universities as it does; in a society where the judge ruled to stop arming Israel with parts for combat aircraft and our government is appealing because the Dutch administration apparently really wants to participate in this genocide; in a society that produces statistics that include "I saw a person with a keffiyeh" and "I saw a Palestinian flag from a balcony in my street" as antisemitic incidents, resulting in the headline "antisemitism multiplied by 800 since October"; in a society in which whenever the media wants to talk about antisemitism they never invite anti-zionist Jewish guests-we don't exist, lately they seem to not want to take a chance with any Jew and just invite Mirjam Bikker from the ChristenUnie; in a society where I haven't seen one Palestinian on tv telling about their loss and grief and sleepless nights of worries, and there are in the Netherlands some that I know it happened to them; it is not enough to not be zionist.

We must be anti-zionist.

And finally, there is no other way, this injustice must end: from the river to the sea, Palestine will be free. Thank you.





Samenwerkingen m...

120,1 kB

ATTENTION;
UVA TIES WITH ISRAEL
The board **sent us a document with their Ties with Israeli institutions!**
Upon which is **investing Explosives.**
Only now they feel our pressure, they share this with us.

DIRECT ACTION WORKS, Stay strong and free free Palestine!



00:55



Also to everyone; MOBILIZE PEOPLE TOMORROW MORNING to come & support again! And strength to everyone at the camp

00:57





The university encampment at University of Amsterdam in solidarity with Gaza is being **VIOLENTLY EVICTED** right now!

Once again, the University of Amsterdam is sending cops to attack its own students and staff on their campus. We have been occupying the university since 12pm, and we will not leave until our demands are met !

Right now, the university is sending massive amounts of police, riot vans and bulldozers to violently evict students and staff. Come in masses to support students and staff inside the camp 📢



02:40











**STOP THE
GENOCIDE**
FREE PALESTINE



PEACE

LOVE



!!UvA staff have called a strike and solidarity demo at 4pm today on the Roeterseiland lawn. Please join us to make sure UvA board know last night's events were criminal and they should resign, and also to reassert our demands to divest and boycott from Israel. Free Palestine 🇵🇸

Bewerkt 10:22

❤️ 116 🗨️ 4 +2



For folks coming to rec at 16.00, police have a surveillance van and cameras set up. Please make sure to COVER UP and WARN YOUR COMRADES 📱🍷

16:52



MORNING. UVA SCHOLARS AND STAFF FOR PALESTINE PUBLISH A STATEMENT.
CONDEMNATION OF POLICE BRUTALITY AGAINST OUR STUDENTS
AND STAFF PROTESTING FOR PALESTINE

On May 6, hundreds of students and staff gathered on the lawn of the Roeterseiland in a non-violent protest against Israel's relentless assault on Palestinian life and UvA's institutional complicity in Israel's ongoing genocide. In the early hours (3AM) of May 7, at the order of the university's administration [CvB], riot police violently arrested, beat, and bulldozed over 150 students and staff. Some are still detained. Some have been wounded to the point of losing consciousness. The scenes are reminiscent of the bulldozers driving over the rubble of Palestinian homes. They are also stark reminders of institutional crackdown on students protesting in non-violent gatherings across university campuses for the Palestinians' right to life and dignity.

As employees at the University of Amsterdam, we are shocked and horrified by the College van Bestuur's decision to order the police to violently evict a non-violent protest camp and violate our freedom of expression. Even before the brutal institutional crackdown by the riot police, in the afternoon of 6 May the camp was besieged by masked, extreme right-wing forces. They carried Israeli flags and fire torches, and attempted to incinerate the camp and the protestors under the watchful eye of the CvB. We are in awe of the courage our students have in the face of such institutional violence. We are writing to assert our unflinching support of our students and the academic community to protest against institutional and structural complicity in the genocide against Palestinians.

They had asked the university to

- Fully comply with the Freedom of Information case, i.e. disclose the university's ties with Israeli institutions and companies, including educational institutions, as well as companies that profit from genocide, apartheid, and the exploitation of the Palestinian people and their land
- Cease all academic collaborations with Israeli institutions that participate in genocide, apartheid, and settler colonial violence.

- Cease all contracts with and divest from Israeli companies, and international companies/funds that profit from genocide, apartheid, and exploitation of the Palestinian people and their land.
- Ensure all legal charges are dropped and full amnesty granted.

Simply: disclose, cut ties, divest and drop charges.

This morning, as the camp was being evicted by force by Dutch police, the Israeli Army began its ground invasion of Rafah where over 1.5 million Palestinians have sought refuge. To date, all universities in Gaza have been destroyed and Palestinian students and staff have been deliberately murdered by the Israeli Army. Israel has massacred over 40.000 Palestinians; displaced 1.5 million in Gaza; killed, tortured and arrested Palestinians across historic Palestine; is starving the population; and has destroyed hospitals, schools, humanitarian aid convoys with impunity. Israel continues to disregard the Provisional Measures ordered by the International Court of Justice to prevent "plausible genocide".

All universities in Israel are complicit in Israel's illegal occupation of Palestinian lands, the displacement and genocide against Palestinians in Gaza, and the repression of Palestinian academic freedom. We demand that the UvA acknowledge and address its complicity in the genocidal violence, and engage seriously with demands to divest from Israeli and international companies and institutions that are complicit in apartheid, genocide and settler colonialism.

Beyond the demands issued by the students, we denounce the CvB's assault on academic freedom, the freedom of expression, and the freedom of assembly. This must stop! We must defend our right to protest and the academic freedom for critical resistance. No matter where you stand on the matter, join us in solidarity to protect the freedom of speech, expression and protest on campus.

In solidarity with Palestine and in solidarity with students and staff who have been brutalized by police violence we call on the academic community to:

- Cancel your classes today

- Walk out to support and protect our students.
- Walk out and join staff who will be assembling in solidarity at 4pm at the site of the Roeterseiland Encampment.
- Join the General Assembly at 6pm at the Encampment to decide on how we go forward as an academic community after this clear breach and breaking of trust between administration and the academic community.
- Keep your eyes on Rafah, where the Israeli Occupying Forces have now taken over the Rafah Border Crossing. They have now sealed Palestinians' last outlet for survival.

Share this call with as many colleagues as you can.

Signed,

UvA scholars and staff for Palestine













ROETERSSTRAAT, AROUND 16:00. JAMIL FIORINO-HABIB, LECTURER AT THE UVA, GIVES A SPEECH.

We are gathered here today on the site of a historic student demonstration. One that has shaken the very fabric of this university and exposed, in utter clarity, its repressive, racist, and violent character. What we experienced last night was depravity of the highest order—an educational institution violently silencing students and staff who were advocating for the preservation of basic human rights and international law. Today we bore witness to its destruction, with images that will be seared into our minds, traumatizing an entire generation of students and staff who will not forget what took place at this peaceful encampment.

But let us not remember the encampment in its ruins. Let us remember that this encampment was and is a beautiful, inspiring place where a liberatory pedagogy was put into action. Where critical thought was mobilized in pursuit of justice. Where students borrowed texts from the Refaat Alareer Library, named after the esteemed poet who was targeted and killed by Israeli occupation forces. I am heartbroken thinking about how the university destroyed such an incredible space. A caring space, a diverse and critical space. Like the territories of Occupied Palestine, we saw our passionate labor and love for this camp be destroyed in front of our very eyes.

We invited the community to join our movement, our people's movement, our movement to liberate Palestine and free all of those who are oppressed by occupation, settler-colonialism, and apartheid. And yet, our encampment was plagued by Zionist infiltrators, undercover cops, extreme right-wing outside agitators who directly endangered our students in a racist and violent attempt to burn the encampment down. I repeat: they were trying to burn us down! With my own bare hands, I pulled a live firework out from under the tent where I and BDS co-founder Omar Barghouti were speaking together. These Zionist infiltrators were trying to endanger us—and the police did nothing! They stood and watched! The police are not our friends, they do not protect us. We keep us safe! WE KEEP US SAFE! Might I remind you that there may very well be Zionist infiltrators here with us now,

undercover police, taking photos of you, doxxing you for being present here in this moment as you stand up for human rights and the democratic right to protest.

Yesterday, we built four gates, as a way of protecting ourselves from a hostile outer world. Jenin and Nablus, on the bridges, Al Quds on my right side, the Rafah gate on my left. This gate, the Rafah gate, was the primary gate where police forces penetrated and attacked peaceful demonstrators. Videos that have now gone viral show, clear as day, peaceful protestors sitting on the ground, screaming "We are peaceful, what are you", while riot police beat them with batons. Students were beaten unconscious, some sustained such horrific injuries that they were bleeding from their skulls, only to be denied service by the paramedics on campus, who refused to take them in an ambulance. They had to be driven to the hospital in a separate car by student organizers. SHAME!

In our encampment, we encountered the forces of imperialism directly-the same kinds of logics and tactics used by the Israeli occupation in their settler-colonial Zionist project. Perhaps the most horrific image of all from last night, was that of the bulldozer, lifting protestors on the barricades while dismantling the encampment, while police attacked peaceful students and knelt on their limp bodies.

We saw students being beaten in their tents, assaulted as they were resting. Images that are too reminiscent of the refugee tents in Rafah, which are at this very moment being bombed, being decimated, being attacked. Where daily, we see Israeli soldiers demolishing homes, hospitals, and public infrastructure with these very bulldozers. Where we see occupation forces running over the bodies of Palestinian children in these very bulldozers. Where they bury doctors and medical staff alive with these very bulldozers, as has been confirmed at the mass grave at Al-Shifa hospital. Students and staff got a taste of what it is like to live under occupation last night. It was by no means comparable to what Palestinians have been living through for decades, but the resonances and tactics of empire are stark. Just like in Gaza, we saw yesterday's assault on students livestreamed on AT5. Live-streamed. Moment by moment.

We cannot turn away from the truth of these images. We cannot deny this horrific imagery-the complicity is as clear as ever. For it is not only about severing ties with institutions that are complicit in genocide, that uphold the systematic oppression of Palestinians. It is about acknowledging that empire takes form in similar ways wherever it is-that violent systemic repression is used here in the Netherlands and around the globe to silence Palestinians, anti-zionist Jews, and those who advocate for their right to exist, their right to return, their right to live freely on their land.

Let us not be mistaken. It is the UvA that makes us unsafe. They gave these direct orders to attack us with 30 riot police vans and hundreds of police. It is their inaction on divestment that continues to make us all unsafe. And yesterday, the UvA exposed itself as an arm of state repression-as a surveillant, psychologically and physically abusive entity. This police repression exists because a liberated Palestine puts the entire imperial order into question. The UvA understands what kind of threats we pose to their hegemonic order, to their colonial legacy. The board would not police us in such a way if they did not grasp how powerful we really are!

Last night, the CvB agreed to meet one of the students' demands, claiming that disclosing ties was sufficient for student protestors to disperse and engage in dialogue. Crucially, they omit the fact that the university is legally bound to disclose their ties with Israeli institutions in accordance with the Freedom of Information Request Act. They have been delaying this procedure for months, playing into the typical approach of diverting and distracting from the core of this student movement-a movement that demands the cessation of all ties with Israeli universities, institutions, and research projects, each of which are directly entangled in Israel's oppressive regime of subjugation, oppression, and domination. These ties are not simply innocent student exchanges that the university makes them out to be. Their neutrality is as lethal as the bombs that kill. If not more.

We see right through the university's abhorrent statements. We see through the twisted media representations.

We denounce any attempt at dismissing our liberation movement, our anti-oppression movement, our movement for the Palestinian people. We must remember to center Palestine at every moment.

We must not forget the lives of the more than 200 academics and thousands of students, who have been murdered by Israel, as well as the destruction of all university infrastructure in Gaza. The effort to rebuild Gaza will take more than a decade. The educational infrastructure needed to return it to pre-October levels is not something that the University of Amsterdam, as an entity that is complicit in the scholasticide to begin with, can even attempt to remedy. The only path forward is a total academic boycott of Israel. A boycott that does not target identity, but targets complicity of institutions involved in the violation of human rights and war crimes. The time for BDS is now! It is now or never. I want all of you here to educate yourselves on what the PACBI call for academic boycott is, and inform your colleagues! This is the only way we can properly support our students in their demonstrations. Make a pledge for BDS within your departments, within your research schools. At all levels of scale, not only at the faculty or university level. Academic BDS will not happen tomorrow. We must continue to apply as much pressure as we can and divest at every level!

Most importantly, we must ensure, as tenured professors, lecturers, PhD students, and members of this university community, that the UvA attends to our voices and does not dismiss us when we call for no cops on campus and when we call for the cessation of ties with any institution or university that is complicit in human rights violations. Students have a right to demonstrate against genocide without intimidation from the university, where they can also be protected from racist, violent, zionists—here in Amsterdam, across the Netherlands, and around the globe.

The struggle for a free Palestine is a struggle of love, of compassion, humanity, recognition. Never forget this. Though we stand here with our hearts heavy,

we know that we are not alone in our pain, in our frustration. Together we are strong. Together our voices can be heard.

And we will not stop until the UvA, until universities across the Netherlands, disclose ties, and divest from Israeli institutions and universities.

Disclose, Divest, We Will Not Stop, We Will Not Rest!

!! CALLOUT FOR BARRICADES
AT OUDEMANHUISPOORT !!

19:03





! WE URGENTLY NEED A DRILL
!

If you have one or know
someone who has one and can
bring it to the occupation please
DM me!

21:07





! LOW RISK SUPPORT DEMO
NECCESARY RIGHT NOW !

Please go to Oudemanhuispoort
RIGHT NOW, we urgently need
large numbers of people for a
low risk support demo to keep
us safe in case of eviction!

09:09



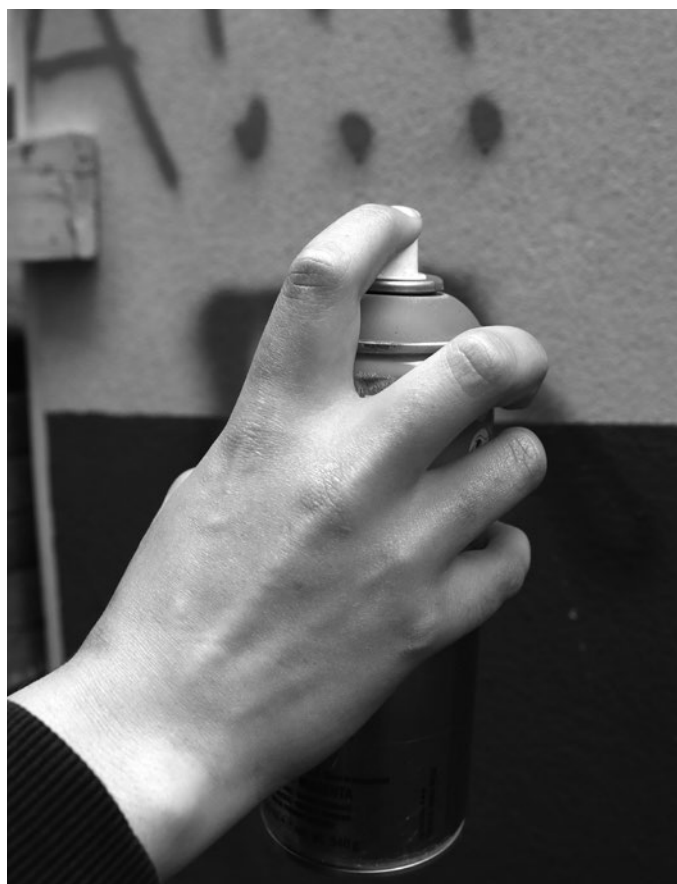
Please spread this message with
comrades!

09:11











hammers and chisels needed at the camp!!!

12:20



if anyone is doing a supply run

12:20



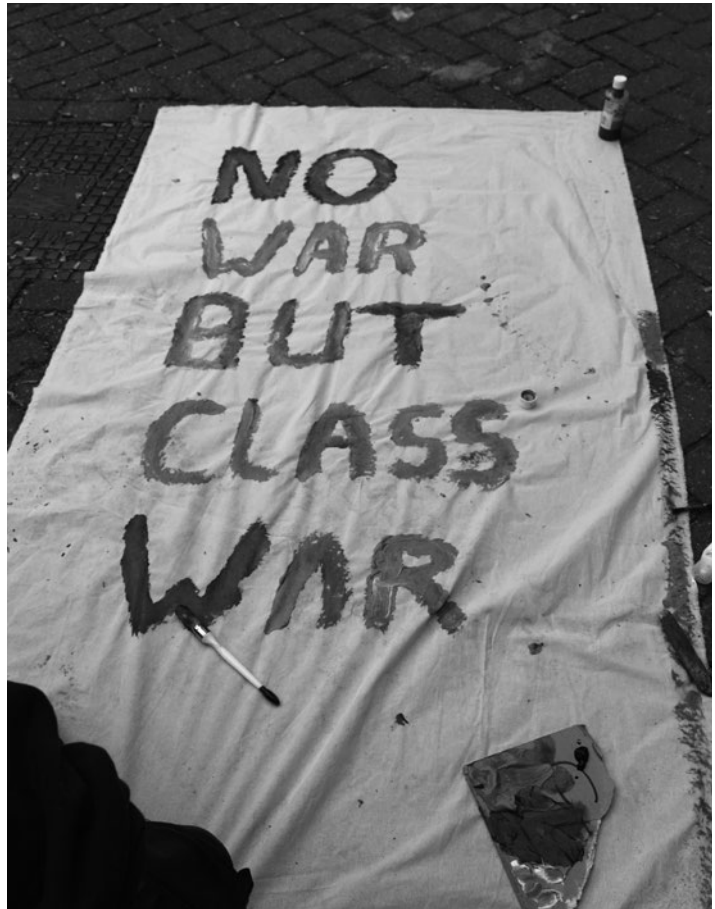
also: spoons forks knives bowls!!

12:26



so we can have proper meals

12:26









1875

OUDEZIJDS ACHTERBURG
WAL

no one is
free until
we are

RESISTANCE
UNTIL
LIBERATION

OPEN BOOT:
GEEN VERSTERKTE MUZIEK

120
N.A.P.

3,50

Verpand
Brugheggen
1,47m

FREE
GAZA

RESISTANCE
UNTIL
LIBERATION





NOODUITGANG
VERHOUDEN S.V.P.

CUT
THE
TIES

FREE
PALESTINE

NEVER AGAIN
NOW



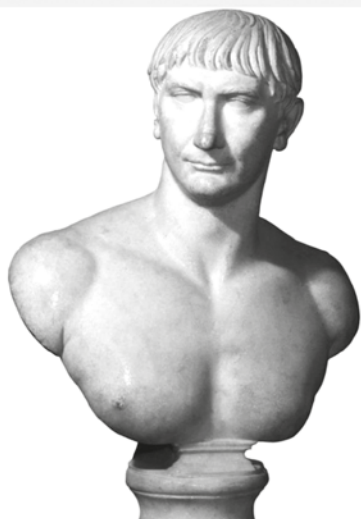
! URGENT !
WE NEED TO BRING BACK THE
BUSTS THAT WERE TAKEN
NEED TO GET BACK ASAP 21:48

✓ is lid geworden via de
groepslink.

Anybody who is at a baracade
sees one please take it back and
text me! 21:49

If you find one please text me

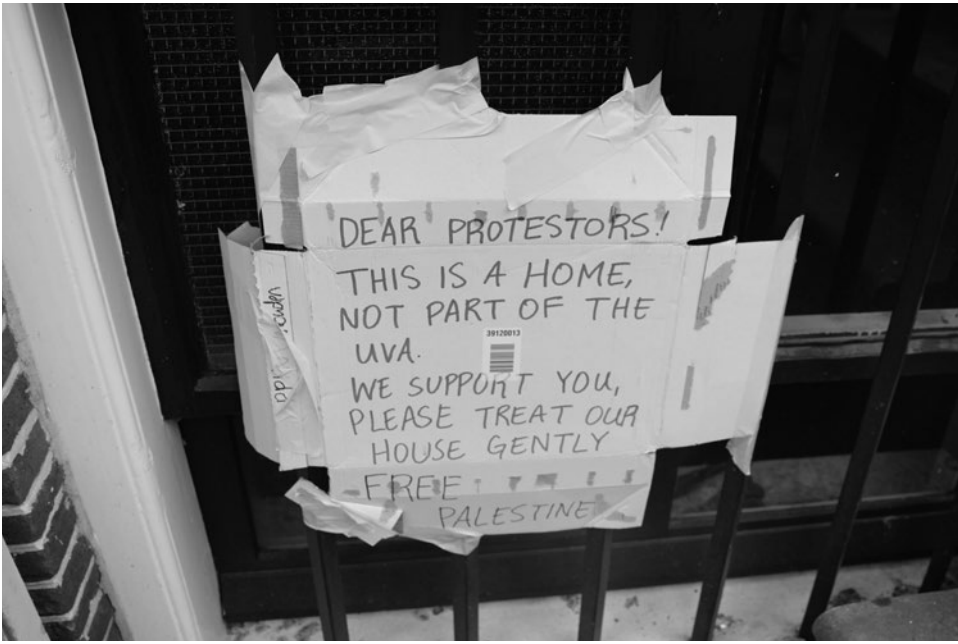
! URGENT !
WE NEED TO BRING BACK THE



With busts I mean these guys

The black ones 21:55













Police seems to be preparing, but it might keep some time before eviction, please stay calm, there is (back office) support for you. Most important is to remember your lawyer **Willem Jebbink**, and AG number: +31 [REDACTED].

BE SAFE TOGETHER, VIVA
INTIFADA 🇵🇸

16:53

❤️ 25





██████████
EVERYONE!!!!!!

SUPPORT
OUDEMANHUISPOORT. UVA
CVB TO ANNOUNCE EVICTION
SOON

17:19

❤️ 5 🙄 2 +3

Stay calm and barricade!!

17:20

❤️ 4 🙄 2

Together we are
strong 🕊️ 🦊

17:20

❤️ 14 🔥 +3

██████████
Love you all!

17:21

❤️ 12





NO LAND GRAB
NO APARTHEID
NO POLICE









They are in, babies
Keep eachother safe

17:51



THERE IS AN EVICTION AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF AMSTERDAM
RIGHT NOW
AT THE NON-VIOLENT
PALESTINE SOLIDARITY
ENCAMPMENT.

UVA DOES NOT WANT TO
ENGAGE WITH PROTESTORS
AND REFUSES TO NEGOTIATE.
THEY GAVE STUDENT AND
STAFF NEGOTIATORS ONE
HOUR OF THEIR TIME, THEN
REFUSED EVERYTHING AND
ARE EVICTING. POLICE ARE
USING PEPPER SPRAY,
BULLDOZERS AND OTHER
ARMS. GET THE NEWS OUT! GO
SUPPORT!

18:49





GVB BUSES APPROACHING ON
VIJZELGRACHT. TOGETHER WE
CAN BLOCK THEM FROM
GETTING TO ARRESTEES

18:09













rgwallen



jenke





Rokin





MAY 13TH. DUTCH SCHOLARS FOR PALESTINE HAVE
PUBLISHED A PETITION AND CALL FOR A WALK-OUT.

We, staff members and students of Dutch universities and universities all over the world, are horrified by the actions of the Executive Boards of the University of Amsterdam and Utrecht University. Both universities have authorized extreme police violence against their staff and students who were engaged in non-violent protests against the complicity of Dutch universities in the ongoing genocide in Gaza.

The Boards' actions are unacceptable, and we condemn them in the strongest possible terms. In response, we call on all students and staff of Dutch universities to walk out on Monday, May 13th, at 11 am, in support of the students and staff who were evicted from the encampments and occupations.

Over the past seven months, the state of Israel has killed more than 40,000 Palestinians in a ruthless bombing campaign. The images coming out of Gaza are beyond imagination: mutilated Palestinian bodies found under the rubble; doctors performing surgeries without anesthesia; the body of a man, hands still zip-tied, crushed by a bulldozer. Alongside this obliteration of Palestinian life, we witness the destruction of the conditions necessary for life to exist, including the bombing of water wells, bakeries, food depots, ports, fishing boats, hospitals, schools, and universities. As students and academics, we recognize that this violence is not new; it represents an intensification of the structural, settler-colonial violence inflicted upon the Palestinians for the past 76 years.

As this destruction of life intensifies, we watch in dismay as our institutional leaders choose silence. This silence persists despite the International Court of Justice's determination that it is plausible Israel is committing genocide in Gaza, and despite urgent warnings from United Nations bodies about an impending famine. Remaining silent is not an option.

In contrast to the silence of University Boards, students all over the world, including both Palestinian and Jewish students, are drawing a red line. Their

encampments and occupations have become vital arenas where students actively create space for learning and stake a claim in political processes that profoundly impact their lives and the world we live in.

The students' demands are clear, focused, and consistent: they call for an end to the support for the Israeli settler-colonial project and divestment from corporations fueling Israel's military activities. The demands of the students are:

- Fully comply with the granted Freedom of Information request, i.e., disclose the university's ties with Israeli institutions and companies, including educational institutions, as well as companies that profit from genocide, apartheid, and the exploitation of the Palestinian people and their land.
- Cease all academic collaborations with Israeli institutions that participate in genocide, apartheid, and the exploitation of the Palestinian people and their land.
- Cease all contracts with and divest from Israeli companies, and international companies/funds, that profit from genocide, apartheid, and the exploitation of the Palestinian people and their land.

Instead of welcoming and applauding the students' efforts to help end genocide, the Executive Boards of the University of Amsterdam and Utrecht University, together with the mayors of the cities of Amsterdam and Utrecht, have ordered unprecedented levels of violence against their students, staff, and the broader public. Riot police bulldozed protest areas, brought in police dogs, and beat, pepper-sprayed, and arrested people. Those engaging in support marches or standing by the sidelines were also aggressively beaten, pepper-sprayed, and shoved to the ground. The injured protestors were refused any medical care. Meanwhile, the Leiden University Board mobilized the police as a form of intimidation against a peaceful and pre-announced assembly for students and staff at Leiden University held on May 8th 2024.

These actions of University Boards must be understood in the context of a political climate in which

criticism of the violence of the state of Israel is structurally equated with antisemitism. For instance, on the 9th of May 2024, Prime Minister Mark Rutte insinuated on Twitter that the student protests blamed the violence in Gaza on Jewish Dutch citizens. This framing is not only incorrect but also deeply misleading and dangerous. Jews are not responsible for the state of Israel's violence. Many Jewish students and staff are highly critical of the state of Israel, and this critical stance has a long history within various currents of Jewish thought. However, their position is structurally unheard. Alleged antisemitism distracts from the violence taking place before our eyes and should not legitimize the police crackdown on protesters. Moreover, Palestinian and Muslim students and staff have continuously been subjected to anti-Palestinian and anti-Muslim hate and racism. Our political leaders have failed to take a stance on this. Instead of addressing discrimination against Palestinians and Muslims as well as antisemitism, they choose to remain silent on one and exploit the other for their own political gains.

The University Boards already defended their actions by claiming they were protecting university buildings and facilities. They claimed that they were trying to protect the safety of university life. But whose safety are they actually protecting? The violence of the Dutch police in response to the Gaza solidarity encampments and occupations have made a mockery of concerns about safety on campus.

We underscore that universities do not consist of its Boards. It is students and staff who are the heart and soul of universities. Denying this fact has resulted in a severe breach of trust between the Board on one hand and the students and staff who give the university legitimacy for its existence on the other.

Please support our students and staff by signing this petition and by joining the National Walk-Out on Monday 13 May, 11 am.

ROETERSEILAND CAMPUS, AROUND 12:00. JACOB ENGELBERG,
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR AT THE UVA, GIVES A SPEECH.

Hello friends. I join you today as a Jewish anti-zionist member of staff here at the UvA; I name myself as both Jewish and anti-zionist, as dominant discourses circulating-from the Israeli state to the Dutch media to our own CvB [Executive Board]-tend to imply that we do not exist. I assure you, we are many.

I have been working with colleagues in negotiations with our CvB to demand moral action from our university in the face of Israel's genocide of the Palestinian people in Gaza. I have been deeply inspired by the passion and the moral clarity shown by our students in their call for the university to disclose, boycott, and divest. These urgent calls have been met, however, with repression, intimidation, defamation, and violence, as the CvB refuses to negotiate in good faith, spreads lies about its own students, and then recruits the police to violently repress dissent. We will not stand for the erosion of democratic freedoms at the institution in which we teach and learn. Indeed, teaching and learning cannot take place without the democratic freedoms we hold dear.

I stand here today not only as an academic, but as a Jewish member of our university community. Much has been said about how Jewish people are feeling on campus, but always in a way that erases the presence of Jewish students and staff, including Israeli students and staff, within our Palestine solidarity work. Instead, our community is presented as monolithically zionist, and critique of the state of Israel is rewritten as antisemitism. In Dutch media and politics, we have heard the lie that the student movement at the UvA is antisemitic. This is a characterisation unrecognisable to those, like myself, who visited the encampment and joined students in their various forms of protest. These lies efface the Jewish students and staff whose efforts in these actions have been steadfast, and who were among those brutalized by the police. The notion that these forms of violence are necessary to secure our safety is a risible distortion of the notion of safety.

I am, of course, well aware that there are many within my community aligned with zionism, who consider it intrinsic to their Jewish identities, and who see denunciations of Israel's actions as a threat to their very being. To the Jewish students and staff who feel afraid at the sight of Palestine solidarity protest: I believe your fear. I implore you, however, to reflect on the roots of that fear. My wager is that, like me, you were taught by figures in our communal institutions to equate anti-zionism with antisemitism. I expect you might have a visceral response to seeing the Palestinian flag, to hearing the phrase "From the River to the Sea," or even at the very mention of the word Palestine. I want you to know that these responses are the cumulative effects of years of distorted narratives about Palestine solidarity, the history of the zionist project, and the meaning of a free Palestine. I call on you to think critically about the presuppositions we have been taught to make, to listen to the voices we have been told to ignore. The university, at its best, should be a place where you can do this work of critical reflection.

The state of Israel's impunity depends upon the support of a terrified diaspora, whose approval is garnered through distortions of real fears of Jewish unsafety, against which Israel then positions itself as the antidote. It uses the trauma of intergenerational experiences of antisemitism, and particularly the trauma of the Shoah, to justify its actions. Let us be clear that a Jewish ethnostate that subjugates, displaces, and murders Palestinians in our name does not make anyone safe. Crucially, Israel's cynical deployment of Jewish fear turns our attention away from where antisemitism is burgeoning in our societies: in the far-right nationalist parties gaining momentum globally; in the transnational conspiracy theories circulating centuries-old lies about our people; in the rise of neofascism that has already taken the lives of our community members as they pray in shul. zionism turns our eyes away from where antisemitism needs to be most forcefully resisted, encouraging us, instead, to turn on our Palestinian, Arab, or Muslim siblings. We must refuse this cynical ploy.

It was in my years as an undergraduate that I first began to question the zionist doctrines with which I had been raised. I felt many fears, among them the fear that were I to critique zionism, I would find myself bereft of community, bereft of ethnicity, bereft of identity, bereft of culture. What I discovered, however, was a rich tradition of Jewish anti-zionism with a legacy that stretches from the Bundist movement in Imperial Russia to the very student protests we see globally today. Jewish anti-zionists have built and will continue to nourish Jewish communities that stand, without reservation, in solidarity with the Palestinian struggle.

I am grateful for the invitation to speak today and I stand beside you in the struggle for a liberated Palestine in which all can live freely under conditions of radical equality from the river to the sea. Thank you.









A B C

← →
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12:27 (ONE VIDEO)

During the large demonstration following the walkout, multiple people gave amazing speeches and many chants were heard. The protest was very well-prepared from posters, to medics and crowd-control to the speakers.

One of the most powerful chants in my opinion was 'The People United Will Never Be Defeated' which can be heard in the video. Hearing it from such a large group of people and with such resolve just made me feel compelled to record it to remember the moment for myself and share it for posterity.



13:41 (ONE VIDEO)

The students of the UvA went inside the ABC and D building on Roeterseiland. This video was moments after the walk-out ended at 13.00 and moments before a new encampment started. Students were walking and chanting. Riot police had not yet arrived. UvA told us shortly after to leave the building

14:30 (ONE VIDEO)

The police with dogs, batons, shields, rubber bullet guns and armour beat people to get through to the entrance of the building.

We were standing in a large group spanning from the entrance almost to the road chanting and holding signs.

The police started moving a large vehicle into the space we were protesting so we tried to stop them but officers got out and beat people away splitting up into two groups; a small group at the front and a larger group at the back.

We sat down in front of the vehicle to stop them going any further. We chanted so loud for so long; we are peaceful what are you, cops off campus. It looked like they were going to run us over, the van kept jolting towards us and officers were standing among us. One had their hand ready on their gun.

This was filmed by several people; the officer was challenged: "you think you're in a video game?". Some supporters from behind the van moved a piece of furniture Infront of the van, shielding us slightly.

Here we remained for a while chanting. Eventually the police started to push us back this is when I was hit by and officer on the leg. We were such a small group that we decided we were too vulnerable to resist. When we got up and tried to leave, people at the front were chased back by the ME and the officers behind us started hitting us towards the ME. There was a complete lack of communication between the groups creating an unsafe situation for people exercising their right to peaceful assembly.

The most important things from this experience are to talk to your fellow protesters - make sure people are okay, no on their own, have water, food, sunscreen. It was also vital that everyone be aware of the lawyer and arrest group. The level of organisation made me feel safer to exercise my right to protest. When there are that many officers, willing to hit you out of the way, you start to doubt yourself.

15:15-17:00 (TWO VIDEOS)

We were peacefully waiting outside of the barricade for our friends and then the ME

stormed in. It took them a little to finally attack us and a police bus also stormed in on us. They had us surrounded and we were stuck but we were not the people from the inside. You can see everything in the live-stream footage.



15:23 (ONE VIDEO)

Riot police was lined up in front of students, on the right side of the entrance to the main building of the Roeterseiland campus.

In order to get to the entrance and reach the student encampment, police attacked students without warning, and without even trying to push us aside first. Students were hit by batons all over their bodies (for me, it was my hand, which still hurts after 4 days), and some were hit while they were on

the ground, or while they were helping someone get up (that's what happened to me).

The video was taken roughly 5 seconds after it all started.

15:24 (ONE VIDEO)

A group of people outside of roeterseiland ABC building was blocking the riot police line. Without 'vordering' they started hitting us. People panicked and started running, it was hard not fall/trample others.

15:30 (PHOTOS AND TEXT)

I was stood outside the building with staff and other students, while poeple were protesting inside. Then I saw the ME police walking fast down the side of the canal towards Roesterseiland, they started pushing people out of the way. I saw a few people run over to stand infront of them so I ran over to join them too, with my hands in the air to show I wasn't armed. We stood infront of them and formed a line, at first I kept my hands in the air and then somebody passed me a cardboard book ('My People Shall Live' by Leila Khaled) so I held that. We stood face to face as a line, infront of the line of ME police. I looked them straight in the eyes while people chanted, and they just stared right back.

Then the ME cop on the end of the row nearest ABC building tried to push past somebody

stood their with a cardboard book. And so people started moving, maybe towards her to help her, but then the ME police line ran forward and they started hitting us all. At first they hit me twice, on the arms and the shoulders. I tried to hold up the cardboard book to protect me and he brought the baton down over my head. The cardboard book broke and I started screaming. I tried to back away but there was too many people. And then he hit me over the head again. I tried to run away but there was so many people, people started falling to the floor. I managed to pull one person off the pile and then I ran, I couldn't breathe and my head was spinning, and the vision was blurry. I saw a man in a yellow staff high-vis, watching, and I ran straight to him and he took me to the medics.

I sat with the medics outside CREA for an hour, with an ice pack on my arm and head. I could hear people screaming for the whole hour. Then the ME started pushing people in that direction. The medics stood together to try to form a line to protect the people in the first aid area, and so the protesters passed closer to the building leaving the first aid area. But the ME police kept pushing forward, and they started pushing the medics, destroying the first aid area. Me and another guy who also got hit

on the head tried to leave, but I couldn't run and I couldn't breathe, I thought I was going to faint. Two people grabbed me and dragged me out the back and we sat outside the JK building. But the ME kept coming and I could still see them hitting people. When they got close to the JK building we left out the back.

It went on for an hour and a half, I could hear screaming and watched people getting hit the whole time.

When I got home I felt very dizzy, nauseous, and then I started to feel like I had a fever. My whole body was shaking and my head felt foggy. My friends woke me up every 3 hours to make sure I didn't have a brain bleed.

The next day I felt better at first, but then awful, I couldn't remember simple things and felt like I was going to throw up all the time. My vision was blurry. My housemate took me to the doctor, but she was quite cynical - asking if I'd been protesting.

After 2 days it's starting to get better, I still can't use my laptop without feeling nauseous and my arm is numb and stiff from the bruising. I have a lot of headaches, and I can't raise my arm above my shoulder.

I am attaching the photos from the media of the lines we were in, the policeman who hit me (on the right of the picture of two police men), and also the note from the doctor.

15:30 (PHOTOS OF INJURIES)

I was at the front when the police charged at us, the first time. I had one of the large cardboard bookbloc signs in my hands. I did not hear any police saying we had to leave, but after about 5 minutes of standing there and chanting, the police charged us using excessive violence. Instead of pushing back to remove us, which they are saying is the reason for their violence, they immediately started hitting us with their riot batons. I was hit multiple times, and trying to defend me with my bookbloc. Everyone around me was trying to move back, but the police kept hitting us until we fell to the ground. When I fell, the police kept hitting me, and I could only leave when my fellow protestors helped me up. Whilst getting hit we moved towards CREA.

Here the police stopped hitting us, so we stood still and continued chanting. I would say after about twenty minutes the police announced that we should leave. A few minutes later they charged us again. I had gotten a new bookbloc sign by this time, because my first sign was completely demolished. I put up

the sign to avoid getting hit on the head. This kept my head safe from any vital damage, but at this moment(same day as incident around 19:00) I'm barely able to move my left arm. Again they used their batons, instead of just pushing us back. Occasionally we could not move back, because there were too many people behind us. During these moments where we would come to a halt, the police used especially aggressive violence. There was one line of ME and about three ME'ers holding police dogs behind them.

We would get beat, pushed back, and then come to a halt I would say about two times. Eventually, we as a group decided to leave, because the police was circling us. We had a legitimate fear that we would get beat up from both sides. After this we left as a group, and while walking away I heard screams from behind and saw police charging again. I was not at the front anymore, so I could not fully see what was happening, but we had communicated to the police that we were leaving. The police stayed very hostile as we were leaving the premises.

15:30 (NO ATTACHMENTS)

Riot police entrapped a group of about 50 demonstrators on a bridge from two sides, while riot police stormed the rec building to end the encampment. The protesters were later

allowed to leave the bridge from one side when they asked to be let go.



15:30 (ONE VIDEO)

As police were moving in protesters attempted to block a police van, which proceeded to accelerate into the protesters.

AROUND 3 I THINK NOT SURE (ONE VIDEO)

A police car with dogs inside was moving to the entrance at uva. People stopped the car and took a seat in front of the car.

15:30 (NO ATTACHMENTS)

After the police started to repress and arrest the crowd protesting in of the building, they started to try to mobilize the riot vans to secure the

arrestees. Vans were maneuvering aggressively and without regard for the safety of the people in the crowd. The street is narrow because of the canal alongside it and police closed all entries so people were trapped. People started to try to stop the car from moving and the driver kept going, almost running over multiple protesters. The car only stopped after the crowd stopping it grew big enough to guarantee serious injuries if it moved.

15:32 (ONE VIDEO)

We were protesting and sitting on the ground. On the video you can see cops beating students in front of the policebus and further into the video cops beating students who are literally just sitting down. Unfortunately I could not film the escalation since I was sitting down when they started to beat me and I was squished between people trying to form a line and get away, but I can describe it: I was sitting on the ground and then the cops started beating us with their sticks and shields without a warning. Everyone was falling over each other trying to avoid getting hit because they did not even give us the time to stand up and they kept beating people even when they were down! They beat me a lot and targeted areas such as my head. Luckily I have no injuries at the moment. Eventually the students got together and formed a front while

walking back, there were so many people it was very chaotic. They kept beating us and we kept walking back until we were off UvA grounds.



15:32 (ONE VIDEO)

Police beating and driving their way through protesters

15:33 (ONE VIDEO)

All of us are sat, chanting, the police wants to walk in line in the middle of us so they just casually start beating one of the person on the floor. they didn't ask them to move, just use violence for them to move out of the way. on the video, we can also see the police truck going towards the seated crowd, without the yellow booth, they would have gone further

16:00 (ONE VIDEO, FILE CORRUPTED)

Police using violence to remove protesting students.

16:00 (NO ATTACHMENTS)

Insane amount of police violence against peaceful student protesters standing OUTSIDE of the encampment.

16:10-16:25 (ONE VIDEO)

It was the day of the walk-out. Some protestors started occupying the ABC building. At around 4pm a group of them were violently 'escorted' by riot police to leave the premises. They were beaten by batons, even though there was barely any space for them to walk. They also were pushed into two different directions, after it seemed like one way was not efficient due to the crowds that were blocking riot police. I was standing on the other side of the water, me and other people were yelling very loudly 'stop' 'they can't move' 'don't hit them', etc.

16:15 (THREE VIDEOS)

Police started attacking students unprovoked

16:19 (ONE VIDEO)

I was standing across the canal, watching the riot police pushing out the people protesting outside of the UvA buildings. They had been standing at the entrance of ABC building protesting and they were pushed back to roetersstraat. The people had to walk by the water and the people were walking

away. Whilst they were walking the police was using excessive force and hitting people that were at the back of the crowd walking towards the street. They also hit an old man that was press im pretty sure and pulled him out of the crowd after. Later I saw him walking with a helmet on.

I filmed all the way till the street and there is a lot violence depicted

16:20 (ONE VIDEO, SIX PHOTOS OF INJURIES)

At about 16:20, my friend & I (19F and 20F) had just exited the encampment peacefully with our fellow protesters. At the news that there was going to be a teach-in in the garden area at Roeterseiland, we both walked towards it, and therefore near the right entrance of the ABC building, where we were met with a group of numerous protesters and the entrance blocked by about 15 police officers. The space was peaceful and relatively quiet, I can recall no chants nor much movement within the crowd. My friend and I approached the entrance of the building, curious as to why the police was blocking people, when suddenly the group in front of us started running at this point, we got separated, with me being pushed to the right side (wall-side) and my friend to the left (canal-side). As I had been pushed, I struggled

to regain my balance amid the crowd running, and that's when the police started to strike. Initially, a police officer's shield kept hitting me in my face, causing my glasses to become deformed and to fall from my face multiple times. The police relentlessly pushed the crowd to the back, creating a stampede and causing multiple people (including me) to stumble on each other, fall to the ground, and start to suffocate. While this was happening, I got hit multiple times with multiple batons on my neck, my arms, my right shoulder and on the top of my head. I could feel the force that the police had used to hit me immediately, and fearing more damage, I went to shield my head with my right hand, I locked eyes with the police officer who chose to hit my head with his baton. In this way, he caused my right index finger to possibly break (I do not have the funds to have it X-rayed), and I now have been struggling with daily tasks such as typing this report. In a video that was circulating later I found the perspective of those in the building, and on the left bottom corner you can see me receiving multiple baton hits to my upper body in a matter of seconds, by one police officer. I commend my fellow protesters for shielding me enough for me to hide in the crowd and manage to get out, for in those last moments I was genuinely convinced that police

officer had not only the power, but the uncaring will to beat me to the state of unconsciousness. All the while, the people around me were screaming in pain, anger, or simply asking why this was happening with us. The police simply did not care that they were trampling us, and took it as an excuse to hit us harder each time. When I managed to exit the crowd, the medics and the supporters helped me immediately, and I managed to find my friend. Though, I was in shock I could immediately feel the effects of the brutality on my body, and I feel them even now a day later. Though I know I was hit continuously and relentlessly, I now am with multiple bruises and a possibly broken finger, all because I was standing on my university campus with my friend.

My friend, on the other hand, the moment we got separated had got stuck with another protester who was looking for her friend. This made her end up in front of the police. At the beginning she was not hit, but the protesters around her were being badly beaten; as she went to shield them, she got hit by a baton multiple times. While she and others were being brutally beaten, they kept asking the police officers why they were doing this, to which the police would not reply, but instead would threaten to "shove/push them in the canal". Here

she sustained multiple hits to her hips and shoulder, and the situation also mirrored mine, in the suffocation and trampling of the crowd.

We managed to find ourselves later thanks to some helpful protesters. We are now dealing with the consequences of police brutality: I need help with dealing with daily tasks while she has visible discoloration all over her shoulder and left arm. During it we both thought no one could or would be able to help us, and in fact no one did. We got out in panic and shock, and by sheer "luck", but we find ourselves from 16:45 yesterday to be traumatised and in physical and psychological pain, and we will bear this for a long, long time



16:22 (ONE VIDEO)

Students standing in solidarity with those inside the campus were violently removed from the premises by riot cops

16:23 (ONE VIDEO)

Police started pushing with demonstrators no where to go - when the crowd stopped due no space the police started bating on us at the front

16:23 (ONE VIDEO)

Video shows police moving from north to south and attacking protesters at REC till the street

16:25 (ONE VIDEO)

Hi dear team,
Please find in the link below a video I took today (16:25, 13th May) of the police violence when the protesters that were inside the ABC building decided to leave collectively. It was filmed from across the water so not the most clear, but I hope it can be helpful.

I was also inside the building until about 15:50. After the first request to leave the building, I remained upstairs with some colleagues until we heard police was entering the building. At that point (around 15:20, I guess), we decided to go downstairs to observe the students and the police conduct towards them. I unfortunately don't have any videos or photos of the scenes inside, but will share some observations here in case they are useful for you.



When we arrived downstairs, there was a big group of students in the main hall and the atmosphere was quite chaotic. There were some students building barricades, and some (few) were actively damaging university goods (TV monitors, furniture, the coffee machine and goods of the cafeteria). Most, however, were not contributing to this and were talking amongst themselves in the main hall or observing from the hallway above. We talked to some students and then noticed police was already present inside, and asked them to provide those students who wanted to leave with a way out, which they complied with. After this, I noticed the group of students still present was re-organising

itself and demanding those who were exhibiting destructive behaviour to leave or step down as they were, quote, "ruining it for all of [them]". Quickly, the atmosphere calmed and the students were organising de-escalation and their collective exit from the building, using a high and low risk division and instructing/organising amongst themselves. It was at this point that I decided to leave the building using the aforementioned exit provided by the police, and joined the solidarity protest from where I took the video.

I hope this is useful, thank you for all your work!

Best,

[REDACTED]
Junior Lecturer Political Science

16:30-17:30 (THREE PHOTOS OF INJURIES)

I was being oushed around and grtting stuck on things with my backpack as we were being pushed back by police. At some point i am right infront of them and put my hands up tonprotect myself as behind me there is no way of getting through. As i put my hands up in a defensive wa and even showing the peace sign (not souting fuck cops or anything along those line) 3 sought me out as i seemed to not be getting hit. Then i got hit 8+ times with heavy bruising all

along my body. Including my neck, shoulder, ribs, back, arm, bicep, and head, as well as other minor hits. As i am a trained fighter i was dodging their hits, but i am certain without my effort to dodge i would have been hit in the head several times by 3 cops. I am in pain, but nothing serious serious for now, but i hope nothing stays after the swelling goes. My head was not hit hard enough to bleed but i have a bump on my head that hurts when pressed on. I was peaceful. Making sure not to incite violence. Only showing my face and simply pushing smaller and weaker people behind me as they were being beaten. After that i got helped by medics as my arm had gone numb. In criterion a women also took more pictures. I just tried to protect those around me that were smaller or simply ill equipped to stand a chance at taking a hit by these batons. So i took many.

16:30 (AROUND) (TWO PHOTOS OF INJURIES)

We were protesting in front of the ABC building. At some point, cops started to appear. We created a line to prevent them and then sat down. A police vehicle wanted to drive over us. Of course, the rational was intimidation. Then the cops randomly started to hit indiscriminately. I got several bruises because of the batons of the cops. There is also a

video where I ask them for identification. Of course, they did not give any. I hear this is illegal.

Here is the link: <https://www.instagram.com/reel/C67OutAob4W/>
And the photos will be uploaded.

17:00 (ONE VIDEO, FIVE PHOTOS OF INJURIES)

May 13th was the day of the walkout at UVA. First we had speeches for two hours standing outside. Afterwards people went inside. Chaos and confusion ensued.

After we had been inside the UVA, we collectively decided to leave. We went in a big group very slowly via the biking garage. Once bag on the street. We fanned out, and no one got arrested. We blended in with the crowd so the police did not know who had been inside and who had not.

Then later a few people went back to the entrance of UVA. And did some chants there. I went to sit near the water with two friends, to drink some water and take a breather.

All of a sudden the ME started hitting the people who were standing in front of the UVA. Mini panic started amongst the crowd and people started running to flee. Immediately people were yelling 'stop running'. Because running is

nog the way to collectively get everyone to safety. So we started backing up slowly as a group.

I went to the front since I saw last week that white privilege really makes a difference in the ME.

So me and my very Dutch face went ahead to the frontline. I had my arms up.

Calmly I helped guiding people. Saying stuff like 'Everyone fall back' 'Lets stay calm' etc. And meanwhile keeping eye contact with the ME. I communicate that we are already walking backwards and cooperating.

I was de-escalating and giving myself a calm demeanor. An officer told me to turn around and walk away. But we are told precisely not to do that. Because we want to move the whole group safely. And they hit easier and faster when they don't have eye contact ... the brave heroes.

Then suddenly it erupted.

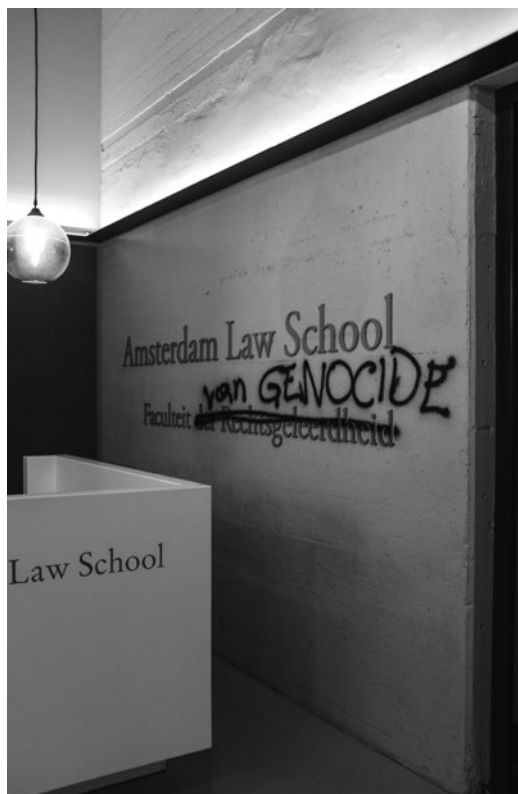
I was hit by two cops at the same time. 1 ME guy hit my right forearm, this can be seen on a video. But the other one hit me twice on my left upper arm.

The latter was really very painful.

There you are, with no protection, arms up on the public road. And if I had done something in return (like hitting with an umbrella). I would have been in prison and sentenced like the guy from last week.

Nothing was broken, others were far worse. At least I did not get hit in the head..

PS in the video I'm wearing the backpack and black mouth mask. But you can't really see it happening



20:09 (ONE VIDEO)

A dark blue police with undercover cops (romeos) drove towards us on the Dam Square and violently took someone away.

RESPONSIBILITY CLAIM FOR PROPERTY DESTRUCTION AT THE UVA CAMPUS

Since some weird conspiracies are going around, even in our own circles, about the protestors wearing black being zionists, we decided it is time to clear up a thing or two and give our perspective. We were there, and we might have even smashed a screen or two.

THE THREAT COMES FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE (TOO)

Different news outlets, the CvB, the mayor and the head of Police would like to have you believe that these acts of "vandalism" are done by non-students and that this is a bad thing. A classic example of divide and conquer. So-called experts have come together and decided that a bunch of furniture and construction material thrown on top of each other somehow showed the barricades were made with such ingenuity and professionalism that it couldn't have possibly be done by students. We are both flattered by this compliment and insulted by the underestimation of our skills. First, we reject the premise that you have to be a student at the UvA in order to participate in these protests. Universities are public institutions and anyone is not only justified to protest the UvA's complicity in genocide, anyone with a grain of morality should. We encourage everyone to join, but rest assured the threat comes from inside the house too. We are also students inside of the black bloc.

"I AM AN OUTSIDE AGITATOR, IF NOT NOW, I'LL BE ONE
LATER"

There is nothing that radicalises faster than bulldozers and batons. No outside agitator could have done a better job at escalating and growing the resistance than the UvA board and the mayor did. As we watch the situation in Gaza unfold how can we not get angry? As the university refuses to end the complicity in genocide and instead chose violence and repression our hearts ache and our blood boils. Peaceful sit-ins, petitions and respectfully asking didn't do shit.

Disruption and financial damage allows us to speak in a language the CvB understands.

Our anger is justified, our actions don't come out of nowhere.

When property was damaged at the UvA this wasn't just a random act of vandalism. When protestors smash tv screens they express their rage against the dehumanisation of the Palestinian people and the lies media has been spreading. When we smash up the offices of the CvB we reject their authority and expel the board from our university. With these actions we say: when there is complicity in genocide, there will be no social peace.

In solidarity with our comrades in prison. For the freedom of Palestine!

Revolution! Intifada!

Some people in black hoodies.

MAY 26TH, ACHTER OOSTEINDE 14-16. STUDENT PROTESTERS AND SQUATTERS OPEN THE SHADIA ABU GHAZALEH CAMPUS OF THE PEOPLE'S FREE UNIVERSITY AND PUBLISH THEIR STATEMENT ON SQUAT.NET.

AMSTERDAM: ACHTER OOSTEINDE 16 SQUATTED. OPENING OF THE SHADIA ABU GHAZALEH CAMPUS

Pro-Palestinian protesters open Shadia Abu Ghazaleh Campus of the People's Free University. Around 14:45, pro-Palestinian demonstrators marched from the Spui to Achter Oosteinde 14 and opened the Shadia Abu Ghazaleh Campus of the people's Free university in a squatted building.

Today, on May 25, pro-Palestinian demonstrators began their protest on the Spui at 14:00. This demonstration moved through the streets of Amsterdam to Achter Oosteinde 16, where the protesters revealed that a squatted building is being opened to the public as the first campus of the People's Free University. The Shadia Abu Ghazaleh Campus will be a space of resistance where people can learn from each other and teach each other. The campus is named after one of the first Palestinian women to participate in armed resistance in 1967: "She knew the importance of knowledge and education in the struggle for liberation. [...] We will create this space in her legacy," the protesters say.

FULL SPEECH

On this day, day 231 of the genocide happening in gaza right now. On this day, in Amsterdam, we open this building as the Shadia Abu Ghazaleh Campus of the Peoples Free University. Hhere we want to learn from each other. We want to learn from other encampments around the world, here we want to learn from people fighting against oppression through time and space, but specifically from those in gaza right now.

Our encampments did not last a day, and so we decided to explore other ways. Experiment with different ways of building Resistance. We are opening this building as a space for us to be with each other. We understand that our barricades will only ever be as strong as our solidarity, as large as our community, and as fierce as our militancy. And this is what we will be building

here. By opening the first campus of the people's university we attempt to answer a call coming straight from Gaza:

escalate!

escalate!

escalate!

stop this by any means necessary!

stop the genocide! Stop the occupation!

We understand that in order to free palestine, we must liberate every zone from our hearts and souls to the borders of empire! On this Campus we shall practice the work of liberation.

Shadia Abu Ghazaleh was one of the first women participating in armed military resistance in 1967. She knew the importance of knowledge and education in the fight for liberation. She knew it takes all of us fighting on all fronts. And she embodied that knowledge. We will create this space in her lineage. But this campus is not the first educational space named after her. Remember Shadia Abu Ghazaleh school in Jabalia, where last december bodies were piled up instead of books in the classroom. We must never forget them.

We open this campus in honor of those martyred and those still fighting. In everything we do, be that reading a book or fighting a cop, we must carry them in our hearts. Not only are we fighting for, no we are fighting with them for nothing less than Liberation.

All Universities in Gaza have been bombed, but from their rubble, universities of Palestinian liberation rise everywhere! In the last weeks we have learned more about decolonial practice on the streets than any course could have ever taught us. Embodying resistance is infinitely more valuable than any study at the Uva. From now on Shadia Abu Ghazaleh Campus is where we learn and where we teach each other. Where we get together. Where we become even more dangerous together!

Welcome to Shadia Abu Ghazaleh campus!

Free Palestine!

YOU
WANT
TO BE AN
INTELLECTUAL?

YOU
MUST
RESIST
OTHERWISE
YOU AND
YOUR
EDUCATION
ARE
USELESS

- BASEL
AL
ARAJ





GERRIT RIETVELD ACADEMIE, DECEMBER 11TH 2023-MAY 28TH 2024. RIETVELD STUDENTS PUBLISH A ZINE ABOUT THEIR STRUGGLE TO BUILD A MONUMENT FOR PALESTINE AND SUBSEQUENT PROTEST ENCAMPMENT.



HOW TO

ASSEMBLE

A MONUMENT

4 P A L E S T I N E

1 0 1 - S T E P

R I E T V E L D A C A D E M I E

ASSEMBLY

- a group of people gathered together in one place for a common purpose.
- the action of gathering together as a group for a common purpose.

MONUMENT

- a statue, building, or other structure erected to commemorate a notable person or event.
- a statue or other structure placed over a grave in memory of the dead.
- a building, structure, or site that is of historical importance or interest.

COUNTER MONUMENT

- a counter memorial or monument seeks to disrupt dominant historical narratives, provide a voice for those whose stories have been marginalised or excluded, and enhance awareness and understanding of the historical event that is being commemorated.

ANTI-MONUMENTALISM

- anti-monumental works usually address the more obscure and distressing parts of history and wrongful ideologies. Whereas traditional monuments tend to glorify these specific events, people and periods of history.

Source: WIKIPEDIA

This is the trajectory of the efforts of commemoration, solidarity and action for the people of Palestine made by gra.si.students4palestine also referred to as "The Assembly".

The Assembly took action, showed solidarity and gathered the community of the Rietveld Academie and the Sandberg Instituut where the governing structures of the Supervisory Board, the Executive Board, the Board of Directors, and the Head of Facilities (and departments) failed.

This shows the result of the (art) institutions unwillingness to make a humanitarian statement, to boycott and divest from the Israeli apartheid state which occupies Palestine and executes a genocide in Gaza.

What this trajectory tries to emphasize is how shamefully complicit the (cultural) institutions are in the status quo of the imperialist world, including the genocide. When students and staff speak up, express and address - they are being targeted and silenced. On the back you can find the current physical shape of our monument. It is the 10th version after attacks from the Authorities and zionists. The other versions can be found on the last page.

Additional to this publication, we have released all of our e-mail interactions with the Authorities of Rietveld/Sandberg.

SITUATION: The Authorities of your art institution refuse to show solidarity with PALESTINE, do not condemn the ongoing and keep ties with Israeli institutions.

1.

GATHER A GROUP OF PEOPLE THAT SHARE THE STANCE THAT THE AUTHOROTIES OF THE INSTITUTION IS FUCKED UP. GATHER AROUND THE PALESTINIAN RESISTANCE. NOW YOU HAVE CREATED AN ASSEMBLY.

Tip: Listen to P.O.C. and Queer students that by experience, see through the gaslighting reaction of the authorities immediately.

2.

Through assembling, you create a space for emotions and thoughts to be expressed, heard, amplified, respected and challenged. An open space for discussion, political or not, that has not been facilitated within the institution.

3.

Create an open letter with 8 demands to the board.

4.

Reflect the world and amplify the intifada by poster the school with FREE PALESTINE, condemn the Israeli occupation and the genocide.

5.

The authorities will order the posters to be taken down as it is "too much" and there are individuals who "want a safe space" and not see information of the "conflict" also in school. The authorities will refer to designated poster spaces and a poster policy not mentioned for apolitical posters.

6.

Keep putting up posters.

7.

The Authorities try to calm the movement by claiming that discussion is the best way to move forward. That discussion is how we can understand and respect each other and follow the code of conduct.

8.

DISCUSSION = REPRESSION?!

9. (11Dec2023)

BUILD A MONUMENT OUTSIDE THE AUTHORITIES OFFICE AND E-MAIL YOUR DEMANDS.

10.

The facilities keep taking your posters down.

11.

So you put up more.

12. (15Jan2024)

The Authorities alerts you of the removal of your monument.

13. (18Jan2024)

HAVE A DISCUSSION WITH AUTHORITIES = BE REPRESSED BY AUTHORITIES.

The authorities declares that they feel the message of the monument is "OVERPLAYED". The authorities claim the governing of facilities wants to "CLEAN" the yard before OPEN DAYS.

14. (18Jan2024)

You say you will not remove the monument since it is not overplayed.

15.

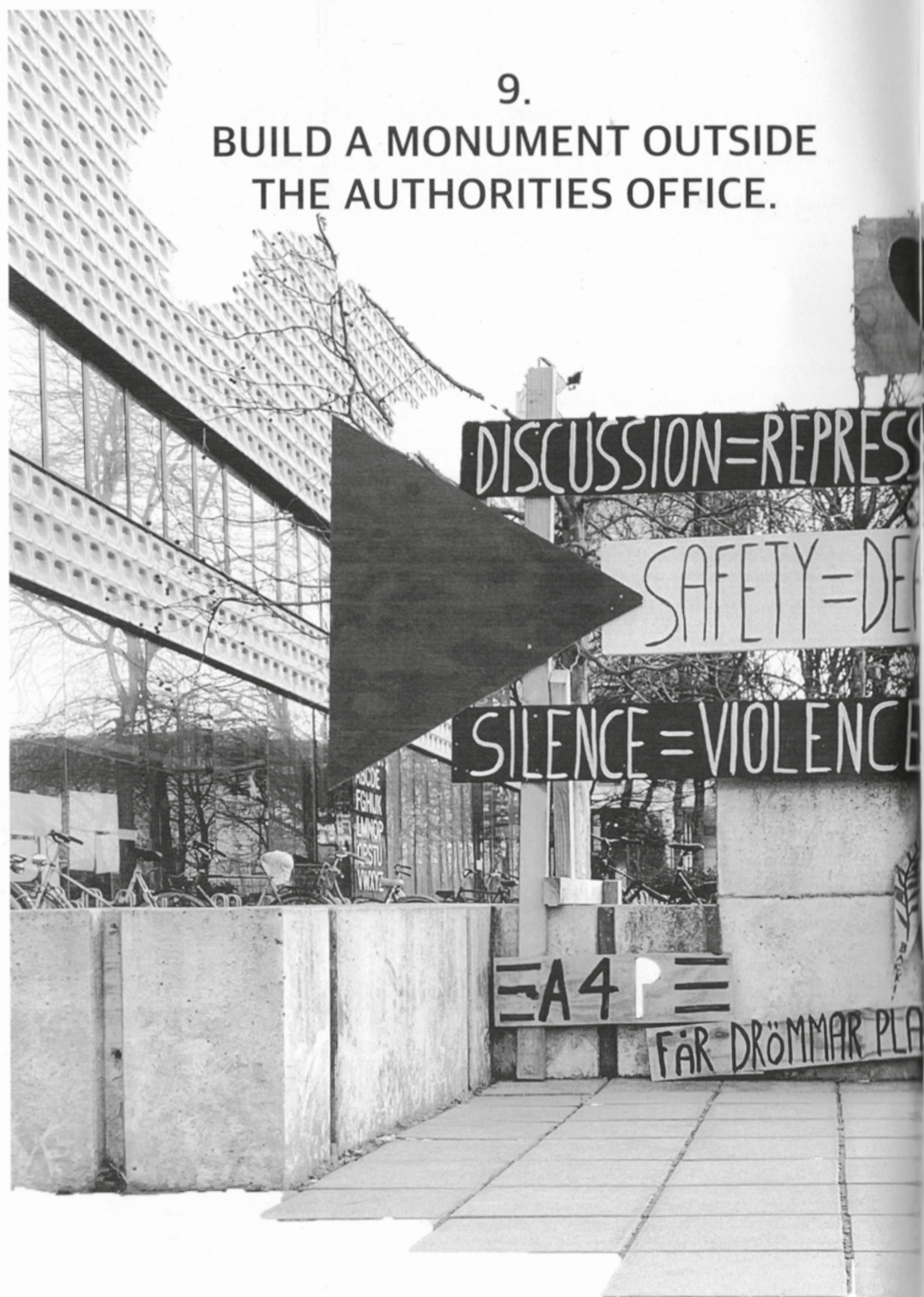
Go to PROTESTs together also outside of the academy.

WED. FEBRUARY 7 - 3.30 PM

**TERMA:
STOP
ARMING
ISRAEL**

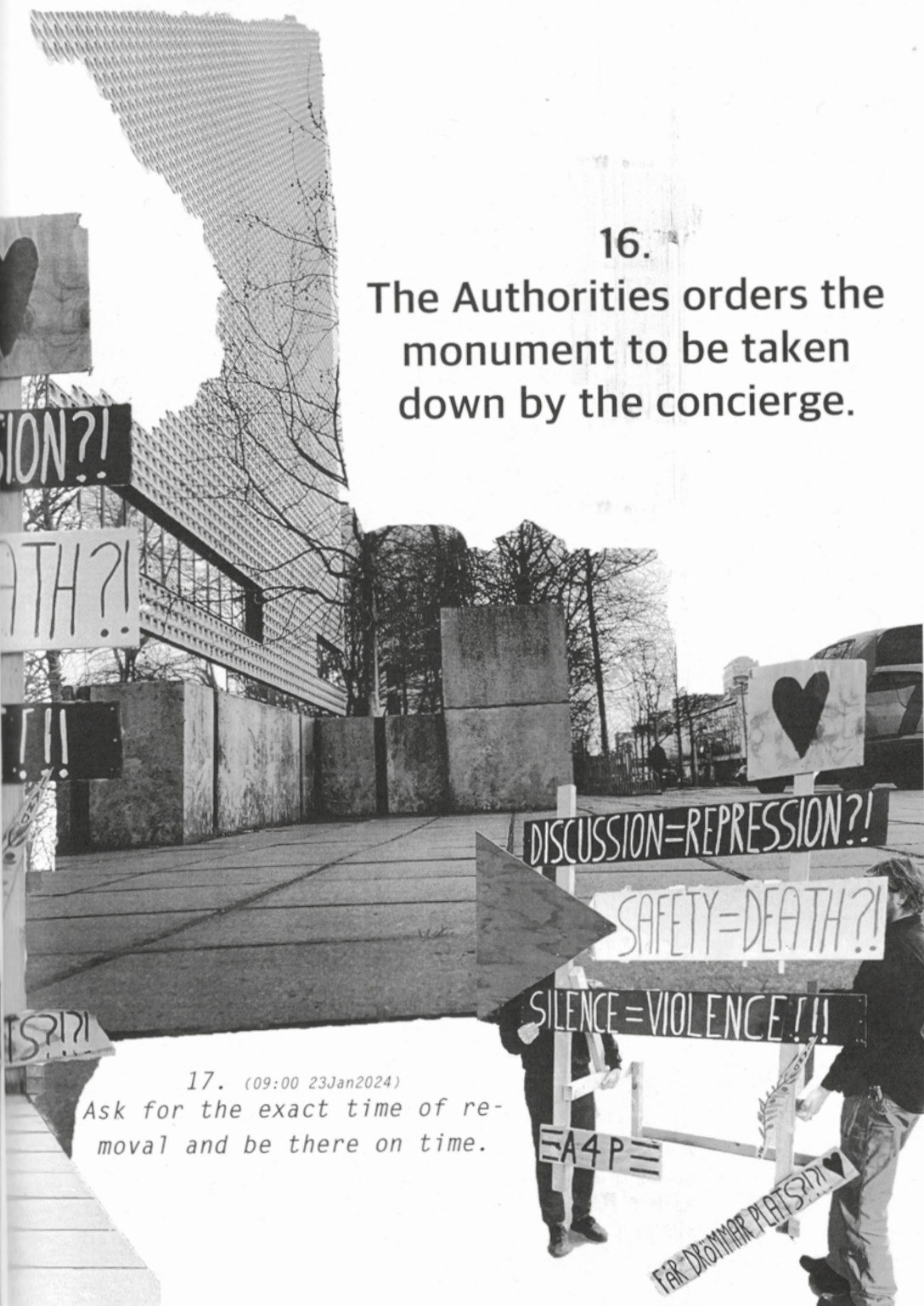
 **MEET-UP: Leiden Central St. 3.30 PM & we march together to TERMA**

9.
BUILD A MONUMENT OUTSIDE
THE AUTHORITIES OFFICE.



16.

The Authorities orders the monument to be taken down by the concierge.



17. (09:00 23Jan2024)

Ask for the exact time of removal and be there on time.

18.

Talk kindly to the concierge who remove the monument and document it.

19.

Assemble and talk about the repressing discussions. Realize that they are gaslighting. Hear P.O.C. and queer students facing reprimands and warnings of being expelled for "unappropriate behaviours" - including glueing posters about colonialism on a poster space outside and approaching white students that it is their responsibility to join a international strike for Palestine. No business as usual.

20. (25Jan2024)

On the day before the BIG OPEN DAYS you put up a missing poster for both the monument and the solidarity for Palestine. Also put a box outside asking for the monument 4 Palestine.

21. HAVE 3 POSTERS REMOVED BY MANAGEMENT OF FACILITIES, POSTERS THAT ARE PUT ON THE DESIGNATED "LEGAL" POSTER SPACES.

22. (26Jan2024)

On the OPEN DAYS, put an INFO DESK at the entrance. Bring Palestinian Poetry, history about the occupation, other litterature on the subject and the OPEN LETTER for students to sign.



MISSING : SOLIDARITY

from Gerrit Rietveld Academie

For Palestine



Have you seen Monument 4 Palestine?

- Last seen 23/01 09:00 - Carried away by the institution from Fred. Roeskestraat 96 on Tuesday 09:00
- Wearing red, black, white and green.
- Usually asking for justice.
- Contact us by shouting "FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA, PALESTINE WILL BE FREE"

@Gra.si.students4palestine

23. (26Jan2024)

Receive ANGRY reprimands from the authorities demanding you to leave immediately and that you are not supported by the authorities and have to put up a sign saying:

**STUDENT INIATIVE
(NOT SUPPORTED BY THE RIETVELD)**



IDENT
INITIALIVE
(NOT SUPPORTED BY
THE RIETVELD)

- | | |
|-----|----------------------------|
| 150 | Ann D. Higgins |
| 151 | St. D. Henry-Saile |
| 152 | John van Leuven |
| 153 | John van Leuven |
| 154 | Heide van der Vlugt |
| 155 | Maria Madlari |
| 156 | Josephine Gietz |
| 157 | Eva Simons |
| 158 | Marie Willem |
| 159 | Marie Willem |
| 160 | Marie Willem |
| 161 | Marie Willem |
| 162 | Marie Willem |
| 163 | Marie Willem |
| 164 | Marie Willem |
| 165 | Marie Willem |
| 166 | Marie Willem |
| 167 | Marie Willem |
| 168 | Marie Willem |
| 169 | Marie Willem |
| 170 | Marie Willem |
| 171 | Marie Willem |
| 172 | Marie Willem |
| 173 | Marie Willem |
| 174 | Marie Willem |
| 175 | Marie Willem |
| 176 | Marie Willem |

24.
STAY.

25.

Have fruitful and educating conversations all day and receive about 200 signatures on your OPEN LETTER with demands to the board. Meet Palestinian students that expresses the importance of these actions on this fucked up academy.

26.

The Authorities announce that they want another meeting for you all to "UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER". There might still be hope for this academy.

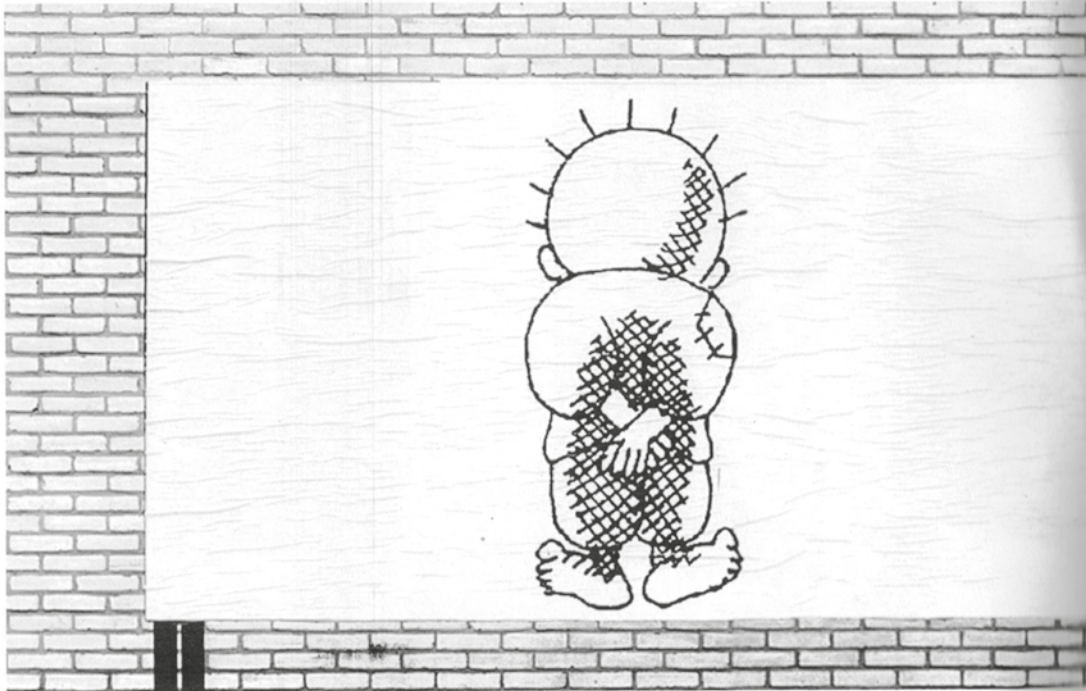
27. (7th February 2024)

Attend another REPRESSIVE meeting with the authorities.

Hear them say that you are being harsh when you do not agree with their terms.

Hear them say they feel hurt when you explain that you feel unheard.

Hear them express that students experience an unsafe environment and do not want to come to the academy anymore. They also say the assembly is not to blame, but that it should think about the impact of its actions.



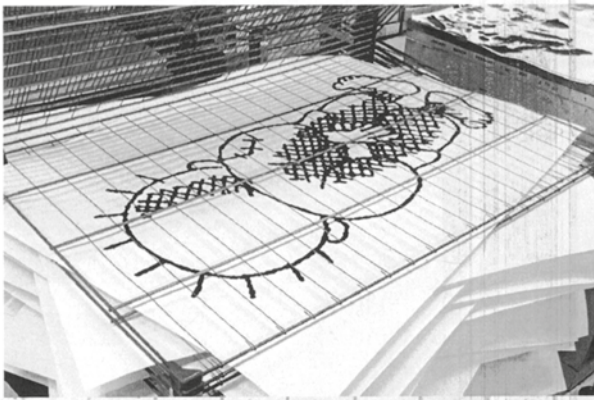
28. (

Have people still not in the assembly join with new ideas and creating a billboard with Handala looking up at the Rietveld Monument (building).

Handala was originally created by Naji Al Ali in 1969.

29.

Screenprint over 40 HANDALA's together and let workshops, and departments adopt HANDALA to show solidarity to the student movement and the Palestinian struggle.



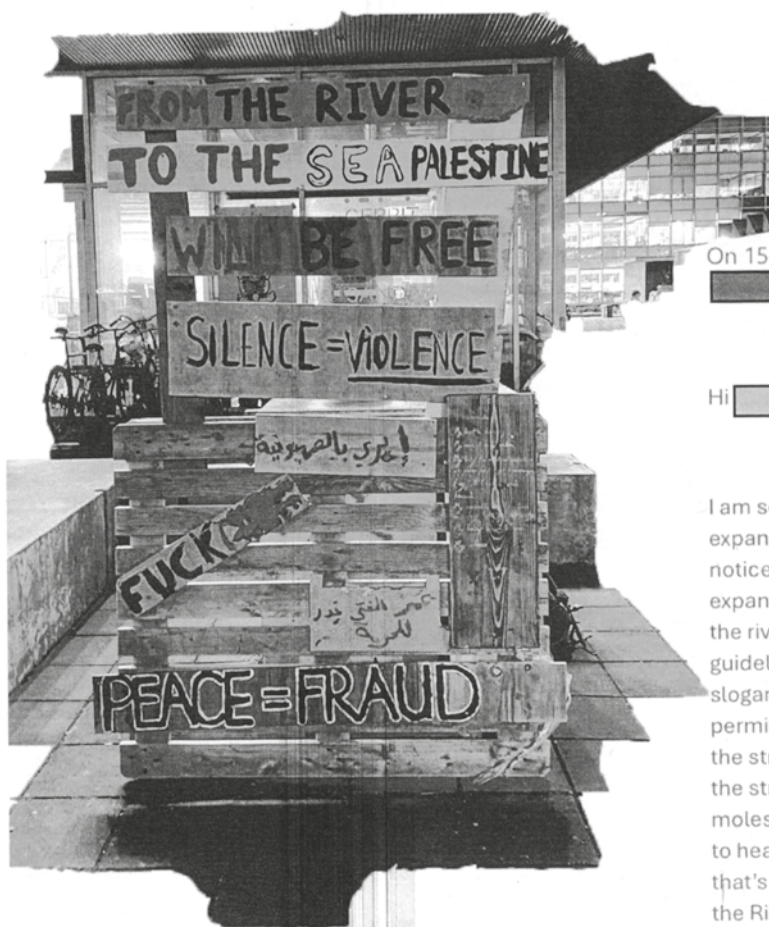
In 1967 Palestinian cartoonist *Naji al-Ali* lives in exile in Kuwait.
In the same year the Rietveld Building is finished
and students start to move in.

Two years later *al-Ali* creates *Handala*,
a 10 year old child, who is the age *Naji Al-Ali* was
when he was expelled from his village in 1948

In 2024, the Rietveld Building turns 58 years old.

Handala remains the same age.

30. (14Feb2024)
BUILD A NEW MONUMENT FOR
SOLIDARITY AND
COMMEMORATION.



On 15 Feb 2024, at 14:11, [redacted]@rietveldacademy

Hi [redacted]

I am sending you this email concerning expansion of the structure in front of the building. We have noticed that the structure in front of the building has expanded. But we have noticed you used the slogan 'FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA PALESTINE WILL BE FREE'. The Rietveld Academy guidelines from the local authorities of Amsterdam state that this slogan is seen as a call to violence and is not permitted. That's why this sentence was removed from the structure. Secondly, while your group was expanding the structure in front of the building you also removed the yellow sign in the assembly hall. We would like to hear why you guys have done that and if that's acceptable. Because you are members of the Rietveld Academy for which we have money to correct it.

Waiting for your response.

Met vriendelijke groet.

31. (15Feb2024)

The authorities individually targets members of the assembly and falsely accuse them for "molesting" the buildings and being personally responsible for the monument and the actions of the assembly, where they would personally face repercussions.

32.

The authorities claim that the slogan "*from the river to the sea*" is a call for violence and order that it should be taken away from the monument. They falsely claim that it is prohibited in Amsterdam to use the slogan. Otherwise it seems as they will let the monument stay at its place.

33.

Tell the authorities that the assembly is to be contacted as a unit and ask them to stop terrorizing single students. Give them the time and date for your assemblies as that is where they can reach you. Educate them in the history of "From the River To the Sea" and show them Dutch juridical decisions that it is not a call for violence. Therefore removing it would be a obvious act of silencing and censoring (and terrorizing) student voices and artistic works.

e.n] wrote:

34..

The authorities takes the signs down without answering your mails.

35.

Post on social media about the censoring and the terrorizing and broaden the community and amplify the assembly.

2 topics. First, the
academy. We have
academy has been
and the slogan from
my is following the
Amsterdam. This
is therefore not
ill be removed from
up was expanding
guys have also
ly hall. I would like
d why you think
esting property of
e to spend time and



36. (7March2024)

Since the authorities did not address publicly about forbidding the slogan, help them by performing them.

37.

The Head of Facilities interrupts and tries to disrupt the performance. 30 minutes after you are done all posters are gone.



38. (12March2024)

Make new signs with alternative slogans for the monument.



On 18 Mar 2024, [arnoud.kortenbou](#)

Hi August,

As you are aware "you know space" you know school this procedure guidelines concerning normally a maximum have long passed there for more than to let you know that before 5pm this Friday removed this Friday facilities. If you want you must go through any other project.

Met vriendelijke groet

Arnoud Kortenbou
Hoofd Facilitaire

39.

Make posters with alternative slogans and gift to workshops and departments to show solidarity.

40. (18Mar2024)

The authorities once again target an individual with accusations.

41.

This individual expresses sadness, and fear of being at the academy.

42.

The authorities apologise by saying it was never their intention and explain why this individual should not feel how they feel.

43.

The authorities says that the monument have been on public display for too long. They now refer to that there must be a written permission to show a public artwork and maximum time is 2 weeks, even though it had already been there for 1 month.

44.

*See the Authorities
be completely silent
as zionists attack
and vandalize the
monument on a weekly
basis.*



45. (2March2024)

After two days, find leftovers of the monument in the trash.

46.

Pick it up.



47.

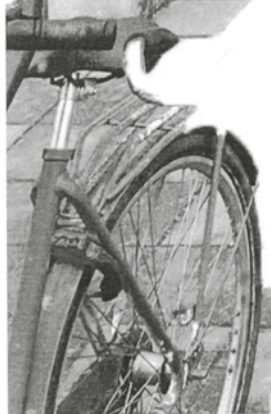
Put it back.

48.

Find it in the trash again the next morning.

49.

Pick it up.



50. Rest.

| PROJECT AGREEMENT FOR TEMPORARY PERFORMANCE IN THE PUBLIC SPACE | |
|--|-------|
| Student name | _____ |
| Student number | _____ |
| Phone | _____ |
| Department/Class group | _____ |
| Teacher | _____ |
| Project description (materials, fixation, purpose, etc.) | |
| _____ | |
| _____ | |
| Location | |
| Beginning & Removal dates of object(s) | |
| _____ | |
| Any material, artwork or objects in the corridor, stairway, entrance, building surroundings or roof which are not approved or labeled by A&D Boukhalstein, room 30705, will be regarded as trash and therefore REMOVED. | |
| General guidelines: | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> You be respectful to the building and its residents <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> You be respectful to the environment <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> You always ask permission or advice from our concierge <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No blocking the staircase, emergency exit or any other escape route <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No disturbing of tenants or other fellow students <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No painting on floor or walls <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No drilling or hammering in the walls <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No electrical plugs working after closing hours | |
| Approved and monitored by | |
| Date: | _____ |
| Name: | _____ |
| Signature: | _____ |



51. (6 April 2024)
Go to the academy on a weekend and rebuild the monument.



52.

Create the censoring work of the Authorities yourself by covering the signs in black fabric.
Our voices are smothered, we scream into the void.

53.

Plan to go to the head of facilities on monday to ask for permission. Since the assembly consists of many individuals the 2 week period of a "public artwork" can be constantly extended.

54.

Find out on monday morning that there is no time to ask for permission. You find 2-3 pieces is in the trash and the rest is..?

55.

Walk up to the "control room" of the authorities and confront them about it.

56.

Rage and cry and explain how it feels to put hours and hours of work, self education of the liberation of occupied Palestine and fighting for the ending of a genocide just for it to be smashed into pieces by an Authority that claim to care about the students.

57.

Be gaslit by the square and emotionally manipulative authorities once again.

58.

"You could've sent a mail", "Those are the rules and praxis", "Imagine if everybody would do like that", "This has become a cat and mouse game".

59.

Ask why we all cannot be mice.

60.

Hear authorities claim that they in fact are mice.
Then who is the cat? The students? Miauw?

61.

Get told they have the right to throw your artwork in the trash, even though it is an art academy, and they know to which group it belongs to. They do not seem to be obliged to show the students and their work respect.

62.

Demand to get the missing pieces back.

63.

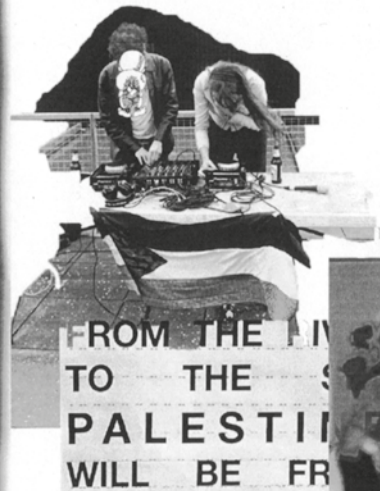
Get some pieces back while most are missing. When you ask of their whereabouts, get lied to by facilities saying they don't know where they are and When you keep on asking for who might know where they are they will scream in your face that this is all there is. In fact, the very person screaming sawed them to pieces to use as firewood.

64.

Assemble and put the monument back up during one full day and have fruitful and supportive conversations with students and staff walking by.

65.

Assemble and organize for the fundraiser



66.

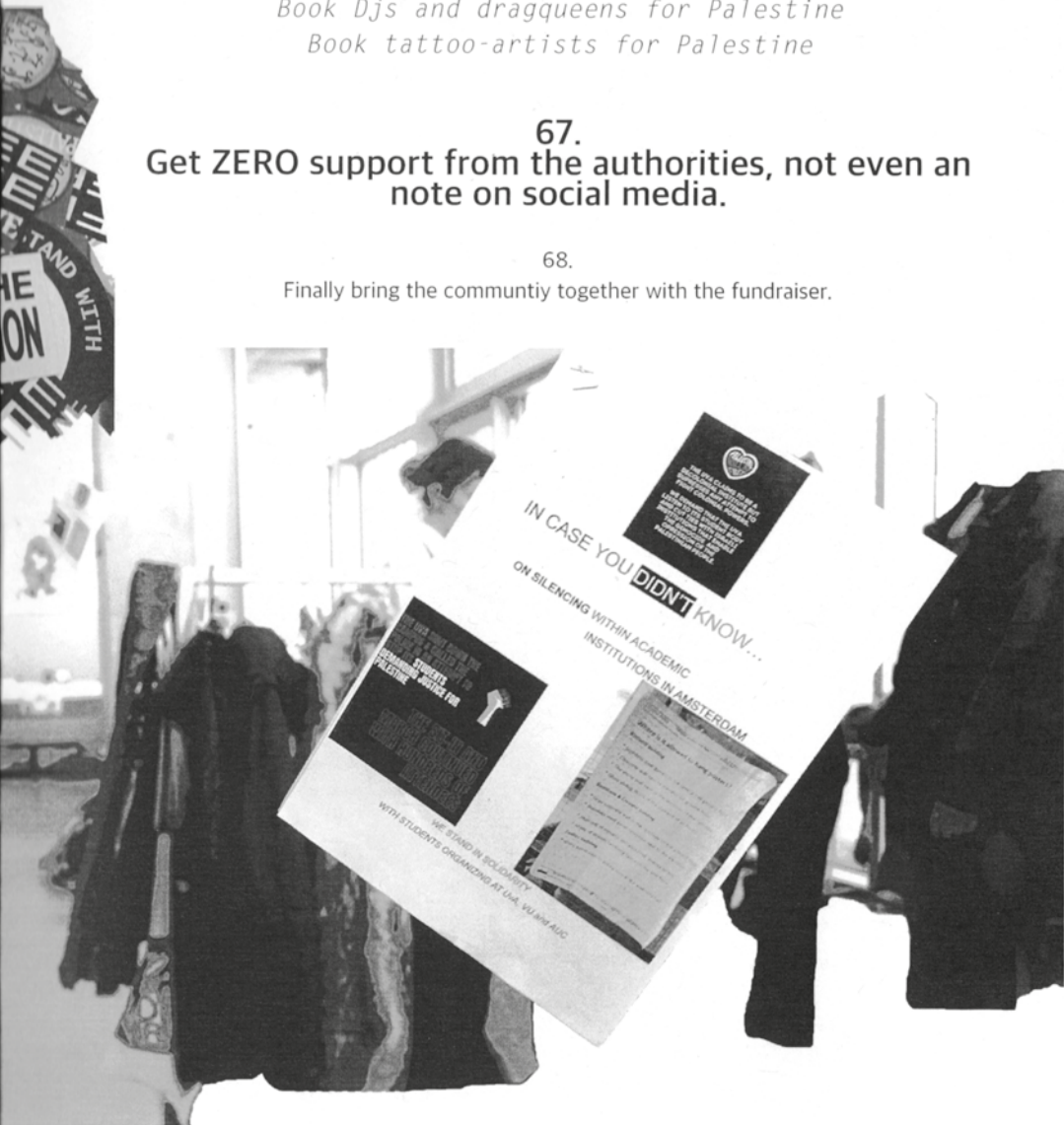
Prepare mini-monuments for Palestine
Prepare lino prints for Palestine
Prepare tote bags for Palestine
Prepare stickers for Palestine
Prepare food for Palestine
Collect clothes for Palestine
Collect student artworks for Palestine
Book Djs and dragqueens for Palestine
Book tattoo-artists for Palestine

67.

**Get ZERO support from the authorities, not even an
note on social media.**

68.

Finally bring the community together with the fundraiser.



69. (12 April 2024)

**Make it the biggest event the
community has experienced
for years, raising 4800 euro for
families to cross the border of
Gaza.**

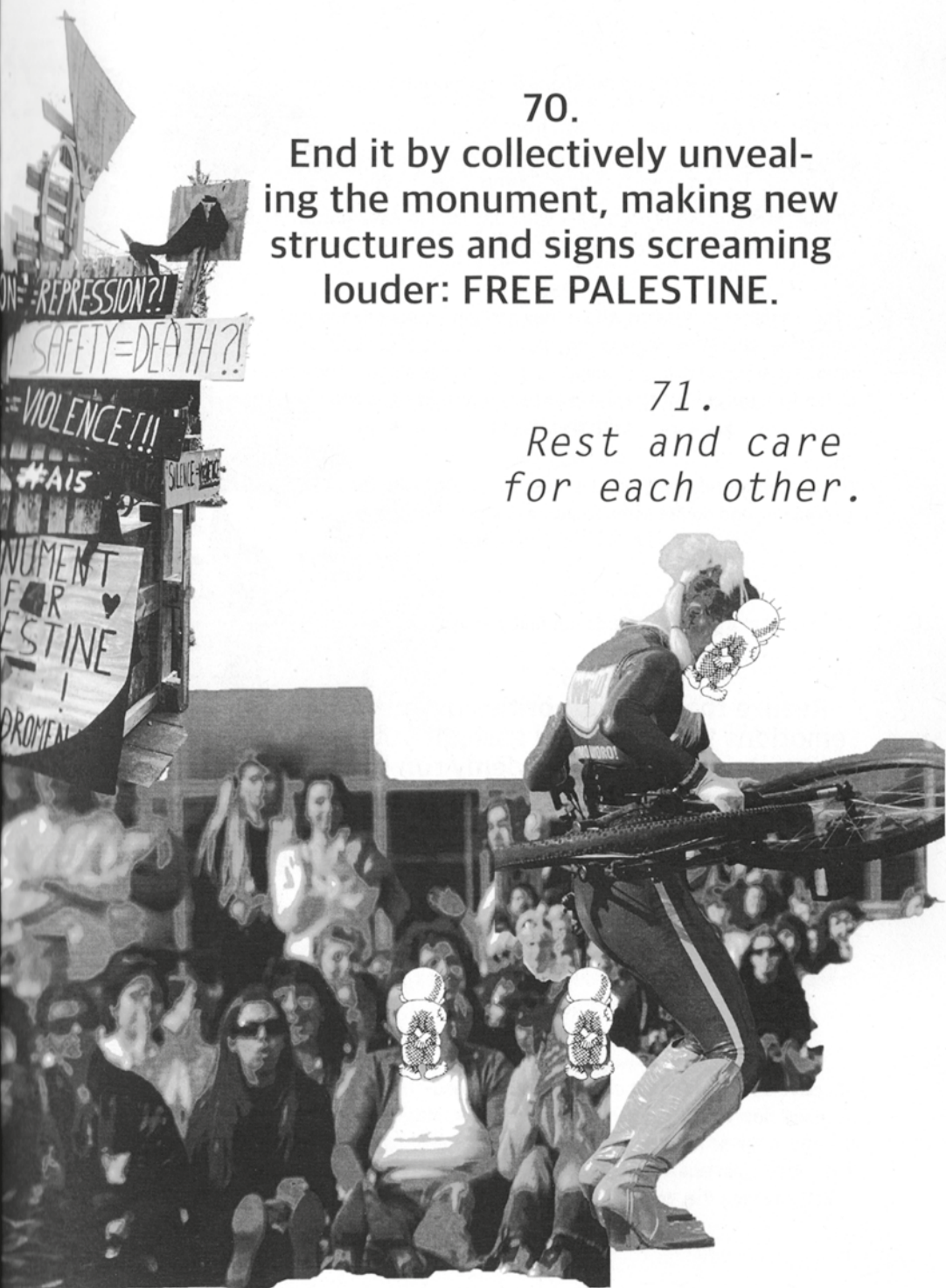


70.

End it by collectively unveiling the monument, making new structures and signs screaming louder: FREE PALESTINE.

71.

*Rest and care
for each other.*



72.

Come back after the weekend facing another threat from the authorities saying you are calling for the annihilation of a group by using the slogan "from the river to the sea". Realize that a permission for a public sculpture does not matter.

73.

Have another discussion where they gaslight your work and your emotions. They claim they do not ban the slogan, but insists you to remove it. If you don't, they might have to ban the slogan. They seem to have forgotten that they have already removed signs and posters with this slogan.

74.

The Authorities relates "From the River To the Sea" with the use of a racial slur, and do not listen to our responses of how outrageous this claim is. "It is complicated".

75.

Realize that the authorities do not find your emotions valuable.

76.

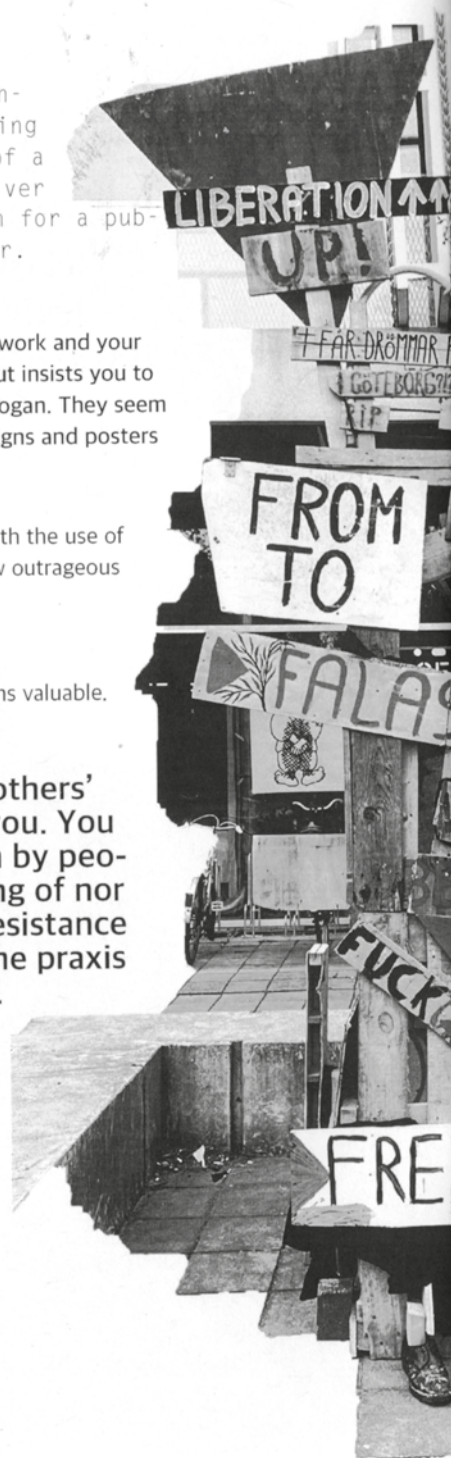
Realize that the authorities use others' emotions to silence and gaslight you. You are studying at an art academy run by people who have neither understanding of nor respect for art and the historical resistance of colonisation. The website and the praxis is filled with empty words.

77.

Assemble, share commitments through poetry and make your own commitments to being more radical!

78. (22April2024)

Receive an e-mail from the board that the monument will now have a permanent space, at least until the end of the semester but before graduation-show. They once again explain the complexity of the "conflict" and urge the "community" to be respectful.



79.

Find the monument attacked and demolished by a Zionist.

80.

As you pick up the pieces to rebuild, the Authorities comes out to make sure you are okay and expresses concerns for how sad we must feel, and how hurt we must be because somebody destroy's our monument. They will let you know that their door is always open if you need support, but only until 12:00 today.

81.

The Authorities organize and specifically invite you to a set of 3 dialogue tables. Chairing of the table talks will be an "institutional critical" curator of Stedelijk. Once again the Authorities completely ignore you from being a part of the organization and also forgets to recognize the assembly itself as the space which they cannot create.

82

Connect with parts of the staff and start re-writing the demands together.

83.

Invite the Authorities to an assembly instead of their attempt to continuing gas-lighting through dialogue tables.

84.

The authorities wonder if they and the curator could visit you to clear some things before the dialogue tables. Explain that you are not available since you are joining the UvA-Encampments. Tell them that you would love to see them in the support-demos.

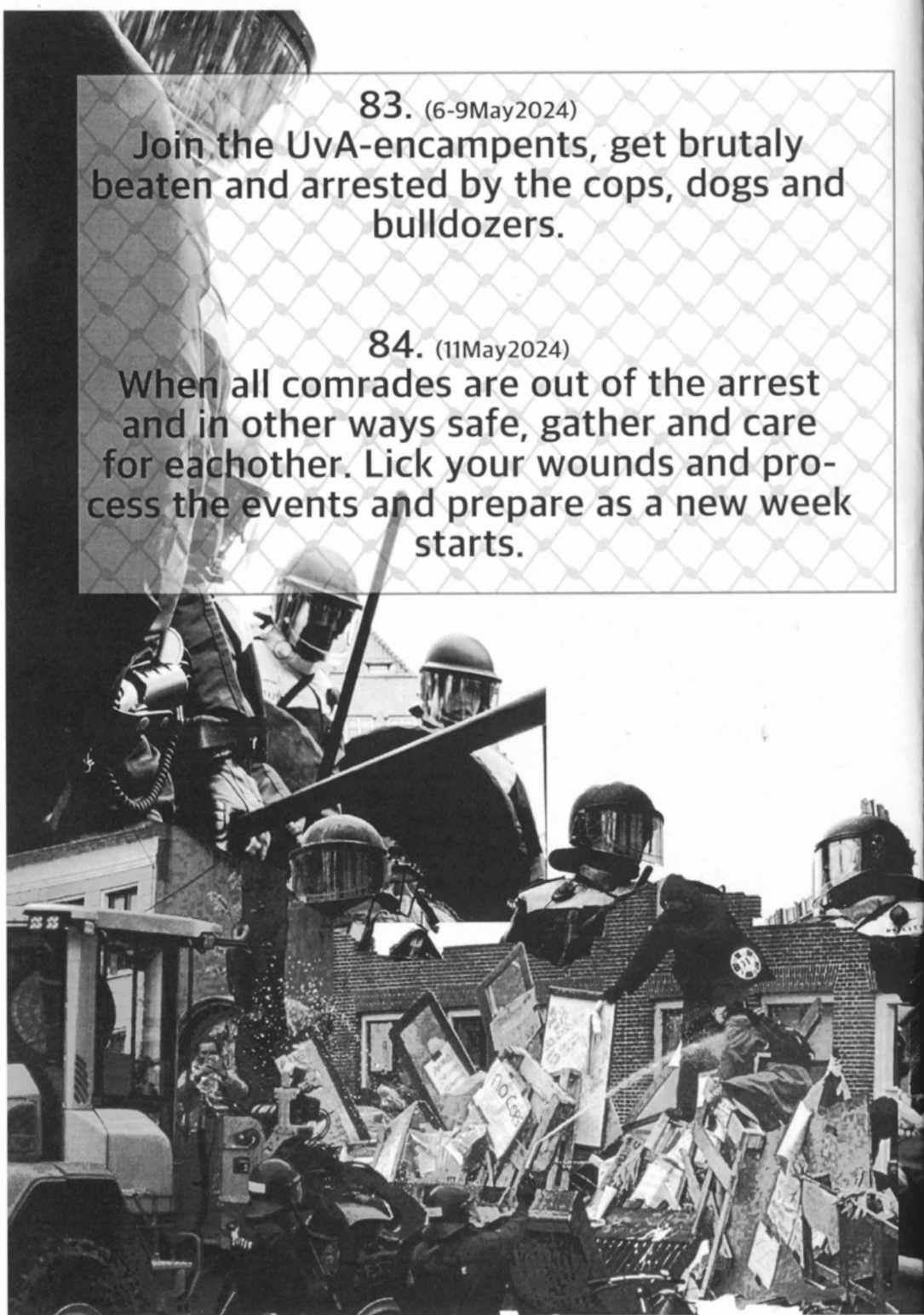
This is the 8th physical edition of our monument for Palestine. Right now (5th June 2024) we are at 9.1 (rebuild and remake after Zionist attacks).

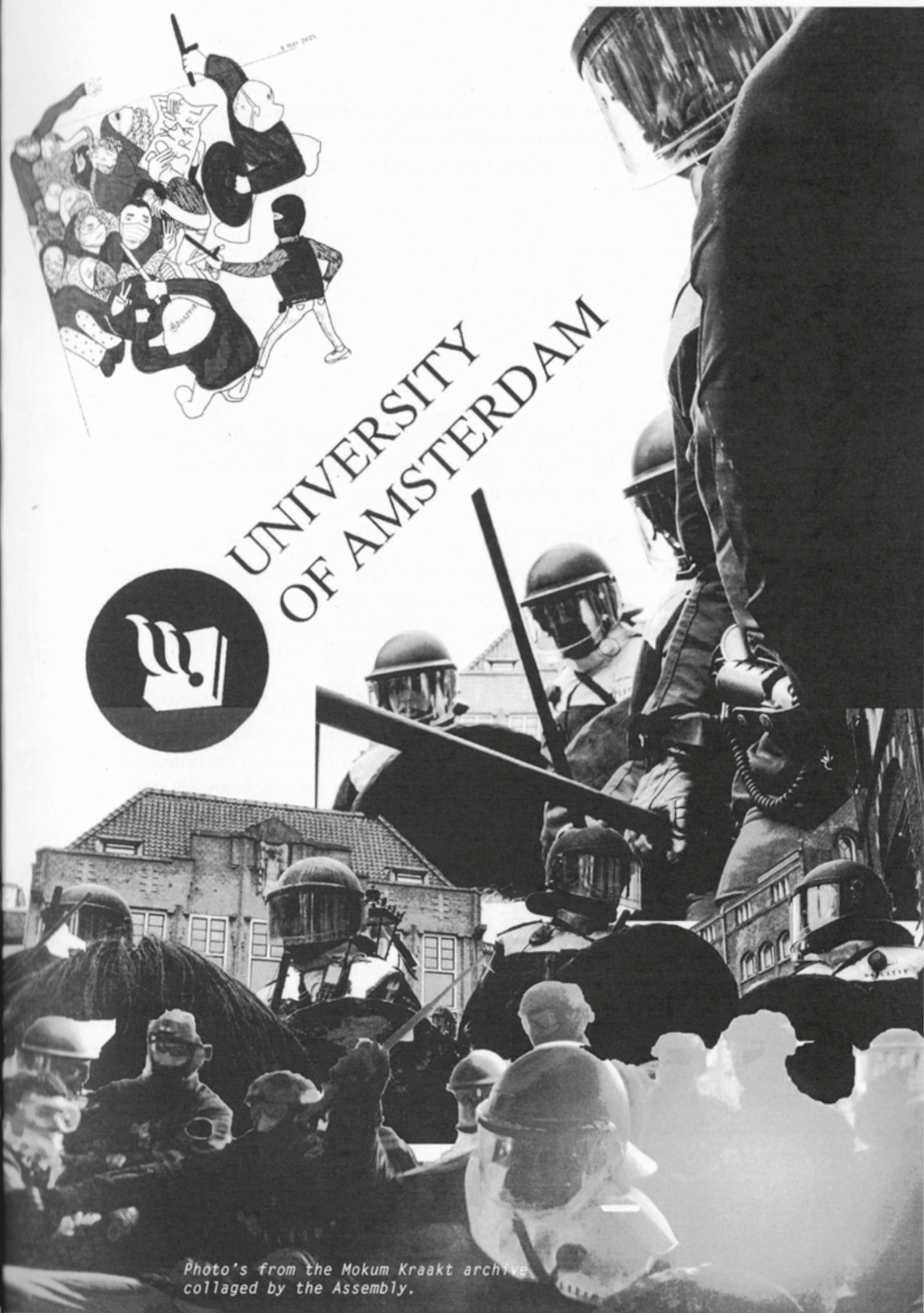
83. (6-9May2024)

Join the UvA-encampments, get brutally beaten and arrested by the cops, dogs and bulldozers.

84. (11May2024)

When all comrades are out of the arrest and in other ways safe, gather and care for each other. Lick your wounds and process the events and prepare as a new week starts.





Photo's from the Mokum Kraakt archive
collaged by the Assembly.

85.

Mobilize the community for an art strike with a performance and disruptive protest for the "dialogue tables" which coincidentally and ignorantly appear on the same day as the commemoration of the first Nakba 1948.

86. (13May2024)

One comrade who was arrested receives a greeting from the Authorities with "warm wishes", condemning police violence and support with open arms. The same arms that directed the facilities to break the monument, on these arms are the hands which where held over your mouth as you try to voice "FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA, PALESTINE WILL BE FREE". Kindly decline, and express why. Later you will find that they steal your words.

87.

Dedicate your weekly assembly to mental health check-ins and reconnecting after the intense and traumatic experiencing through the past week's protests, encampments and police violence.

88.

Get the assembly interrupted by the Stedelijk curator who is obviously terrified for the table talk the next day. She ends up taking one hour of your time and finalize her presence by kindly asking you to "come with an open mind tomorrow".

89. (15May2024)

Scare the shit out of the authorities by creating banners and gather around 100 people walking around campus and taking turns on chanting and reading commemorations for the first Nakba and the ongoing genocide of Palestinians. You will interrupt the dialogue tables and explain to the participants why you are not participating and everybody will start crying and you will end up comforting the authorities.

90.

In relation to the Nakba-protest you publish the newly written demands which also invites the board to an assembly where they shall transparently explain how and when they can meet your demands. The demands gets 600+ signatures from students, staff and alumni.

91. (22May2024)

See the authorities start meeting your demands in (yet another) open letter asking for feedback. Assemble and formally inform them how they are still far from your demands of Disclose, Boycott and divest from Israel and Initiate support to Palestine. Give them a deadline and invite them to an open Assembly where they can present how and when they meet your demands to the whole community.

92.

They decline your invite and 2hours before the assembly they publish how they (not) meet the demands with a given timeline.

93. (28May2024)

You still have the assembly, with the whole community, and have invited comrades, alumni's, BDS and Pro-palestinian Jewish person to speak. The authorities is there but they claim they only came as "listeners". However they are confronted by the invited speakers and come up on stage where they make their first public gaslighting exposing themselves with huge uncomfortability to the public.

94.

Rename the theory stairs to Naji al-Ali Action Stairs. Declare that you will not leave until your demands are met.

95.

(28May2024)

Start the encampment.
Start the Factory.



REMEMBER THOSE WHO
STOOD AGAINST BULLDOZERS



AMSTERDAM MAY 2024

- Drawings from Golruk Nafisi, a Rietveld graduate from 2016 based in Tehran that have connected to the assembly through the student intifada.

- From instagram livestream during assembly and filled Naji al-Ali Action Stairs.

96.

See the Authorities make your encampment into a cute sleep-over. See how they take your language in order to manipulate you. See their open letters through which they try make it seem as if they have control and a clue of what they are actually doing, they have neither.

97.

Gather comrades from the student intifada, make a shit ton of banners, posters, zines and protest at the academy- shut down an artwashing exhibition. No business as usual during genocide.

98.

See the Authorities post on social media that the students peaceful protest made it unsafe for the artworks and the public. See them take no responsibility but blame everything on their students acting up against complicity.

99.

Write 100 notes on how to assemble a monument.

**100.
Free free Palestine.**

**101.
As a reader, create
101 new steps on
how to ass-
emble a monu-
ment.**

A protest speech.

Hi everybody and thank you to everyone who showed up today, shouted with us the last weeks and months on the streets but first and foremost to those who have been loud about the Palestinian Liberation Movement long before October 7th.

My thanks go to the Palestinian People for teaching us through their steadfastness, their resilience and unwavering commitment to liberation. To the Martyrs of Gaza and the people fighting from the diaspora.

Two weeks ago on Wednesday, when we should have been commemorating the day of the Nakba – as bizarre as it is to commemorate on a single day a genocide that has been going on for 76 years – what we were instead asked to participate in was another round of institutional gaslighting. We took that moment as we come together in protest instead, to recount the events of the past eight months. I will do this again now. For us to remember collectively, because let's be honest: Zooming out is necessary to realize what it is that the board has been doing. I also recount these events for those here, for whom this all has remained behind closed doors and to whom it might seem like it's the board who is initiating a dialogue and who might be prone to fall for the image that they paint of us: as the ones who refuse to talk.

The Student Assembly came together right after October 7th and was initiated by courageous students. Students who were involved with the Palestinian struggle and the fight for Decolonization for long enough to realize right away where the silent complicity of institutions in the west would take us.

40,000 civilian murders later, we stand here, now.

In November the students collectively wrote a list of demands and presented them to the board. At the same time we put up posters. We put them up all over school, calling for attention and solidarity. Calling for human rights and resistance to the genocidal colonial project. The board takes down our posters and singles out a student who is called into the directors office for violating the premises. The board says they don't silence us. Before the Christmas break we put up the first Monument for Palestine. They remove the sentence "From the River to the Sea, Palestine will be free.". We replace it with "From the Water to the Water, Falasteen won't be forgotten.". They say they don't silence us.

Parallel to this we hear no response to our demands. Groups of students repeatedly meet with Maaike and Miriam, giving them full blown lectures about the history of Palestine.

They take notes and continue to deny the Genocide by calling it "a war between Israel and Hamas". After October 7th the board reaches out to Palestinian students and staff and calls them Israeli, participating in the discursive erasure of the Palestinian People. Through this supporting the ethnic cleansing project of the Apartheid state Israel. The board withdraws its statement in solidarity with Palestine from 2021.

One day they tell us it's because of the negative press they got in response from the Dutch Media, other days they tell us about obscure "proof" that it was somehow not good for the learning environment to speak up for human rights. One day the board tells us they do not operate in response to outside pressure, another day they take down our Monument because Zionists from outside of school attacked it. They call our Monument "over-played". They don't mention Palestine in their e-mails.

"Gaza and the region".

The board tells us they want to remain neutral and un-involved when it comes to political

issues. We call them out on this not being in line with the Institutional Plan that's valid until 2025. The Institutional Plan that positions the Rietveld as an Academy that wants to foster politically and socially engaged art practices. We call out the board on its white supremacist conception of "neutrality". Later they say they don't claim neutrality. They hear what we say but instead of listening they use our language against us.

One day the board tells us that students don't feel safe because of the Palestinian flags and posters on campus.

Another day they tell us that in reality no complaints from inside the students and staff have been voiced and that Israeli students have voiced support.

The board puts out one(!) poster calling for programming ideas and at the same time the Head of Facilities is writing hostile e-mails to an individual student regarding our Monument. The board claims to be facilitating dialogue but by January 26th, on the Open Day, no dialogue has happened. Four months into the escalated stage of the genocide. So we coordinate an impromptu pop-up stand full of information on the unfolding genocide, on actions happening all across the Netherlands and we provide learning materials about the history of Palestine and the Nakba. Miriam comes up to us maybe five minutes after we had set up and tells us to leave. We refuse because we think it was urgent to go into conversation with the wider community, something no space has been facilitated for outside our weekly meetings. Miriam commands us to put up a sign that clearly states that we are not supported by the Rietveld Academy. We should have written that we are not supported by the board of the Rietveld Academy because on that day within a few hours we collect 180 signatures from students and staff in support of our demands.

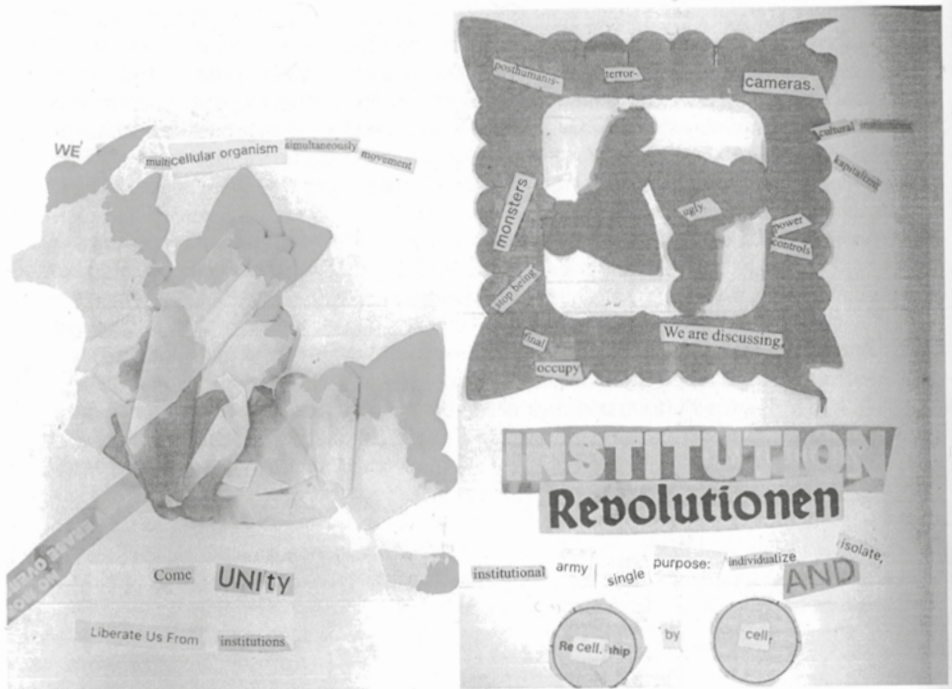
In response to the obscure and strangely timed so-called "new poster policy" we organize a performance. Students collectively walk around campus putting up posters that read "It is strictly forbidden to use the following sentence at the Academy: From the River to the Sea, Palestine will be free!". We collectively witness the performance being interrupted by the Head of Facilities. By the end of the performance most posters have already been removed. In the first weeks of May students from Rietveld and Sandberg get violently beaten up by Riot Cops that the University of Amsterdam unleashes on peaceful protestors. The board of the Rietveld sends an e-mail saying that they are sad to hear that the protests turned violent.

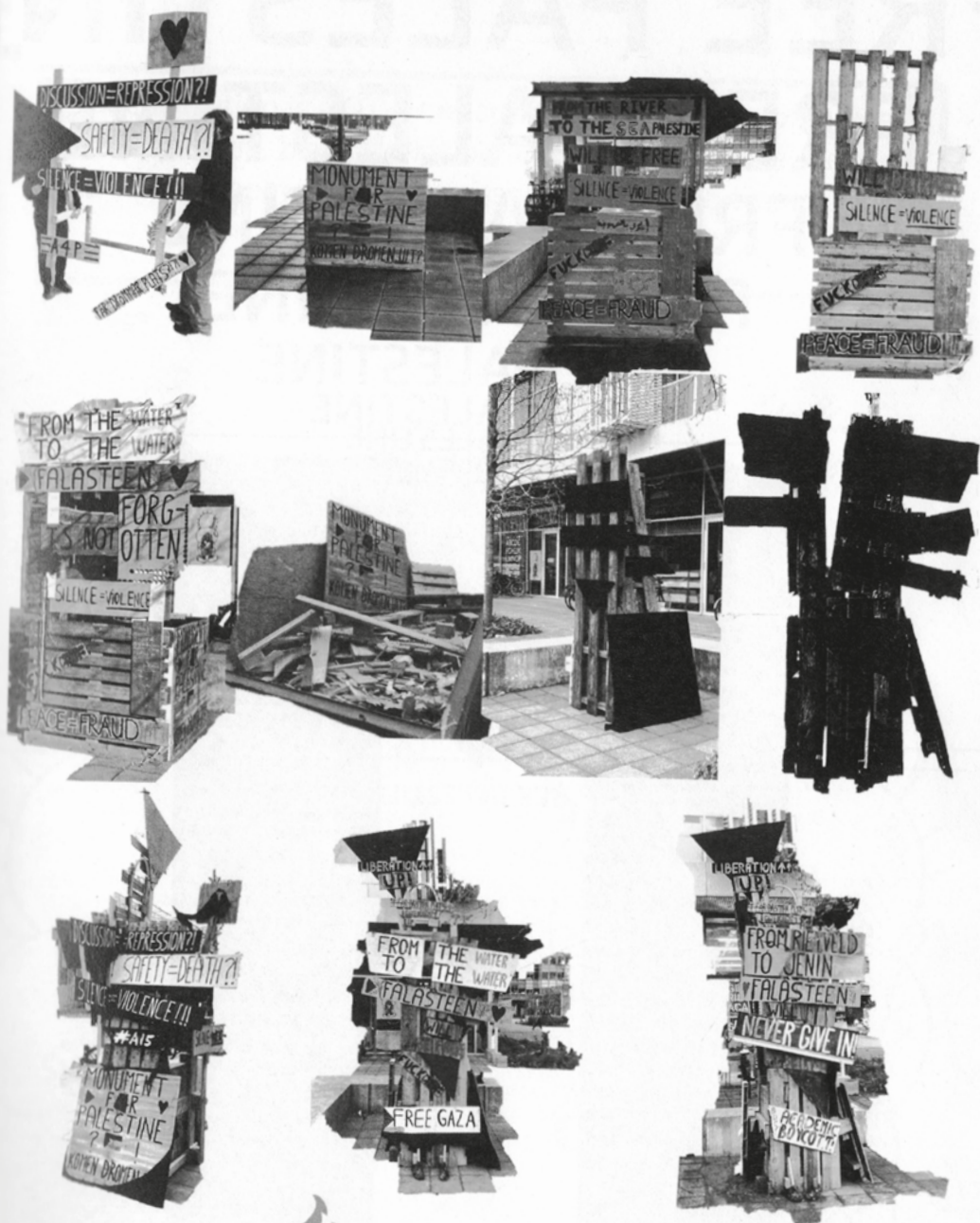
It's impressive to see to what extent the board will push it to keep students from speaking out about crimes against humanity. It's not impressive, it's shameful. I am embarrassed to be studying at an institution like this. Deeply ashamed.

Also in the first weeks of May: staff of the Academy has taken it upon them to write an updated version of the demands that the Student Assembly had put forward months ago. We thank them for their efforts and their solidarity. This is the version of the Open Letter that was sent to the board, with more than 500 of our community members having signed it, two weeks ago. Elektra will read out to you how they have acted in response and I hope it will anger you the way it angers us.

More on Monuments:

As stated in the beginning, a counter monument and anti-monument implies not following the structures of traditional monuments. In that sense the very actions and space created through the assembly is an anti-monument. It is a commemoration of the first NAKBA 1948, a commemoration of all the Palestinian martyrs that the world have failed to be there for. Of which the western world in general and the big colonizers (Netherlands) specifically is responsible for. The trajectory of the assembly is a monumental force of actions on a seemingly small scale, yet not.





Gerrit Rietveld Academie

FREE PALESTINE

FREE PALESTINE

FREE PALESTINE

FREE PALESTINE

FREE PALESTINE

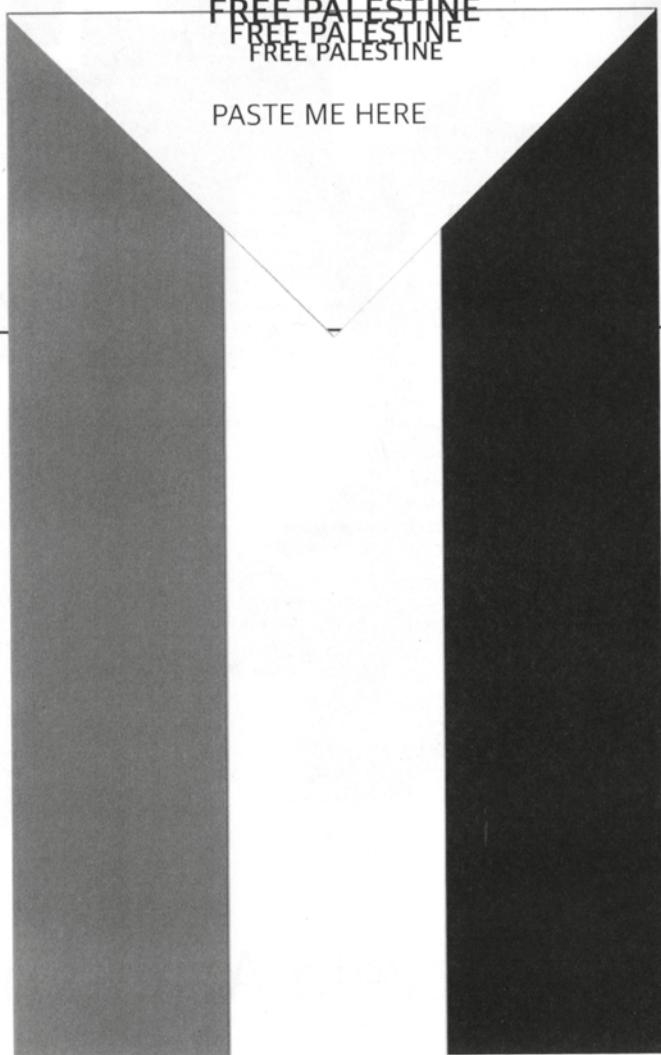
FREE PALESTINE

FREE PALESTINE

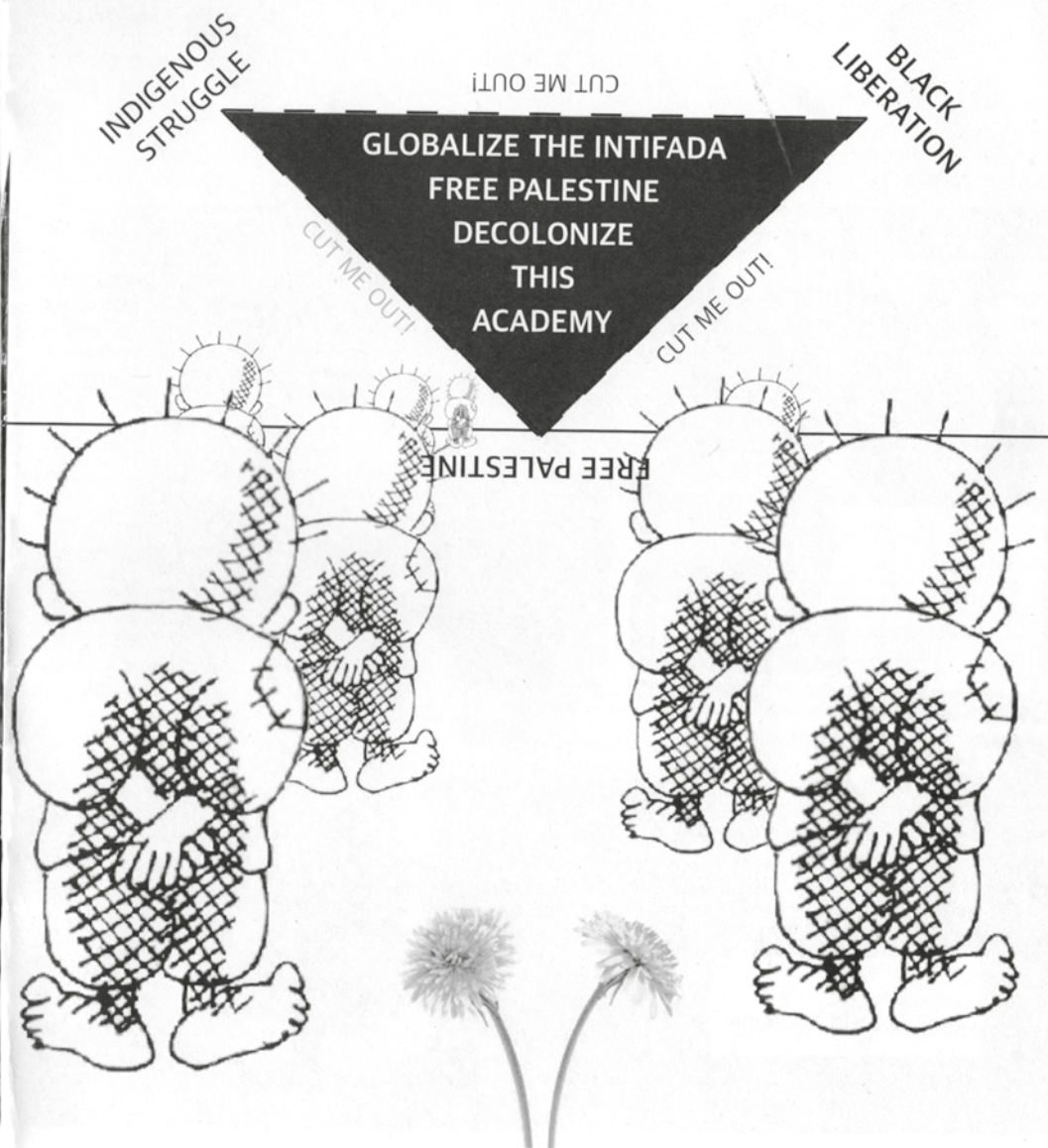
FREE PALESTINE

FREE PALESTINE

PASTE ME HERE



"Decolonization is NOT a metaphor. Triangulation of indigenous struggle, black liberation and a free palestine produce a re-arrangement of relationships that make empire look like this: [BOTTOM-UP]"



GRA.SI STUDENTS 4 PALESTINE

RIETVELD/SANDBERG STUDENT ASSEMBLY FOR PALESTINE

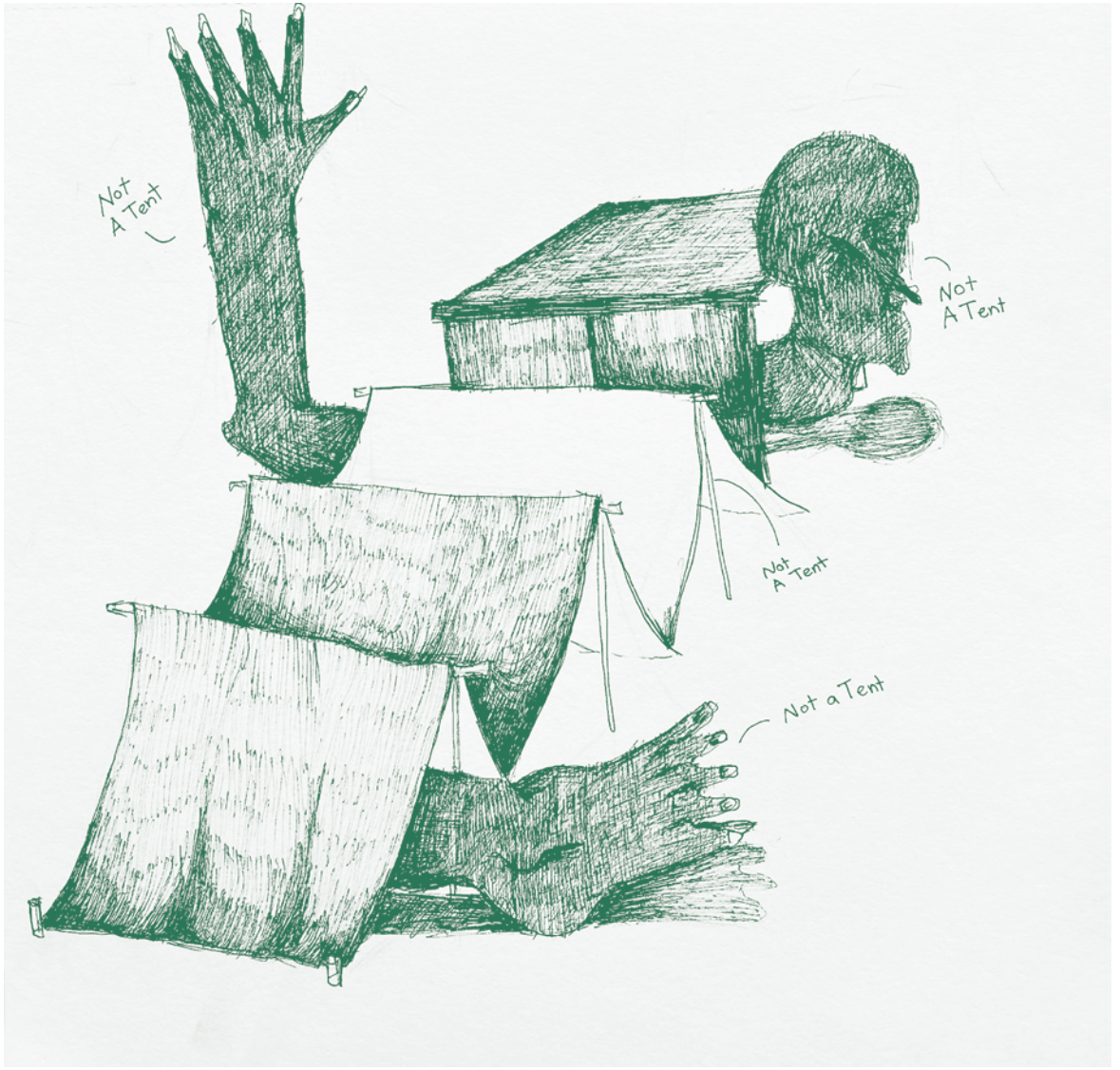



Gerrit Rietveld Academie

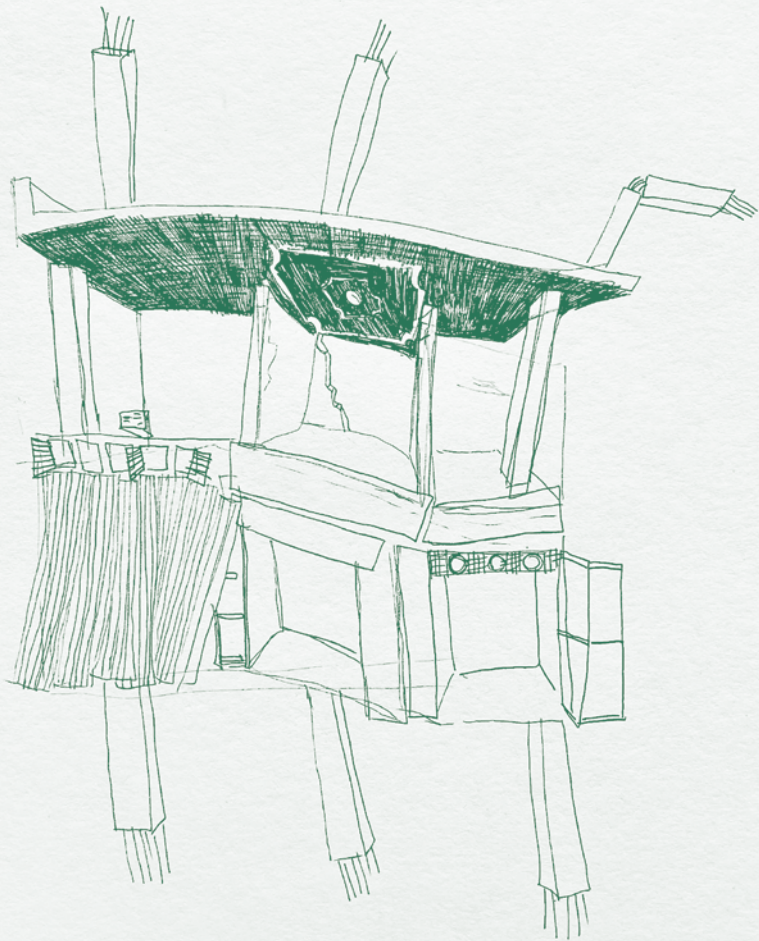
Handala, created by Naji al-Ali.



WHAT IS HOME FOR GAZAINS?



not a cubical concrete



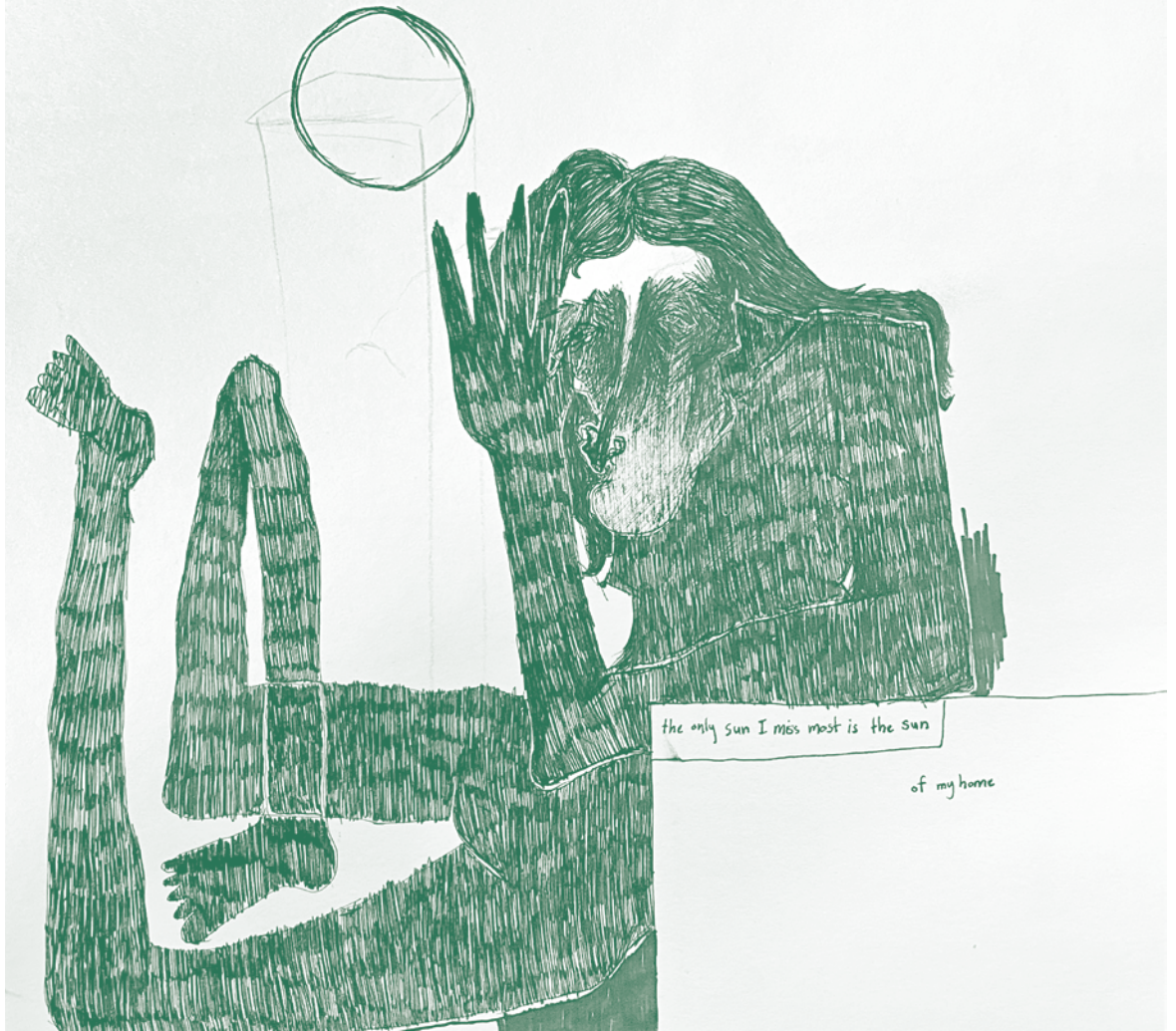
it is more rooted, more deep, cant be
form or shaped, not a feeling and not a
sway of emotions, rather it's more
into our core, our subconscious
our inner.



sometimes I wish
that the rubble
would eat me
alive, so that
I become one
with
my
Land
and
Home



but what sun are we talking about?



the only sun I miss most is the sun

of my home

There is No Solution

I am afraid that we will
be immigrated as when
our parents were.

of course, we will be
back to our homes
back to our cities

ironical,
now we are
saying the
Same word



You know, I took none
of my belongings, You know
why?, So that if My house
is gone, I am not going to
regret All the Stuff I did
not get.

✓ 11:00



This
is
sun

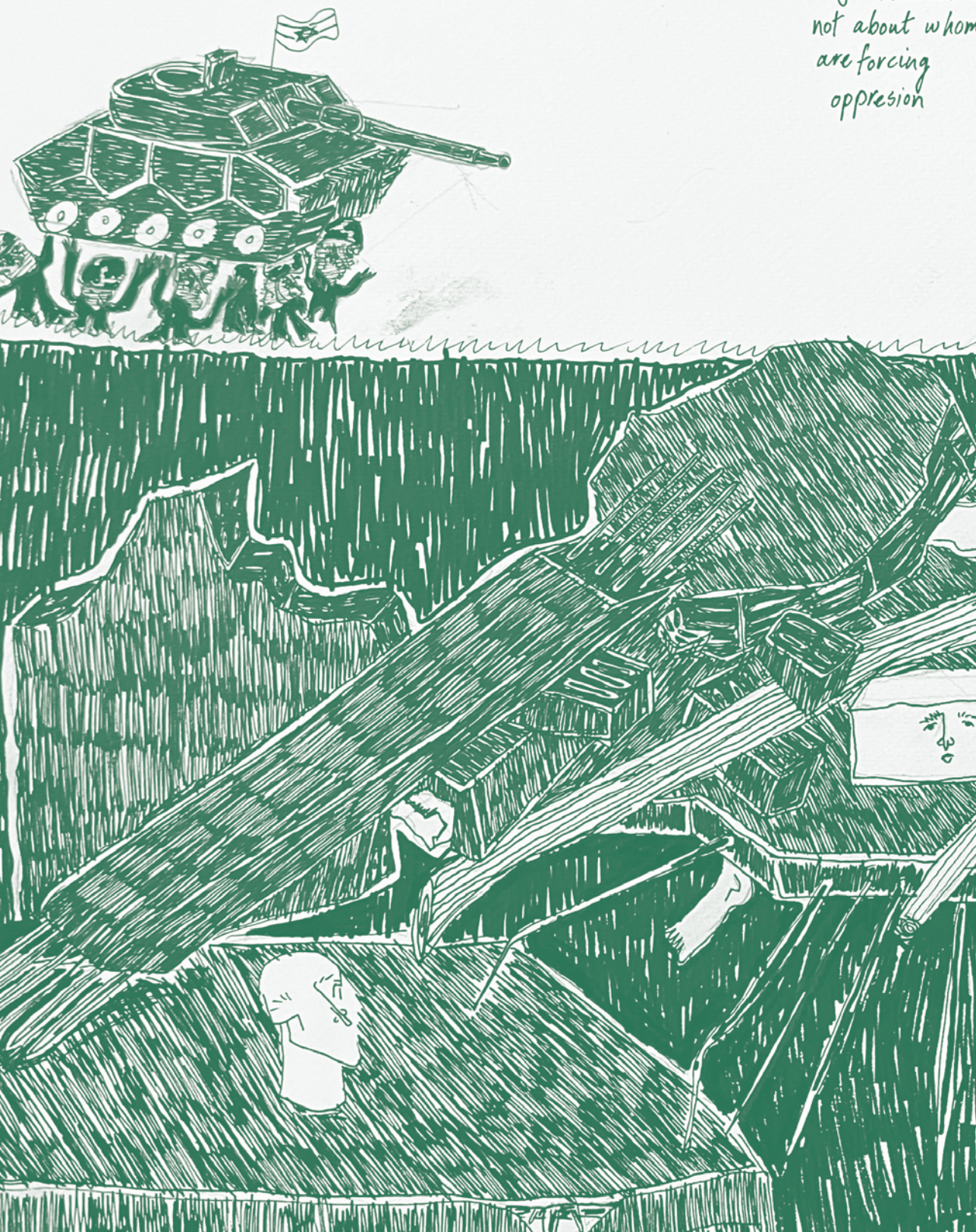
Our House is gone ✓ 2:00

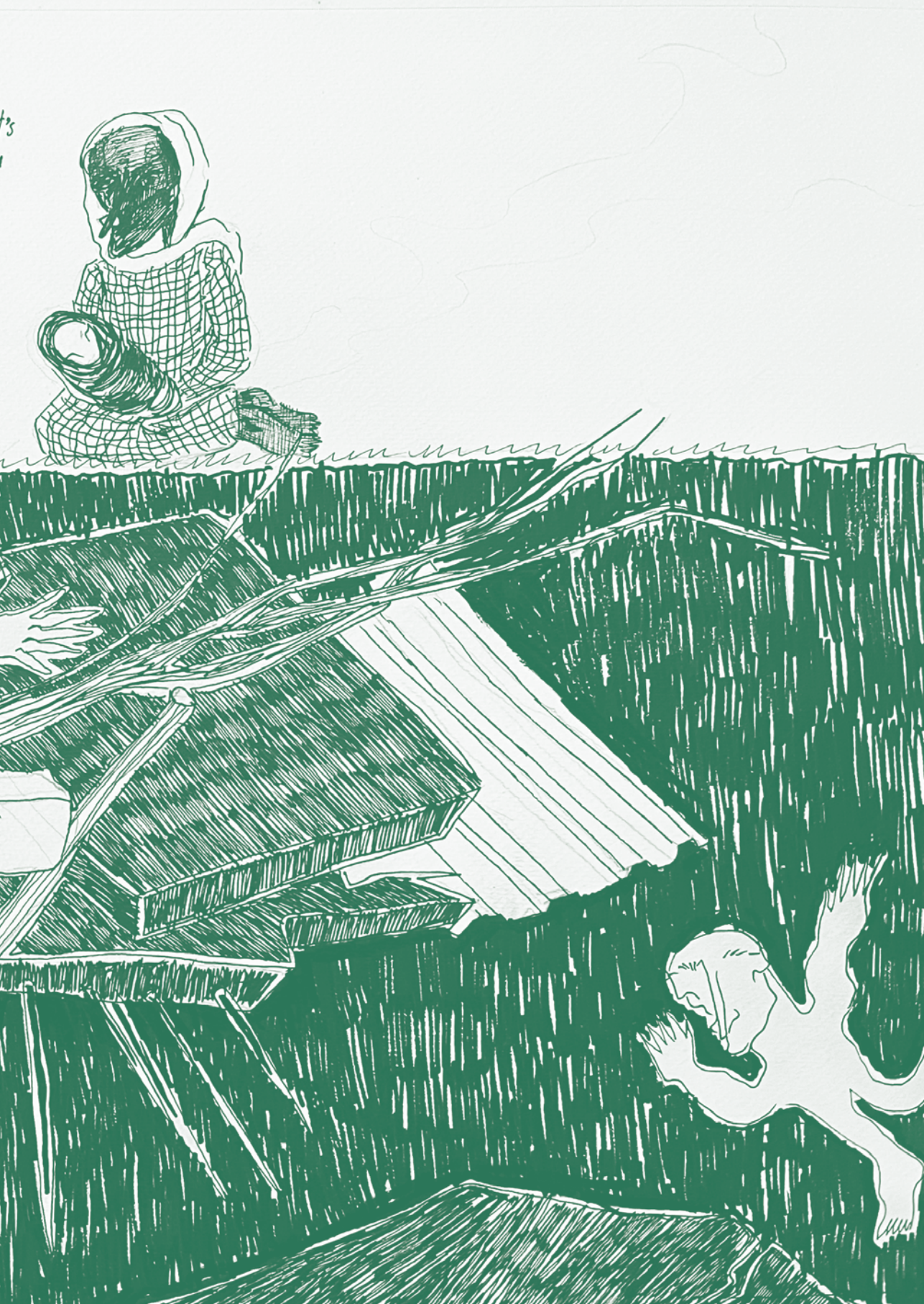
كلنا كزايين و بنمشي

مع بعض

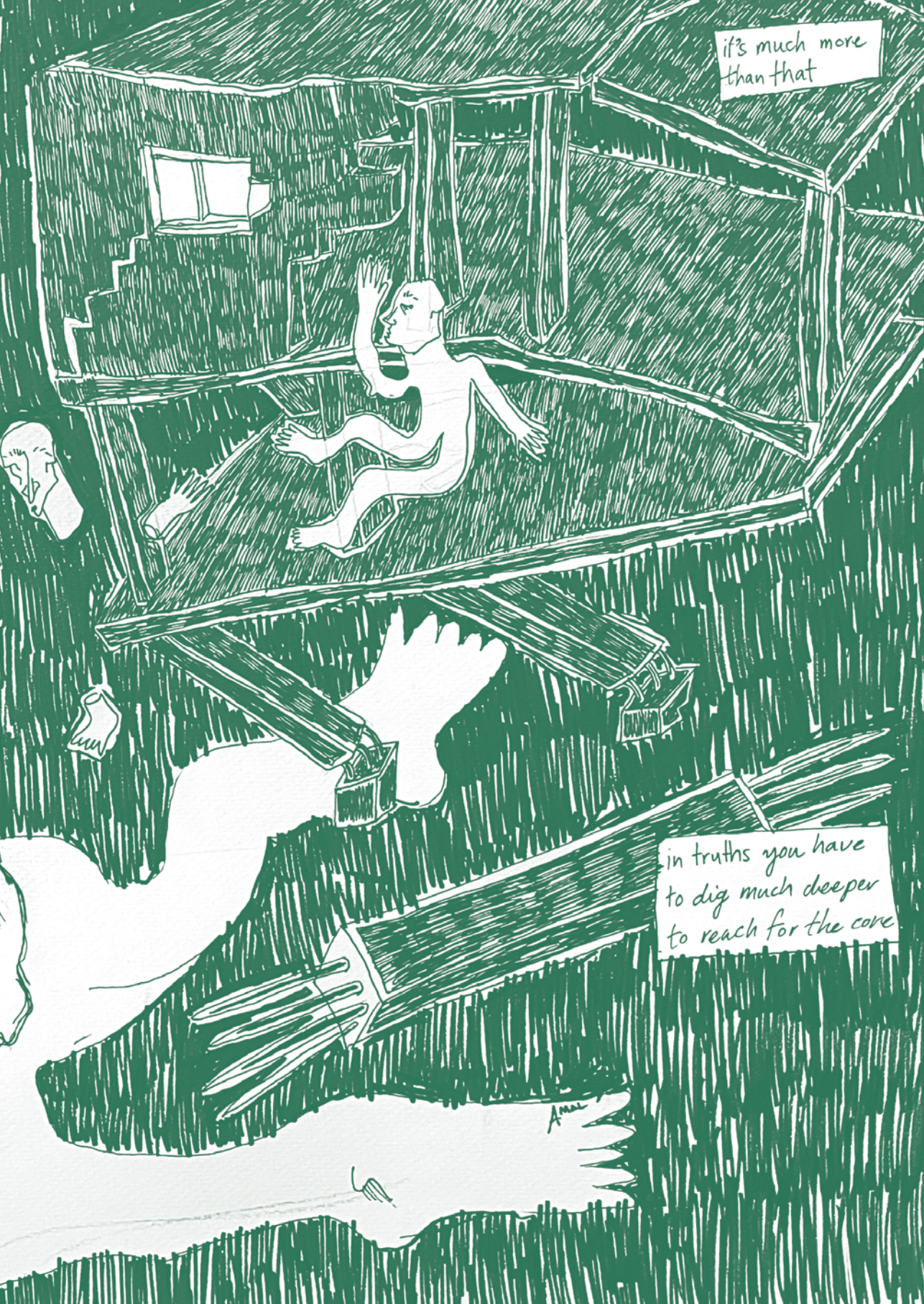


honey! in truths, it
not about whom
are forcing
oppression







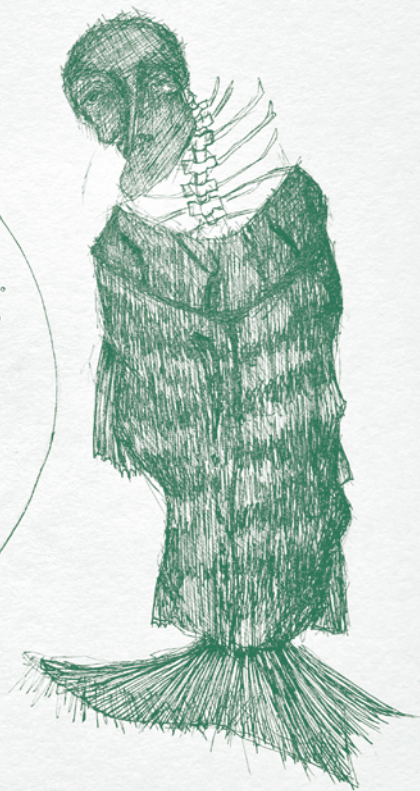


it's much more
than that

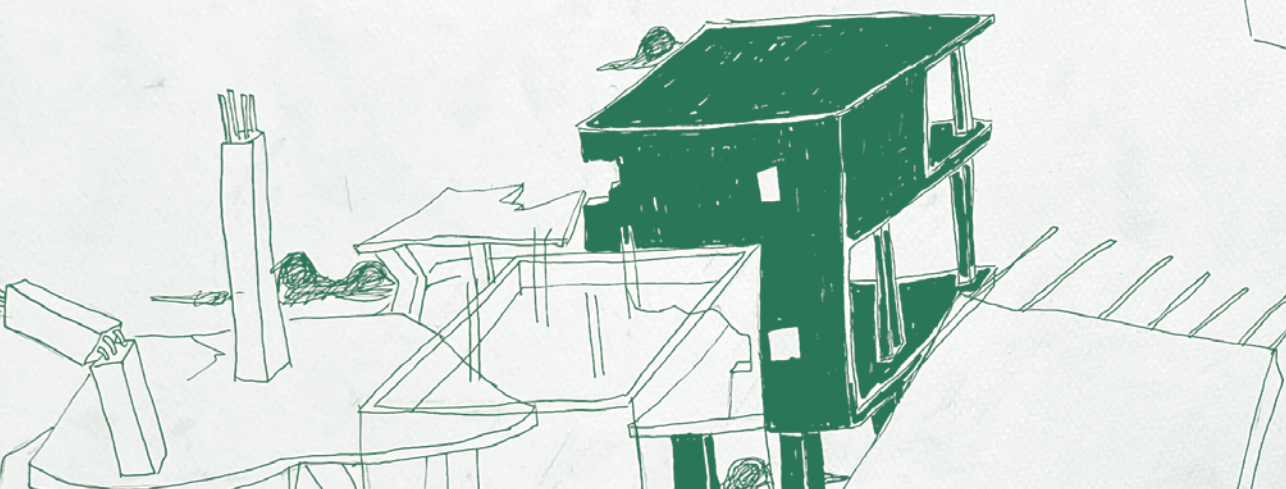
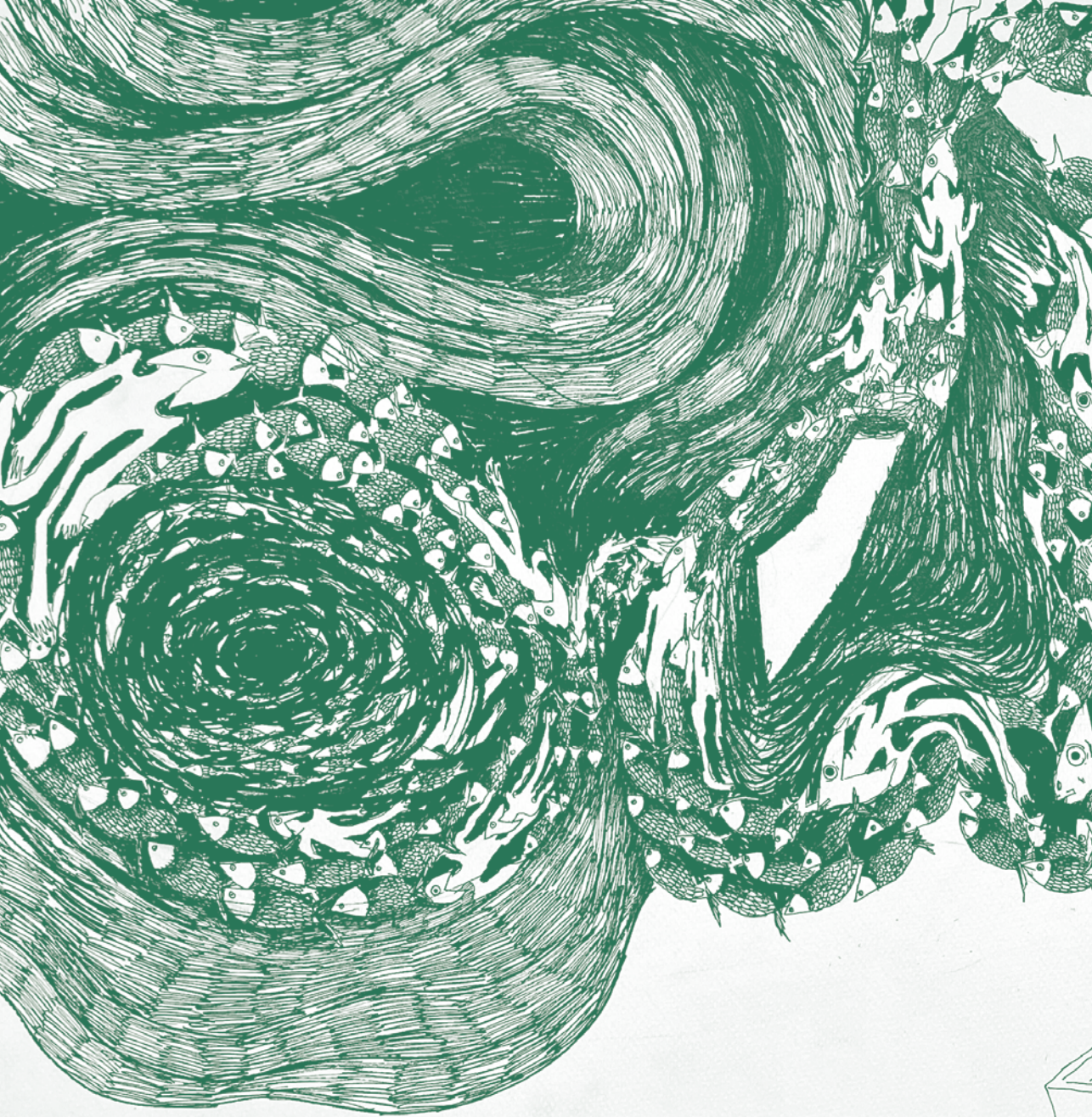
in truths you have
to dig much deeper
to reach for the core

Amal





between Gaza and I







To my classmates at the UvA, with love and rage
Audrey Fabbri

Dear political science students,

I write to you as a student who, like you, glides from lecture hall to lecture hall, from Monday to the weekend. I also write to you as a protester. As a body who, unlike you, glides from street to street and march to march.

These eyes, held in their place by the two people I can be, know all of you intimately. They know you as a person and they know you as a crowd. They also know a person can become a crowd, and a crowd can become a unified person.

During this semester, these eyes observed *some* of you step out into the streets and become the crowd. But they also observed *most* of you step further into your shells and turn 180 degrees away from the crowd. And as the movement began to glide from march to cop car, from avenue to cell, from arrest to arrest to arrest, these eyes watched you lose sight of the crowd entirely.

And now we are here, at the end of the school year and the crowd has gone home. I question if it would've had to, if you'd had your faces turned toward us. How many would the streets be holding if you'd followed the call of your unspoken responsibilities?

Physical space has photographic memory. It remembers struggle, it remembers fear. Most of all, it remembers justice, whose roots seep into the very bricks that dot our campus. And yet you trod this ground as if violence was a distant dream and justice was a simple shadow, speculation and comments heavy in your mouths.

I have watched you closely as you've strolled back into buildings where yesterday me and my friends were beaten, our knuckles were bruised and our bodies were forced into cars.

I've watched you walk back in with pens and notebooks and laptops, these weapons lying dormant in your bags, all while we hid flags in ours to walk back home without harassment. I'd hardly call that distant. And I'd hardly call it over. I wouldn't call it anything except a plea for solidarity.

With your eyes, I'd see it as a cry for you to step out of the lecture hall and help reshape political science in our name, and reshape justice in the name of the people of Palestine. But you didn't step out, you forgot. You made ignorance your comfort and stillness your action.

But that's the thing about action: it is exclusively a group project. The more numbers on our side, less excuses on their side. That's why the crowd is not a finite unit.

It's true, the ground isn't the only thing that holds memories. *Collective engagement is narrative formation.* Repeat that. *Collective engagement is narrative formation.*

It is not just occupying space, sound, time. It is not just making private land a public haven. It is taking the pen back in hand and erasing the first line. And in its place, collective action is not just re-writing, but restructuring. It is also tearing out the pages of the book and collaging them into a beautiful patchwork. It is folding and unfolding them into new shapes, new colors, new visions.

This is the nature of *collective* action: if one of us is out, all of us is out.

That's why the ground isn't the only thing that holds memories. Because we are the only thing that can transform them into action.

Collective engagement is narrative formation.

The intention of this article is to ask you why you didn't join in the movement as it rose. It is your job to ask yourself, why you should join when the movement rises again. You

study a tricky subject as students of political science, one that asks you to learn from the inside but equips you with the tools to learn on the outside. It is your responsibility to engage with the outside, with the raw unfiltered politics you glimpse in your textbooks. You do that by joining the crowd. You do that by forming the narrative.

One last thing. The crowd does not talk back to those that whisper. It does not perceive those that move like ghosts.

Real politics has soul, real politics has struggle. Real politics is loud.

So new rules next year.

As of today,

Class will be held on the streets until further notice.

A Choreography of Escalation
unknot

“It’s about to explode”¹

Everyone agrees. On that second Wednesday of May something had changed in Amsterdam. Maybe you found yourself on a barricade, about to throw yourself on the charging bulldozer. Maybe you found yourself kettled together with the person carrying the sign with the Wikipedia entry for “Imperial Boomerang” on it, ridiculing the cops who despite their state-of-the-art technology did not manage to break through that second barricade, your open display of amusement at their clownish angry impotence doubled once they had to release you due to “insufficient capacity”. Maybe you found yourself inside the encampment, arms locked with comrades, arrested by the cops to later become un-arrested by other comrades. Or maybe you found yourself to be one of the unlucky few who got arrested early on, having to spend the next days in a prison cell.

Maybe you had been released from the kettle—as you walked out someone shouted “no justice; no peace!”, and you answered—you were told Rokin, and so you went to Rokin. Or maybe you watched a livestream at work, coming to Rokin as soon as you got out, where you became part of the masses that took back the streets, that finally had to become our streets.

That the streets had to become our streets was non-negotiable. That our comrades had to be released was not a matter of conversation, of mutually recognized viewpoints exchanged. The university board, the mayor and the politicians have made it clear that they are not really interested in dialogue, constantly choosing to mishear and misrepresent our demands—demands that are reasonable, just and have

been clear from the beginning. Instead, they choose to endanger us in order to protect genocidaires. In this moment, you see it doesn't really matter whether they are protecting genocide because they claim to believe in the power of dialogue, or if they're just outright fascists. Face to face with a violent police force ordered by a liberal, genocide-denying mayor, you see no difference between the two positions.

“From this rift we must make a trench”²

You find yourself wanting to go where the cops don't want you to go, in the direction of their vans, towards the street that leads to the university, to the barricades in ruins, to your arrested comrades. They keep erecting lines in front of you. You see their skinny jeans and batons. You look into their hollow eyes. You realize you've never come this close before. You still fear their batons and the law they abuse to their own ends, but something has changed. You feel courage too, and a willingness to go much further than you previously thought you could. You know you've made this decision, though you're unsure when it was made.

The decision wasn't made the day before, on the seventh of May, when a demonstration protesting the brutally violent eviction of the first encampment turned into a march, which turned into the occupation of the Oudemanshuispoort building. For months you've been forced to be a spectator to genocide, a genocide that started long before you were born, but that has intensified as a reaction to the puncturing of the fantasy that there can be permanent security for a colonial state. A genocide that the university boards, mayors and politicians all over the western world are choosing to deny and defend with all their power. The resistance against genocide is exposing, again and again, that power is the only justification for this power. Exposing that this

power is so corrupted it doesn't even care anymore if its semblance of legitimacy gets lost because it trusts blindly in what it thinks sustains it—power.

After you were made to watch and bear complicity in months of genocidal punishment against those resisting genocide, the mayor, board and politicians chose to send out violent cops to destroy our first peaceful encampment. They had a choice, and they chose a vulgar display of power. That morning you woke up to two bulldozers on your feed; a picture of a three-story high CAT bulldozer menacingly at the edge of a refugee camp filled with Palestinians made homeless by zionist violence, and a video of a bulldozer destroying the barricade you had been protesting in front of the night before. In that moment you saw the violence that is their true face.

The night before, on the Monday of the first encampment, you had been part of the support demo outside of the barricades that protected the encampment. You'd been inside, but when it was announced that those who were "low risk" had to leave, leaving those "high risk" behind, you left the encampment. You thought you were unprepared for high risk. Maybe you had too many things on you, were feeling a bit sick, work tomorrow, and also, you hadn't even properly thought about what it would mean to get arrested. Maybe your immigration status in the country could be endangered by arrest. But you resented that you had to leave, and you resented the risk categories. You were all protesting against your university's ties with genocide and apartheid. You were doing the right thing, peacefully. What right did they have, splitting you up like this, forcing you to leave the others behind so that the police could brutalize them, so that your comrades could be made to bear the brunt for daring to resist genocide?

“We act heroically in a cowardly world to prove that the enemy is not invincible”³

Where you found yourself now, on Wednesday, facing the cops at Rokin, those risk categories seemed very far away. Of course you were better prepared this time. You had left your ID at home. Your information was with an arrestee support group. You were wearing a face mask, both to protect yourself against the police’s unlawful methods of creating evidence and out of solidarity with those braver than you. You had brought a twenty-euro bill, so you might buy some food or a public transport ticket home after they released you. Later you had worried the cops might just steal the money. But at this moment you were no longer worried about money, nor about these categories. It was as if something had happened that suspended the very distinction between low risk and high risk.

Together you chanted, Shame on you, shame on you, shame on you! They should be ashamed, being instruments to the genocidal classes. You chanted, We are peaceful, what are you, as they were forced to retreat until they had nowhere else to go but to hide behind their vans. You were peaceful, and your numbers were like a knife at their throat. You chanted, The people united will never be defeated, and it was true. Any doubts you might’ve had about professional outside agitators evaporated. You felt the enormous power of collectivity, and you understood how much it could make possible. You could see how they would never understand this from their position, how they could only read those gorgeous well-made barricades as being constructed by professionals, who, by their logic, could never belong to the same group as students. This, however, was not about making them understand. Having been part of this movement had left you feeling like everything needed justification,

as if all your actions were meant to capture the gaze of those who in many ways were your enemies. You saw that this was unavoidable. You felt that this gaze implicated you, and how, in order to be effective, you sometimes had to think with it, though it restricted your thoughts and actions. You hated that contradiction. But the collectivity of that moment was not addressed to them. It was addressed to those around you, and it was returned to you. No outside gaze was needed to authorize all of you. For a brief moment, the movement existed for itself—for Palestine.

“The Palestinian cause is not a cause for Palestinians only, but a cause for every revolutionary”⁴

Though it didn’t start on the seventh of May when thinking about what had made all of this possible, you kept returning to the barricades that were raised that day, that act of resistance. Of course those barricades didn’t come from nowhere; they have a history too. As one Instagram user wrote from abroad: “Francis Fukuyama, during a visit in the 1990s to the Netherlands, boasted that the country had reached the ‘end of history’ long before its European counterparts. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined Amsterdam to turn into the epicenter of the student movement in Europe, brimming with political clarity and valiant insurrectionary tactics. Sterilize your cities of its militant formations and they will come back to haunt you with renewed fervor. The global struggle for a free Palestine is a struggle for a History in motion.”

The return of the repressed militant left, whose members actually never left, a legacy that had never fully died. A return that also meant a return of History to the capital of this neoliberal hellhole. A glimpse of the beginning of the end of the end of history? In the streets you saw

this legacy taken up by the real, new left, and it filled you with hope and courage. You saw the same old class traitor fascists in the streets and it filled you with anger and courage. Your shared destructive potential made you long for the beautiful new world you will collectively build on the ruins of the old. The return of History meant being able to imagine a way out of this endless, genocidal present, because for a moment, you were already out. Maybe it didn't start on the seventh, but the barricades that were raised that day by the canals in the historic city center did inaugurate something truly new. A collective effort that materialized a sharp cut, an interruption of the seemingly seamless flow of business as usual. The puncturing enacted by the barricades opened up an emptiness in which suddenly there was space for something else. What had been impossible before was suddenly possible. Amsterdam was resisting, in a way not seen since what feels like forever.

It feels strange to hold on to something that might have felt like something, but that at the same time seems to have achieved almost nothing. But you know that this day held a promise, that it was only the beginning. You know that they are wishing they had never made possible that experience, what you felt and witnessed. You radicalized that day, you were much more courageous than you knew, and so many experienced this with you. Together you defied their threat of violence, putting your body on the line, risking arrest and being beaten in order to win some terrain. Together you pushed back their cars, you threw yourself in front of their already driving vans, saying You want to leave? Over my dead body. Together you provided cover for the comrades who deflated the tires of the arrestee bus, forcing the cops to release your comrades. Though you are unsure where your courage and your capacity for sacrifice had come from, you know to whom it was addressed.

This was for the collective, for Palestine. For all this, they had to punish you. They had wanted to close the gap that the barricades had opened up, close it with the spectacle of their disgusting display of power and violence. After this had clownishly failed, instead exposing their impotence for all to see while the escalation only grew, into the city, they did the only thing they know: more violence, more power on display. The point of this is to discourage you, and to make you forget that the cut existed in the first place, to make you forget that the impossible really happened. But they cannot succeed in this, and you will not forget.

Whatever justification they gave for what happened at Rokin, 10 PM, the moment dusk turned into darkness, you know it could never legitimate the violence they used. This was about asserting power, protecting the right of the mayor, the university board and the politicians to keep allowing genocide. This is what freedom means to them, the freedom to deny the existence of this American-European-Israeli genocide. They want the right to deny it so that they can permit it to keep happening. You know this is what they mean when they send cops to beat up their students while talking about “open dialogue” and “a multiplicity of viewpoints”.

“No one is free until we’re all free”

Freedom to you means free Palestine, which doesn’t go together with their freedom to deny genocide. This is why you are their enemy. This is why they are permitting what happened at Rokin, 10PM, when a line of pigs started walking towards you, and started swinging their batons at you, at your friends, at your comrades. Indiscriminately. Unprovoked.

You could tell the police violence was illegitimate and illegal. From that moment on, it would be like that at every protest. They would come and start using violence right away.

No longer first three vorderingen, though they are obliged by law. Kettle to mass arrest. Those arrested are facing heavy sentences for minor offenses. The judges are sanctifying this policy when they are basing verdicts on cops' words alone, and when they are accepting the premise that "an example needs to be set". The liberal mayor sanctified this policy when she claimed the police have done nothing wrong. The cops are protecting her freedom to deny genocide and so she permits their illegal, illegitimate violence.

You wonder what happens after this precedent has been set, a fascist government ready to take power, the cops that are able to live out their violent fantasies on you, you vilified by media and politicians, who have done a lot of work to create these fantasies about why you are deserving of all this violence. You wonder whether it is possible to put pressure on the liberal mayor, if there is a way to bully someone who calls themselves a leftist into reeling in the police. You wonder how you could make the mayor's blatant refusal to speak out against genocide and zionist war crimes more present.

You also wonder how you can stay true to what started on the seventh, with those barricades, the resistance they are trying to make you forget, but that really happened. Its strength was in numbers, in this impossible space opened up by the barricades, everyone working together, the tireless organizers blending together with the masses, one movement. With the barricades the risk had already been taken, and suddenly all were taking risks. Was that part of its strength? That everyone had already become implicated; you take a brick out of the street and hand it to the person next to you, who passes it on, you too now have built the barricades?

When you talk about it with other people you can't really grasp it. Was it about the way the stage was set, everyone involved in protesting is always just setting the stage, and

now that the stage was set just right the students could become, if not the subject of History, at least get a taste of what that would be like? Or was it about rhythm? You're not even sure what exactly that would mean, but you think there was something about the timing of everything that just worked. The build-up, the anger about the eviction of the first encampment, the protest march that became a situationist choreography meant to outsmart the police in order to reach the historic center, where the new encampment had to be. A build-up that transitioned perfectly into the building up of the barricades.

It was for sure about architecture; on the evening of the seventh someone said to you, Amsterdam finally makes sense to me, this is what had always been missing. And she was right. The barricades finished Amsterdam, they made space for something, for you, for the possibility of Palestinian liberation. And they fit perfectly, in these narrow streets, on the bridge crossing the canal, in the back alley. It is no surprise that the university board spent so much money on the postmodern shoebox that is REC. Whereas aesthetically the barricades fit in the city center, the Roeters building feels as if it was made for cops.

“Without impatience and without the promise
of a release”⁵

Sometimes you feel the barricades demand an impossible patience from you, patience in a time where everything is always already too late. That they showed you the way, but after their occurrence, you and your comrades would need to work tirelessly for your resistance to become as successful again, setting the stage, again and again, until it explodes again. Success here would mean to remain capable of working together, without burning out, without

growing resentment making collaboration impossible. You wonder what type of organization is necessary to sustain such longevity, what types of form and understandings of (un)discipline the movement needs in order to make waves in the long-term, in order to keep hammering away. You hope that would-be comrades recognize the universality of the Palestinian struggle, that they can recognize resistance against genocide is also resistance against climate destruction, is also resistance against the fascist government, and that you are strongest if you can unite your resistance if you can sustain it, when together you can develop an idea of what it would entail to remain organized and resist.

In the weeks after the barricades of the seventh the cops were on edge, and so were you. It was as if the violence was never really leaving your body. In those early weeks after October 7th, you weren't yet desensitized. Later it would become harder to be affected the same way by the never-ending stream of images, everything blurred together in a general numbness. Sometimes it had been easy to temporarily forget about it, or worse, to accept it, the ongoing genocide, the complicity of the world around you, the world that you're a part of. After the barricades, the news from Palestine stung and punctured again. You wondered whether this new feeling had anything to do with the police violence that was enacted on you. You also wondered whether it had something to do with a new sense of responsibility, the realization that you weren't as powerless as all the displays of sickening violence were intended to make you feel. That you were capable of feeling these feelings again because you knew that resistance was possible. The implications of your discovery sometimes terrifies you, because you know that refusing submission could come at a high price.

Sometimes the promise of that day almost feels like a burden. It exceeded everything that was previously possible—

how to live up to that? How to recover from the unexpected courage you had shown in the face of state violence, how to get it back? Though perhaps a more useful question is, how to stay true to the event of the seventh, those barricades, that rupture? What's the part of you that it spoke to, or rather, what's the part of you that usually bars you from hearing its call? How did that part of you get torn down?

“Politics begins when one proposes not to represent the victims, but to be faithful to the events in which the victims pronounce themselves”⁶

The call was familiar, you had been answering to it before, its name is Palestine. Answering had never really felt like a choice, often it was the only thing you had in you, yet answering to it was the closest thing you knew to something that would be called freedom. At other times you could not answer its call. Sometimes because you had burnt out, sometimes because you had drifted away. It was scary how easy this could be.

In the last months of 2023, when you were attending peaceful protests, you had said that friends are people you see at protests. You repeated this often. After the barricades you could see how this truth worked further; you answered to Palestine, and so you would answer to your comrades. You realized this is the only path to liberation, for Palestine, for everyone. You started to regard answering to your comrades as having a close proximity to freedom too.

When you answer to Palestine, when you answer to your comrades, you are the strongest. It's a simple truth in a world cut in two by the Palestinian resistance, in a world where there is only genocide and resistance to genocide. Order is on the side of genocide, and it doesn't want you strong. It has many methods of dividing you, and looked at

in a certain way it has always already won, always already divided you. You reject this way. Sure, you often feel alienated and alone. You live in a world ruled by an out-of-control system. It's always unearthing new areas of life to colonize, forever subsuming more and more of your social relations under its mediation. It can feel inevitable and like fate that all the social bonds you form during your actions, those bonds that achieve the impossible ("outside agitators!", the liberal screams) have to fall apart, and that if the action has no measurable success, and the bonds cannot be sustained in their intensity, it has all been for nothing.

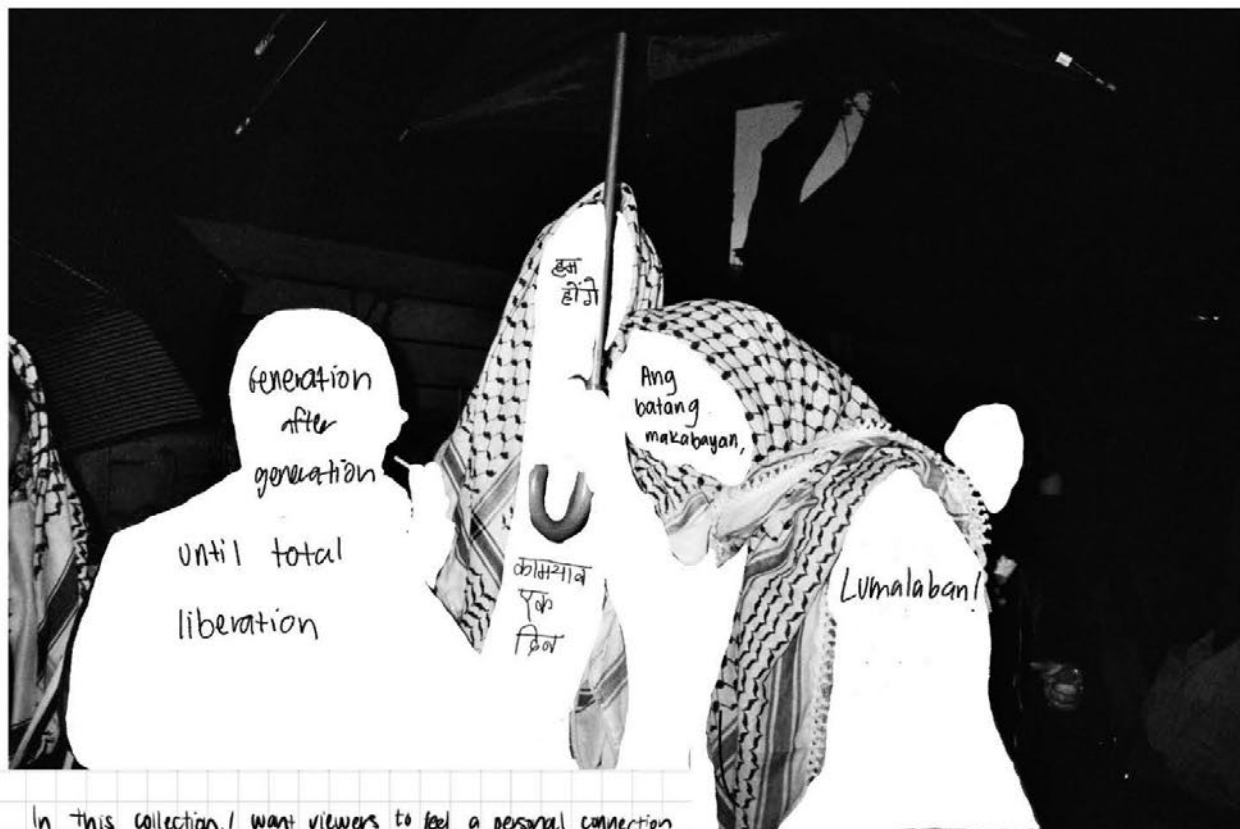
You reject the realism that follows from such an analysis, a realism that at its best can fetishize fighting a losing struggle. Not that you reject its premises. You can agree that in our world, winning seems impossible, the amount of loss can be unbearable, and even that much of the future has already been lost. But what happened on the seventh had been impossible, according to this same realism. And yet it happened.

You recognize that a "realism" that cannot account for your successes is useless. Instead you stay true to the events that puncture the account of the realists, which means you answer to Palestine, you answer to the barricades, you answer to your comrades. Instead of mourning the dissolution of the social bonds of the collective after an action has dispersed, you celebrate the impossible you have achieved. They want nothing more than for you to forget that you did that, together.

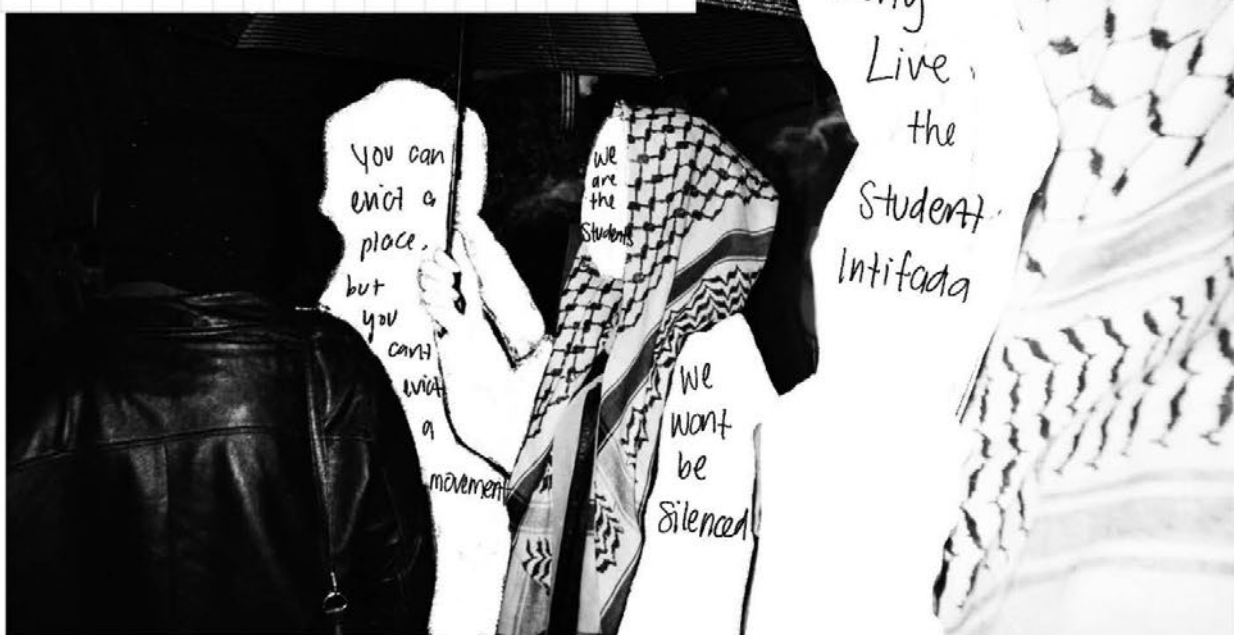
You wonder what it means to take answering to your comrades as a truth to live by.

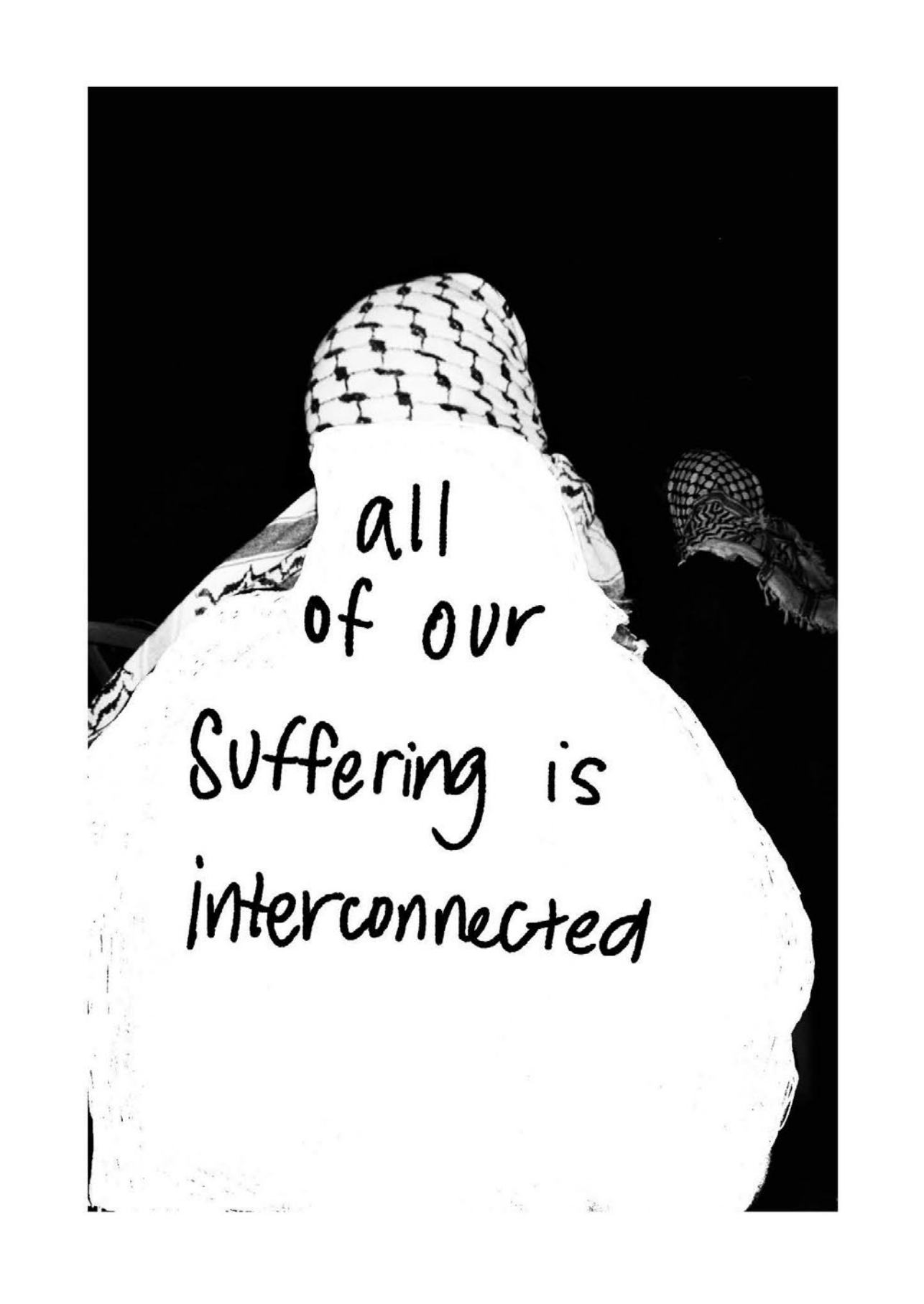
Notes

1. The Invisible Committee, *The Coming Insurrection* (2009), p.9.
2. *ibid.*, p.18.
3. Leila Khaled, *My people shall live. The Autobiography of a Revolutionary* (1973), p.55.
4. Ghassan Kanafani cited in the introduction to: PFLP, *Strategy for the Liberation of Palestine* (2017), p.11
5. Walid Sadek, “In the Presence of the Corpse”, *Third Text* 26 (4) (2012), p.481.
6. Alain Badiou, *Can Politics Be Thought?* (2018), p.77.



In this collection, I want viewers to feel a personal connection, inviting them to empathize with the emotional landscape of protest and solidarity. Inspired by Betty Gooden's ability to convey profound human experiences through art, this piece invites reflection, dialogue, and a deeper understanding of our shared yearning for justice and compassion in this system we are trapped in.



A high-contrast, black and white photograph. The central figure is a person seen from the chest up, wearing a white garment that serves as a canvas for handwritten text. The text, written in a casual, cursive script, reads: "all of our suffering is interconnected". The person is also wearing a keffiyeh, a traditional Arab headscarf with a black and white checkered pattern, which is visible at the top of the frame. The background is solid black, creating a stark contrast with the white garment and the patterned headscarf. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the fabric and the clarity of the handwriting.

all
of our
suffering is
interconnected







Though
we come
from different
soils,

We all nurture
the olive tree



After the barricades
Jarmo Vincent

We were constantly reinforcing the barricades, using fences dragged off of a nearby construction site and bricks torn from the ground. The barricades were unruly structures, their shapes in constant motion, made of wood, stone and fences, meters wide, meters high. There were four in total: two on either side of the university building delineating the triangular field on the short side, two on the narrow, twisting bridges crossing the canals surrounding the field. The barricade on one of the bridges looked surreal in the dark: the wooden construction slanting several meters into the air, illuminated by a street-lamp like a spotlight on an artwork, hovering high above the black water on the apex of the bridge's curvature.

When I saw you I didn't know whether to speak to you at first. I didn't know where your mind was at, or maybe I was too afraid to think about it, looking for a place to hide, then looking for a place to emerge out of. You were dressed in black. You were all mischief and desire. You were so beautiful and strange. I had been there since the early afternoon when the space was starting to fill up. It was sunny. Everybody came, everybody wanted to be part of it. I was listening to Zayyan's spoken word, impressed by his rage, his grief – keffiyeh around his head, megaphone in hand – and this line: “we have enough bodies to cover the sun.”

Because the terrain was blocked off, my sense of space changed. The space itself became different. It's a small field, it's open and smooth, it's innocent. Now it was a protest zone. It was a zone to be defended. An encampment in enemy territory readying itself for battle, the entire space mobilized in the service of preserving the space itself: by night, hundreds of students running around in the eerie light of the street-lamps,

still chanting their slogans, checking in on each other in their tents, inspecting the barricades, waiting for the police raid which, in a reversal that the authorities will never understand, would be like an invasion of barbaric hordes obsessed with destroying what evades them.

In her history of the Paris Commune, Kristin Ross writes about the “Château Gaillard”, a major barricade blocking access to rue de Rivoli, two stories high, “complete with bastions, gable steps, and a façade flanked with pavilions”. Gaillard, shoemaker by trade, was proud of his creation. There’s a picture of him posing next to it as if claiming authorship over a piece of art. He loved the thing he had made. The barricade exceeded its function. The commune, according to Ross, was about “transforming the aesthetic coordinates of the entire community.” To bring about this transformation, all hierarchies had to be destroyed. Urban space as such couldn’t remain the same. To make space for “communal luxury”, the monumental tokens of imperialism and class dominance had to be torn down. The destruction of the Vendôme column wasn’t trivial. It was a direct assault on nationalism and the nation itself. It blew up the until then self-evident links between state power, class power, art, beauty, and their encounter in urban space. It changed the aesthetic coordinates, leveling the ground for something entirely new (a new society, a new poetry).

Our barricades transformed the aesthetic coordinates of this innocuous little patch of grass. They stripped it of its circumscribed meaning embedded in the institutionalized cityscape defined by the neoliberal university campus. The encampment became a pathway to a different reality. It cried: Palestine is here.

When the bulldozers came in the middle of the night, I had already gone. I saw the footage online the next day. I saw

people jumping off the barricades, I saw others trying to reinforce them again, I heard their cries and their chants and I saw their fear and their courage as the bulldozer rammed the barricade, the riot cops invaded the encampment, the students fled, the tents were turned over, and the protesters were eventually kettled, pushed into buses and driven off to jail.

“We were with instead. But not just any old sort of with, but with each other in the hatred of capitalism. And if I was a poet of many centuries previous, I’d call that the sweetest wine of the beloved”, writes Juliana Spahr in a long poem about what she calls her love-affair with the “non-Revolution”, the Occupy uprising. The poet Juliana Spahr is on the streets constantly, and when she is not, she misses them the way she would miss a lover. And she doesn’t want to analyze, defend or explain the non-Revolution, or her affair with it, to other poets, who are not there, or to the professor of history who scoffs at the events, their supposed insignificance. She just wants to be there. And she writes “it was all good and it was all fucked while it lasted”, and she writes about feeling “trivial for falling in love with such a minor uprising, for taking a brief hook up so seriously, for feeling so sad”. But she knows something, now, about “the sour and the sweet, about the smell of sweat, urine, sage, pot, rotting food, hay, all mixed together, running down the street, holding hands.”

When I saw you again you were in full riot mode. It was the second day, the second occupation, the second set of four barricades, this time cordoning off a piece of the city center campus. Palestinian flags everywhere, slogans spraypainted on the walls everywhere, Free Palestine banners everywhere, incessant chanting, incessant hatred of the cops, incessant barricade-building well into the night. You were in your element. Elated, all-over the place. I loved seeing you like that.

I loved how you had lunged into the event. I loved this impulse like the sweetest wine of the beloved. The barricades—one on the wide bridge, the biggest, two blocking the roads along the narrow canal, one blocking off the campus courtyard—drew a boundary between this world that is not ours and one where we will find refuge. We had transformed the aesthetic coordinates of this piece of urban space, the campus now looking like a fortress, swarming with protesters in an organizing frenzy preparing the defense. With every object we could find repurposed for use in the barricades, we had ruined their institution like a Vendôme column of genocidal complicity. We had taken out an entire pavement just to disidentify from their state and its violence. We kept singing our chants like mantras.

“What is defended as the struggle deepens comes to include all the new social links, solidarities, affective ties, and new physical relations to the territory and other lived entanglements that the struggle produced”, Ross writes about the commune-form of protest. Whatever the reason it started, the struggle at some point exceeds it. When the bulldozers came the next day, the students jumped on the barricades in an attempt to fend off the raid. They defended the barricades. They emptied fire-extinguishers on the riot cops, they threw paint bombs at the bulldozers, they sprayed red paint at the police with water pistols. At one point one of them jumped off the barricade and onto the arm of the bulldozer, climbed over it towards the cabin and blocked the driver’s view, until the arrest squad violently pulled them off.

I could only watch, standing there with my friends, on the narrow canal, in arm’s reach and unable to do anything, trying and failing to recognize you when the bulldozers and then the cops broke through the barricades and dismantled the occupation. We were kettled, then driven away from the site, the barricades in ruins, their defenders picked off one by one and

sent to jail. Everybody else regrouped, swarming through the narrow streets and canals of the city center, gathering again in numbers on Rokin, where we rioted, all anger and mayhem, for hours, until after nightfall. And it was all fucked, it was all good, but it was all fucked when the riot cops charged one last time and we scattered in the dark, beaten up, beaten down.

The poet Çağlar Köseoğlu refers to the period following the defeat of the uprising as the aftermath, an indeterminate space-time characterized by feelings of loss, despair and depression. And also, I think, of doggedly searching for the meaning of it, of refusing to give up. I had to think of this notion after the eviction. I also had to think of him. He was there, behind the barricades. Bizarrely, I felt like he was there in the name of poetry, or to defend the honor of the poets, or something like that. For weeks after I was replaying the eviction in my mind, thinking about how we could have defended the barricades better, how we could have fought back the cops, how we could have won the fight. Which I think was the onset of the aftermath, and also my way of mourning. I missed the barricades. I didn't want to give up.

I saw you one more time. It was during the short-lived occupation of the Roeterseiland building a couple of days later. You were wearing a red dress that made you stand out from the keffiyeh-clad black bloc so strongly I only saw you. Or that's how I remember it. You gave me a hug. That occupation seemed to be the end, or an end. There was something compulsive about the police violence outside. It made me sick. Later that day I was sitting on my roof, the sky grumbling with a distant thunder, still bright in the setting sun, reading and smoking and attempting to reflect. I called you. We talked for a couple of hours, mostly about how we had experienced the protests and what we thought should happen now. At the end, you said something like farewell. Which at first I thought was an odd thing to say, before I understood.

What remains when it's over? Is it ever over or does it only change form? Like barricades coursing through the streets? Like an event that continues after its aftermath? Like a nightmare we keep waking up into?

In December 2023, in the midst of the destruction of Gaza and the annihilation of his friends, the Palestinian writer Abu Seif notes: "There will be no Salim al-Nafar to talk poetry to. There will be no old city. No Saftawi. No Jabalia as I know it. Gaza, the one I knew, will not be there anymore." And he continues: "If there is to be anything, it will need to be rebuilt from scratch. It will need to be reborn from the flames like the city's emblem, the phoenix. It will need to rise up against all odds, against all possibilities." Unable, possibly forever unable, to wrap my head around this steadfastness, I try to understand what it means for us—us here—who could not do enough, while nothing has ended and everything needs to change.

Then, some time after, when I see the performance of Noor Abed and Haig Aivazian, something becomes clear. It's not for us to say when it's over—as they breathe and sing and declare:

I will not produce a culture that declares defeat prematurely.

(inhale-exhale)

[...]

I will not produce a culture that arrives after the fact and turns our alleged defeats into lamentations and weeping songs.

(inhale-exhale)

Everytime I think of my experience of the last 2 months, I remember jarring feelings of surprise & confusion. Everytime I see their pale smiles extend I feel queasy. They take a sip of water, make eyes & whisper to their fellow pigs. They prep in eerie silence, black shields, heavy batons, canisters of gas. We wait with our breath caught, when are they going to attack us, us with our only defence being eachothers hands gripped tightly & gripped so tight in the hope that no one can separate us?

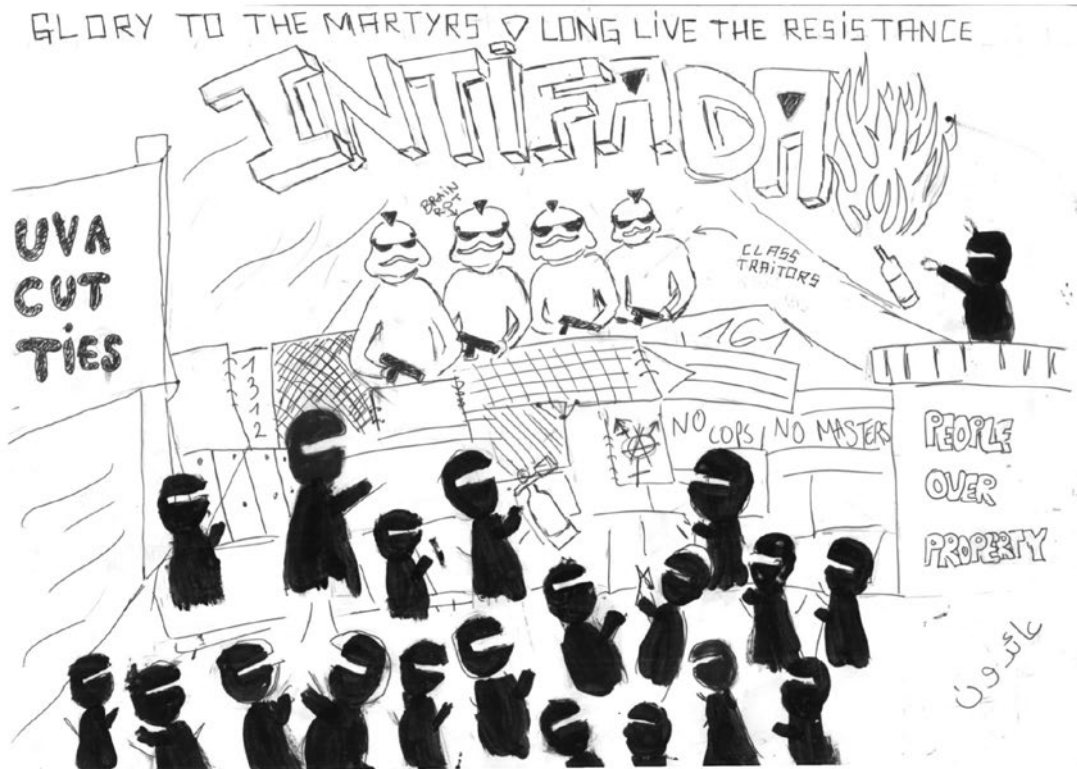
article by :

TTAT ★

Reconstructing Memories:

The Dystopia of the Police State

And each time after it ends with them bringing violence, and destruction everywhere they go everywhere they step & I think to myself how dystopic it all feels. They attack us as we sing chants of freedom, unable to continue living in this vile unjust world. I would think everyone wants the something, ~~we all want freedom~~ I truly thought we all wanted freedom, we all wanted to see the collapse of this system, but taking off my glasses of naivety I realise they will do anything to uphold this system, bringing the possibility of violence, even death, in situations where it would never otherwise exist.





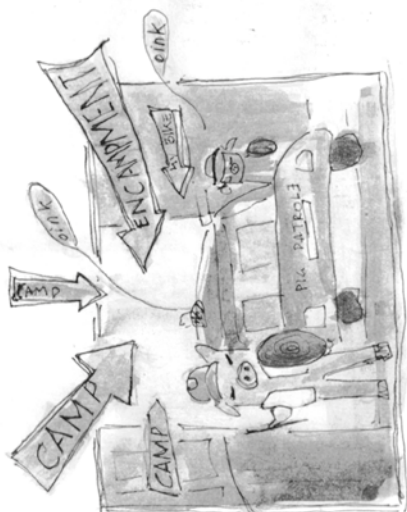
It's dystopic to witness, but at the same time, it's the most real thing I've seen in my time in Amsterdam. The Dutch State reveals itself as the curtain is pulled and 15 vans of riot cops covered in black charge at unarmed students as they run through the streets fearing for their lives, visas & well-beings.

And.. to think all these power-hungry, mostly white, wife-beating men, all come from the ~~sea~~ history of being bureaucrats, they were created to only enforce regulations, to licence - they had nothing to do with public safety or fighting "crime" - they delivered food rations and monitored populations. They were never created to beat us with sticks and guns or ~~hold their~~ hold their knees to our necks until we stopped breathing. Then, obviously, the British did what they do best, bringing violence, pain, and authoritarian regimes to fill their ~~&~~ fat white bellies with the tears & sweat of everyone but the rich, & they started the police regime ~~for~~ as we know it today during the industrial revolution. Suddenly Police were no longer paper filers but were hero mavericks, all their heroism reserved for the bourgeois.

But we are not fooled by their false imagery, ~~we & you~~ ~~shouldn't be either~~ we stand in unity against the police, and we show up each time to fight the systems they so blindly uphold. If these comics & illustrations show you anything it should be the bravery of our comrades, their strenght in standing up after being beaten down.



If any of you pass I'll treat you blue



WE TRIED TO BLOCK THEM IN



AND STOP THEIR ARREST BSES

oink



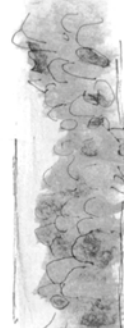
BUT THEY PUSHED AND WE RAN...

oink

...BEFORE THE COPPERS CAME BACK IN NUMBERS TO SHUT US DOWN.



oink



BLOCKING EVERY EXIT!

BUT I WAS BLESSED ENOUGH



TO SLEEP IN MY OWN BED.

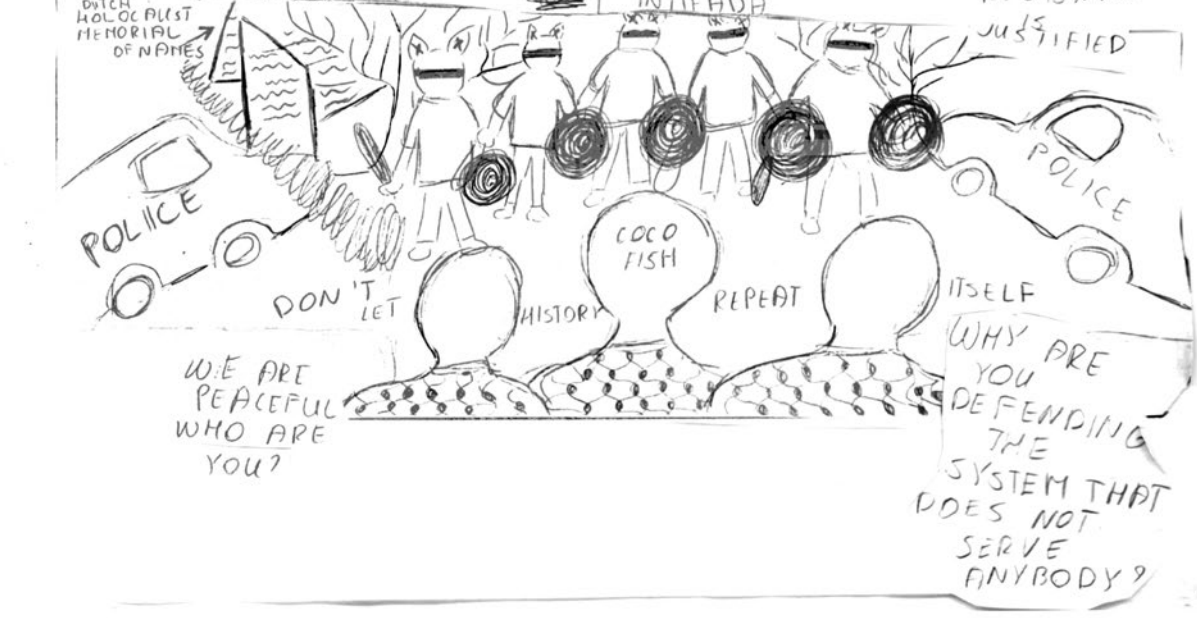


MOMENTS OF QUIET...

zzz



FIN





Three comrades (students) explore their memories of ~~the~~ police brutality during the first 2 student encampments at the university of Amsterdam. Enjoy ~~these~~ ^{their} illustrations, think about what they mean, and always fight for a free Palestine. We must do whatever it takes, and we will not let these white supremacists scare us.

No Justice, No Peace, FUCK THE POLICE

radicalization is burning incense

Audrey Fabbri

radicalization is burning incense. it is not pressing the power button. like many young souls, i returned to this city this spring break to fall into the hot machine mobilizing bodies against cruelty, found myself an inhabitant of a suddenly alien world, once home, now battlefield. suddenly, words my tongue knew well revealed their true tastes. inaction became cowardice, avoidance became ignorance, and routine became betrayal. i asked my eyes how well they really worked for keeping me so safe from the toxicity around me but not the evil right in front. we have poured water over the bonds of the state that stand between we and action, and found that they are made of sugar. no authority can prove to you what day it is, who you are, who keeps you safe. what's more, i have poured the blood in my heart into the people i have found on the streets with me and found a love incomparable to anything previous. i have learned the art of care, as well as that of grief. i have learned to grieve and to grieve more strongly every new thing i learn, in this endless funnel of frustration and demonstration, each new item in the news tightening reminding me why we are all comrades, the electricity at our feet buzzing and coiling up to our hearts. this electricity, between us all, runs deeper than any bulldozer can drill, any state can snatch. it is the burning of incense: steadfast and certain. the faces of the people i have made my comrades will always carry the scent of this incense that still burns inside me, in infinite supply, which roots from the ground of the free people's university, of the squats all over this city, of home. it was not our fault that they keep taking home away from us. it is not their fault that they keep taking life away from them. so, maybe radicalization is burning incense. but it is also lighting rockets. which sounds better right now?

In our thousands, in our millions, we are all Palestinians

Anbu

Every demonstration I am moved to tears by these chants. I scream louder, louder. I've had sketches of the poetry I thought I needed to write about this feeling. There are days I cannot stop weeping and I berate myself for this, how masturbatory it feels.

My earliest memories are of thinking of our Tamil Rafah, Mullivaikal. Thousands of us marched for Eelam at Westminster, white phosphorus pouring into the schools and hospitals in the no fire zone—"stop the war, stop the genocide". You grow resisting resentment for the fact that no-one cared for your people. No-one listened, and so when this Gaza cried, the world let them die. Everytime I see a child demonstrating I think of how this birth into dissent changes irreversibly the way one loves. I fight for this love, against the hands on my throat that set to choke my mother-tongue out of existence.

May this cycle end. May our children learn to love without first knowing it through fight. I ask you to think of how genocide will affect them for generations. Even those that survive are zombies and their children and their children too.

Do not be fatalistic or defeatist, you have no right. போராடுவோம். There is a Mary Oliver poem—you do not have to be good, only love what the soft animal of your body loves. No—love, love, love, you will do what is right, you will fight. My father, who wore keffiyeh and held a pen when he was my age in another city, wrote to keep memory and revolution alive as his brother who fought with a rifle and without a helmet died. Now he texts me: மரம் சற்று ஓய்வை நாடினாலும், கற்று விடுவித்திலை. Though the tree wants to rest, the wind will not stop. Do not be fatalistic or defeatist, you have no right. போராடுவோம்.

Memory is resistance; writing, understanding, inquiring are practices of love as they are practices of resistance. In Eelam, it is illegal to commemorate our dead, to ask where our disappeared are. Empires and governments have burned our histories—97,000 irreplaceable manuscripts destroyed in the police-sanctioned burning of Jaffna Library in 1981. In the diaspora, many in our generation have internalized the death of their people but know nothing of what happened. To live, some of our parents chose to forget and suppress. But if we let them let us forget, we are killing what this wretched fucking industrial refugee creation complex let survive.

I pray that you may find solace in these words as I did clawing them out of my belly. That I must wrestle with the tongue of our colonizer to find the vocabulary for hope and for liberation fills me with both great pity and pride. Still I feel sick to read it back, to think of how many Gazas have died and how much memory we have lost.

To answer where are you from, some of us must explain the geopolitics of genocide, some of us must paint nations where all there is is blood. Falasteen has told those that don't know this intimate and distant pain about it, and it has woken them up. The steadfastness of this resistance in the diaspora, a diaspora that has kept true to itself, is an inspiration to us all.

In our millions in our billions,
Long live the Palestinians.









Dear, Comrade
(a play)
Lola Swindles

Two (or more) comrades talk on stage, unclear whether they represent one or two (or more) people, whether this is internal or external. They analyze the protests of the past year for a free Palestine in Amsterdam, they share their feelings, slipping in and out of politics and themselves. With and against politics and themselves. In and out of history and against. They stand up and fall apart on stage, like they did on the street.

// represent beats on a drum, or a cut, or giving up, or moving on, stronger.

//

The news was false and
that's because

the truth was so difficult
to understand and that's
because

the truth was



//

A stranger turns to me on
the street, and speaks:

Dear Comrade,
Just this, before you go:
One never leaves a protest
alone.

“Dear Comrade,”
the stranger says
and makes a promise.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Dear Comrade, | Dear Comrade, |
| Where lies hope for you? | the one on the street. |
| | In a gesture, in a handshake, |
| | in waiting? |
| I had to ask. | |
| Dear Comrade, | |
| Where do you lie, | when you've not given enough |
| | of you, but have given up, |
| | on you and on them? |
| Will you leave me one day? | |
| | Dear Comrade, |
| | Before you go, just this: |
| I wondered, | |
| how you will have been, | |
| when I realized, in some | |
| hopelessness, | we might never meet again. |
| Dear comrades of the fight, | |
| | where do you find your |
| | strength? |
| | We use a tired word from |
| | another century |
| | to conjure up a spirit of |
| | revolt. |
| But when all is done | |
| and all costs too much, | |
| where is the spirit that saves | |
| not the world but us? | |

//

I wasn't on Rokin that
day in May. I was at my
grandmother's funeral.
The pastor talked about
the Israelites. My German
grandmother had no
interest in using history to
excuse Netanyahu. She said,

“Shoot him. Somebody better
shoot him.”

Her mother was a witch.
Decades ago, she appeared
to my grandmother as a
spirit and saved her from
heart failure. Now, my
grandmother was at her
own funeral, sure, I saw the
urn, but she was also on
Rokin that day.
Because she always knew:
something had to change.

//

Dear Comrade,
The movement will have
been over, forgotten, and
moved again, differently.
(The) I was disappointed.
Disappointment the subject,
and structure. I was being
overdetermined, we was
made impossible.

I was always done impossible.

Disappointment
overdetermined or
overshadowed (as/the
subject). The protest was
turned in on itself, and it
will have lost.

You have been lost.

Intentions forgotten. The
police were called,

the protest partitioned,
the genocide continued,

the genocide continued,
the money was sent,

the money was drawn from
accounts,

you&/

/&i

was sent to jail,

the genocide still continued,

the genocide still continued,
now gas was being drawn
from the Mediterranean,

resistance was made
impossible,

resistance was made
impossible,

which was the only thing
that made it possible in the
first place.

So, change was not won, or
lost, either; (the)

we was dialecticized

we was dialecticized
into a positive loss.

Disappointment was
dialecticized back into
ourselves, so (the) we was
made our selves.

I was made after just two
days in jail.

I was not to go back

I was told the news;

she'd been caught

By whom,

Actually, by depression.

If not an inability to be
anything but yourself?

I was brought tea after.

(on the street).

he'd been snatched

they'd been given up on.

if not disappointment?

What is depression?

A cutoff from the structural.

//

I sat down inside the kettle
because there was nothing
much to do. I had come
by accident, you run into
protests these days, I was
sick, I was lazy, I still feel,
yes, uneasy about October
7th, because the day was
being appropriated so much
by all sides, either as a win
or as a tragedy, that it was
unclear to me which sign
world I was living in—and I
didn't get whether history
was happening in my legs,

marching, or in my head,
thinking. In any case, I
ended up accidentally
kettled with all my
belongings, IDs, computer,
a journal, and I wish there
would have been some hand
sanitizer, or some tissues, or
you know, water and food
and none of the other stuff.
I sat down in the kettle and
I asked for a pen –

Anybody got a pen? –

they were all writing down
the lawyer's number, good.
Did I also need to do that? I
took a marker, took out
my journal, and redacted.
Organizing lists, names,
places, personal markers,
political symbols. I read
through my entire love
life of the past year, all
names erased, while the
trials and tribulations
remain. My daddy issues
also remained – anyone
could have a father to
hate. Nothing identifiable
about that. I turned my
journal into some kind of
psychoanalysis. All specifics
castrated, but better not let
the state know about who

I love, dear. Better not tell
him what I love. The father,
the state, etc. whoever I
might mean.

Someone in the kettle turns
to me and agrees:

Dear Comrade,
Good. We must forge an
environment of distrust and
security!

Dear Comrade,
Yes and no. You
understand, I cannot say
what I mean.

So much was redacted, I
didn't understand what
we'd seen.

//

It's like

I unread Césaire today
Unsaw the violence
Unheard the calls to action
I unfelt my perversions
And unencountered my
potential for deviance.

It's a pretty day, I enjoy
the heat.

I retreat, I grow (up?)

I retreat, my body awakens,
 I finds I I find pleasures, I find, I
 find myself enjoying luxury
 I finds I I find myself enjoying and
 calm and subdued
 I finds I I find myself enjoying the
 sight of grass
 I finds I Without thinking of
 exploitation and violence
 I finds I I find myself loving the new
 violence I've entered, or old,
 I finds I returned
 I find myself, or what was
 I finds I left of it,
 I've lost one sense of
 seduction and sex and
 gained a lame other,
 Ready to invest once again.

Dear Comrade,
 What is depression if not an
 inability to be anything but
 yourself?

//

The protest marched along,
 seemingly as one, but we
 had already long been
 divided. The students

and the staff.

The university members

and the outside agitators.

The Maoists,

| | |
|---|---|
| | the Marxists, |
| the anarchists. | The unionized, |
| the autonomous. | The antisemites, |
| the Islamophobes. | The racists |
| and the other racists. | The people shouting we were all Palestinians |
| and the Palestinians who were really Palestinians. | |
| And of course, | The escalators |
| and the de-escalators. | |
| We marched to Spui, only to end up shouting at each other. | Some wanted to occupy another university building. |
| Some others wanted to control the protest. | Some were far too few to start escalation. |
| Some others had no idea what it meant to stand with your comrades through all they did and lacked an appreciation for the religious commitment. | All were far too inflexible to think. |
| So the protest split into two, at its last minute, and the | |

| | |
|---|---|
| two groups amplified their discontent at each other, instead of chanting together. | amplified their discontent at each other, |
|---|---|

If only there had been more
police that day.

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Stick together. | |
| Stick, stick together. | Stick, stick together. |
| Sticks are out. | |

Hold on tight.

Throw a brick!

Don't!

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Watch for the front line. | Watch for the front line. |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|

A movement was dying, in the end, not only due to its outside enemies. Not due to the media's outrageous portrayal, which presented "complex" reports trying to undermine the simple fact of genocide, the government cutting demonstration rights, the university calling in police and doxing its students. It was also us, who thought of strategy as ideology and turned that difference into an identity, those who called off protests with the lie that we will be stronger tomorrow,

those who used others as
cannon fodder, those who
sexually harassed others in
their community, those who
tried to seize power where it
should have been abolished.

We were crushed because
Empire was still too great
to be crushed. It was a
structural breakdown.

But the breakdown of
spirit—it happened with one
another, within one another.


So long as Empire reigns,
there remain too many
obstacles in the way of love.

Every turn we fail to love
well, we remain a part of
the structure of Empire.

The news was false and
that's because

the truth was so difficult to
understand and that's because

the truth was


Camaraderie was reserved for
those who agreed with only
oneself.

What is depression, if not
an inability to be anything
but yourself?

We see you, we hear you. We
see you, we hear you. You see me? You hear me?
How can you say we?

Don't get lost in yourself.
Remember, our enemies are
those who made history,
and they will use your
desperation to try to turn
you into their gun.

//

Dear Comrade,
no longer any art, any
research, any action that
reifies Palestine as a stand
in for genocide. No longer
anything that doesn't
believe in liberation.

That thinks good spirit is
good enough

That doesn't believe in
spirit

No longer any art, any
research, any action that
reifies Israel as unchanging
fact.

That reifies Israel as eternal
victim.

That reifies Palestine as
Israel's eternal victim.

No longer any art, any
research, any action that
has given up.

No longer any more buying
into what they called
history.

No longer any victims! No longer any victims!
No longer this terrible
History!

Dear Comrade,
When they colonized,
they thought they began
history—truth is they ended it.

Now, if Israel is the end of
history,

Palestine can be its renewal!

From the river to the sea!

History will begin again!

/// //

Dear Comrade,
I was unable to leave my bed,
when you sent me a message
explaining to me that you
do not want to spend time
anymore with me, because
I was not doing enough,
for Palestine. You sent this
message to me after many
of my attempts to get in
touch with you because I was
feeling mentally unwell. I
had been staring at my walls
in a silence that got so loud
it'd made me mute. Then

they evicted me, and I was
staring at the walls from the
outside, still unable to speak.

For someone I remember
being so good at checking
in, you chose to check out.
Instead of any hints as to our
friendship, your message was
filled with virtue signalling
and reeked of martyrdom.

“There was no reason to be
in this position except that I
stepped up”,

you wrote. Perhaps there was
also the fact that you had
time, savings, a life with no
expenses, and a breakup you
needed to process somehow,
to back you up on your
decision to

“step up”

(some odd choice of
language, don’t you
think?). There is nothing
revolutionary about stylizing
yourself as a martyr, mind
you. There is nothing caring
in it either, waving the
flag of self-righteousness.

Movements like ours are
so fragile, letting your ego
get out of hand only makes
them more so. Remember
that next time you tout your

contributions to the Cause.
You have turned activism
into a religion. And once
you have done that –

it is never enough. Never
enough to serve God, serve
Morality, serve Revolution!

Never enough serving, once
you have become a servant.

And once part of this
religion, you can only look
down on the heathens, on
those who do not serve.

Dear Comrade,
I did a Hitler salute
today—just like Césaire said
I would! I did not really do
it. I would never do it. Of
course not. I only did it in
my head. Sometimes I lose
sight of what we mean when
we say liberation, because
it felt so, so liberating, and
it made me think that there
was something none of us
understood. Something about
letting go.

Did you know that the Red
Army lounged in old hotels,
after the revolution? To
restore themselves, before
the Party would finally fully

take over.
Grotesque, isn't it?

//

We use a tired word from
another century,
dear,
to conjure up a spirit of
revolt.

But where is the
spirit that saves us?

But where is the
spirit that saves us?

So many obstacles in
the way of love.

But where is the
spirit that saves us?

So many obstacles in
the way of love.
Ama Ataa Aidoo said,
so many obstacles in
the way of love.

Dear,
hold me,

hold me,
I slip away, into myself,

And I become all the world.

comrade, dear,

you are hot metal,

//

Just to be clear: The
insurrection was not
represented. I now tell you
about it, just to be sure we
are on the same page,

just to be on a page,

that there was no revolution,
and that largely everything
remains the same.

Just to be clear

about the news this year.

Where was the international
news in May, when
thousands in Amsterdam
took over the university,
the city, and stopped police
busses? When thousands
won in Amsterdam? Was
that in the news?

It wasn't.

But when Halsema says
there's a pogrom of Jews?

It's news.

It's news.

When thousands are out on
the streets of the city?

It's not.

It's not.

When some TVs in some
stupid school are smashed?

It's news.

It's news.

When they take us away
into buses at night?

It's not. It's not.

It's not. It's not.

But when Wilders says it's
the Gaza of Europe?

It's news. It's news.

It's news. It's news.

When they're beating us up,
on the street, in plain sight?

It's not. It's not.

It's not. It's not.

And when they take away
our demonstration rights?

It's not. It's not.

It's not. It's not.

When they snatch a
Palestinian in broad
daylight?

It's not.

It's not.

It's news.

It's not

news.

The news was false and
that's because

the truth was so difficult
to understand and that's
because

the truth was



Better not let Him know
everything. The father, the

state, whoever I might mean.
But where is the spirit that
saves us?

When all is done all costs
too much,
where is the spirit that
saves us?

//

Comrade Anna
Mendelssohn wrote:

“We lost our way many
times—in a world full of
answers it’s hard to hold
a question, when all you
know is what feels wrong.
Friendships suffered, we
all expected of ourself
and each other to have the
answer, and we fell into
despair and mistrust. The
joy turned sour. There was
no nourishment for us in the
world we were born to, and
the initial fuel we had found
in each other was burning
out. It was a lonely time. And
I blamed the State for our
alienation—though by that
time I was numb from the
harm we do to each other.

It hit me that our political
activities arose out of

despair—that I never really believed that the revolution was possible anyway, let alone inevitable. [...] I'd slowly progressed from world politics to city [...] politics to local politics, till finally I was left with the smallest unit—myself.”

Dear Comrade,
When to feel whole again?

And when to be against?

To whom do we owe our
fracturing?

When to be with?

To whom do we owe our
fracturing?

//

There's no time to lose. All governments are looking for metals and turning metals to guns. Have you heard? Rutte says in five years' time we might be at war. Not just a proxy war!

Dear Comrade, How could
he be so sure?

Oh, dear!

Dear Comrade,

Dear Comrade, By starting it,
of course!

Comrade!
Hold on, find tension.

it's hot these days, I cannot
hold myself. Like hot metal,
I seep away, I become the
world.

Dear Comrade,
Hold tension, hold yourself,
and hold apart.

I fall apart. When Trump
was first elected—eons ago,
but you'll remember well—I
was in a clinic, remember,
for broken spirits. And there
was a lady there, she used to
be active in the labor party,
some decades ago. She also
had broken spirits. But in this
moment, the morning of his
win, when we all sat together,
as a group, with the doctor,
she took the hands of the
other old ladies, and she said:

“We got through Reagan.
We'll get through this one!”

Precisely!
But if history does not
begin again, are we doomed
to fight the

once more?

Whose history are we
talking?

Dear Comrade,
We have never been
conscripted

And yet I feel as though I
never have a choice.
I become hot metal, dear.

//

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| | Stick together, comrade! |
| | Stick together! |
| Stick, stick together! | Stick, stick together! |
| | Sticks are out! |
| Hold on tight! | |
| | Throw a brick! |
| Don't! | |
| Watch for the front line. | Watch for the front line. |

Dear Comrade,
On your shoulders,
can I rest?
Where do you lie
When you've given yourself
up?

Have you given up?

Dear Comrade,
Where do you lie? When,
In winter's cold night,
They take your house away,
Entered through the
backdoor,
Spied on your comrades,
Infiltrated the movement
with terror,

consolidated terror through
depression?

Dear Comrade,

On your shoulders,
can I rest?

Dear Comrade,
We've never been
conscripted but we do not
have a choice.

They're coming.

//

Stick, stick together! Stick, stick together!
Sticks are out!

Hold on tight!

Throw a brick!

Okay.

Watch for the front line.

Someone waves a flag.

The wrong flag.

We don't know which one, for
one moment. Stick together.

Hold on –

Are we getting kettled?

I think they're kettling us.

Hier spreek de politie.

Shit.

We will use violence.

Shit!

We are peaceful, what are
you?

Why the fuck are we
peaceful? Whoever said
anything about peace? How
can you be shouting –

Stick together,

They're getting ready.
They're taking out their
goddamn sticks again.

they're coming closer.
They're lifting their arms.

The police just said—

Did you know a water cannon
can kill you? And they only
won't use it if you get so
close to them, they really
could kill you. Don't leave!

It's not my job to lie to the
others about what they are
saying.

It's not your job to amplify
the cops.

Dear,
I am tired.

It's not your job to amplify
the lies of the pigs!

Dear Comrade,
Were our love ever not
political, it would have
ceased. So many obstacles
in the way of just love!
Please, on your shoulders,
can I rest?

Dear Comrade,
Were our love ever political,
I would have given up on
you years ago. Now, stand
up, hold tension.

Watch out!

Find other shoulders.

| | |
|--|---|
| | Watch out! |
| Stick together | Stand upright. For war. |
| How could you call this a war? | I care for you. |
| I do not want to be beaten. | Remember it's not about winning, but it's not about anything less than winning. |
| Hold me. | Stick together. |
| Hold me I fall apart | Like metal, comrade! |
| Like hot metal, dear, I become the world. | Were our love ever political |
| If you were really here, comrade | I see you, I hear you |
| We see you, we hear you | No justice without you. |
| Dear Comrade, | Build the barricade. |
| where will you lie When you lose? | Build it higher! Answer history's call! |
| It was never history that called us. | It was you&/ |
| /&I | and somehow, I heard |



The movement was lost,
moved,
gone,
done,
done forever until the next
one. And the news and
history get together and get
high off amnesia.

We will not. We will not.

Dear Comrade,
You've given me more than
history ever has, something
other than love which tastes
the same as love.

comrade, where will you lie?
It's getting hot these days,

When it gets hot, and
everything's melting,
everything floats, floats
apart, and hot metal is
getting shaped into a
gun, and our depression
becomes a bullet that,

if it's not used on us,

it will be used in Gaza,

and if it's not used in Gaza,

it will be used on the
European border,

and if it's not used there,

it will be used in Rutte's
war.

Surely you will not lie in
waiting? It's getting hot
these days, but we are not
here to become their guns.

We are not here
to make their history.

We are all P–

We are all Pal–

We are all

[REDACTED]

Dear Comrade,
We are here to make something
other than history.

Dear Comrade,
We will be something other
than history, which tastes
the same as history.

Dear Comrade,
We will be

[REDACTED]

Better not let Him know
everything.

//

Dear Comrade,
Before you go, just this:
I wondered, how you will
have been, When I realised,
in some hopelessness,
We might never meet again?

Dear Comrade, Just this,
before you go:

One never leaves a protest
alone.

Dear Comrade,
The ceasefire just began.
Now they're attacking
the West Bank.

"Never again" has always
been a failed promise, dear

Comrade,
someone says on
the street,

and makes a new
failing promise:

Never again rely on hope.

Always carry courage.

//

Our Love is Terroristic
Çağlar Köseoğlu

the colonial question has always been: what to do with all these cypresses? what I forgot to say, dear colleagues, our university is indefensible it is stated that they love us and there is no water and no electricity fuck them, FUCK them, via black studies, the unethical imposition of qualifications, empathy for not-quite-humans, because recognition is subjection in this order dear colleagues, since when have you transformed into ‘human animals’? on 6 October the sky was largely blue in Al Zahra and its surroundings we’re writing a prologue for the persistent present of empire which is an accumulation of European self-care, safe spaces, and dialogue with each other on the screen: a man who carries around the limbs of it in a plastic little bag against the backdrop of the ruins of Imru’ al-Qais from the sixth century in any case, dear colleague, I will no longer come to your lecture on decoloniality there are bulldozers in these clouds, in this serenity, in these products the politics of periodization: what do you take as the starting point of this touristic excursion in Jaffa with ten highlights and an enthusiastic guide? you are so silent and complicit that you probably think this poem is about you

People's violence and the death
of the People's University
Enkido

Structures created in colonial societies are influenced by neoliberal threats and blackmails, which make those who feel powerless in their passive part in the power structure of a status-quo "society" launch attacks against those who are outsiders, the perceived threat to their safety. Inner mechanisms of colonial structures inflict damage, almost with a blind mind, and a voice undistinguished from the oppressors', on the living and moving structures that we aim to create to escape the control those institutional elites have over us, over our say in human history.

That is how the mirrors of internalized oppression keep reproducing the same structure for centuries, and how neo-colonialism, pretending to guarantee our safety, is hanging over our heads, like rockets falling, annihilating communities and villages in Gaza, Sudan and elsewhere.

The weapons of white supremacy have been used against activists here and there, while social structures are being racialized to go along the lines of what the privileged perceive as a revolution, i.e., the colonial way.

When a Palestinian person breaks out and speaks their own language, expresses their rage against oppression, it should remind all the local "comrades" who are socialized in colonial, racially segregated societies, not only of their complicity in the survival of the "white fathers'" colonial structures and schemes, the same people who are bombing Gaza and elsewhere. It should also push them to change the course of their way of life, their culture and alliances. But what if this doesn't happen? Or fear steps in the way?

As populations are silenced en masse, this experience

multiplies on the micro level as well, when it seems that the adequate response is to silence those who still shout out for real solidarity, structural solidarity versus structural racism. However, how do we create structures for living, the supposed outcome of our revolutions, as we harbor those ideas which are hostile to our very freedom? If the Israeli hooligans with their settler-colonial attacks and attitudes which are a daily reality for over seven decades in Palestine were capable of uniting us for a shared goal, let's just hope Maccabi plays a soccer match every other day.

It is through this liberating force I write, as a perceived object of supremacist oppression, as a Palestinian in the age of dying colonialism. And should I as a Palestinian seeking justice be considered acceptable to the privileged rest of society that is refusing, or afraid, to count its privilege as weapons in the service of our common freedom?

Or else afraid of losing those privileges?

Or else afraid of equating themselves with the rest of us?

Do you want me simply to fit in? Then how on earth do you think you are calling for a free Palestine or a free anything? Or is it just a pretense that you use to paint yourself out of guilt? Well, listen to Kafka:

it's your guilt
that you take the guilt
all along
without being able
yet to metamorphose into a cockroach.

Now how do I tell my story? Without fighting ghosts/individuals, and by referring to a culture where the more I work with its inhabitants, the more betrayed and witch-hunted I become?

Let's try...

"The white fathers taught us: I think therefore I am. The Black mother within each of us—the poet—whispers in our dreams: I feel, therefore I can be free. Poetry coins the language to express and charter this revolutionary demand, the implementation of that freedom. However, experience has taught us that action in the now is also necessary, always. Our children cannot dream unless they live, they cannot live unless they are nourished, and who else will feed them the real food without which their dreams will be no different from ours? 'If you want us to change the world someday, we at least have to live long enough to grow up!' shouts the child."

—Audre Lorde, *Poetry is not a Luxury*

"I have hands that
will birth the light tomorrow."

—Hiba Abu Nada, *Soul of Galaxy*

Before the People's University went through the phase of its structural death, it was aiming to be a new type of project, which started with the Shadia Abu Ghazaleh campus as a political squat and as an "unsafe" fluid carrier for the demands of the students' and popular uprising. That context demanded relating the Palestinian Struggle for Liberation to the geography, the nature of struggle in the here and now, the temporary infrastructure that we stand upon, as well as the line of resistance that goes on in the name of the "anarchist scene".

Hiba Abu Nada came in as a poet to solve the issues where the daily struggle falls short, as in entering those chambers:

“Where senses find no mouth
nor a sight.
There at the shack
of absence
in the room
of forgetfulness
where the shivers
run through hairs
of carpets,
where sun does
not reach the rusted
iron of the beds.”

–Hiba Abu Nada, *Soul of Galaxy*

Where only poets can reach, Hiba was aiming, while her words still go on in the winds created in the minds of those who carry them, the faithful sisters of the green bird, the bird of novelty who feeds upon its dead self.

As the old skin falls off, the greedy ones collect it for profit. However, it would only turn to gold in the hands of those who understand its meaning, taking care of the new selves that emerge in the endless renewal of the universe.

“I grant you and the little ones refuge,
the little ones who
change the rocket’s course
before it lands
with their smiles”

–Hiba Abu Nada, *I grant you refuge*

Along the line of Shadia's resistance, Hiba continued, reaching "[t]he woman's place of power within each of us [which] is neither white nor surface; it is dark, it is ancient, and it is deep" (Audre Lorde, *Poetry Is Not A Luxury*).

As we examine where we are, this dominant society that is breeding colonialism as a form of extreme patriarchal violence, let's examine the "society" around us and in the "Student Intifada" in the Netherlands. This "Intifada" that is comprised mostly of international students and migrant communities who don't have a deep connection to the land, nor to the politics enacted in its forms of governance. That becomes clear in the demands made to university boards or politicians who are complicit in genocide to resign, or divest from the war-machine. Those ghosts, migrants and students, who are merely treated as costumers, are not politically represented, and, though usually seeming to accept their marginal role, have come out of the closet dreaming, reminding all that they should have control over the means of their own education and living.

Where post-colonial education is taught with no connection to the ground, only true anti-colonial struggles like the one against the genocide of the Palestinian people in Gaza, has shown how much of day-to-day life feeds upon unquestioned privileges, given at the price of exclusion from decision-making when it comes to our dignity as a humanly organized society.

All of this becomes mingled with the anger of the segregated, the marginalized, the oppressed by the winners of the wars and sustaining forces comprised by Dutch elites here, elites who still harbor and fend for racist structures that still reproduce the dynamics of war criminals. An example is the violent evictions faced by university students, and the refusal to divest from killing other people; in the case of Delft Technical University public information

indicates active participation in genocide. The Delft student movement for Palestine published the following text:

“TU Delft plays an active role in the ongoing genocide, and we want to address these critical points:

- TU Delft actively cooperates with Israeli arms companies, like Israel Aerospace Industries (IAI), in the development of weapons that are being used on Palestinians in Gaza right now.
- TU Delft is among the top five partners of Israeli Aerospace Industries, with nine different collaboration projects. IAI is a significant contributor to the Israeli army, supplying drones, aircrafts and missiles to name a few, and is also responsible for the Iron Dome of the settler-colonial state.
- TU Delft, through its longstanding agreement with Lockheed Martin, the largest arms producer, helps develop and produce the fighter jet F35 which the Israeli Defence Force uses to brutally kill Palestinians.
- TU Delft collaborates with multiple Israeli universities, all actively participating in the violation of Palestinian rights and serving as pillars of Israel’s colonization, genocide, and apartheid.”

In a zine published by the Chilean Collective Vitirina Dystopica, under the title *Infrastructure and Dignity. Trans-border Friendships and Strategic Inclinations* the following can be read. The students’ mobilizations of 2006 and 2011 composed an “organic layer” which Colectivo Bagual say the following about: “We are not composing a sole discourse of the community, but rather articulating memories of what everyone is asking, based on their struggles, through the force of composting non-capitalist forms of life.”

Maybe for these non-capitalist forms of life to be understood I would borrow the next text from the same zine:

“What is it then, this desert, this devastation? It is an institutionality that has made the void official, and as such, has also made official the savage race to save yourself. The privatization of everything, including water, and therefore, the plundering of both human and non-human nature, does not constitute a unique kind of organizational model. Rather, what it seeks to do is to articulate an anthropology. It seeks to establish a symbolic universe, to assemble a world, or to put it even better, to administer its ruins.”

Now as a mystic understanding, of what is called the Unity of Existence (that we are of the nature of the Universe). Let's see what nature this “symbolic universe” of capitalism is capable of bringing about, through remembering the Assad regime in Syria which has finally fallen, remembering how some teachers, preachers, community leaders or even theater directors, or family members have recreated the death(en)ing image of the imperial rule in Syria, basically through copying the powerful resembling the face of that rule which is the dictator's.

How does this copying and mirroring of structures that naturalize the human in a certain way, become nearly inevitable?

Say you study in those schools, your form of living is humanly organized, and within this symbolic universe you grow your values, a “universe” that is vaguely related to nature, no ceremonies that connect death to the renewal of the soul but rather a philosophy that treats death as a nihilist approach to living.

Say nothing exists outside the function of the state, i.e. “the empire”!

no moon!

and no stars are seen above our dead eddies.

–what functions the best then?

Is what we seek without it, or want to know through nature,
the outsider, the other neglected self.

–what if you dare not ask?

“I have seen situations where white women hear a racist remark, resent what has been said, become filled with fury, and remain silent because they are afraid. That unexpressed anger lies within them like an undetonated device, usually to be hurled at the first woman of Color who talks about racism.”

–Audre Lorde, *The Uses of Anger: Women Responding to Racism*.

Audre continues: “But anger expressed and translated into action in the service of our vision and our future is a liberating and strengthening act of clarification, for it is in the painful process of this translation that we identify who are our allies with whom we have grave differences, and who are our genuine enemies.”

(This process can also be seen unfolding during the Palestinian liberation struggle. Which allows my vision in this article to exist through history.)

So to speak about this anthropology is to speak about what

is in the empire, where human force benefits from the crime against Earth, its animals and communities, different cultures and philosophies, where we buy our proposed “safety” with violence, and fear. Hegemonic models of power and capitulation to elites who offer privileges to sustain racism and crime, those are the roots of western imperialists’ “dream of justice”, a dream identified by the ability to recreate crimes endlessly and benefit from them financially, without the least accountability or touch of remorse.

As we will start to uncover the grasp of colonial power over individuals, so we will be ready to face the very reasons for our oppression. An opportunity we could use to face and change them.

For many though, it means to pull back and get scared, namely “going back to normal”, and this is where safety comes back again and again in the colonial scheme of justice, justice for “freedom-phobic” societies. We remember the Israelis who don’t surrender to the idea that the Palestinians are under attack, not themselves, in their perceived privileged state of being the murderer or the weapon of the crime.

However, they definitely feel attacked because their oppressive ways are being questioned, so they have to change, or remain in the safety of the crime.

Since August I have been carrying a dream within me. August was a special month, as it was nearly empty, this People’s University, and I had the time to look at Hiba, read the forms of knowledge she created as a poet, a human who was killed with mass-murdering weapons, in one of the many genocides

that Gaza
and the rest of
has mentioned
our martyrs

the world
all over our dead bodies,

are alive in our words.

We wanted to create a grave for their bones to resurrect, we
could but only alone.

Truth remains that colonial scheme society

did not let us finish our work, and again

turned wall-made ears to our calls and
actions towards true justice.

(for now at least)

and for obvious reasons.

The tools we use to scrutinize ourselves and our differences,
are decapitated by the capitalist system, whether we like it
or not, this forms the society in which we live, the problems
exist in each individual;

The struggle only brings it up to the
level of the surface where we can
talk about it, and learn from it,
excavate resilience from healing it
and transforming our ways of living
looking at each other,
looking at the stranger deep in our bodies.

When the struggle hits momentum we find no escape from
the shape of those structures which we recreate even blindly
a lot of times. The city, Amsterdam, has its own dynamics
and rules of power. First of all the dynamics of a “ruler
society”, one that organizes and sustains power relations

within structures of colonial functionality. Therefore, the structure goes against any model of emancipation as an internal dynamic, as a leaning inside the body, to be ruled by a figure of “safety”, that is offered within the colonial state’s power and scheme of justice.

Under the pretense that while it “allows us to live, we defend it”, what’s the connection between power mentality and such a scheme then? The question of survival is ruling, therefore there is something that is outside the empire, it is what we aim outside it, our black mother, the sister outsider.

But what has emerged? What changed the dynamic of the “ruled” students and people and let them demand?

Demand what?

Divestment from the crime of genocide? Yes!

Any crime? Perhaps!

In any case, the demand to have a say over their own destinies, or dignity.

The experience of the Chilean collective gives us a door to open and understand our muddy futures with. Our bloodied histories! But also a possibility to enrich our futures with the powers collected in those collective dreams:

“However, the vigor of the challenge and daring of October [referring to October 18, 2019] does not only belong to the instituent forces, but rather, to a large degree, to the ethical pe-eminence that returned political validity to the act of ‘rescuing the day to day’, to the everyday practices with which we affirm the desire to have a life, but not just any life, but a life

worth living. It is an ethical and political concern that arises in the heart of the question over the reproduction of everyday life, revaluing the arts, techniques, daily and micro-political experiments with which we build a life in conditions given by death.”

So here we, the people, students among us, defend the value of living above all structures of death, over the tongue of the official void.

“Acknowledged, our dreams can shape the realities of our future, if we arm them with the hard work and scrutiny of now. We cannot settle for the pretenses of connection, or for parodies of self-love.”

—Audre Lorde, *Eye to Eye: Black Women, Hatred, and Anger*

These structures will need an intimate scrutiny that we need to learn how to bear, otherwise fear will make us neglect again, and walk back from those powers that have arisen on the streets and universities. The powers launched by October 7th, these lights of scrutiny will address our differences too, which we can use to flourish.

“Those differences include questioning privileges of colonial societies, as to “turn away from the anger of Black women with excuses or the pretext of intimidation is to award no one power—it is merely another way of preserving racial blindness, the power of unaddressed privilege, unbreached, intact. Guilt is only another form of objectification.”

—Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider*

I also learn from Audre to recognize my position and therefore make it clear for others and myself. It is the position of someone born in the camps of the Palestinian diaspora, who can smell the de-metabolization of the student movement and the feeling of disintegration between its own organizing groups. At least a sense of temporal guilt that will be added to former guilt(s) sustained by silence and complicity, bitter throats, who by perceiving themselves through powerlessness could not stop yet another genocide. A queer Palestinian migrant, looking at patriarchy as a global trend of governance and management of the human force represented as nation-states.

This point of view is inescapable, same goes for a Palestinian living under Israeli and colonial bombs in Gaza, or a Palestinian living under the oppressive fascist regime of the Israeli state. On the lands of Palestine, I would have to live the same inescapable condition wherein survival is mixed with capitalism which reproduces the weapons for murdering me, my kids, my laughter and people at every step of its unfolding from the realms of the possible crimes based on colonial control. A reality which is not separated from the machines of reproducing those empires and their philosophies of annihilation of the Other, of the outside being.

This Other, this Outsider, the one who penetrates the status quo by merely existing and speaking their own voice, makes me, and us who choose the path of no-return, different with the knowledge we uphold, we do not recognize the “realities” that are inscribed by crime, but we see a different world of possibilities.

The UvA staff member (representing a staff committee that took organizing lead from the students after summer holiday of 2024) was screaming at us in a protest in Amsterdam, or the protest coordinator in the Hague, when they

both told us to abide by the rules imposed by the police, or by whatever was agreed on. While we don't belong a centimeter to this culture of cultivating the acceptable form of "resistance", this fact and act of not belonging make us look like an enemy to people who are among the ranks of our very movement.

Any given structure or proposed obedience to the neoliberal fascists, those ruling elites of the Netherlands or elsewhere, falls under my scrutinizing nose as capable of making a crime, if not involved in one already, as a sustainer of the crime against people, people in general and everywhere. Meanwhile Mark Rutte, from his new chair, advanced fear and war as a reality in Europe: "It is time to shift to a war-time mindset. And turbo-charge our defence production and defence spending." (Speech by NATO Secretary General Mark Rutte at the Concert Noble, Brussels, Dec 2024.)

For those who refuse to see us as similar, Europe is preparing for war, its colonial leaders are preparing at least. And not its people who are still, especially in the case of northern Europe, not capable of organizing against it, swallowing the logic of power and the necessity of war. Which means even those who claim to defend their perceived "safety" made possible by racist structures, will end up witnessing and being subject to war their still living grandparents have gone through, still carrying the scars of it, generation after generation, the accumulation of defeats and capitulation, the European people have grown accustomed to it, while we on the other sides of history, are growing accustomed to the accumulation of genocide.

With racism being the status quo and arrogance being the defensive force, if not violently, it would be vaguely attained by forces of vulnerability and neglect. Which cause can we teach?

“The human is the cause”

–Ghassan Kanafani

Stopping to use our ancient specters at the service of the market?

What is it to free Palestine for fuck’s sake?

From what?

“Fingers of a little child
pointing at the five directions,
casting accusations of little birds,
at the night and at the sun,
at the confused
and at the conscious,
at the silence
and at the radio.”

–Ahmad Dahbour, *Haka’tha*

This is the story of Palestine,
complicity is divided into the air
justly
among those who claim to be free.

So, to the store-front societies where the convenience of living trumps the interests of those who are below, the outsiders flying over the administered living:

–the same humans they are racing/ themselves

let them race my heart

let them rot,
grave is the difference between our moons
and their neon lights.

Again and again

تعري غريتي يا زمن الإبادة

When will our Black people's voices and calls, our migrants
who fled wars started by the same system of capitulation
and surrender to the logic of power, when will we be heard?
We have spoken for centuries for the safety of all, not just a
racialized or privileged group to be saved.

We have spoken for all of us,
for our Earth
and the deep dark knowledge
of the Black mother in each of us
who whispers, I feel so I can be free.

TEXTS

11 DARK BEFORE THE DAWN
Zayyan

27 SPEECH, MAY 6TH
Liana Saif is a Palestinian-Jordanian historian and religious studies scholar working as an assistant professor at the University of Amsterdam.

37 SPEECH, MAY 6TH
Ayala Levinger is a member of Erev Rav, an anti-zionist Jewish collective based in the Netherlands.

49 STATEMENT BY UVA SCHOLARS AND STAFF FOR PALESTINE, MAY 7TH

59 SPEECH, MAY 7TH
Jamil Fiorino-Habib is a lecturer at the University of Amsterdam.

105 CALL FOR A WALK-OUT BY DUTCH SCHOLARS FOR PALESTINE, MAY 13TH

108 SPEECH, MAY 13TH
Dr. Jacob Engelberg is assistant professor of film, media, and culture at the University of Amsterdam

115 TESTIMONIES, MAY 13TH
The Netherlands Student Intifada Archiving Project was founded shortly after the events of the second week of May 2024 by a coalition of activist collectives: Amsterdam Student Encampment, Workers for Palestine, Samidoun, Mokum Kraakt, and UvA for Palestine. They set up this archive to preserve the memory of the uprising; to collect evidence of police violence; to shape the narrative of the events; and to learn tactical lessons for future protests.

127 RESPONSIBILITY CLAIM FOR PROPERTY DESTRUCTION AT THE UVA

129 STATEMENT BY THE SHADIA ABU GHAZALEH CAMPUS OF THE FREE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY, MAY 26TH

133 HOW TO ASSEMBLE A MONUMENT
gra.si.students4palestine is a grassroots collective formed by art students from the Rietveld and Sandberg Academies in Amsterdam. Emerged during the Palestinian solidarity actions in Amsterdam, gra.si's efforts condemn the institutions' art-washing, silencing and complicity in the genocide of the people of Palestine.

189 TO MY CLASSMATES AT THE UVA, WITH LOVE AND RAGE
Audrey Fabbri is a student, writer and activist.

193 A CHOREOGRAPHY OF ESCALATION
unknot

211 AFTER THE BARRICADES
Jarmo Vincent is a writer and activist based in Amsterdam.

223 RADICALIZATION IS BURNING INCENSE
Audrey Fabbri

225 IN OUR THOUSANDS, IN OUR MILLIONS, WE ARE ALL PALESTINIANS
Anbu

231 DEAR, COMRADE (A PLAY)
Lola Swindles is a writer and performer living in Amsterdam.

259 OUR LOVE IS TERRORISTIC
Çağlar Köseoğlu is a poet. The original Dutch version of this poem appeared in *De Internet Gids*. The English translation originally appeared in *Social Text*. Köseoğlu read this poem on the 28th of May 2024 during a teach-in at the Roeterseiland campus when it was appropriated by staff and renamed the Al Aqsa campus.

261 PEOPLE'S VIOLENCE AND THE DEATH OF THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY
Enkido is a poet and performer living in Amsterdam.

ART

173 BETWEEN GAZA AND ME
Amal Al Nakhala is a Palestinian visual artist from Gaza who holds a Bachelor's degree in English literature. She considers art to be both a personal and political expression. Her artistic identity is deeply inspired by her surroundings, turning them into visual narratives.

206 CUT-OUTS
Mango Lassi is an activist and creative freelancer.

217 RECONSTRUCTING MEMORIES: THE DYSTOPIA OF THE POLICE STATE
Shanaya is a writer, activist, and student. Special thanks to Coco-fish, Sparrow & Tipi Wright.

227 ART BY GOLROKH NAFISI
Golrokh Nafisi is a children's book illustrator, animator, and puppet maker engaged in the contemporary conceptual art scene. In her works, she covers daily events, lives of ordinary people, and the politics of the societies she lives in.

PHOTOS

5 Amsterdam Student Encampment
A small group of protesters puts up tents and occupies the lawn on Roeterseiland.

6 Alina Lupu

8-9 Alina Lupu

10 Kristian Soisalo

17 Alina Lupu

Protesters block a journalist from photographing the encampment.

18 Alina Lupu

Barricade on the side of Plantage Muidersgracht.

19 ↑ Alina Lupu

Barricade at the bridge crossing Plantage Muidersgracht.

19 ↓ Alina Lupu

Activist kitchen De Sering arrives to serve food at the encampment.

20-21 Alina Lupu

Nieuwe Achtergracht is renamed after Bassel Al-Araj, a Palestinian writer and activist murdered by zionist forces in 2017.

22 Alina Lupu

23 Kristian Soisalo

Barricade on the side of Nieuwe Prinsengracht.

24-25 Kristian Soisalo

Barricade on the side of Plantage Muidersgracht.

26 Kristian Soisalo

33 Kristian Soisalo

34-35 Kristian Soisalo

The encampment is attacked by a group of zionist hooligans, who throw fire-works and try to beat people up. The protesters manage to quickly drive them back.

36 Alina Lupu

After the attack, bricks are lifted out of the pavement and used to strengthen the barricades.

40 ↑ Alina Lupu

Protesters work on reinforcing the barricades.

40 ↓ Ilaria Monese

41 Kristian Soisalo

42 Alina Lupu

Solidarity demo on the other side of Nieuwe Prinsengracht.

43 Kristian Soisalo

44-45 Ilaria Monese

46 Ilaria Monese

47 Anonymous

The Roeterseiland lawn, the morning after the eviction.

48 Arseny Pesterev

52 Arseny Pesterev

53 Morris Faber

People gather on Roetersstraat to protest the eviction of the previous night.

54 Arseny Pesterev

The protest march on Weesperstraat.

55 Morris Faber

56-57 Morris Faber

58 Morris Faber

The march is blocked by the police on Weesperstraat.

64 Morris Faber

The march reaches Oudemanhuispoort.

65 ↑ roos

65 ↓ Alina Lupu

66 Alina Lupu

68 Alina Lupu

69 Wassila Aarab

70 Wassila Aarab

71 Alina Lupu

72-73 Wassila Aarab

74 Wassila Aarab

Graffiti on Binnengasthuissterrein.

75 Morris Faber

The occupied Academische Club, seen from Grimborgwal.

76-77 Morris Faber

Barricade on Binnengasthuissterrein.

78 Morris Faber

Barricade on Oudezijds Achterburgwal.

79 Alina Lupu

80 ↑ Wassila Aarab

80 ↓ Wassila Aarab

Barricade on Oudezijds Achterburgwal.

81 ↑ Wassila Aarab

Barricade on the far end of Oudemanhuispoort, the gate to Kloveniersburgwal.

81 ↓ Wassila Aarab

Barricade on Oudezijds Achterburgwal, facing Binnengasthuisstraat.

82 Wassila Aarab

Barricades on Binnengasthuissterrein.

83 Wassila Aarab

Supporters have gathered beyond the Barricade on Grimborgwal.

84 Wassila Aarab

Protesters ask for silence, to be able to hear the police announcement.

85 Wassila Aarab

Police storms the barricade on Oudezijds Voorburgwal.

86 Wassila Aarab

Protesters behind the barricade on Grimborgwal.

87 Wassila Aarab

Fire extinguishers found in the

building are used as a means of defense against the police on Grimborgwal.

88-89 arthigan

90 Marnix van Bokhorst(@urra35)

Police kettling the support demonstration on Oudezijds Achterburgwal.

91 Kristian Soisalo

Police clearing the barricade on Oudezijds Achterburgwal.

92 Wassila Aarab

93 ↑ Wassila Aarab

A street medic tends to one of the protesters.

93 ↓ Wassila Aarab

The protesters are beaten back and kettled.

94 Wassila Aarab

The kettled protesters are allowed to leave via Binnengasthuisstraat. Many of them join the crowd that has gathered in support on Rokin.

95 Marnix van Bokhorst(@urra35)

A protester blocks one of the city-buses coming to transport arrestees, Rokin.

96 Lucian Dragut (@luciuscezar)

Protest on Rokin

97 Marnix van Bokhorst(@urra35)

98 Kristian Soisalo

Riot police on Rokin blocking the way to Langebrugsteeg.

99 Marnix van Bokhorst(@urra35)

100-101 Juli Kiiriak

102 Faust Stierman

After clearing Rokin with a charge, a police line moves down Reguliersbreestraat towards Rembrandtplein.

103 ↑ Kristian Soisalo

Police charge the protest on Rokin.

103 ↓ Kristian Soisalo

Activists on top of Joseph Klibanski's sculpture The Thinker, Rembrandtplein.

111-114 Morris Faber

Police presence during the walk-out, May 13th.

116 Ilaria Monese

Occupation of the ABC building, Roeterseiland campus.

124 Morris Faber

126 Ilaria Monese

131 Alina Lupu

The Shadia Abu Ghazaleh campus of the Free People's University, on the day of the opening.

132 Alina Lupu

Gathering inside the People's University.

The images on pages 47, 115, 119, 120 and 123 are anonymous contributions from the Netherlands Student Intifada Archiving Project.

The messages on pages 7-94 are taken from the AMS Encampment Announcements group on Signal.

Cover photo by Marnix van Bokhorst (@urra35)

Back cover art by Golrokh Nafisi, after a photo by Alina Lupu

In editing the pictures for this book, we have been careful not to expose protesters, especially in situations where their actions might be in conflict with the law, and generally avoided including photos where people's faces were recognizable. However, to accurately portray the events, this was not always possible. Since people were not engaged in any illegal activity in the photos we included, we felt this did not pose an unacceptable risk. As a result, in some photos, some people are recognizable.

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