

Scriptus

Issue 22



Foreword

Scriptus is back!

First and foremost, we would like to extend a warm welcome to the first years, who have amazed us with their dedication and enthusiasm by already contributing to the very first edition of the year! Second, we would like to welcome back the second and third years. As the fall weather settles in and students start remembering their course schedules, we proudly present to you the FIRST ISSUE of Scriptus for this upcoming academic year! We have been working hard from the very beginning of September to present to you a variety of articles to cater to a wide variety of interests. Within these beautiful pages, there is an array of wonderful articles waiting to be discovered and appreciated. We continue our quest of keeping you informed regarding committees and events, thus, we strongly suggest you check out the pieces by Web Radio, one of the newest AUCSA committees, and Cake4Calais. For the adventurous souls that are currently reminiscing about their awesome travelling experiences over the summer, we've got your back; briefly discover and experience Tel Aviv by reading Klaudia's piece, or become better acquainted with the incognitos of going on exchange through Laura's reflection from Sweden. To the aspiring slightly demotivated writers, we haven't forgotten about you; quite the opposite, we have two great pieces to help you get out of your temporary slump, and help you realise your innate potential. So, do take time to read *Note from the Writer to the Writer*. But there is so much more. This issue enables you to: explore the concept of home within the AUC bubble, find out what it is like to have an encounter with Dutch frat boys, discover a new hotspot in the East, procrastinate by following a detailed Netflix binge-watching guide, understand Piketty's *Capital in the 21st Century*, and learn about the U.S Elections. Last, but certainly not least, do read ABORT the Parliament, as it serves as a powerful reminder of what can happen when governments limit civil liberties, and the detrimental consequences these decisions can have on people's lives.

Cover Artist Statement

HI: the Head Illustrator.

The issue that you're holding is marked with a special number - 22. We won't see that symmetry and evenness for the next 22 Scriptuses. It's magic. Trust me.

Our illustrations join the celebration of Inktober, a movement meant to unify artists far and wide, ripping paintbrushes, crayons, canisters of enamel, sticks - or whatever kids nowadays use - out of their hands and replacing them with fine liners and markers. As the art folks are one big (starving) family, everybody's welcome to take their own swing at the ink - and so did we.

Containing political, informative and emotional pieces, nr. 22 is a reflection of the vast spectrum of talent buzzing within our students. Forever expanding that excellent diversity, I'm calling out to all the creators: if you'd like to have your art printed and distributed within the AUC, wait no longer, shoot me an email and join our disputes questioning the existence of pineapples on pizzas.

As The Board, we'll sail you through the year, hopefully bringing some laughter during the finals, some mental-munchies in between classes or some excuses to tear up, wherever, and cry just a lil' bit. I'd like to thank Angela for her artwork (and being the awesome first-year she is) and Nicole, who's apparently a superhuman - and if you're one of those conspiracy theorists Mom warned me about, we could conduct an anonymous interview on all the ways in which she copes with life AND ties the team together.

From the bottom of our hearts & livers - we hope you're going to enjoy those few magnificent sheets of paper.

(Art people, ring me up!)
And for now - happy autumn!

Zuzanna



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Disclaimer:

Scriptus is written, edited and designed entirely by the students of Amsterdam University College. The news magazine does not reflect or express the official views of AUC. Comments, questions and criticisms are welcome at scriptus@aucsa.nl.

NOTE FROM THE WRITER TO THE WRITER

- Eleonora Gelmetti

The first very big mistake is thinking that you don't know how to write

Wrong.

Everyone can write

Wrong.

Everyone writes and does it in a different way, but not everyone has the wonderfully weird ability to make love with words.

The only haughtiness you are conceded as a writer:

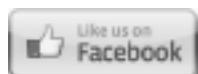
You are an amazing charming fucker. Thus, when you write -or fuck, or both- don't get stressed because of coming.

Feel the electricity,
Let the biunique pleasure of having words rolling like hands all over your skin out of your fingers overwhelm you.

Focus on the ink slipping sliding from the nib and rubbing on the vibrant page pulling things out like a magic wand.

For God's sake!
Don't focus on the orgasm otherwise you won't come!

Breathe.
Relax.
Fuck.
Sooner or later you'll cum.



Scriptus
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Wrong.

A Dutch exchange perspective on the US elections

- *Quinta Dijk*

Wrong: a word that represents more than you might think. Most people recognize it as the word for something that is not correct. Some people will acknowledge that it summarises the slightly embarrassing first debate between Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump. To me, this word is also a very accurate and genuine feeling of the topic of elections here in the States in general.

For those of you who missed the debate, which I would find highly unlikely, this is the bigger picture. Do you remember the awkward beginner debates that you were forced to do in secondary school? Most of you do not really know how it

works yet, you try to bluff your way through it, hoping that you are the last one standing in the end. This was worse, much worse. It was wrong.

But I am not here to give a workshop on debating. I am here to address the other wrong: silence. I have been in the States for almost two months. The elections are in about a month, November eighth. I have said the words "American Football" more than either of the names of the candidates. Wrong.

You might say that there must be some people that talk about the elections. And I would have to agree with you. However, the only people that I have talked with about the elections are foreigners – whether they are exchange students or staff, all of them are non-immigrant aliens. Ironic, since the only aliens I see around here are US citizens, remaining silent about their future, distancing themselves from the biggest event of the year, of every four years even. There are no discussions in class or during lunch breaks, teachers do not seem to be all that interested, when and if students are asked whether they watched the debates, only some hands go up. However, they do know about all the gossip; Hillary's emails, Trump's girls.

I see commercials where both Hillary and Trump try to make each other look like villains; I see debates on live television that make me cringe; but I do not hear one opinion. When I talk to American students that have been to Europe, they are all very clear about the amount of political knowledge that Europeans have about their system. "I have talked



more about American politics in Amsterdam than I have done here in the States" is a recurring statement. Dutch students are not only up to date about their own elections, most of the university students are aware of the campaign plans in the US elections. By now, I can almost understand the

urge Trump must have felt during the debate: wrong, that is exactly what it is. A country, or more likely a world, on the verge of disaster and there is not a soul that seems to be even remotely interested. They are about to decide not only on their own history, but also on yours, and mine. It is wrong, on so many levels.

Louie Louie: A Hotspot of the East

- Diana
Ghidanac

Said to become the new “Pijp”, Amsterdam East has definitely experienced some big changes and continues to develop as hotspots pop up at every corner – whether that’s a new bar, a new yoga studio, or a new concept store. A friend and AUC graduate informs me that they didn’t even have Oostport before the entrance of the Class of 2017. Sometimes hearing the word *gentrification* makes me feel that there must be a negative connotation to it, but when looking at our local neighbourhood I feel lucky that I’m able to bike for ten minutes and find myself in a nice café to study, or a vibrant bar for a nice cocktail. That being said, if I now made you consider where you could go to grab yourself a nice drink, *Louie Louie* is an option that won’t disappoint.

Recently put on the scene, *Louie Louie* is rumoured to have one of the biggest terraces in the area. I’ve been there on a couple of occasions so far, one for an evening drink with a friend, and the second for dinner after an excruciating obstacle run. Not only was I quite impressed with the selection of cocktails and drinks, but also the food

choices definitely racked up some points. PSA: All bars should serve sweet potato fries, just saying. Enjoy them plain, or if the craving hits hard, order the chili cheese fries, which includes sweet potato with various toppings. Otherwise, you can opt for fish and meat tacos, ceviches, salads, and grill skewers.

If you’re feeling adventurous, they’ve got special varieties of hot sauces placed on each table, because everything tastes better with a little spice. With the up-and-happening vibe and a wide terrace overlooking Tropen Museum, *Louie Louie* catches a lot of attention, and a lot of people. You may get lucky to find a nice space on the terrace, but if the beautiful interior doesn’t satisfy you, luckily there are many other options just down the street. *Gentrification* is not against, but in our favour, so enjoy the variety in taste that Amsterdam East has to offer.



AUC Web Radio

A Treat for the Ear and Food for the Brain

-Gerold
Sewcharan

AUC Web Radio started out as an initiative to fulfill the demand of an auditory medium through which the voices and tunes of AUC could freely be broadcasted. We aim to provide an open floor for conversation amongst AUC students. A means of keeping everyone up to date in terms of student committees and AUC events, and of course, a platform for music discovery.

The first show aired in December of last year, and revolved around the topic of the refugee crisis. Guests came in with various stories and perspectives, and in doing so opened up a whole new side to the situation. An unofficial musical show aired two weeks later, but we officially gained committee status once we had our debut boiler room event last year and we’ve had regular shows since.

For the upcoming year we have a lot of new stuff planned. Starting November, we are looking forward to doing a (bi-)monthly radio show, consisting of music from all across the spectrum, discussions on current topics, and keeping our audience up to date in terms of stuff to check out in and outside of the AUC bubble.

Anything can happen really. As of yet, nothing is set in stone and we’re looking forward to developing programme structure that works for the AUC student life.

Outside of the radio shows that we are releasing on our Mixlr account, we’re also planning on doing at least a couple more of boiler room events and a few live DJ events as well.

This year, our board consists of seven people, each bringing their own qualities, interests, perspectives and skillsets to the Web Radio table, so to speak.

We have,

Aaron Altaras as our Chair and outspoken ego,

Loïs Hutubessy in charge of communications and keeping all of us in the loop,

Eden Benat as our Secretary and general “Guys, we need to get sh*t done.” ambassador,

Dora Brooks in charge of design and our appearance in/outside of the AUC bubble,

Malou Miedema as our Treasurer and maker of copious sarcastic statements,

Tadé Hogenelst as our leader and spiritual guide in all things remotely technical or software related, and

last but not least, **Gerold Sewcharan** as general board member and sporadic marketing/PR dude.

Good night and good luck. – Web Radio out.



Encounter with **FRAT BOYS**

-Joris
Alberdingk Thijm

I have a confession to make. It's about my brother—he's a frat boy. Yes. Last summer he decided to join the ranks of this breed of people that I particularly despise. Despite his having fallen under the sway of a heathen religion, we still get along quite well. As such, it had been my 'ambition' for a while to visit him in his new frat house in Leiden, a municipality with the historical reputation of being the dumbest of the Netherlands, including its significant student population. I had been dreading the inevitable confrontation with his frat friends, as I expected they would try to exert their social hegemony over me, which I was not planning to accept. That's why I kept putting the visit off for months. This month, I finally gathered the courage to go and visit him. It was going to be a test for him—where would his main allegiance lie? With his new found frat friends or with yours sincerely, his brother?

I couldn't find the doorbell on the door of the majestic canal house, so I decided to call my brother. Seconds later I heard his voice coming from above; I looked up to see his head sticking out of a third floor window, shouting a greeting. He came down to open the fire exit for me, which they apparently use as a front door. He

led me up the stairs to his bedroom, which was about one and a half times the size of my own, including my kitchen and bathroom. On the way there I saw a few people in the room opposite, whom I greeted from a distance. Was it appropriate for me to approach them and shake their hands, or would that seem too eager? I decided to keep my cool, without seeming anti-social. With hardly any interaction with the other frat boys, I already felt the pressure of their social control down to my bones.

The idea was that my brother and I would cook something together. I sat down behind his laptop to show him a recipe I wanted to make, when two of the alpha males of the household entered the room and presented me with their hands. I didn't know whether it was appropriate for me to stand up: was I expected to show respect by standing up or would it, again, seem too eager? I decided to go for something in between remaining seated and getting up, which must have looked really awkward. Theirs was not a warm greeting, but rather a kind of inspection of the intruder, combined with a marking of their territory. What kind of person had entered their space? Which tribe did he represent? What creed did he follow? If they had been dogs they would have smelled my asshole at this point. What made it worse is that my brother introduced me as the 'big' Alberdingk Thijm. I was indeed older than my brother, but stood about half a head shorter than he. In order to avoid the inevitable frown or remark I decided to take control of the situation and said: "You wouldn't say that, would you?" They didn't respond and left the room.

The dish I proposed to make consisted of chickpeas with spinach, tomato and a whole range of exotic spices such as ginger, turmeric, and cumin. The decision to cook this particular item seems like a trivial matter, but it wasn't: it was outright heresy. Cooking an elaborate, vegan dish in a frat house was a political statement, which would not go unnoticed. As expected, we had to buy every single ingredient except for the oil; there was hardly anything in the kitchen. Before going to the supermarket, my brother gave me a tour of his new 'city', which, despite its large frat boy population, looked really 'gezellig' with its small canals and old buildings. The kitchen was an absolute mess, but we managed to secure a few tiny bits of free.

surface area; just enough to be able to cook. Once the onions and spices were frying, their aromas diffusing through the house, one of the guys that had greeted me in the beginning entered the kitchen. "Smells good," he said, "What is it?" I summed up the main ingredients, while he just kept staring at me with an expressionless face. After I finished, all he said was, "no meat?" This was the moment of truth. How would this ideological conflict be resolved? How would my brother deal with it? I shook my head. "Nope, it's healthy eating day today," my brother said. I sighed an internal sigh of relief. He was on my side. The house mate shrugged and mumbled an "okay" with a tone consisting of incredulity mixed with contempt.

A few minutes later, I was suddenly caught off guard by a booming voice. "What on earth is going on here?" My brother cooking, or even anyone cooking on a day that was not Monday, the day of the communal house dinner, was apparently a phenomenon rare enough to warrant this reaction of bafflement. My brother explained the situation, and the owner of the voice introduced himself to me as Magnus. When gripping his hand, one of my fingers ended up awkwardly outside his grip. "Oops," I said. He looked at my hand, as if deciding whether a retry was appropriate, and mumbled: "oh, never mind." Like his housemate, he asked what we were cooking, and also responded to the answer with a shrug. "You can also just order a *Kapsalon*," he said.

During the final stage of the cooking, when a big pile of spinach was lying on top of the pan, waiting to be wilted, Magnus came in again, loudly exclaiming his aversion of vegetarian food. Seeing that this had no effect, he left again. When we were finally eating, my brother told me he really liked the food, but that "something was missing." It was clear to me what that something was, but it didn't matter. We had done a heretical deed, an act of resistance, and he had participated in it. He had passed the test of allegiance.



Exchange: Your destination is your first choice

-Laura Galante

It is a cold Sunday afternoon in early October as I write this. The days are getting shorter, darker, and eventually the sun will start setting at three in the afternoon here in Uppsala, Sweden. It's a great incentive to drink more coffee and stuff my face with kanelbullar (singular: en kanelbul), delicious Swedish pastries that perfectly accompany warm drinks at any time of the day. I don't think I have ever eaten so many pastries as in these past few weeks. Now, I could go on saying how great it is to be on exchange, the advantages of living beyond our Bubble and the great cultural immersions that go hand in hand with this experience. However, I'm pretty sure this has been discussed over and over, and I don't think I would be saying anything new. Instead, I would like to focus on those aspects that many of us might be dreading when thinking of undertaking this challenge; being away from home, not finding our way in the new country and just going through many unpredictable factors, which would lead us to regret the chosen destination when faced with so many doors around the world. As much as I was excited at the prospect of going away, that was my biggest concern. I knew I wanted to go on exchange, period. At least that was one thing I was sure about. The steps taken to choose a country, which culminated in me picking Sweden were carefully measured with what could be the equivalent of a SWOT analysis (strengths, weaknesses, opportunities, and threats); I evaluated everything from university facilities, to courses, location, bureaucracy, etc. And *yet...* Every time someone asks me why I chose Sweden, I don't really know what to say. It could have been because of the courses, maybe, but now that I am here, I am not so sure anymore. It could be a mixture of different things. My point is, yes, I was sure I had made the right decision, but occasionally I

got pangs of anxiety before the transfer because I had no idea what to expect. I was mostly afraid of regretting not going somewhere 'exotic'; so many people take this opportunity to go as far away from their current country as possible, or just experience a culture that is completely opposite to theirs. Sometimes I felt I was not exploiting this opportunity to 'see the world' to the fullest, but rather chose the Netherlands minus 20 degrees –it is anything but, mind you; the seasons here actually make sense as opposed to having autumn 365 days a year. In short, before I left I went through a lot of 'what if's'.

And that wasn't the biggest incognito of all. I had never moved countries on my own without anyone coming with me. This was probably by far the biggest jump in the dark I could ever have done. The night before moving day I couldn't sleep. First and foremost, I was nervous about finding my accommodation. Would I have a roof over my head that night? Of course I had signed up for it and my contract was all good and ready, but knowing me and my ability to orient myself, I was even nervous about



actually finding the place on the map. I did, of course, and that night I *did* have a room to live in. I was also nervous about the loneliness; would I meet people with whom I could get along? I was mentally preparing myself to be self-standing and more independent, without having to rely on others to take the initiative for exploring places, plan trips and just generally doing things on my own. So, why am I going on about all these fears? Shouldn't I be encouraging people to go on exchange? It is precisely because of this fear of the unknown that indeed, yes I would

recommend this to anyone. I don't claim to be the first, nor the last person to have experienced this, but as someone who has never lived more than a train ride away from home, to me this could be the equivalent of going on a spontaneous backpacking trip on the other side of the world. The completely new environment, atmosphere, and change of routine ended up being truly worth all the times spent mulling over what could have been in anticipation of the trip. Also, all the time spent on paperwork for the motivation letter, Erasmus scholarship, housing contract, learning agreement etc. was but a small price to pay for the immensely rewarding experience.

The fears that accompanied me throughout the initial part of the journey ended up loosening their grip on my expectations, and to this day, about a month and a half in the exchange, I am still astounded at how smoothly things worked out despite the first few days of integration into the new country. In fact, I feel like I had an incredible bout of luck when it came to settling into Swedish society. So, as a concluding section to this reflection, here are five things I was unusually lucky with, and which extinguished all the initial doubts forming in my mind, not just with this exchange, but with facing an unknown journey in general.



1. *Sweden is a beautiful country.* The more I explore Uppsala, Stockholm, and the natural beauties of this place, the more I realize why it is my first choice to begin with. I find myself identifying with the atmosphere, the greenery, and the small student city lifestyle that surrounds me every day.

2. *The accommodation ended up being better than I expected.* I was faced with having to choose from a series of student complexes around Uppsala, varying in distance from the centre, price

and facilities, but strangely enough, when I hear varying opinions from other students, my building seems to be the most comfortable to live in.

3. *My floor mates and I became a family.* This was something else I had not expected at all, as most other students who live in different complexes barely even talk to their neighbours. Here, on the other hand, our floor gets absolutely along, and we have become a pretty close bunch. When on one occasion I lost my room keys, the others gave me clothes and bed sheets. When on another occasion I fell in the Baltic Sea, I was –yet again– given dry clothes in order not to die of hypothermia.

4. *The Swedish are super open to internationals.* I joined a choir in which 80% of the members are Swedish, and it's just remarkable how welcoming they are to newbies learning about the language, integrating and taking part in their traditions. In this short time, I learned more Swedish songs than I have learned in Dutch in seven years of living in the Netherlands. It motivated me to learn Swedish for extra credit, and not miss this opportunity while here.

5. *My courses are really intriguing.* I'll admit I do not spend as much time studying as I do in Amsterdam, and that I should be doing an assignment right now instead of writing this, but despite the fact that there were few modules that complemented my Communication Track, those ended up being much more eye-opening than I thought initially. Certainly the workload is not as intense (yet), but studying in a 40,000 student university is quite the change from our small-sized programme. It even motivated me to think about coming back for a Master once I am finished with AUC.

And most of all, I guess that those initial fears were what prepared me to come to terms with the new reality. In retrospect, I could have placed less weight on them during my day-to-day activities, but on the other hand, they made me realize that those big question marks eventually sort themselves out one way or another. Is Sweden still my top choice? Yes, it is. Would any other country have been my top choice? Yes, I believe no matter what I could have chosen instead, the impact would have been just as lasting, as the thrill to be in a new place altogether still hasn't worn off. And at the end of the day, I realized that the experience would be just as worthwhile no matter where I went.

My academic, social, and cultural experience in Tel Aviv

-Klaudia
Klonowska

Have you ever got caught by surprise by a trip or an event you planned too-long-ago to remember? That's what I felt when landing in Tel Aviv on one Saturday evening in September. I arrived in a new country, Israel, with the AIMUN delegation (#freepromo) for a Model United Nations conference - to learn debating skills, meet new people, and train in strategic thinking - but left with a baggage of cultural experiences that have changed my perspective on the region.

The conference itself was organized at the Tel Aviv University, a beautiful campus hosting about 30,000 students with palm trees and outdoor swimming pools. Besides a great sunny weather, the city has a lot to offer in terms of cuisine. There are plenty of international restaurants: Greek, Iranian, Lebanese, Egyptian, Eritrean, and, of course, Israeli. I ate falafel, couscous, salads, and traditional hummus - each place claiming to offer a better and more authentic hummus than the one around the corner. The TLVMUN conference was of a relatively small size, only about 120 delegates, mostly because people from the neighbouring Arab countries are not allowed to enter Israel. I participated in the backroom of NATO

committee, which dealt with terrorist attacks in Europe and in the Middle East. As a crisis committee, we established a hypothetical conflict situation for the delegates to resolve through debate, secret agreements, and official treaties. The crisis storyline started with an explosion in Berlin, Germany, but ended with all of us losing consciousness of what's "just crisis" and what's reality. The events escalated faster than anyone would have expected, to the point where all of our Facebook accounts got blocked due to the terrorist-related content we posted (keywords: ISIS, recruitment, attack, nuclear weapon - you name it). On the third day, we heard a breaking news report from CNN about an attack on the Israeli embassy in Ankara - an event similar to the one planned in the outline of our crisis simulation. We felt guilty, lost, and insecure. This experience proved how closely related the MUN conference and reality are; we had to take the simulation more seriously and make a real attempt at making the world a better place.

This MUN conference was particular, because of its location. Israel is still a conflict region, which makes the lives of its citizens very challenging. Talking to my Israeli friends, I was shocked to hear how well they deal with the situation. They laughed about the missiles that sometimes cross their skylines, smiled when reminded of the compulsory military service, and joked about the Holocaust. One day, swimming in the Mediterranean, I asked my friend, "How's life in Israel?" He said, "It's great! But what I consider a good life, may not be the same in your eyes." Only later did I understand what he meant. As a European, I often take safety for granted; I don't understand what it means to have rockets target my city, what an explosion sounds like, where to run when an alarm goes off. Can you imagine having only 15 seconds to find a shelter before the rocket reaches its target!? Another friend told me that while entering a bus she always sits on the left in the very front or the very back of the bus, because these two seats are the safest in her eyes, in case a person with a bomb walks in. Such considerations have never even crossed my mind. Having so much stress, pressure, and insecurity in life, I start to comprehend where Israeli humour comes from. It's their way of dealing with daily challenges. As they said, "What else do



you want us to do? Cry everyday?" But it would be too much to conclude that they have adjusted to the situation. Each and every one of them, whom I talked to, expressed the desire to live peacefully. The same way their mothers wished for them, they also want to promise their children: "When you grow up, you won't need to go to the army."

Coming back to the Netherlands, I recall in my memory all the stories I learned from my Israeli friends. During the time I visited Israel nothing exploded over my head, but I still heard the alarm that went off all around Tel Aviv, fortunately only a drill. While I am (relatively) safe in Amsterdam, Israelis don't know

what the next day will bring them, but they keep on laughing, enjoying life, and travelling.

It is dangerous to look at a country, its culture, history, and political situation from only one side - the young Israeli voices. One might say that I should have listened to the Palestinians, but then again, even within what we call "the Palestinian community", there are many distinct, and often contradicting voices making up for a complete picture. Hopefully one day, maybe at another MUN conference in an Arab country, I will be able to listen to another voice. But for now, I am thankful for the opportunity to at least understand this voice of my peers in Israel.

Capital in the 21st Century: Some Thoughts

-Alex Stargazer

Many things can be said about Thomas Piketty's *Capital in the 21st Century*, but one thing can be said for certain: its breadth and scope is almost incomparably broad. Piketty has amassed an impressive collection of data dating reliably to 18th century France—and in some cases even further beyond in history. The respected left-wing economist tackles every element of inequality; the distribution of capital, the rate of return on capital, growth, wage structure and access to education are all considered in detail. Personally, I don't know of any other work that compares in terms of sheer data.

But what key themes come out from all that data? I believe there are three conclusions. The first concerns capital, strangely enough. Piketty shows that capital is, and has always been, distributed highly unevenly: both today and in the 19th century, the bottom half of society owns virtually nothing. Today the top 10% of society owns about 60% of national wealth; this is less than in the 19th century, but greater than in the 70s.

It's not just that capital is distributed unevenly: the returns are too. Piketty shows—through the use of detailed data on university endowments—that the larger the fortune, the greater the rate of return. An ordinary fortune in the hundreds of thousands of euros can get maybe 5%; a fortune of several million euros can gain 7%, and an even bigger fortune can get 10%.

The second conclusion that emerges in Piketty's work is the rise of the supermanager. In many countries, but primarily in the Anglo-Saxon world, the compensation of high level executives has increased dramatically. By comparison, the wages of those lower down have remained stagnant—or even decreased, when certain inflationary factors are taken into account.

The third is education. In the US, and to lesser degree France, it is statistically the case that the alumni of prestigious universities (Harvard, Sciences Po) are very disproportionately from higher income families. Since the alumni of prestigious universities also disproportionately constitute better paying jobs, a cycle of inequality is born.

Personally, I do not think these three conclusions are particularly controversial. And Piketty proposes many viable solutions to combat inequality: a progressive tax on capital; higher rates of marginal taxation for executives; and international co-operation to tackle tax evasion and so-called 'fiscal competition'.

Tax evasion by the rich is a significant effector of inequality. Martin Rowson's cartoon, published in the Guardian,

But that said, Piketty has overlooked what I believe to be a key ingredient in the egalitarian soup: labour unions. Consider the example of the Danish McDonalds worker. Thanks to the union contract, he earns about €30,000 per annum. And if he were American? His wage would be closer to €15,000. The importance of this difference is not to be underestimated: it can make all the difference.

Indeed, what we see throughout history, and even today, is that low pay isn't just low pay. It has effects beyond the simple misery of the workers (if you want to get all Marx about it). Inequality at school—and later on, university—is a function of inequality at home. In centuries past the children of the working class lacked literacy or proper nutrition; today those children lack tutors, parents who can read to them, and survive on a diet of junk food.

Where I feel Piketty errs is in his top-down approach to unequal higher education: he looks for solutions to inequality in university recruitment or education policy. But in doing so, he fails to consider the deeper social realities that underly it.

Indeed, I would argue that this is a problem for other aspects of Piketty's proposed solutions. While sensible, they're too focused on the top of the social hierarchy: Piketty places so much emphasis on the evils of large fortunes and executive pay packets, that he forgets inequality is a problem of the very bottom as well as the very top.

In any case, let's not be too harsh. Piketty's *Capital* is still a fine piece of work—and one worthy of being called the intellectual successor of Marx's infamous polemic. What Piketty reveals is that capital is indeed, in the words of Marx, the 'dead labour that, vampire-like, only lives by sucking living labour.'

But where Marx employed rhetoric to argue his point, Piketty uses cold, indisputable data. And where Marx proposed revolutionary communism—where he dreamed of superabundance and the stateless society—Piketty proposes feasible solutions.

So let me put it this way: if there's only one economics book you want to read this year, make it *Capital in the 21st Century*. Yeah, sorry Marx.

Cake4Calais

- Ellen Ackroyd and Nini Pieters

The term "Jungle" refers to the refugee camp in the French Calais. It may in itself be almost intimidating. You may be picturing an environment of chaos, misery, and suffering. To be honest, you're not so far from the reality of it. With almost 10,000 refugees, originating from various countries and backgrounds, crammed into small makeshift tents, the situation is one of insecurity and instability. Indeed, the media is good at generalizing a group of people, and portraying the negative aspects of the situation. What is not shown, however, is the energy that flows through the camp, the drive that the refugees have and use to turn their dreams of achieving a better life into a reality.

Thus, when French authorities announced the dismantling of the camp in September 2016, our thoughts immediately turned to the inhabitants of the "Jungle" that would soon be deprived of even the most basic form of shelter and provisions. In addition to this, mass flooding has weakened the ground and destroyed tents.

After talking to volunteers working in Calais, we realized even more the seriousness of the situation, and the necessity to act. As a group of students from the Amsterdam University College, we held a brainstorming sessions during which the idea came up to organise a bake sale in collaboration with *Taste Before You Waste* (TBYW). TBYW is an Amsterdam-based initiative which aims to prevent food waste in various creative ways. Using TBYW products which are donated by stores around Amsterdam East allowed us to have minimal costs, while maximizing the donations that would support the people living in the "Jungle".



The name *Cake4Calais* refers to a volunteer charity called *Care4Calais*. The concept we envisioned was simple: to bake and sell vegan pastries at the Amsterdam University College so as to raise as much money as possible, which could then be donated to an organisation called *l'Auberge des Migrants*. This is a French humanitarian aid organisation which supports the refugees in Calais. We chose to make the bake sale vegan because the ingredients are cheap, safe to use, and can also be enjoyed by people with a vegan lifestyle.

On Sunday the 25th of September, the group of five volunteers met at 11 in the morning to start baking – and the baking proceeded until ten that same evening. We largely followed the concept of *Taste Before You Waste*, which is to collect food that would otherwise go to waste, and then work with whatever was donated by the various stores around Amsterdam East. Almost 11 hours of chopping bread, bananas, mixing dough, and trying out new combinations produced around ten banana breads, three peach pies, vegan brownies, savoury bruschetta-balls and a range of gluten-free options. The baking day was long, packed, and required creativity due to the limited variety of ingredients available. However, not only were the final results definitely worth the effort, but it was also an extremely relaxing and fun experience. Ultimately, it had been no less than a fun day spent with friends while exchanging stories, singing, dancing, and baking cakes for a good cause.



The *Cake4Calais* bake sale was set up the next morning at the Amsterdam University College, and the response from the AUC community was amazing. Students, management, and faculty enthusiastically contributed and bought pastries such that we were sold out within three hours. With the help of motivated volunteers and generous buyers, *Cake4Calais* raised over 500 euros which were directly sent to *l'Auberge des Migrants* to support the refugees in the Calais “Jungle”.



Especially in light of the plans by the French government to demolish the refugee camp, transportable goods and suitable clothing are needed more than ever in Calais. With practically no financial resources, but instead a motivated team and support from *Taste Before You Waste*, *Cake4Calais* was able to provide at least some urgently needed goods and equipment for the refugees living in the “Jungle”. Although this fundraising event was a one-time project, it demonstrates how easily a small change can be made. Therefore, we urge people to take action in their own creative ways; it doesn't have to cost much, but might mean a lot to the people living in the Calais “Jungle”.

ABORT THE PARLIAMENT

- Zuzanna
Orlowska

The rain is falling hard and I'm in my natural state of being, smoking in front of my computer. The only difference is that today I'm shaking. All my social media has been overrun by blackness. Facebook is black, Snapchat is black, so is Instagram. Imagine your country, wherever you're from. Imagine it Westernized, imagine it industrialized, imagine it moving forward after fighting for its own independence for so long. Imagine it normal. Imagine your friends and family you've left there. Imagine a small group of people coming to power and putting it all at risk.

Facebook: a video, thousands of people dressed in black, holding banners and umbrellas. It's raining there as well. It's colder than it is here, but they're still outside, the street is completely filled. You have no idea what city it is, but you're trying to get a rough estimate, looking at the buildings, hidden behind the crowd. It's an old town, you're pretty sure, judging by the architecture. Then you notice a well-known

signboard of one of the cafés, where you used to go after your middle school classes. F*ck, you think. You've crossed this street so many times, it's your city. A face appears in the camera, just for a split second. You know this one, you think, you must have met this girl at a party or somewhere else, doesn't really matter.

What matters is she's there. You're not.

There are **no human rights violations in Europe.**

There are **no human rights violations in central Europe.**

There are **no human rights violations in the EU, happening now, today.**

Right?

Your country has had one of the most restrictive policies on abortion within those areas. The law from 1993 stated clearly - termination of pregnancy should only be allowed in cases of rape, incest, if the fetus is damaged or if the life of a mother is put at risk¹.

This may change pretty fast.

Snapchat: you've gotten a picture from one of your best friends.

A selfie - she's dressed in black, holding an umbrella. Her freckled nose is reddish from the cold, her ever-laughing blue eyes now stern, looking in the camera with a decisive stare. Some strands of her short, ginger hair glued to her forehead by the rain. “Even my underwear is black”, the caption says.

Imagine yourself, two years from now, still living abroad.

An evening, just like this one. Your partner is lying in bed, you're having tea, smoking a joint. You're re-watching another episode of *Rick and Morty*. It's been a year together, it's good. They remember how you've met and you lean in for a kiss, but you're stopped halfway through by a sound of a Skype call.

Bloody awesome, you think, great timing.

It's late on Monday, so you're startled. You look at the username, it's your friend. She never calls out of line, so your first reaction is a mix of adrenaline and cortisol, you're alarmed. You get out of the sheets, throw a blanket on and pick up. She's crying.

She was coming back home, alone, that used to be such a safe area. A thud to the back of her head. Next thing she remembers is the pain, the bruises, a deep cut on her arm left by a knife. She asks you whether she should report it. You hesitate, then you tell her to wait at least a month. She nods - you both know the guy is not going to get caught, but you can't take the risk, things aren't as they used to be anymore.

She disconnects and you realise you're not alone. You rush to a closet, take out your sports gear. You'll be right back, you say, you're just going running. It's midnight, the middle of December. You make it through the door in seconds, feeling dazed and confused. You sit on the stairs and try to force the tears out. You can't, so you just keep on shaking and smoking.

Instagram: a row of pictures, all the people you know, all dressed in black. You keep on scrolling, they keep on appearing. No smiling faces this time, no foodporn or hashtags other than one - the **#blackprotest**.

It's been four weeks. She went to the doctor you both know. Due to the changes she had to meet him in the privacy of his own flat. The medical oath had lost its meaning², now the government has the right to know about everything that happens in your friend's uterus. The guy is stressed and who could possibly blame him - the environment is not sterile, the light is weak, as they had to pull

up the curtains. If anybody learns what they're doing, they will both end up in jail³. You're waiting, two countries away, coughing, you've been smoking too much. After two hours, you get a text - she's pregnant, the child is deformed, more info to come.

You open another pack of cigarettes, your hands shaking, probably from the lack of nicotine in your system. You have no emotions left.

Five months later, you're getting another call, from that very doctor. You can barely understand what he's saying. You know your friend was supposed to leave to Germany, but she has fallen sick, you knew that, you also knew that she needed a confirmation from two professionals⁴ to prove that her life is really at immediate risk. You know both of the doctors, you've heard one of them was a religious nut. He said "she'll get through this" and that was it. The caller is choking on the other end of the line. She didn't make it, you hear, you misheard, no, you remember the time you were driving around your city with windows rolled down, playing Mozart on full volume, no, you think, this is a joke, this must be a joke, this can't happen, this mustn't have happened.

The child was saved, born with a terrible skin condition, causing it to squirm in pain under the slightest touch of fabric. It's been given to your friend's parents, they've been also given 100 euros⁵ from the government as a complementary fund for a newborn. They need several thousands⁶ to buy the tech equipment.

Not even a month later, both your friend and little Robert are buried in the cemetery two blocks away from where you used to rollerskate together.

You lock yourself in the bathroom and you scream, you scream out of helplessness.

You're thirty now and you finally decide to get a kid.

You came back home with a person who is now your husband or wife. You made it, after years and years of trying. The pregnancy is fragile, you need to watch out.

One morning you wake up and the sheets are red. You hug each other as close as two human beings can. You name your lost firstborn Kasia, after your friend.

The next day you both get a summon for a police investigation. You are both facing up to 12 years⁷ in jail for terminating a human life.

This is not a joke. This is happening.

Human rights violations are here, at the border of Germany.

The proposed abortion law is not the only thing our government is trying to achieve.

The Polish people are fighting back.

Help us by looking at the actions of our government, internationally.

Help us by letting our voice be heard.

Help us by not letting this be a domino effect.

Help us before our threats become your threats.

Help us before this reality becomes yours.

Edit (important):

Dear readers, if you went this far, stay for a second more, I have some explaining left to do. Let's get the story straight - **the situation got cleared, a bit**. I'll elaborate on that later. I was sharing the story on **various social media**, as it was going on. I was afraid - this was all very real - Poland was to ban abortion almost in all imaginable cases, criminalising miscarriage, forcing pregnancies on victims of rape, abuse, women whose health

would deteriorate or whose doctors affirmed the child would not survive - but that wasn't it. I got several messages from my friends, who all repeated the same thing: in comparison to what is really going on, **the abortion issue is minor**. I repeated the same answer, over and over again - first, hierarchy of "wrongness" is subjective and second, we need people to know. If the international community learns, maybe someone will get inspired, look on the full picture of our government weakening our country, on the alarming signals that are being repeated over and over, but are, so far, an internal issue. **I kept posting.**

Then N. asked me to write an article, gave me a voice on the situation and a platform to broadcast from, for which I am deeply grateful. So I thought, make the best of it. I wrote it to be truthful, but more importantly, dramatic.

The black protest took place. Thousands of people - both in Poland and internationally, went onto the streets to show their resistance. The next day, the government reacted - they were open to subtracting the prohibition of abortion in cases of rape and incest from the proposed law. However, they continue to defend their standpoint regarding cases in which the fetus was damaged or a severe dysfunction was detected - to give "the child a christening and burial."⁸ . The ongoings were **only reported during and shortly after** the protests. Afterwards, the Western media fell rather quiet about Poland - **the problem was "fixed" after all**, the people did good, now we can go back to watching Trump and Kim Kardashian. If this stands as proof of something, let it be this - we only seem to care after something becomes scandalous.

Now, no one really reports simple every day events from all over the world - no one

can really be sure what is perceived as a real threat to a given group of people before any action is manifested. No one has the time to read all the transcripts of all the picked up signals either. But because of that, we may not really know - **you may not really know** what may **really** be going on within your border. Both me and you know that ideas spread, threats spread, countries become ticking bombs seemingly in days or minutes. We can only say "**we should have acted then**" or "**we should have paid attention to that**", when the matter of what exactly is going to happen becomes clear.

It seems to me that often, the people who can really say the most are **the insiders**. AUC gives us the incredible opportunity of getting into a conversation, seeing what others see in their own homeland, what trends they notice, what explanations they have for their societies following/disrespecting the actions of their authorities. This may indicate your future a lot better than a quiz from BuzzFeed. **Thank you for talking, thank you for listening.**

My biggest hopes go out to those to whom the attention is given when asked - before it needs to be given to them anyway. This is one way that we can help one another out - warning and preventing, lending a hand. **One human to another.**

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¹ Government of the Republic of Poland. (1993, March 14). Ustawa z dnia 7 stycznia 1993 r. o planowaniu rodziny, ochronie płoduludzkiego i warunkach dopuszczalności przerywania ciąży. Retrieved October 18, 2016, from <http://isap.sejm.gov.pl/DetailsServlet?id=WDU19930170078>

² Stop Aborcji - Fundacja PRO. (2016, March 14). O zmianie ustawy z dnia 7 stycznia 1993 r. o planowaniu rodziny, ochronie płoduludzkiego i warunkach dopuszczalności przerywania ciąży oraz ustawy z dnia 6 czerwca 1997 r. Kodekskarny. Retrieved October 18, 2016, from http://www.stopaborcji.pl/wp-content/uploads/2016/03/projekt_2016.pdf

³ Ibidem.

⁴ Ibidem.

⁵ Government of the Republic of Poland. (2016). Zasady i warunki programu Rodzina 500 Plus. Retrieved October 18, 2016, from <http://www.program-500plus.pl/zasady-programu.html>

⁶ Rutkowska, M. (2014). Noworodek skrajnie niedojrzałym między życiem a śmiercią. Granice medycznej interwencji. Retrieved October 18, 2016, from <http://etyka.uw.edu.pl/wp-content/uploads/2016/02/3-Noworodek-skrajnie-niedojrzaly.pdf>

⁷ Stop Aborcji - Fundacja PRO. (2016, March 14). O zmianie ustawy z dnia 7 stycznia 1993 r. o planowaniu rodziny, ochronie płoduludzkiego i warunkach dopuszczalności przerywania ciąży oraz ustawy z dnia 6 czerwca 1997 r. Kodekskarny. Retrieved October 18, 2016, from http://www.stopaborcji.pl/wp-content/uploads/2016/03/projekt_2016.pdf

⁸ Kossobudzka, M. (2016, October 12). Kaczyński: Chcemy by nawet przypadki, gdy dziecko jest skazan na śmierć, kończyły się porodem. By mogło zostać ochrzczone. Retrieved October 18, 2016, from <http://wyborcza.pl/1,75398,20826949,kaczynski-chcemy-by-kobiety-rodzily-dzieci-skazane-na-smierc.html>



GREY'S ANATOMY

13 seasons and still going strong. Yes, I'm talking about *Grey's Anatomy*. This is a medical drama that revolves around Meredith Grey, a surgical intern, and her fellow interns through their journey at Seattle Grace hospital. If you enjoy the drama, *Grey's Anatomy* is definitely a match for you: a lot of weird, awkward relationships, tears, laughter, fights, heart-breaks, love triangles... *Grey's* has everything one can ask for. Be aware, there are a lot of heart break-

Prison Break

Before Netflix produced *Orange is the New Black*, *Prison Break* took us to men's prison in 2005, exploring some dirtier secrets of politics. When an innocent man, Lincoln Burrows is sentenced to death, his brother Michael Scofield, sure of his brother's innocence, gets himself inside the prison in order to help Lincoln escape. The series continued for four seasons and ended in 2009. But, good news - it was renewed for a fifth season, which will air in 2017. So before the time comes, make sure to watch all four seasons.

Stranger Things

Can't get enough of science fiction? You should definitely go for *Stranger Things*. It is one of the most watched TV series in 2016 that got everyone talking. This Netflix original series follows a group of kids, whose friend recently got lost. The story takes place in 1983, the time when tales of science fiction captivated millions. Mysterious eight episodes will get you so hooked that you will actually finish the entire season in one day. Well, at least that's what I did.

House of Cards

If you need more politics in your life, *House of Cards* is a perfect match for you. This original Netflix series explores US politics, greed, corruption and all of its dirty secrets. *House of Cards* follows the main protagonist Frank Underwood, played by the amazing Kevin Spacey, who strives to get the upper hand in power in Washington D.C. with his sometimes unethical and illegal tactics. But I guess, politics without the dirt would not really be politics. Plus, the fifth season is expected to premier in 2017.

Orphan Black

Orphan Black is a science fiction series that follows the lives of several identical, but completely diverse clones. In three seasons, 14 clones were introduced, ten of which were portrayed on screen by the Emmy winner Tatiana Maslany. "Clone Club" (term used by Cosima, one of the clones) unites divergent women of society: Sarah - rebellious, financially unstable and mother; Cosima - Science "geek", PhD student and the brain of the "Clone Club"; Alison - suburban housewife and adoptive mother; Helena - Ukrainian, self-abusing, murderer; etc. Haven't watched "The record-breaking success of BBC America's brilliant female-empowerment tale"¹ yet? What are you waiting for?

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

Orange is the New Black is based on the memoir *Orange Is the New Black: My Year in a Women's Prison* by Piper Kerman. The series follows Piper Chapman, a woman in her 30s, with a decent job in Public Relations and a fiancé. She is a woman who is sentenced 15 months in jail for her involvement in her ex-girlfriend's drug business ten years ago. The series begins with Chapman arriving in a women's prison and revolves not only around her, but also around other inmates. The best thing about it is that it is an amazing representation of diverse women. *Orange is the New Black* has not only become Netflix' most-watched original series, but has won Emmys and has been nominated for six Golden Globe.

BINGE

WATCHING

-Tekla Tevdorashvili

A new semester started and it's time for some new relationships. And no, I don't mean with people, but with TV-Series. Stressing over the assignments or procrastinating, the boring day has never been more productive than when binge-watching a good series. Your time can actually be spent wisely, so put that deadline aside and pick a series that definitely deserves your time and commitment.

¹ Robinson, Joanna. "Why Is Orphan Black Still Fighting a War Buffy Should Have Won Over 10 Years Ago?" Vanity Fair. Web.

GAME OF THRONES

If today's politics isn't really your thing and you are more into old times, don't worry. George R. R. Martin's fantasy novel adaptation, *Game of Thrones*, should definitely be your go-to if you are looking for something to binge-watch. The series is set in Westeros, where several houses, knights, renegades and liars are all fighting over the Iron Throne of the Seven Kingdoms. Power, that is what mattered, matters and will matter. Just get yourself a comfy couch, laptop, maybe some popcorn and start watching.

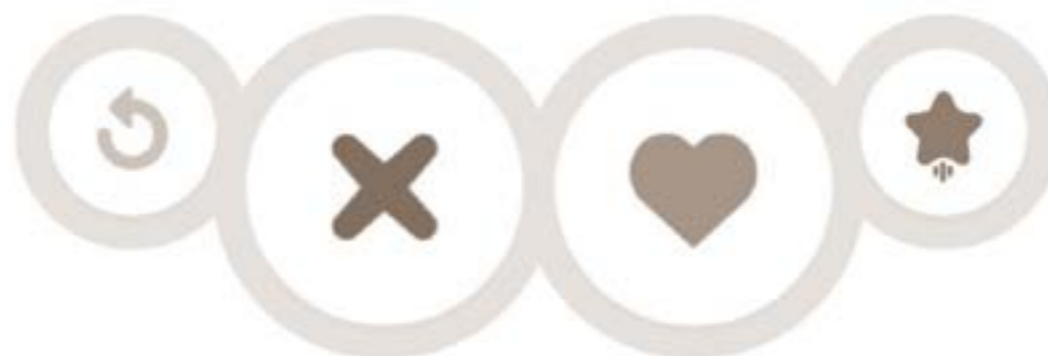
SENSE8

Wachowski's new project, *Sense 8*, is a series that features eight different people: Riley, Will, Sun, Capheus, Wolfgang, Kala, Lito and Nomi, all from different backgrounds, all connected to each other through their minds. This series is set in different places, which makes it even more confusing, but brilliant at the same time. The more you watch it, the more hooked you'll get to this marvellous, sexy, funny and strange series, concentrated on 8 Sensates with different ethnicities, nationalities, identities, sexualities etc. As an original Netflix series - *Sense 8* has only one season for now, but we are dying to get the Christmas special in December and the rest of the season in 2017.



JON, 20

I know nothing about you, let's change that.



Jessica Jones

Marvel's TV-Series, *Jessica Jones*, is here to make up your day. This is a web television series based on Marvel Comic's character with the same name. Strong female lead, action, rich storytelling, all that one can ask from Marvel. This superhero, who decided to become a private investigator, is the one and only Jessica Jones, played by Krysten Ritter. This series also features Scottish actor, David Tennant, as the main antagonist. Good news, *Jessica Jones* has been renewed for a second season, but for now you can enjoy 13 intense and thrilling episodes.

FRIENDS

If you haven't watched *Friends* yet, I don't know what you are doing here, reading this. Go and watch it. The series follows six friends living in New York City. Funny, charming, life-changing series, that had one of the most watched series finales in the history of TV, 65.9 million. Watched it already? That's not a problem either, go and re-watch it. Because what's better than meeting your good old friends again?

WE ASKED YOU



Lasse Rogie (2nd year)

The sign he always uses, I don't why, something like a "loser" sign.



Miriam Riefel (1st year)

A blond wig and probably a suit and white t-shirt with sexual assault.

What is Trump's / Clinton's starter pack?



Petra Karlsen Stangvik (2nd year)

Pout for Trump and for Clinton *first lady fake smile*, when Trump talks, you can see in her expression 'f*ck you'.



Josh van der Kroft (3rd year)

For Trump: fake hair, fake tan, viagra.
Oh, and a very thin comb.



Aaron Altaras (3rd year)

Orthopaedic sandals for Clinton. *L'Oréal* for Trump and hair softener, I don't know if it is a thing.



Briana, Sebastian, Inge, Jacob and Glenn (2nd year)

- For Trump it would be orange skin, fake fake tan, fake belly
- Or like a guinea pig
- And a cap with "Make America Great Again."



Dora Brooks (2nd year)

A miniature hair dryer that he always takes with him.