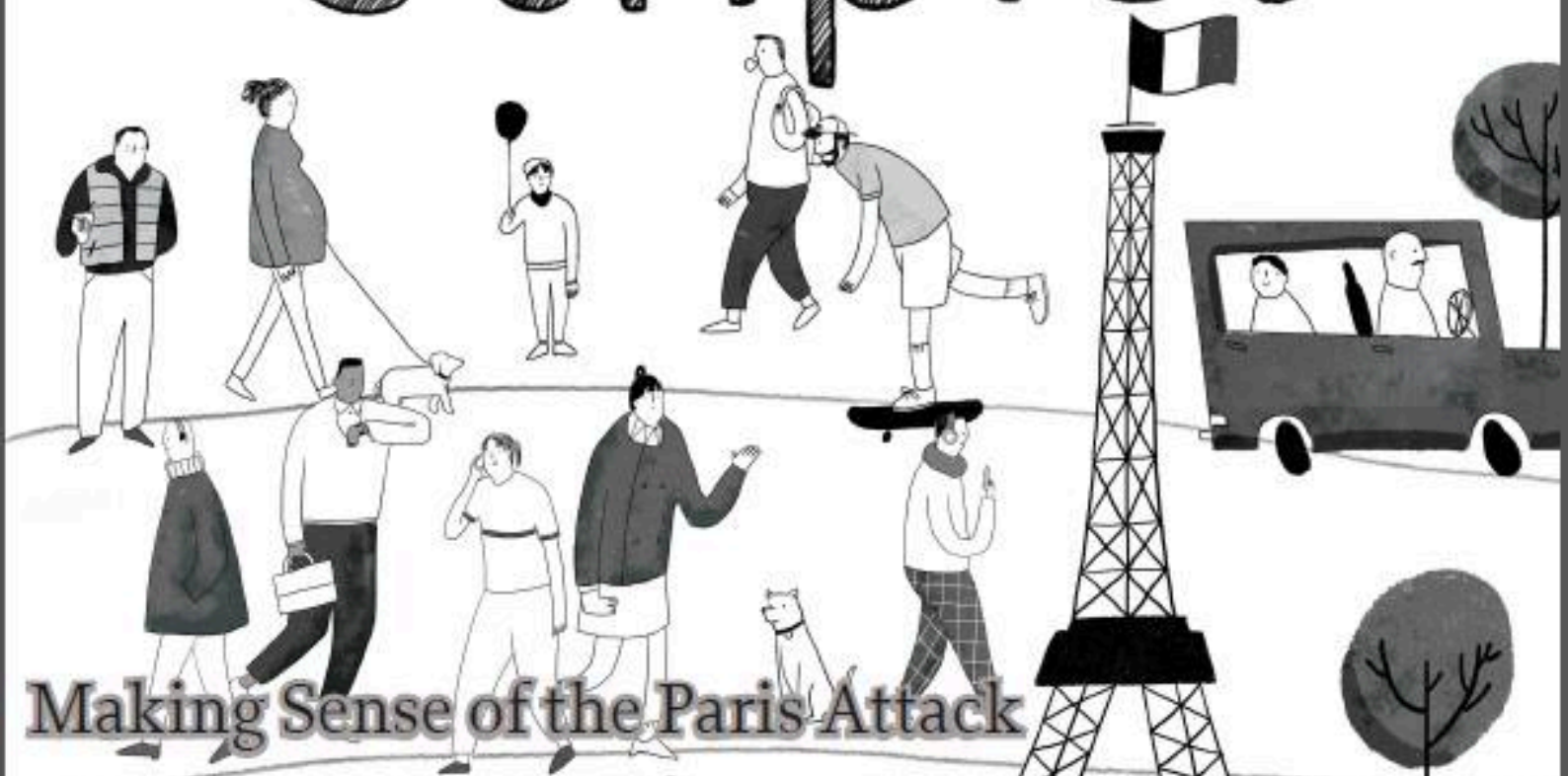


Catch the Epic Serial Finale

Eat Sushi in Style in the Dorms

Scriptus



Making Sense of the Paris Attack



Foreword

Dear readers,

What you hold in your hands is a very special edition of Scriptus. Why? Because for the first time since its creation, Scriptus has been released three times in the fall semester! That's one for October, one for November, and one for December. This issue symbolizes the hard work of our writers, each of whom wrote their piece in less than a week's time. Give it up for them!

To be honest, we were worried that with such a short window of time for writers' to submit, there would be less content this issue. Boy, were we wrong! We have plenty of great articles for you to read this time. Start off by reading the dramatic conclusion of Naomi Smit's epic serial. (Make sure to catch up with the story in our previous two issues). Next, head to Matilda Medard's analysis and personal take on the Paris attacks. Then, check out an in-depth explanation of anarchism by Anonymous Anarchists AUC. Finally, enjoy Charlotte Verboom's tips and tricks on how to survive a happy, sexy new year's.

We want to wish you all a very happy holidays and a happy new year! We appreciate your readership so much! Next up in January: a very special edition in colour!

- Nicholas Handfield-Jones

Changes/Updates/Statements

- Check out our wonderful new board photo.
- This time, Scriptus has several articles that are 3 pages long. Make sure to catch these in-depth pieces.
- Scriptus will be releasing a survey to gauge your interest and to receive your feedback. Keep an eye out for that on our Facebook page! (PS – Have you liked us on Facebook yet?)



Scriptus Board

Josefine Emilie Andersen (PR manager)
Nicole Brusa (Head Writer)
Quinta Dijk (Treasurer)
Laura Galante (Head Editor)
Yin Hsieh (Head Illustrator)
Nick Handfield-Jones (Editor-in-Chief)
Leonie van der Kolk (Designer)
Marissa Koopman (Designer)
Tekla Tevdorashvili (Secretary)

List of Contributors

Soo Bin Park
Naomi Smit
Ewoud Labordus
Matilda Medard
Anonymous Anarchists AUC
Thao Lam
Maaïke Sangster
Luna Meister
Andrea Haefner
Simona Zagoricnik
Pleun Andriessen
Willem Pije
Diana Ghidanac
Kitsanin Thanyakulsajja (Kit)
Charlotte Verboom
Caecilia Boerlage

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.



Scriptus
scriptus@aucsa.nl



Behind Clo

By Naomi Smit
Illustration by Yin Hsieh

October 28, 2015, 15:48

The day had been perfect for a funeral. Even the weather contributed with its cloudy sky and icy gusts. I hadn't attended it of course, I simply wanted to visit Kairin's grave. See it for myself. So, there I was, all dressed in black, yet no tears were flowing.

"Are people not supposed to break down in tears or something when someone has died?"

Kairin. I turned around to look for him, only to find myself all alone in the graveyard.

"I suppose so," I answered out loud, turning back to his grave. "Although I've never really been one to show such wasteful emotions."

"True, but I expected you to show something at least. Is that not considered normal?" There was a hint of laughter in his voice, carried over by the icy wind.

"It is, but that's not what you expected."

"Is that so?" His voice sounded somewhat... dreamy. "It is."

Silence. I stared at his grave. It seemed to represent a rather... abrupt ending to our companionship. I thought back to last month and smiled. *So even someone as stubborn as you can get it wrong, huh?*

"Shew, shew." Kairin hissed. "Do not tell me what I can and cannot do, short stuff. I invented the rules I go by."

"Is that so?" I rolled my eyes and straightened his tie. "And none of those rules have guided you in the way of tying a tie, hm?"

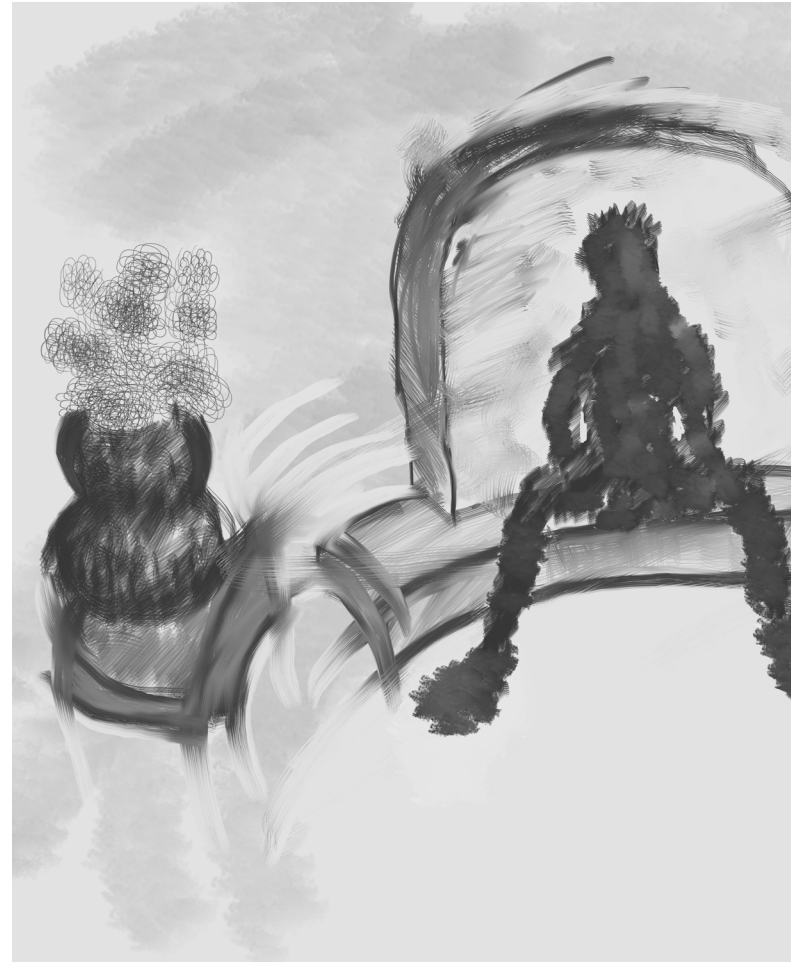
"Tying a tie..." He repeated softly. "No matter how many times I say that out loud, it just does not sound right at all. Therefore I shall change it to interlacing a tie. It sounds fancy."

"Inter- eh. I don't think that's how you're supposed to use that wo-"

"Of course it is."

"Anyway," I sighted, pushing him towards the door. "You can't just do anything you like just 'because'. That's not how the world works."

"I can though," he said, as he turned around, his expression serious. "And I do not do things just



'because'." He put his hands on my shoulders and raised his eyebrows. "I have reasons."

"What?"

He leaned forward and whispered. "I cannot stop myself. When I really want something, there is this... insane and dark craving that just completely takes over. No way to explain it properly, but it is as if... I cannot stop myself until I got it."

I swallowed. There was a flicker in his eyes and a grimace on his face. He pushed himself back and walked out the door, leaving me in astonishment. Then his head popped around the corner. "That was a joke, Becky. I can, in fact, do whatever I want simply 'because' I want to." Then he winked and walked away.

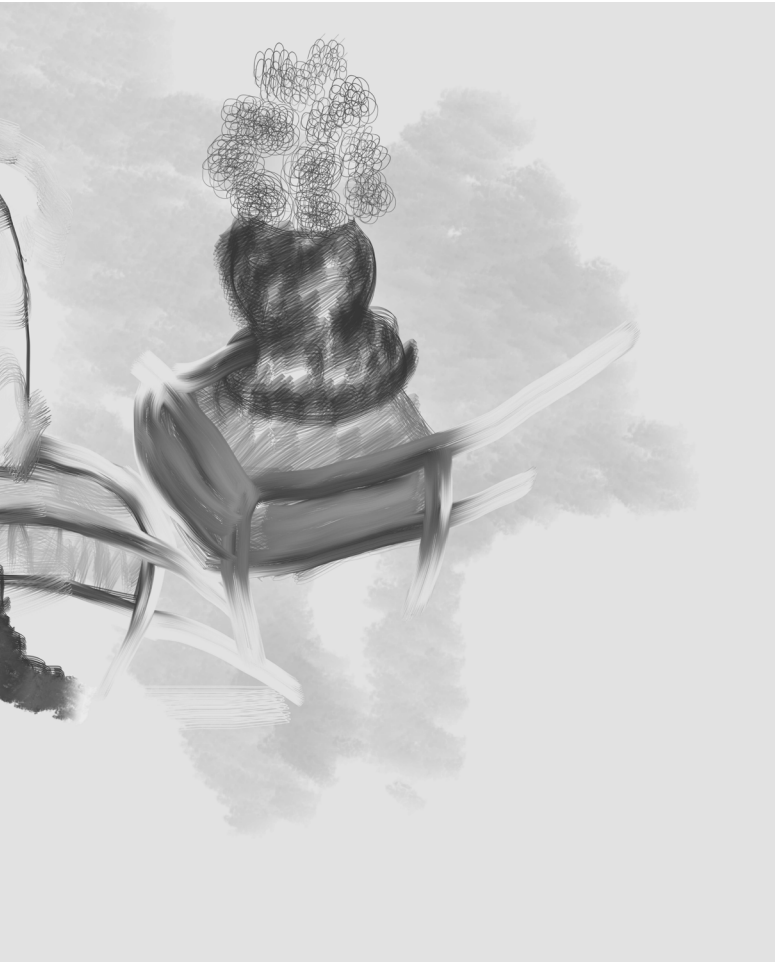
"Don't call me Becky." I whispered shaking my head.

"Oh? Careful, Becky, one might mistakenly think you are showing an emotion. And a happy one at that!" I heard him laughing.

"Oh, please." I sighted rolling my eyes. "There's no one here to care anyway. And don't call me Becky, I've told you that before."

He started giggling. "I do not remember ever hav-

osed Doors



ing been told such a thing, dear. You sure there is nothing wrong with your memory?"

Annoying little – “I will punch you.”

“Me? You want to punch *me*?” His laugh echoed over the cemetery. “How on earth are you going to punch a dead person?”

I turned around and narrowed my eyes. There he was; sitting on the gravestone placed opposite his own, legs crossed over and a goofy smile on his face.

“Greetings, wicked woman.” He smiled.

“Fancy you calling *me* wicked.” I snarled.

“Well, in all fairness; you *are* talking to a dead person.”

“Shoo, shoo, scram.” I hissed, waving my hands. “I don’t need you to inform me of such information. Besides, you’re here, aren’t you?”

Kairin smiled sweetly and jumped off the stone.

“As long as you want me to be, yes.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I sighted and turned back. Kairin wrapped his arms around my neck, pushing himself against me.

“I *did* die, Becks.” He whispered softly. *His voice changed.* “You know I did. You were with me when I died, but you’ve been trying really hard to forget

about it.” *He spoke in a low, soothing voice.*

“Don’t.”

“I’m sorry. I never... meant... for you to-”

“Don’t.” I repeated. Louder this time. *I don’t want to hear it.*

“Enough running, Becks.” He slid his hands on my shoulders and turned me toward him. “I’m sorry for what I did, but only because you witnessed it. I wanted to leave, and you knew that. You knew there was no way I’d spend the rest of my life in that godforsaken prison. I just... never wanted you to-” His voice died and he looked away.

“What’s with all this... whatever it is you’re doing? Kindness doesn’t match your personality, and you being all emotional is freaking me out.” I tried to smile, but it wasn’t really working. Memories I’ve been trying to forget had slowly started to resurface.

“You can’t keep doing this, Becks. They’re going to make you take my place in the Asylum if you keep this up.” He said softly, gently stroking the scars on my wrist. I stared at the ground, ashamed.

“What else...” I freed myself from his touch and took a step back. “Am I supposed to do?” I whispered.

“Go home. And you stop talking to someone who’s already dead.”

Home.

“You can’t leave.”

“I’ve already left.”

“You can’t go.”

“I’m already gone.”

“I don’t want to be alone.” I finally whispered “Oh? Who’s being all emotional now, huh? Never knew you cared so much.” He chuckled. “You’re not alone.” Kairin whispered. He kissed my forehead and stroked my hair. “I thank you for putting up with me, short stuff. Oh, I also want to know what you’d have answered had I asked you out?” He grinned, and stepped back.

“Idiot.”

I heard him laugh and looked up, but he wasn’t there anymore. “Of course I would’ve said no.” I smiled sadly and looked back at his grave.

“Go home..., huh?”

Trying to make sense

By Matilda Medard

It was an extremely normal night. I was chilling with two friends of mine (one of them also french) late at night in the dorms, when out of nowhere, people start messaging us “Just so you know, we’re okay, we stayed in...”, “Is your family safe?”, “Are you in Paris?”. We didn’t understand what was going on. We ask one of our Parisian friends who told us they were safe. “There are terrorist attacks going on. People are dead, there’s a hostage situation in Bataclan”. Our reaction at first was just utter disbelief. Quickly, I tune on to France 24 to see what is going on. The live newscast is terrifying: the news anchor nervously tells us, choking with fear, about bombs exploding near the Stade de France, the hostage situation at the concert hall, and the shootings in the XXth and XXIth districts, where some of my family lives. The dead and wounded hadn’t been counted yet, and I started feeling sick. I was submerged by feelings of shock, disbelief, and extreme fear. Fear that someone I knew might have been hurt.

I called home. My mom answered and told me everyone was fine. It was strange because I could hear in the tone of her voice that she wasn’t shocked; she was just full of despair. I think this is a common feeling among a lot of French people; after Charlie Hebdo, and the 5 other terrorist attacks on French soil since the beginning of the year (1), people are not taken by surprise anymore. They are extremely sad and angry at the situation, but the initial shock that something so terrible would happen so close to home has disappeared.

I woke up the next morning, feeling exhausted because I had stayed up to watch the news. My mom called me to let me know that everyone was okay, my family living in the XXIth included. School was canceled so my brothers were staying at home, and everyone in the country was advised to stay in, as some of the terrorists had not been stopped yet -one of them is

still on the loose to this day.

The night of, and the morning after, social media feeds were swarming with messages about Paris. My Facebook feed was a chaotic mess ranging from French news articles giving out information about ways to contact the administration to find your relatives, some of my French friends sharing pictures of people they had not heard from since Friday night, and AUC students politically analyzing a situation from which they were distant. There was an uncomfortable gap between the two worlds I live in. While I was still figuring out if all my friends were safe, the Excellent & Diverse Facebook group was packed with debates concerning the closing of the borders and the roots of terrorism. While the dead and wounded had not been identified and counted, some of my friends were making statements regarding the rise of Islamophobia in Europe, and drawing analogies to 9/11, some of them even sharing fake information about an anti-refugee, hateful criminal fire in Calais (This fire was actually started after gas canisters exploded on November 2nd). It was unsettling being in an environment where people were so emotionally detached from an event from which I was not.

French Flag Controversy

In the midst of such emotional shock, Facebook put in place a ‘Safety Check’ on November 13th. A couple of days later, a French flag filter for users’ profile pictures, and #prayforparis was going wild on Twitter and Facebook. Even though the intention behind these displays of support coming from Facebook and the people who changed their profile pictures meant and mean well, we cannot detach them from political implications. There is much controversy to be discussed. As a Lebanese blogger remarked: “When my people died on the streets of Beirut on November 12, world leaders did not rise in condemnation. There were no statements expressing sympathy with the Lebanese people.” (2), highlighting the hypocrisy behind people’s reactions. Indeed, there was a similar attack in Beirut the day prior to those in Paris, which did not receive the attention of social media. Don’t get me wrong – it’s completely normal that you would feel more concerned if you have family and friends living in France, but what is not normal (but is normalized) is the lack of international reaction regarding the Beirut attacks (but you could name thousands of other instances, unfortunately) on social media. This lack of sympathy towards people who suffer from great violence is not only alarming, but is highly problematic because it holds us from solving deeper rooted issues such as terrorism.



Photo (left) by Jonas Unger, Rue de la Fontaine-au-Roi, Monday 16th morning

e of the Paris attacks

The meaning and significance of the French flag are also things to take into account. Being French, I found it extremely strange to see French flags paraded everywhere, not only by people on social media, but on buildings throughout the world such as the Royal Palace here in Amsterdam. Unlike Americans or English people, who are completely at ease with brandishing their flag for any occasion, French people have developed a neurotic reaction to their flag. While initially created during the Revolution and representing the cherished motto “liberty, equality, fraternity”, wielding of the flag as a patriotic gesture recently became a taboo in France, bitterly reminiscing its use in the Vichy Regime during the Second World War, as well as the post-war period with violent decolonization (the Algerian War in particular), as well as the birth of the ‘Front National’ (extreme right wing party in France) in 1972, who uses the three colors for their logo (3). I don’t think that Mr. Zuckerberg, a proud American, had that in mind when thinking up of the French flag filter, whose intention was to “show support for the people of Paris”. For people who chose to change their profile pictures, there are several things to think about here: how have the Paris attacks affected you? Did they affect you differently from the Beirut attacks and why? (Did you know about the Beirut attacks?) What does the French flag represent? What are/were your intentions in changing your profile picture to a French flag?



Caricature by Pétillon (above), “For Daesh, rock is ‘perverse’”, “Ah! This is music!” in response to Daesh’s claims that the concert in Bataclan was a “profligate prostitution party”.

French Politics After Friday

One thing that didn’t get enough attention for sure are the ongoing political consequences of this attack, and our reaction to it. So, let’s have a little rundown of what happened since the 13th at night:

1) Friday 13th at night:

President François Hollande announces the state of emergency for the nation as a whole as well as the establishment of border controls. He calls for unity and solidarity amongst French people, as one of the most culturally diverse districts of Paris is under attack.

2) Saturday 14th:

Daesh (ISIS) claims responsibility in the attacks with a communique sent in French and Arabic.

“Let France and those who walk in its path know that they will remain on the top of the list of targets of the Islamic State, and that the smell of death will never leave their noses as long as they lead the convoy of the Crusader campaign” “This attack is the first of the storm and a warning to those who wish to learn.” (4)

Hollande calls the attacks “an act of war” and proclaims a 3 day long national mourning. (5)

3) Sunday 15th:

The ministry of defense announces that 20 bombs were dropped on Rakka, with the help of American forces, on (presumed) Daesh recruitment camps. France has since continued to bomb several places believed to harbor Daesh, aligning their strikes with Russian forces (this was confirmed during a meeting between Hollande and Putin on the 26th (6)), underlining a great change in French foreign policy: Bashar al Assad’s regime no longer holds the same priority as the Islamic terrorists. (7)

Hollande receives former president Sarkozy as well as other political party leaders at the Elysée. Disagreements and criticism between representatives mark a lack of political unity (and national unity) in face of Jihadism – which I think really marks a difference from post 9/11 political unity in the USA. (8)

3) Monday 16th:

Hollande speaks before the French parliament in Versailles, declaring that France is “at war” and asking for a constitutional reform, dealing mostly with the definition of the “emergency state”, which dates back to 1955, and being able to deprive individuals accused of terrorism from their French nationality. (9)

4) Since the 14th, the emergency state has allowed for 2235 arrests, and 232 individuals have been kept in custody. Police violence has erupted on the 29th, during an unofficial march for the opening of the COP21 (the official march had been canceled due to fear of more terrorist attacks). The emergency allows for more executive power, which can impinge on personal freedoms, such as that one to move freely, and grants police forces permission to arrest or electronically survey individuals without going through judiciary approval first. The national assembly is currently working on implementing a legal device to control abuse by the emergency state. (10)



To wrap up, I think that one of the most important things for us to be doing, and that is in our power to do, is to inform ourselves as much as possible about what is going on as a consequence of the Paris attacks, and to be extremely critical of our political leaders, who have most of the power on the international arena.

I think for French people especially, there is (in my opinion) a duty to not take this personally, on a nationalist/patriotic level (which I have seen a lot of french media doing unfortunately). It is so easy to draw these events as attacks on our values, committed by mentally deteriorated, evil individuals. It would be so easy to fight terrorism by going to a concert, going out to a restaurant near Bastille, or singing the national anthem, wouldn't it? But that doesn't cut it – we can't just forget France's history as a colonial power, we can't ignore France's thirst for fossil fuels, and its involvement with oppressive dictatorships in the Middle East. It is time that we recognize that France, as well as other Western governments, have a part of responsibility in fueling the roots of terrorism. If we cherish values of liberty, equality, and fraternity so much, we should start living by them, and urge our governments to act by them.

Call me a hippie, but something you can also do, on a day-to-day basis, and that I don't think requires much effort, is, put in simple terms, to spread the love. When you come down to it, everyone just wants to be happy, be loved, and feel like a part of something. Smile at people on the street, talk to strangers, heck, even try to empathize with what some other people might be going through in their lives because of economic difficulty, racism, sexism (etc). You might even go the extra mile and work to deconstruct the mannerisms of oppression so deeply engrained in ourselves. All of this, in my opinion, would contribute to a better sense of shared humanity and community.

- 1) Le Parisien., 'CHRONOLOGIE. Les Attaques Terroristes En France Depuis Janvier'. 2015. Web.
- 2) Fares, Elie. 'From Beirut, This Is Paris: In A World That Doesn'T Care About Arab Lives'. A Seperate State of Mind 2015. Web. 5 Dec. 2015.
- 3) Franrenet, Sandra. 'Comment Le Drapeau Français A Repris Des Couleurs. Le Monde 2015. Print.
- 4) Site Intelligence Group, IS Claims Paris Attacks, Warns Operation is "First of the Storm". November 14th, 2015.
- 5) Elysée., Déclaration À L'issue Du Conseil De Défense. Paris, November 14th 2015. Print.
- 6) Elysée., Déclaration des présidents François Hollande et Vladimir Poutine à l'issue de leur entretien. Paris, November 26th 2015. Print.
- 7) Le Monde.fr., 'La France Bombarde Le Fief De L'Etat Islamique En Syrie. November 15th 2015. Web.
- 8) France Inter., 'Rencontres Hollande-Dirigeants Politiques, Sarkozy Virulent'. November 15th 2015. Print.
- 9) Le Monde.fr., 'Face Au « Terrorisme De Guerre », Hollande Prône Un « Autre Régime Constitutionnel ». November 16th, 2015. Web.
- 10) France 24., 'Un "Dispositif De Contrôle" Parlementaire Pour Surveiller L'état D'urgence'. December 4th, 2015. Web.

Home

By Tekla Tevdorashvili

My mom always said that “Home is where the heart is,” and since I’ve moved multiple times in my childhood, I finally understand what she means. It’s about family, friends, and where you feel comfortable. AUC has really become home for me. You shouldn’t be aware of it, but home gives you energy. I think home is somewhere you can grow and develop comfortably instead of being frozen out of discomfort.

I was born in Belgium, then we moved to Germany, and then to England, which is where my mom comes from. My father’s family is from Luxembourg, where I also go very frequently. Now my parents live in Scotland. I’ve spent 6 months in South Africa, then I went back to Oxford, and then I came here. I don’t feel comfortable staying in one place for too long.

I thought of doing Masters in whichever country and university attracts me.



Home is where my family and friends are and where I know the way around, so I don’t need to look up every single street when I need to go somewhere.

I am Dutch, and I’ve lived most of my life in the Netherlands, but when I was little, I lived in Honduras for a couple of years.

I think AUC is not only education. It’s more. You really open your mind to all the different people. When I went to my previous university last year, I only went to the academic building for studying and didn’t really hang out that much with people from my class, but here I hang out with people from AUC and I’m also learning a lot outside of my classes by listening to refugee talks at CREA, for example. Last year, I wasn’t interested in that at all, but because lots of people are doing different research here and I hear about those things, then I get interested and go to the lectures. So, AUC gives you a look at the stuff outside the classroom.

After AUC, I definitely want to do Masters, but I will probably take a gap year before.

When I was a kid, I moved from South Africa to New Zealand and then I traveled a lot by myself. I haven’t been in one place for a while. So, home is something that I’ve learned to take with me and make everywhere I go. It’s more about the collection of people in the place, where you feel comfortable, where you learn and experience things in an honest way.

I grew up in South Africa and then I moved to New Zealand. When I was 18, I left home and went to travel around Europe for a year and a half and found out about university colleges. My dad is Dutch and I really love Amsterdam, so I chose AUC.

AUC is really interesting and challenging. It’s an opportunity to push myself, to constantly test myself, and to be around people who inspire me. It’s both frustrating and liberating. It’s an enigma.

After AUC, I’d like to stay in Amsterdam, maybe travel some more, but I’m enjoying what I’m doing and I’d like to try to take it on another level, like going to art school.



I guess I never actually had a home, technically speaking. When I was with my parents, we would move from house to house every 6 months, so I didn’t know what a home is in general. I always saw myself as a resident of a country, but I didn’t feel at home even then, because I have two nationalities. I’ve lived in Morocco and Switzerland, but I feel more home in Morocco because I’ve lived there for more years and I know the place.

I don’t see myself as having any home; I’m stateless. In Morocco I would feel stranger because I was also European and in Europe I would also feel stranger because I was also Moroccan.

I guess, home for me is whenever you are with people you can be most you. For now, AUC is my home, because that’s where I spend most of my time. It’s the place I can express myself. Sometimes, I think I belong here.

After finishing AUC, I will probably go somewhere else. I love Amsterdam, but I want to experience something new. I don’t see myself in a fixed place.



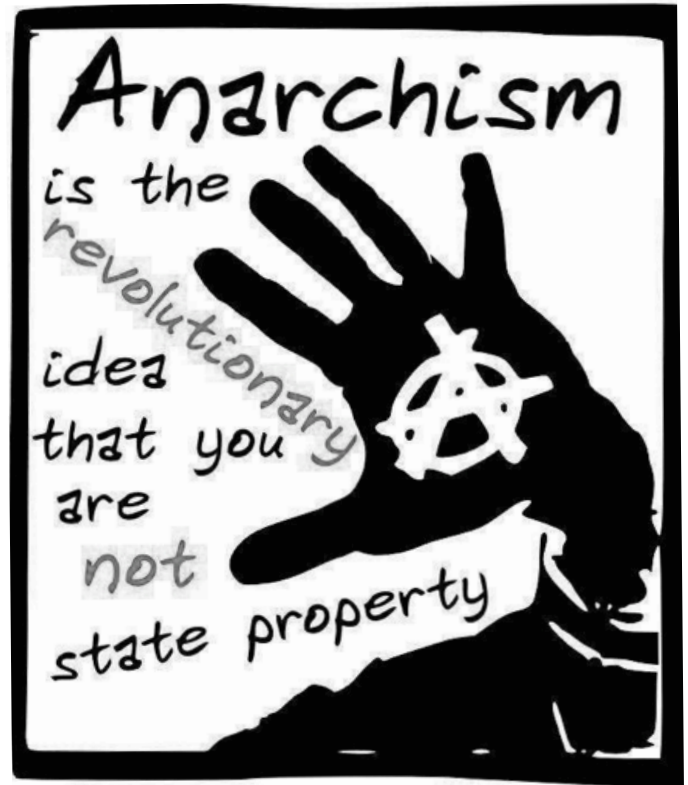
Why are anarchists bad at measurements? Because they have no rulers

By [Anonymous](#) [Anarchists](#) [AUC](#)

What is anarchism?

The most important thing to realize about anarchism is that it is not a blueprint for a utopian society. It rejects the idea that society can and should be organized in a centralized manner. In a sense, anarchism is democracy taken to its full conclusion: people are perfectly capable of organizing themselves without the threat of violence, and have the right to do so. Feel free to take up as much or as little of this philosophy as you feel is applicable to you. It's a resource, not a dogma. Whether you're cooking dinner, struggling with the inherent meaninglessness of life, or organizing a union to make sure you don't get exploited, anarchism could be useful for you.

Anarchism is a political philosophy and a personal practice that aims to dismantle hierarchies in all social relations. These hierarchies are not only present in the large scale structures that organize our society such as the state, capitalism, or gender, but also in our daily practices, such as having a boss, a teacher, or a committee chair. Anarchism is about organizing ourselves in a way that make these oppressive structures obsolete. For example, people can make the state obsolete by organizing their own infrastructures and cultural facilities. Or they can make capitalism obsolete by giving away things for free (think Taste Before You Waste!).



Uploaded at <https://www.pinterest.com/>

What are the different forms of anarchism?

There are as many forms of anarchism as there are anarchists. While many different forms of anarchism exist, they all have one thing in common: the opposition to all forms of oppression and hierarchy. The different forms of anarchism stem from different ideas on how these should be opposed: for example, individualist anarchists try to end hierarchies by placing emphasis on the unbound individual, while anarcho-communists believe that individuals can only be liberated if they organize their well-being as groups of equals. Other forms of anarchism developed in response to other power structures: anarcho-(trans)feminism, which emphasizes the intersection of the state, patriarchy, and the gender binary; decolonial anarchism, which seeks to dismantle white supremacy and colonial thought which are pervasive in anarchist practice; green anarchism, which recenters the endeavor around environmental justice; and many more. These different forms do not oppose each other, but indicate different groups with different tactics that can support and complement each other. In the end, "anarchism" itself is also just a label: people do anarchist things all the time, without explicitly referring to themselves as anarchists. Anytime you collectively satisfy your needs without asking for permission from a higher authority first, and anytime you defy such an authority, you are doing something anarchist.

However, the definition above does exclude one form of "anarchism" that is strongly opposed by all varieties mentioned above. Anarcho-capitalism does not oppose all hierarchies

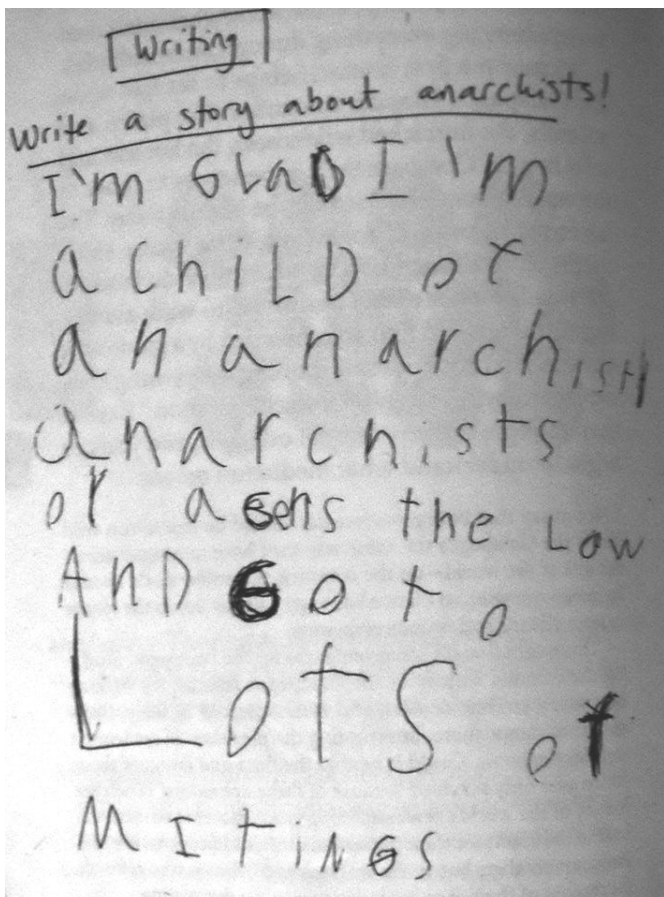


Photo taken from Contradictory by Crimethinc



Photo uploaded by Edgardo Civalero on http://civaleroypalza.blogspot.nl/2013_10_01_archive.html

and forms of oppression despite having “anarcho” in its name. It plainly accepts the current economic structure of our society as a natural system. While being equated with freedom, anarcho-capitalism or libertarianism cannot function without a large population being subjected to the will of a small class of capitalists. In fact, it can not even operate without a state-structure to support it.

What is trying to be achieved through anarchism?

Anarchism aims to achieve liberation of the individual from social coercions, such as wage slavery or gender. It aims to build a society in which every individual has their basic needs covered (food, shelter, security) so that they can live up to their full potential, however they may define that. This means that instead of working a fulltime job, people should be able to freely create, develop skills, and share them amongst one another. No one should be forced to work a job they do not want to do, nor should they be coerced to wear certain clothing just because it corresponds to their assigned sex. Anarchism is the practice of liberating ALL individuals from such oppressive structures, whether in the West or in the Global South.

Is anarchy the same as chaos?

No. Anarchy is order (hence the circled A) because people organize themselves in a way that creates order. Anarchist organization often requires getting together and agreeing on “rules” in the form of consensus. However, what makes anarchy different to our current social order is that it is deliberately unstable. No structure is good for everyone if it needs to be enforced through (police) violence. Statists like to depict this kind of unstable organization as dangerous and chaotic, but in reality, any form of order is challengeable. While anarchist structures accommodate such change, the quest for social change in our current social order is often met with brutal violence.

What happens after anarchy is achieved?

This controversial question is something that no one can ever agree on precisely because of the nature of anarchism previously outlined. However, a lack of consensus about this is not a problem for anarchist thought at all: many anarchists would agree that utopian ideas of anarchist societies are unwanted because they impose structures on a future society. Instead, anarchism is a practice that looks at what can be done to improve our way of living right now. Because of this, anarchism is a very practical political philosophy that places high value on direct action. Challenging hierarchies is always possible through concrete actions that tackle specific oppression. Actively working towards an egalitarian society in this way is an ongoing process without a utopian endpoint: even in the most egalitarian anarchist groups, we always have to be on the lookout for new hierarchies arising. Instead of being a utopia, anarchy is a process.

What are barriers to achieving anarchy?

Social change is hard to achieve in a society that is built to maintain the status quo. Any form of social change will be met with violence, whether physical violence through the police or economic violence through being fired or not paid a salary. Normative forms of oppression are very hard to address because of this self-protecting character of government. While this is apparent in the large state-structure that we live in, the same argument holds for hierarchies and superstitions that are normative in our personal way of thinking. Structural discrimination and violence are perpetuated not only through discriminatory governing structures, but also by our internalization of discriminatory norms. To work towards a more egalitarian society, we will have to tackle these overarching structures as well as oppressive behaviour of ourselves and the people around us. These two have great impact on each other which makes applying anarchist ideals to your personal life as important as civil disobedience.

Can humans live in anarchy?

To an extent, we already do! The aspects of our daily lives which we cherish most are already organized anarchically: close, “real” relationships are often already organized spontaneously, non-hierarchically, and communistically. The way we relate to our colleagues, friends, and close relatives usually does not follow a strict hierarchical protocol: making decisions in small groups is simply most effective in an anarchist way. This is not only true for people who are close to us, but also for the way we relate to strangers. This is described by David Graeber as “baseline-communism”, i.e. the communism that forms the basis of our social relations and is manifested through acts of non-hierarchical, non-commercial help that we offer each other. Looking at our lives using these concepts, it is clear that it is not only possible to live in anarchy, but that anarchism is a fundamental characteristic of our everyday lives.

Are we moving towards an anarchist future? Within the current societal paradigm, is anarchism possible in the global, larger scale?

No one knows! But it is clear that capitalism and states also do not “work” on a large scale, so we might as well continue trying. After the 2007/08 financial crisis, it became apparent that the liberalization of markets only leads to more crisis, inequality, and poverty. Meanwhile, governments all over the world are cutting down on the few welfare structures only made possible for centuries of worker’s struggles, while increasing state security through the militarization of police and surveillance of the population. Refugees are drowning in the Mediterranean because Western states refuse to be held accountable for first having destroyed the Global South through centuries of colonization and legitimize their practices through nationalism and racism. Women, especially women of color, continue to be marginalized through violence and exclusion even within supposedly “progressive” communities. All this is happening while the planet’s resources are being brutally extracted (especially from the Global South) and the environment is made inhospitable for the generations to come, while global leaders and industry pretend to care but change nothing about the current system. We cannot continue like this; we need a new way of organizing ourselves if we are going to ensure a dignified life for everyone and preserve our ecosystem.

The good news is that there is resistance everywhere. Many people have realized that the system needs to change and are resisting the current forms of exploitation and oppression. Indigenous groups in North America are fighting for environmental justice and their right to their land by directly blocking the construction of pipelines and sabotaging fossil fuel extractions. Women in India are fighting against rape and sexual abuse by setting up battered wives shelters and educating medical professionals without asking Western women to liberate them “for” them. Squatters all over European cities are occupying empty houses to cope with the housing crisis and to protest real estate speculations. Workers unionize and take over their factories. Students all over the world occupy university buildings and demand free and emancipatory education. There are so many examples of people taking their own lives into their hands and fighting for social change, even if they are met by repression.

So even if the future looks bleak within our current societal paradigm, there is always hope for resistance and change. Anarchism, in the sense of self-organization, direct action, and resistance to authority is the only way to ensure an equitable, sustainable future for everyone.



Taken from <https://birminghamresist.wordpress.com/2011/08/04/what-is-socialism-part-7-socialism-and-the-state/>

What is an anarchist perspective on the Paris attacks?

The Paris attacks were horrible from every perspective. However, sending more bombs and drones to the Middle East is not a solution. In fact, what the Paris attacks show us is that the War on Terror has only made matters worse, refusing to treat terrifying violence at the root. The Paris attacks are an indirect result of capitalism, Western colonialism, and cold war imperialism, and therefore more colonial interventions in the Middle East will only lead to more violence. Many anarchists, socialists, and decolonial thinkers are calling for an end to Western hypocrisy: while Western states continue to bomb Syria, they are supporting states such as Turkey or Saudi Arabia which are indirectly supporting IS. The Kurdish resistance to IS in Rojava, a region of Syria, is experimenting with new forms of democratic self-organization, but receives no support from states. Meanwhile Western states are militarizing their police and cracking down on anarchist activists in the name of national security, for example by forbidding the demonstrations against this year’s Climate Conference in Paris. Increased state security will not lead to an elimination of terror: it only temporarily displaces the violence. There is not one magic recipe that can solve this mess, but we need to be critical of what horrifying crimes Western states commits in the name of “representing” civil society. We are not our states, so we must resist them to distance ourselves from their crimes.

Anarchism in Amsterdam

The Anarchist Library, every Saturday from 2 to 6pm, Eerste Schinkelstraat 14/16 Amsterdam
Anarchist bookstore Fort van Sjakoo - Jodenbreestraat 24 Amsterdam

Other resources:

www.libcom.com - Anarchist news, political analysis and texts
www.theanarchistlibrary.org - a collection of anarchist books, pamphlets, plays and more
www.submedia.tv - anarchist news shows, alternative media
www.anarchalibrary.blogspot.nl - Anarcha-feminist texts and books free to download

Books and other texts:

Anarchist FAQ (<http://theanarchistlibrary.org/library/the-anarchist-faq-editorial-collective-an-anarchist-faq>)
Anarchy in Action - Colin Ward
Anarchism and Other Essays - Emma Goldman

Pictures from Abroad

New Zealand - *Photos and description by Luna Meister*

It's me on Roy's Peak in Wanaka in New Zealand! A moment of freedom and achievement (the track going up was complete hell) that also shows the stunning New Zealand landscape :). That feeling of freedom and achievement I feel now again as my experience abroad is coming to an end; it's been a long, eventful, adventurous, difficult, stressful but mostly very joyful!



Turkey - *Photos by Maaïke Sangster*



Ireland - *Photos and descriptions by Thao Lam*



Atlantic Ocean View from Dun Aonghasa, island Inis Mor, Galway county



Irish pie with mash potato and preserved cabbage



Saoirse, the main character from the award-winning Irish animation "Song of the Sea"

The role of civil society



Over the last few months, one of the major situations and discussion points has been the Refugee Crisis. As you may already know, about a month ago the three of us; Andrea Haefner, Simona Zagoricnik and Pleun Andriessen, decided to go to Serbia as volunteers. We initially wanted to get involved with official organizations like the Red Cross, but that turned out to be fairly complicated. Eventually we developed contact with several people in Serbia, all of them involved in voluntary organizations and gathered through social media. Without a clear task description, we decided to just go and see ourselves how we could help. Once we arrived, we found out about the Refugee Help Map on Google. This map provides an overview of the situations at the multiple border crossings and refugee camps, all of which is organized and updated daily by volunteers. This is how we found out about the border crossing Sid, Berkasovo, where we helped out the full week we were in Serbia. Once we arrived, the calm and somewhat organised system descended into a dark place where thousands of people were stocked up each night outside in the cold, with barely any supplies. We provided as much as we could, for those always grateful and friendly people. Throughout the whole time we were there, the importance of our help somehow shocked us. The lack of emergency response from the governments and the NGO's who were present (Red Cross, UNHCR, MSF, WAHA

and more), led to a big responsibility for the volunteers, a responsibility none of us should have had to deal with. All of this led to the awful, inhumane situation those 2500 refugees had to stay in for 16-20 hours. A pattern which would repeat itself every day, for weeks. A month later, and this border crossing does not even exist anymore. Unfortunately, this does not mean that there are no more inhumane places like this where the refugees have to go through in order to reach Europe. A lot has to improve and a lot of help is necessary. However, this also counts for Europe and the Netherlands itself. We might not see it around us, but the circumstances refugees are in, while staying in Dutch camps, is not to be called comfortable. What we believe is of great importance here in the Netherlands right now, is improving the integration of the refugees, and the improvement of their stay. An ending of this migration flow directed to Europe is not likely to happen any time soon. Many people have already landed in the Netherlands and are applying for asylum here. This long process becomes even harder if there is no entry accessible to function and participate in our society. This is the moment where not only the government, but also institutions and civil society carries responsibility. It is people like us they encounter on the streets, in the shops, and become friends with. Since the emergency response regarding accommodation and supplies is limited,

Community in the refugee crisis



standing are presented in our daily news reports, we as civil society need to step up and act in order to understand and include instead of letting this situation drive us apart and making us giving up our shared beliefs and identity. All of this starts within 'community like' surroundings. A community like the one we are all part of, the AUC community.

There are several things one can do to help in this way. Approach the Regenboog group on Facebook and sign up in their Doodle document. You go to central station to welcome refugees who arrive and you will bring them to a shelter they can stay for one night before continuing their journey to Ter Apel for registration. Several organizations are collecting (winter) clothes, for example the Red Cross.

Also check out several voluntary Facebook groups who are closely connected to the three emergency shelters in Amsterdam. There you can find updates and possible ways how you as a volunteer can contribute – Wat is nodig voor vluchtelingenopvang div lokaties Amsterdam- (What supplies are needed at several locations in Amsterdam)?

There are already a lot of initiatives rising within our community. Contact either one of us if you have any questions or want to contribute. We would love to direct you to the right organization. Let's stand up together and try to understand, help out, and interact.

By Andrea Haefner, Simona Zagoricnik, Pleun Andriessen



even here in the Netherlands, it is our duty to help out in order to make sure that everyone gets treated like human beings. Opportunities like buddy programs, language courses, clothing donations, or welcoming refugees at Amsterdam central station are only a couple of the possibilities of helping out. In times like these, when Europe is acting under a great pressure, when concepts like incomprehension and misunder-



When we just arrived in Belgrade, not a clue of what was going to happen that week.

A Stranger in the



As a European in the US, it has become even more apparent how the topic of race plays a more prominent role in the day-to-day life of the average American. I do not mean to say that everyone regularly sits down to have a thoughtful discussion on racism (although that obviously also occurs), just that compared to Europe there is a heightened awareness regarding this topic. This is of course no surprise; white and black Americans have a long and painful history together. One consequence of this long history is a wide and rich body of literary work, both fiction and nonfiction, dealing with topics like racism, race-relations, and the unimaginably destructive effects of slavery.

Europeans have traditionally considered this to be a typically “American problem”, but with the recent, controversial discussions on “Zwarte Piet” and the refugee crisis, it has become increasingly apparent that Europeans can no longer pretend race is something they don’t have to think about. Obviously, there is a lot to say and write about this topic and I believe that the American literary tradition is a good place to look at for guidance; while the circumstances are obviously different, American writing can be a great stepping stone towards a greater understanding of the role that race plays in European societies. The aim for this article is simply to explore one American writer who I particularly admire when it comes to his writing on race (among other things): **James Baldwin**. I am aware that this is an incredibly difficult topic and if there is something that you want to correct me on or want to talk to me about, you are very welcome to send me an email to the address on the bottom of this article.

After this necessary disclaimer, it is time to get to the heart of the matter: why specifically James Baldwin? There are a lot of African-American writers out there, but James Baldwin has

been especially helpful for me so far. He has written on a wide range of subjects, both fiction and nonfiction, but his upbringing in Harlem and his experiences as a black homosexual man in America have always been at the heart of his work (even when he was not specifically writing on these subjects). He has a distinct approach to writing about race and racism in his work, which can be described as holistic. This means that he focuses on the destructive effect of a racism on the whole of American society. He did not only show what the consequences for the black population were, but also examined what become of the oppressor. This might come across as unnecessary empathy, but in my opinion is a powerful testament of Baldwin’s capacity for powerful criticism towards the oppressive system of racism without ever losing track of the plight of the individual. This was a principle at the heart of Baldwin’s identity as an artist; he was never afraid of political confrontation and was an active supporter (and critic when he felt necessary) of the civil rights movement, but he combined this with an intense interest in uncovering the complicated motivations of the individual and the complications of racism on the individual’s character. The combination of these two aspects in his criticism makes Baldwin exceptional in my opinion.

An essay that I thought was especially interesting in the light of recent events is called “Stranger in the Village” published in 1955 as a part of “Notes of a Native Son”. In this piece, he uses his experience of living in a small, isolated Swiss village to reflect on the importance of race back home in America. In this village, he is simply a novelty; most of the people have never seen a black man in their life and he remarks how people keep touching his skin to see if the black will rub off. He reflects on the village’s relative innocence towards race, comparing it to the USA by saying that “American white men still nourish the

Village No More



illusion that there is some means of recovering the European innocence, of returning to a state in which black men do not exist". In Baldwin's opinion, this artificial worldview, which consequently needs vicious defending to be able to exist, is disastrous; the white American's goal to refuse black Americans their citizenship is simply not sustainable. To quote Baldwin once again, he warns that "People who shut their eyes to reality simply invite their own destruction, and anyone who insists on remaining in a state of innocence long after that innocence is dead turns himself into a monster". Through his travels in the South, he witnessed what people were doing to keep this supposed innocence alive; the famous pictures of the calm and dignified black girl who tries to enter a public, desegregated school while a group of white women are shouting and spitting at her, is a good illustration of this.

Baldwin's warning has become more and more applicable to the situation of the contemporary Western-European citizen. In 1955, the year that this essay was published, it might have been true that the average European could claim the innocence Baldwin was referring to, but much has changed since then. Groups of immigrants have arrived from all over the world for a variety of reasons and European societies simply do not look the same anymore. The Netherlands, the country I personally know the best, has ceased to be a homogenous white, Christian society and there is no way around this. This transformation, only enhanced by the current refugee crisis, has proven to be far from easy, but there is one important thing we can take from Baldwin: **shutting your eyes will not be the solution**. Tense marches in local villages against the opening of refugee shelters, but also the avalanche of political Facebook posts can be seen as expressions of the effort to retain this innocence. The intense and sometimes violent defense of

the current Zwarte Piet tradition as typically is another example that springs to mind; the refusal to consider that a black Dutch citizen might not like this shows how tightly some people want to hold on to the idea of a white uniform Dutch society.

This fear of "the other" is a very complicated sentiment and this far from covers it all, but Baldwin gives us a helpful framework to think about the current issues. He obviously does not provide us with easy solutions to the problems; he is too smart and experienced to think it'll be easy, but the ending, surprisingly, isn't completely pessimistic. After carefully outlining the problems American society is facing, he remarks that this problem has led to confrontations, which have led to slow, but continual progress. Black Americans have been more and more successful in getting their voices heard and in claiming their right to citizenship. I believe a similar process in Europe is necessary to deal with issues we are currently facing; the conditions for Dutch citizenship need to transform into something more inclusive. The last sentence of Baldwin's essay illustrates this perfectly and serves as an important reminder: "This world is white no longer, and it will never be white again".

By Willem Pije

Email: willempije@hotmail.com

Suggested Baldwin Reading:

- Notes of a Native Son (includes essay Stranger in the Village)
- The Fire Next Time
- Giovanni's Room
- Go Tell It on the Mountain

Amsterdam's Supermercado

By Diana Ghidanac



One of the most asked and probably hardest questions among us is, what do we want for dinner? With the diversity of mouth-watering dishes presented by the plethora of options distributed all over Amsterdam, dining out becomes an even more complicated dilemma. This was the struggle I faced a few weeks ago despite having an infinitely growing list of cafés and restaurants I wanted to try, but after a deliberate process of elimination, my friend and I came to a decision: going out at the supermarket. No I'm not referring to your regular grocery store ready-to-go meals, but actually going out, dining in, and having a restaurant quality meal in oud-zuid of Amsterdam.

This supermarket prepares fine and fresh Spanish-flavoured and furthermore Mediterranean-inspired dishes, fairly priced, in one of the friendliest atmospheres I've experienced. Supermercado translates to supermarket in Spanish, which is the name of this restaurant only 10 minutes by bike from Museumplein. Upon choosing a place, the dilemma grows bigger as the next question comes to, what are we going to have (from the menu)? The advantage of a Spanish restaurant is that Tapas are almost always part of the meal, so the chance of tasting a greater selection of the menu is higher, and makes for a better experience. Everything is separated based on type of meat (pork, chicken, beef), fish, or

veggies, which also makes the selection for pescetarians, vegetarians, and meat-lovers easier. I've heard that their housemate burger is a must-try, and same goes for their veggie burger. If paella is the dish you ultimately go for when dining Spanish, which I totally understand, then make sure to go out on a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday and let them know in advance that you would like to nourish yourself with the appetizing Spanish rice extravaganzas... Otherwise, just the paella is sufficient.

As a novice to this restaurant, I was unaware of this and therefore dined on a Friday night, which meant no paella for us, so instead, we ordered the vegetarian dish of stuffed bell pepper and baked Brussel sprouts. The stuffing was heart warming and the perfect combination of spice and taste, leaving us with no regrets and even a few admirations from the table next to us; you could almost tell they wished they could have a second dinner.

Now, I leave it to you to discover their refreshing Spanish beers, homemade sangrias, satisfying tapas, and the rest of their delicious dinner menu. Supermercado also tends to have special deals and meals that pop-up every once in a while, making their menu dynamic and surprising to your palate with each visit, guaranteeing that your first drop-in will definitely not be the last!



Orchestra: Uncooked (Project Omakase: Ephemeral)

By Kitsanin Thanyakulsajja (Kit)

The monotonous beeps of the alarm set to 6:30 AM is probably something you would prefer not to wake up to before the dawn of a Wednesday morning, a day you would otherwise surrender your focus and ambitions to enjoy some breathing space. I'm sure that as AUC students, you realize that despite your enclosure in this microcosmic, encapsulating academic bubble (I compare the AB and AUC's totality to the X-men academy), you will discover a vast realm of possibility. This particularly illuminating discovery was an ephemeral moment I experienced approximately ten weeks before the time of writing.

Having my childhood circumscribed by a commercial building in a busy district of a beach town removed from the excitement of a city, entertainment was something to labour a search for. Because children's entertainment can only keep the eager mind occupied for such a short period, documentaries became my remedy to the tedium of children's television, as they responded to the deep urge that I contain to learn something intriguing and interesting. Free time translated to Animal Planet, National Geographic, and Discovery Channel, as well as documentaries on various foreign cultures. Of course, the knowledge content of these sessions amounted less to my recollection of these childhood moments than to the extremely appealing visuals. Out of all these documentaries, I now realize in retrospect that I cherished the sessions that featured sea animals (probably Animal Planet/ Discovery Channel) and Japanese culinary culture more than the rest. So, as my life progressed, I still have that deep sense of fascination in culinary crafts and sea creatures (particularly seafood, of course). To consider the origin of my fascination from the position that I am in now, and what I engage in (or at least what I am known for doing), this is as hilarious as it may be fateful.



The moment of enlightenment I alluded to earlier was when I took the opportunity to transform my plain bedroom into an experimental space to satisfy my culinary creativity and curiosity. Loaded with modern equipment such as a sous vide machine (water oven), whipping siphons, thermometers and



pressure cookers as well as traditional items such as the Hangiri (wooden tub), Yanagiba knife, suribochi mortar, and orosi grater, the possibilities of menu creations multiply by the second. However, besides the culinary explorations, I also intended to share my cooking ideas and carefully crafted menus to all of you within my proximity. When all my ambitions assimilated, I arrived at the conclusion of turning my bedroom into a dining room. Here, I would serve multicourse meals centered around, but not limited to, nigiri style sushi, where each and every dish undergoes all the detail work that I expect myself to go through, where the food reflects my ideas, the seasonality, and where I get to voice my cooking philosophies and understanding of the culinary universe to those who are open to them.

Reflecting back on the experience, my learning process constantly surprises me. The chance to better the simplest skills means so much more than what I ever expected, be it filleting fishes or Mise en Place (art of organization). I found myself in the middle of an orchestra when delivering omakase courses; in my imagination, the sequence of flavor profiles, the interaction with the guests, and the timing and temperature of the ingredients embodied the concept of multitasking. Perhaps, the most surprising event was when I found myself having to acquire mentorship; I never expected an apprentice out of all these unlikely events. And perhaps it was out of this apprenticeship that I got to learn the most, as it was my opportunity to pass on my philosophies to someone in the most direct way.

And so, my university life began with the first semester being dedicated to a commitment even I find hard to imagine, but incredibly rewarding. As this project progresses, I only hope that I will get to explore this intriguing world of food art with more depth and breadth, and I only hope that I can share all of this to the wider AUC circle.

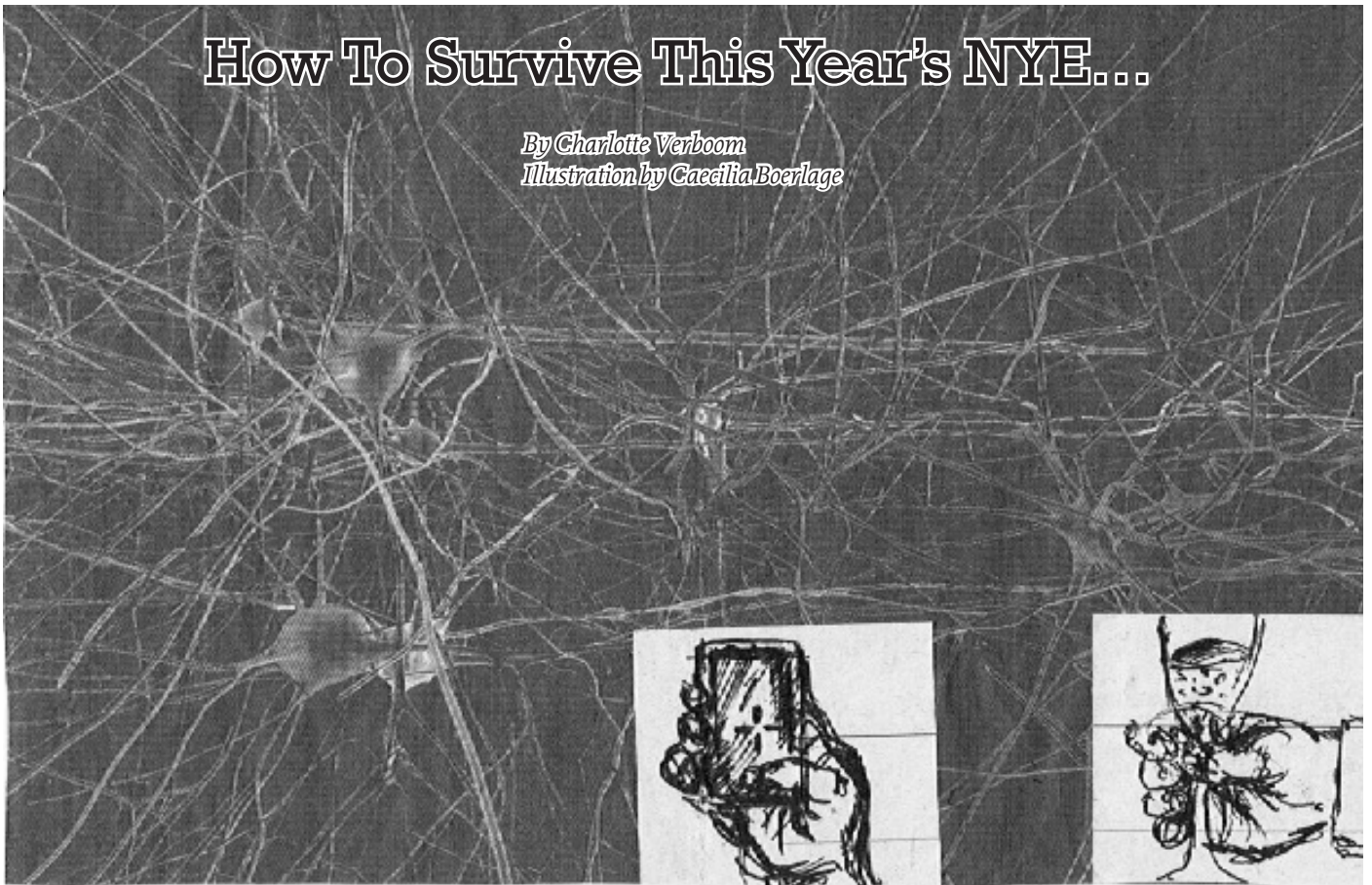
As my writing of this piece comes to an end I realize that it is only 7 hours before my next bike ride to Hanos. Then it will all begin again, here in my bedroom, now named "ephemeral".

I would like to use this space here to thank Johan Fredsted, Luca Arens, Vincent Franz, Deluxe family, Leon Lan, Robin laird, and all others that have supported/ been a part of this project and my struggle to launch this project smoothly. Without all of you, my journey would not have been the experience that I cherish today.

How To Survive This Year's NYE...

By Charlotte Verboom

Illustration by Caecilia Boerlage



It's New Year's Eve, and you have decided to join your friends to this big techno party, of which ticket price consists of at least a 5 followed by a 0. Once you arrive, you find out that you are dressed either too formally, or not formally enough, because you are wearing this white t-shirt with red pasta sauce stains combined with mustard yellow pants. You take a sip of the cheapest hard liquor they are selling because you have not drunk enough in advance and four vodka red bull costs more than your monthly expenses on food. It's almost time. It is almost 12 o'clock. Slowly, you see groups of people gathering together, and you're wondering where most of your friends went, so you text them to meet at the bar where the hot blond girl is working. Slightly bending over the bar, flirting a little with the blond girl, you look around and you see all these couples coming together, holding each other as if the whole world needs to know that they have found their 12pm-kiss. Once your friends turn up, you all take shots and prepare for the most awkward 2 minutes of the whole year... HAPPY NEW YEAR!

New Year's Eve is, for some, one of the most problematic nights ever, and for others, one of the best nights of the year. Either you're expecting an overwhelming night not to forget, or a very depressing awkward Idontwannadothis night. Here are some tips to survive the hardest hours of the year:

1. Don't have too many high expectations.

Spending a lot of money on a big party will give you the hope it is going to all be worth it, but remember that event planners on such nights often do not have to put a lot of effort in the quality since people are paying anyway. Warehouse-style is totally hip these days, but it's a bit disappointing when the toilets are outside in the rain.

2. Don't try to find the love of your life on nights like these.

No love story ever happened with a kiss on NYE. Plus, most people who are too desperately looking for that one kiss are not worth it anyway. Just have fun with your friends and don't put too much pressure on being single or whatsoever.

For couples: Make sure you're both comfortable with the party you are going to. Inviting friends is a definite go, but don't act too sticky around them. Remember, you're all here together.

3. Don't drink too much, but make sure you have drunk enough.

Although drunk people at a party are pretty annoying in general, you want to make sure you are not the drunk friend who on NYE has to be brought home to fall asleep on the carpet in their own puke. You might still want to remember who you have grinded on and whose number is texting you the next day...

4. Don't dress too fancy.

I know you like to look at ASOS.com for that amazing black glitter dress with high heels, or the perfect fitting shirt, but make sure you're still capable to dance and breathe. For home parties it is more acceptable to dress fancy, but going to a party where it will be all sweaty and dirty, you might want to consider your basic black shirt with sneakers.

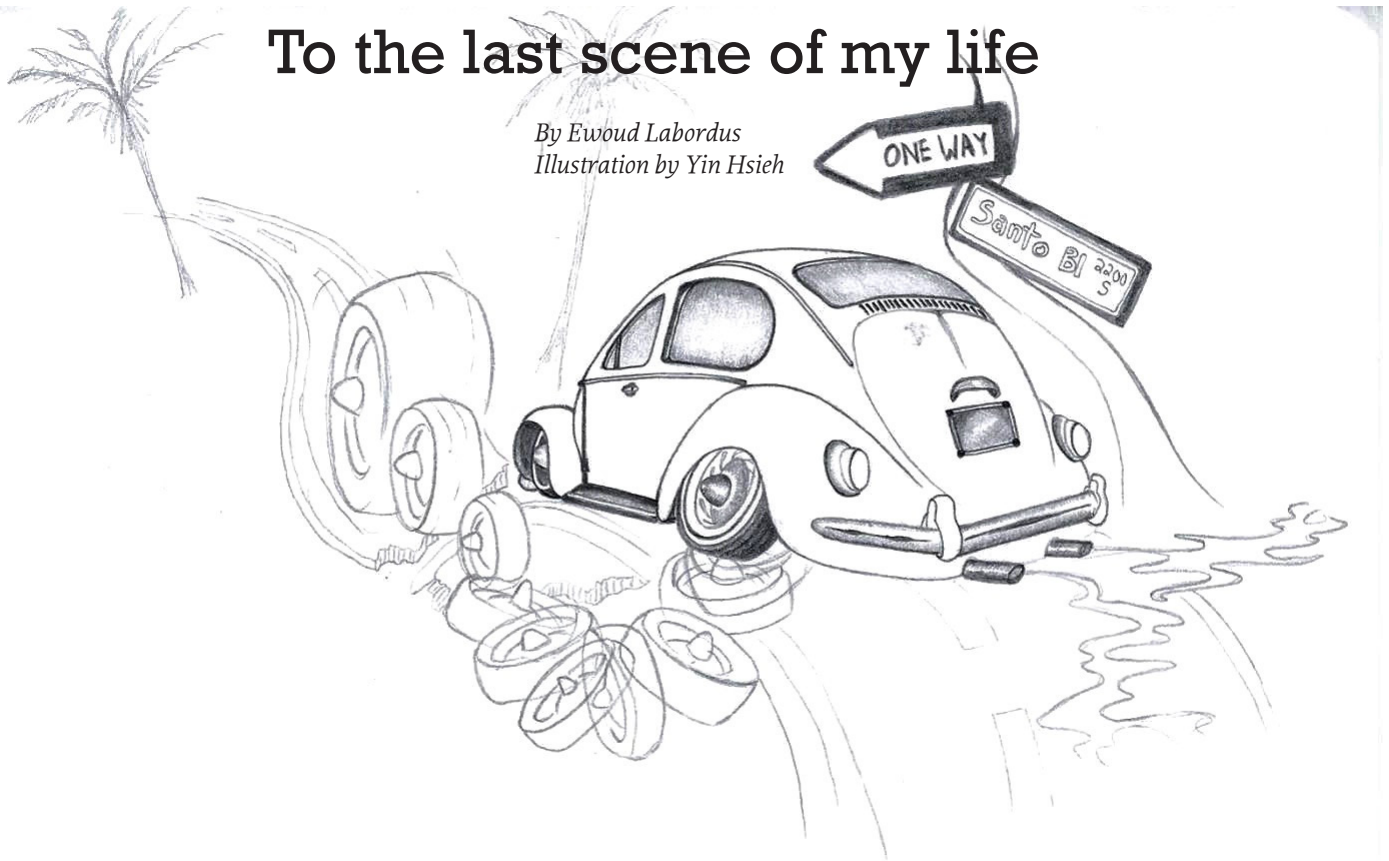
5. It is OK to cry.

If you are feeling that your night is not going as perfect as planned, it is okay to cry and go to bed early. But make sure you still brag about it the next day.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

To the last scene of my life

By Ewoud Labordus
Illustration by Yin Hsieh



Yes, with one sugar, please, I say.
Do you want to explain, you say.
Let me tell you how it happened, I say.
I take one sip of my coffee, bitter as always.

He said, don't worry about a thing. It was night when I walked out the front door and left my suitcase on the seat on the passenger side. I turned around, one glimpse at the house. I got in the car and slowly backed out the driving lane. That's when I hit her. Or did I?

I rolled down the street, looking left and right into the visors. Behind me, I saw one little red car, one of those that look a bit fat, real fat, with the bumper sticking out and the headlights in curves. It reminded me of the girl, face down on the mattress.

I was driving on the Santo Boulevard when all the wheels next to me started turning backwards, I say.

Can you specify what wheels, you say.

With my eyes open I saw truck wheels flying by, and with my eyes closed, I felt them ever closer than before, I say.

The road was split open, I remember because there was a double bump as I passed the crossroads. Still I felt the presence of the never-ending track, the wagons that kept shooting by.

Would you like a glass of water, or something stronger, you say.

I sigh. I'm hungry, I say.

I'm afraid I cannot help you with that, since we don't specialise in your cuisine, you say.

Oh okay, I say.

Please continue, you say.

I counted the trees, the palms, the bushes as I soared over the streets. I counted the parked cars on the curbs of the streets. Counting down, to zero and below, until I reached my

destination. For every six objects I counted, I inhaled, I tapped the dashboard, pressed the pedal. For every three of those sequences, I set down my foot on the brake pedal, I checked the visors, sighed.

I was playing with her, I say.

It is not a coincidence that you were driving on Santo to boulevard, is it, you say.

I nod, looking to the left.

Is there more to this story, you say.

I grasp the cup of coffee turned cold and downed it.

Out with it then, you say.

I never saw her. She provoked me at work, hiding in drawers and cabinets of other people's houses; she opened doors and turned on the faucets in my own. I never felt her. I did not touch her. She was all around me, never sleeping, always asking when I would come to see her, but in her own ways. She was silent as the night. I thought I had the rhythm, the beat to outpace her.

I was going to the last scene of my life, after this it had to be over. I arrived at the motel and asked the officers what they had found. They told me to have a look upstairs. She was standing between the moon and the chimney. Entered the room and went to close the doors to the balcony: she was playing with the curtains. On the bed, it reminded me of her, again. I saw myself in the bathroom mirror, the slow darkness creeping from the corners of the room. I locked the door. I turned on the light, but it did not make her go away.

I counted down from 216, I say.

What happened to the bullet, you say.

She took it; it was all she wanted for now, I say.

You have gone through an excellent recovery, you say.

I wish I had taken it before, I say.

Peace in the Chaos

By Tekla Tevdorashvili



St. Moritz (2014): Photo by Tekla Tevdorashvili

As a snowboard lover, mountains are an important part of my life. If you are as in love with snow as me, you might find this article interesting and useful. If you haven't experienced skiing or snowboarding, you haven't really lived. Trust me. It's peace in the chaos. So, put on your warmest clothes, buckle on your snowboard (or skies), and make a visit to one of these mountain resorts. I've been to several ski resorts in Europe, so I thought it would be nice to share the best places to visit this season.

The most luxurious ski resort I've ever been is St. Moritz, a town in Switzerland, on Engadine valley. It has many different paths and has an altitude of 1,822 meters. The peak of the Eastern Alps is located to the south of the town. The mountain has 58 lifts and 350km trails, and is divided into four separate sectors. The summit of ski area is at 3,305 meters. One final thing about St. Moritz: the luxurious hotels like Kampinsky. St. Moritz is quite an expensive ski resort, but it's totally worth it. It was even Rothschild family's favourite ski resort!

Next, a more unknown location where you can enjoy skiing and snowboarding is Gudauri, in Georgia. Not that I'm promoting my country or anything, but seriously, Gudauri is incredible! It is located in the southern part of the Greater Caucasus Mountain Range, at an elevation of 2,196 meters. The highest point you can get with the lift is at 3279 meters. One more advantage of Gudauri is that there are family hotels, where one room cost is about 30-100 dollars per night. In Gudauri, you can enjoy Heli-ski, Paragliding, Tube Park, and most importantly, night skiing, which makes skiing twice as attractive. Imagine: silence, moon, peace, and all of a sudden, after a ten minute lift, you are in front of a path of fluffy snow, which reflects the light, making the view even more beautiful. Also, there are couple of bars, where you can spend your evening with friends, and restaurants, where you can taste delicious Georgian food, which I miss so much.

Gudauri : Photo by Unknown



If luxury isn't your thing, then why not go for something quaint? The coziest place I've ever been is Megève. Megève is a town in France, and I would recommend it to anyone who wants to relax and enjoy the snow. It is located in the Rhône-Alpes region in south-eastern France with an elevation of 1,027–2,485 meters. It is an hour away from Geneva Airport and is accessible directly by car or public transport. For the evening activities, you can enjoy an outdoor ice-rink, cinema, or various restaurants.

Finally, if you want to stay in the Netherlands, indoor skiing might also be an option for you. If you don't have enough time to go to mountains, you can visit indoor ski slopes and fun parks, which of course are not as much fun as real mountains. You can also enjoy the street snowboarding competition Rock A Rail, which takes place in the Hague every year in November. So, whether you are a snowboarder, skier, or neither, pack your bags and enjoy the season.

WE ASKED YOU:

“What are your funkiest winter-time traditions?”



Claudia Rot, 2nd year: “My funkiest winter time traditions is wearing socks in bed with my electric blanket turned on”.



Axel Meta, 2nd year: “ This year, Sha-rood is introducing a new tradition. We will be sharooding our Christmas dinner. And so should you!”



Liselotte van Balen, 2nd year: “I make enough soup for 2-3 days and refuse to eat anything else. I make this my entire occupation for those three days.”



Ilen Madhavji, 1st year: “In Canada, we go sledding in the hills and make snowangels. If you’re ballsy, you do this in your underwear.”

Elias, 1st year: “In Germany, we go to the Christmas market for Glühwein. We also have the Adventskalender.”



Illustration by Leonie van der Kolk



Carolina Sarzana, 2nd year: “On the 8th of December, my family and I celebrate. My sister and I decorate the tree while my mother puts on Christmas music. My father creates the nativity scene. Then we all dance and sing!”



Esther Baar, 3rd year: “On Christmas morning, my family and I have breakfast tacos/burritos.”



Jacob Adriani, 3rd year: “I make snowangels. Usually half naked”



Nienke Dek, 2nd year: “I usually go ice-skating, if it’s cold enough”