



EUROTOP Amsterdam

COMPLAINTS BOOK
POLICE CONDUCT



EU rot op

complaints book on police conduct during the Euro Summit

The complaints book on police conduct has been compiled based on 234 complaints lodged on the 1st of July 1997, two weeks after the Euro Summit. The complaints book wants to give an impression of what happened during the Euro Summit in Amsterdam.

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Photography

John Schaffer, pages 21, 37

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Amsterdam, July 1997

Autonoom Centrum, Jansen & Janssen, the Prisoner Support Group

Introduction

This complaints book about the police conduct during the Euro Summit is the result of the combined effort of the Autonoom Centrum, research bureau Jansen & Janssen and the Prisoner Support Group.

After the events surrounding the Euro Summit in Amsterdam, an inventory of complaints concerning the police conduct and the prison treatment was made. By the 1st of July, about two weeks after the EU Summit, over 230 complaints had been collected. This complaints book presents a first documentation of an enormous amount of stories and a preliminary statistical survey of the things that happened to so many people.

The nature of the complaints indicates that people were not only randomly picked up in the streets of Amsterdam, they were also systematically mistreated during their arrests.

The police conduct during the Euro Summit has created quite a stir. Indignation about the mass-arrests was, however, soon narrowed to criticism of the legal grounds used to carry out the arrests in the Spuistraat. During the special emergency sitting in parliament it became clear that only the means of the arrests, the use of section 140 of the penal code, was to be debated. All parties were already in agreement as to the goal of these arrests; maintaining law and order in Amsterdam.

Public Prosecutor Vrakking so often spoke of serious threats to the peace in the capital, and the media so often gratuitously reproduced this image, that history seems to have been written before it even happened.

Therefore, this complaint book contains an extensive chronology of the events based on the statements of those people who were involved. The objective is to prove that there are several arguments which support the need to take a more critical view of these preventative arrests. The authorities had no reason whatsoever to arrest people, because practically nothing had happened.

It should not be forgotten that the events in the Spuistraat on Sunday night were not the only mass-arrests; on Saturday a group of 120 Italians that wanted to participate in the big international March against Unemployment were not allowed to exit the train in which they arrived. They were detained in the train all day and were eventually deported back to Italy in the middle of the night. Legal grounds for this detention and the consequential deportation don't exist. On Monday evening all participants of a so called 'jubilation march' were collectively arrested. They were charged with transgressing the emergency regulation prohibiting demonstrations within security zones; even though the whole group was standing outside of the areas that were proclaimed security zones. Something was simply made up; the legal grounds were really of no importance.

These three mass-arrests in combination with the inhuman conditions in the various Penitentiaries indicate that a preventative arrest-policy was used.

The complaints made about the treatment of the prisoners make up for the biggest part of this complaints book. Without detracting from the individuals experience of injustice, we want this complaints book to be a documentation of the collective nature of these injustices.

The question remains how this could have happened.

In the annex "..." an analysis is made of the 'evidence' that was supposed to prove that the Vrankrijk is a criminal organisation: for an official section 140 charge the evidence was very meager. The way the preventative arrest-policy was 'sold' to the public is made apparent in a selection of citations by the authorities in the media: sheer nonsense and lies.

Maybe an explanation for this tough, and for the Netherlands highly unusual policy can be found in the growing cooperation concerning law and order within the EU. This is looked at in the final appendix.

The police conduct surrounding the Euro Summit in Amsterdam should be investigated within the context of this complaints book. Individual processing of the complaints and personal reparations is not enough. An independent investigation is necessary to judge and criticize the political decisions that resulted in this preventative arrest-policy. Only then can those responsible be held accountable.

Conclusions

Arrests

- A group of 143 Italians was unlawfully arrested and unlawfully deported. They were denied the right to participate in a demonstration without any legal cause.
- A legal means (section 140 of the penal code) was used political tool in the case of the arrests in the Spuistraat as well as in several other places.
- This is clearly a case of well prepared action of the justice department.
- The mass-arrests during the jubilation-demonstration strongly resemble a razzia: everyone being herded together to be arrested and deported. Areas within an emergency regulation security zone were not entered, which means that many people were wrongfully arrested.
- On several occasions and in different places people have been randomly arrested because of their appearance or their supposed political views.
- Most prisoners were not given a reason for their arrests, nor were they told their rights.

Treatment

- Medical complaints: no medication, in some cases isolation
- No interrogations of very short ones only. Mainly to determine identity or ask whether prisoner had been in Vrankrijk
- No right to an attorney
- No right to make a phonecall, not even for parents with children
- No water, no bathroom for 6 up to 36 hours
- Sexual harassment
- Handcuffed for 4 to 12 hours, occasionally even for 12 to 24 hours.

- Intimidation, threats, lots of aggression, violence.

Release

- Personal belongings were in some cases not returned, or only partially returned.
- Foreigners were deported without any cause. Most of them without their belongings and without their passports.
- Some foreigners were deported to countries other than their country of origin.
- Passports, money, jewelry and clothes were 'lost' in the custody of the police.
- A number of Germans were deported, handed over to the
- German police and arrested.
- Abuse during deportations.
- Participants in the jubilation-demonstration were taken to different places near the city limits and were left there by prison personnel after their release.

Final conclusions

The overall image of the conduct of the police as well as the Department of Justice indicates that a distinct policy to prevent certain demonstrations was in effect. We're faced with a kind of prohibition on demonstrations and a politically motivated attempt to keep people silent. The arrests and the mistreatment of the prisoners form a continuing series of abuse, about which hundreds of people have given testimonies. This is not a case of a couple of unfortunate incidents.

The statistics

The arrests took place in the period from Friday the 13th of June, 1997 up to and including Wednesday the 18th of June, 1997. The number of complaints filed by the compilers of the Complaint book up to and including the 1st of July, 1997 was 234. The complaints are looked at in relation to the following questions:

a When did the arrest take place? (only relevant for people who weren't picked up in the mass arrests on Sunday or Monday evenings)

b Was the reason for being held stated?

c Were people read their rights?

d Were searches carried out by someone of the opposite sex?

e How long were people kept handcuffed?

f How long were people left sitting in buses?

g Were people abused and if so, how?

h Was there sexual intimidation by police officers?

i How long were people held in the police station and which station?

j How long were people held in jail and which jail?

k Were telephone calls allowed?

l Was there contact with a lawyer? (by telephone or in person)

m Did people get food and if so, were the needs of vegans and/or vegetarians taken into account?

n Did people who requested it receive medical care?

o Was bedding distributed for the night? (mattress and blankets)

p How long did people have to wait before they were allowed to go to the toilet?

q How long did people have to go without water?

r Were people allowed to shower or not?

s Under what circumstances were people released and where?

t Were people deported, under which circumstances and where to?

u After how many days did people receive their property back, or did they get it back at all?

v Were there things missing or not given back when property was returned?

w Any further comments.

The most important results of this survey are listed below. We are not pretending to present the complaints scientifically. Not everyone answered all the questions, so a complete analysis is not possible. The primary goal is to give an insight into the extent and the seriousness

of the complaints.

a Were you arrested somewhere in the city, without being part of the demonstrations of Sunday or Monday evening?

Yes 30

b Were you informed of the reason for being held?

No 61

Unclear 15

Hours later (or the next day) 28

c What reason was given for your detention?

Section 140 50

Section 2.1 APV 12

Illegal assembly 4

For whistling at the riot police 1

Because of appearance 3

For leaving France 2

The reason changed (two or three times) 19

c2 Were you advised of your rights?

No 68

Unclear 9

c3 What sort of comments were made during your detention?

"For the next three days human rights don't apply."

4

"You are not human beings."

1

"You don't have any rights until you speak Dutch"

1

c4 Were you questioned about a punishable offence and not only about your identity?

Yes 4

d Were you searched by someone of the opposite sex?

Women by one or more men 28

d2 Did this search take place in the presence of a lot of people?

Anal search in the presence of a lot of people 9

e How long were your hands handcuffed behind your back?

More than 24 hours 6

Between 10 and 24 hours 5

9 hours 7

8 hours 31

7 hours 13

6 hours 15

5 hours	5	Yes	2
4 hours	13	No	26
3 hours	9	After two days	2
2 hours	17		
e1 Were you handcuffed too tightly? (often resulting in loss of feeling in hands, swollen or bruised hands)		o. Did you receive bedding at night?	
Yes	54	No	96
		Too little	10
g In which ways were people abused by police or custodial officers?		o1 Were you kept awake?	
pushed and shoved	15	Lights left on all night	11
beaten	17	Woken by torchlight during the night by custodial officers	3
blindfolded	4	p Were you allowed to go to the toilet?	
grabbed	2	Only after mealtimes	11
kicked	5	After many hours (on average 10)	37
wounded until bleeding	4	q Were you given water or something else to drink?	
choked	4	Out of a communal mop bucket	26
laughed at	4	Only after a meal	21
intimidated	29	After two days	1
aggressively handled	22	After many hours (on average 10)	27
humiliated	9	A little water (1 or 2 plastic cups a day)	16
threatened	15	r Were you allowed to take a shower?	
h Did you hear sexist comments?		No	23
Yes	20	After two days	11
h1 Were you only allowed to use the toilet in the presence of police officers?		Unclear	3
Yes	6	Only with cold water	4
h2 Were your sexual parts or breasts handled by police officers?		t Were you deported from Holland?	
Yes	10	By plane to London	1
h3 Were you forced to undress before a number of police officers?		By plane to Greece	5
Yes	4	By military plane to Denmark	26
h4 Were you threatened with sexual comments? ("I'll show you a good time")		By military plane to Sweden	4
Yes	3	By shuttle flight to Sweden	3
k Were you allowed to make telephone calls?		Turned over to the German police	7
No	1	Taken to the Belgian border	1
25 After 2 days	26	By shuttle flight to Spain	1
After 1 day	3	u Are there personal belongings of yours that weren't returned, disappeared, or got damaged by the actions of police officers?	
l Did you have contact with a lawyer (by telephone or in person)?		I lost something	58
No	85	Something of mine was broken	10
After 2 days	51	w Did riot police officers smell of alcohol?	
after 1 day	3	Yes	4
m Do you have complaints about the food?		w1 Were you held in an isolation cell?	
Very little to eat	22	Yes	9
No vegan/vegetarian food	36	w2 Were you isolated for three days?	
A mealtime skipped	28	Yes	6
No food during the whole imprisonment	3	w3 Were you held in an isolation cell in handcuffs?	
n Did you, on request, receive medical care?		Yes	1
		w4 Were you kept continuously in the cell (i.e never let out for fresh air)?	
		Yes	7
		w5 Were you refused a Bible?	2
		w6 Are you underage?	
		Yes	3

Cleaning up the image?



Spuistraat arrests

Never before have the Dutch police preventively arrested so many people at the same time, before or without anything having happened.

This action can be compared to that of the heavily criticised chief inspector of police Koppejan in 1966. On August 21st of that year a protest march in Amsterdam against the war in Vietnam, was hunted through the streets. There was no allowance from the authorities for the march. In the end 279 demonstrators got arrested and were carted off to the police headquarters in cattle and removal trucks. One month earlier a similar group was loaded up and deported to the city border, also on Koppejans instigation. The heavy criticism of

what is called the Koppejan-method, has led to a much more liberal climate for demonstrations since 1966.

For a few policy makers the Euro Summit in 1997 has been a good opportunity to turn the clock back many years. The way in which both police and state reacted to the relatively small protests is unheard of in Dutch history. In 1966 you could speak of panic and failures in police behaviour, but during the Euro Summit we were dealing with a long-term and thoroughly organised plan.

During the weeks before the Euro Summit the Amsterdam authorities Mayor Patijn and his civil servants in charge of public order and safety, took a de-escalating

position. To anyone who wanted to know Mayor Patijn declared that demonstrations were to be allowed, except in areas where the emergency regulations applied. That he, and others, chose to take this attitude isn't so strange. 'Korpsberichten' and other police magazines of the previous weeks made clear that the police were perfectly aware of most planned actions. The Central Research Institute CRI given the task of analysing the possible dangers, spoke frequently of the Internet as an open source to find out all the announcements. From the process papers in the summary proceedings of those arrested in the Spuistraat it seems that the police were informed by infiltrators and intelligence services.

The police therefore must have known that no violent actions were being prepared.

The tolerant pose of the Amsterdam authorities is out of all proportion to the activities of the police during the Euro Summit.

On Saturday the 14th of June whilst 50 thousand people were demonstrating peacefully, the police at Central Station kept the doors of an Italian train closed. The passengers could only leave after the demo was over, a number of them were held longer and sent back home by train.

During the demonstration a couple of clashes with the riot police take place. Afterwards Mayor Patijn declared on Dutch tv (Nova) how much he liked the demonstration. The bricks through the windows of a bank he minimized by calling them 'incidents'. At each big demonstration things like that happen, he said.

On Sunday night a peaceful demonstration left from café Vrankrijk, on it's way to the Police Headquarters. Fifty metres further and two hours later 348 people were arrested. On Monday night the jubilation demonstration and a group of spectators at the other side of the Amstel were arrested: 141 arrested people. Within a few days, about 750 people were arrested and taken away, of whom no more than 600 were registered as arrested persons. The 120 Italians from Saturday are not taken in account. There is no evidence whatsoever against one single person that he or she might have planned to do something illegal.

What happened between Saturday and Sunday night to justify these mass arrests? Mayor Patijn is tying himself in knots. He would rather arrest innocent people, when there are signs that something might happen, he says. Within a few hours he has turned 180 degrees. The Mayor is no more than a clown in a media spectacle. Before the Summit, Amsterdam had to be shown in a good light, and likewise afterwards the behaviour of the police and the legal system.

Patijn is not alone in his ambivalence. In certain situations (such as the Euro Summit) authorities set aside fundamental civil rights with ease. Maintaining public order and the interests of the state come first. The foundations of the sacrosanct democratic rights are based on quicksand. The reasoning is comparable to that used by dictators to get rid of opposition.

Amsterdam has a considerable tradition of actions and protests, many of them on a large scale. But the whole city going up in flames, is something that we don't remember ever seeing. The time of great movements like the squatting movement is over; it was clear that the protests against the Euro Summit were to be limited in nature, but that doesn't mean that they shouldn't be lively and obvious. If protesting only means that one is allowed to walk respectfully around the centre of the city then we might as well stop protesting altogether. Strikes, blockades and occupations are to a certain degree, an acceptable form of protest in the Netherlands. The limited resistance during the Euro Summit was made as good as impossible due to the show of police force which was out of all proportion. The whole thing was actually so extreme, that it seemed Orwellian,

It looks like this police action has been carried out to present the Netherlands as a country in which not everything is possible. This is a tactic to refute the negative image of the Netherlands as a "paradise" for drug addiction and sexual freedom.

Ten or 15 years ago there would have been massive protests after a police action such as that during the Euro Summit. Now everything remains relatively silent. This is probably the most disturbing aspect of it all. Something similar is happening over the last few years on the subject of the detention of refugees. Refugees who have lost their case in court and people without permits to stay can be held in a sort of administrative strangle hold for an unlimited time without anyone raising a voice of protest. It remained remarkably silent too a few months ago when people from Turkey were stopped at the borders of The Hague to prevent trouble at a right-wing nationalist meeting.

The complacency existing throughout many layers of Dutch society ('everything is okay here') and the lack of a substantial critical current is mirrored in the weak way in which the media and organisations like Amnesty International have reacted to the violation of fundamental civil rights, as happened during the Euro Summit. When these violations happen outside Europe, it is much easier to speak out against them.

The undemocratic character of the European Union and the intimidating judicial co-operation in issues like asylum policy and radical opposition were reasons for many people to protest in the streets during the Euro Summit. The legitimacy of this criticism and suspicion has been made painfully clear by the actions of the police.

What are we to do when politicians and civil servants don't care about the laws and are protected by almost all political parties?

Chronology of events

It is clear in advance that the EU summit will cause demonstrations by a large variety of action committees and individual activists. Mayor Patijn implies that no one will be kept from exercising their right to demonstrate, because Amsterdam has always been a very tolerant city. The state of emergency, announced just before the start of the summit, prohibits demonstrations in the security zones around all locations where the EU leaders will be meeting and around their hotels. But, as Patijn assures everyone on AT5, the local television station, the police will not interfere with demonstrations or roadblocks outside the security zones. But then unease emerges because of the announcement of the 'Days of Chaos'. A pamphlet which was distributed internationally calls for this event (which in previous years caused serious riots in the German city of Hannover) to be held in Amsterdam during the weekend preceding the EU Summit. Painting the palace on Dam Square purple and burning down police stations are but a few of the options on the schedule. In activist circles the pamphlet is seen as a prank, and neither police spokespersons nor Mayor Patijn say they take it very seriously. Even so the police start an investigation into the origins of the pamphlet. Detectives, among whom a couple who call themselves Henk and Jolanda, visit a number of (squatted) houses not only in the city centre, but also in the Schinkelbuurt and even in Nijmegen. Occupants are warned not to put up any foreign visitors. Ignoring this urgent request could result in the eviction of the house in question. Should there be problems with German punks, people are told they can always contact Jolanda and Henk on 06 5390 1792 and leave a message for the police.

Wednesday 11th June

Even before the summit has begun the police in The Hague give the demonstrators a taste of what they can expect. A group of participants in the European Marches Against Unemployment intends to take a train from The Hague to Leiden without paying the fare, as a protest against growing poverty in Europe. At the station the police try to stop them from getting on the train. When the demonstrators persist, the police carry out a charge with batons. In the process they manage to break the arm of one of the marchers. Another is hit across the face with a baton. His glasses are broken and he is left with a bleeding head wound.

Friday 13th June

Three days before the start of the official EU summit marks the beginning of the counter activities. Thursday is the start of the 'Top van Onderop' (the summit from below) in the Vrouwenhuis (Women's house), a conference in which environmental groups, Third-World activists and the Women's Movement participate.

The first activity in the dreaded Days of Chaos is scheduled for Friday at 6.p.m., meeting point Nieuwmarkt. Under the watchful eye of the police and the international press a handful of punks, hippies and squatters make themselves comfortable on the square, enjoying a beer. When the onlookers leave, a crowd of about 100 people gets up and begins to walk in the direction of the Dutch Central Bank. On the way some flagpoles flying the European flag are demolished and a window is smashed at the French consulate. The police retaliate immediately with large numbers of riot police. Police vans with plainclothes policemen head towards the group, resulting in a number of very rough arrests. The group of protestors disperses and is chased through the city in small groups by riot police and police assault squads. The police state that they have arrested 17 people. According to eye-witnesses this number is a lot larger, in the order of at least 50 people.

Saturday 14th June

At 1p.m., hours tens of thousands of people from all over Europe gather at Dam Square to protest against growing poverty and unemployment in Europe.

At the station a red-and-black flag is seized, because it is illegal to be an anarchist during the EU summit, according to the police officer involved. The police keep a close watch on groups of punks.

The demonstration starts over one and a half hours later than planned because people want to wait for the trains carrying Italian comrades, which have been delayed. When the crowds start moving, a procession of 50,000 people soon fills the centre of Amsterdam.

On the way, there are a few confrontations with the police. A number of flagpoles flying EU Summit flags are demolished, but it can be deducted from listening to the police scanner, that the policy is to ignore such incidents. On arrival at Weteringcircuit, a group of a few hundred

protesters make a symbolic attempt to march in the direction of the Dutch Central Bank. They want to turn left, rather than right onto Weteringschans. The presence of ordinary uniformed policemen turns out to be enough to stop them. The tension drops after a few slogans have been shouted and the group begins to rejoin the main body of the demonstration. The police choose that moment to make an arrest, and then the fat is in the fire. The police carry out a short charge using their batons and then disappear into their vans, because the crowd responds by throwing cans, bottles and an occasional stone at them. A line of riot police advances and starts charging immediately. A riot police van and a van with plainclothes policemen recklessly drive into the fleeing crowd. The peace is restored when the riot police withdraw and the procession can continue on its way.

Apart from this incident, the demonstration passed off relatively smoothly. On Leidseplein two windows of a bank are smashed and near the police headquarters an empty police van is turned on its side. Well after the actual incident took place, riot police vans race into the crowd. A line of riot police is hastily formed in Marnixstraat, spanning the full breadth of the police headquarters. The police then charge into the demonstration from the side. About three hundred people are violently separated from the main body of the demonstration.

A large part of this group is driven over the Lijnbaansgracht bridge into the Jordaan, onto Elandsgracht, right in the midst of people shopping there. The riot police line on the bridge subsequently gets closed in, because the rest of the demonstrators begin to fill the gap that was made in the procession. Apparently in a state of panic, they start hitting out with force and even passers-by don't escape. A man passing by - he and his wife and child were standing by the side of the road trying to see what was going on - is so seriously hurt that he has to be carried off to hospital in an ambulance. His lawyer has lodged a complaint against the police for attempted murder.

Nobody is arrested. The ferocity of the attack provokes a number of reactions. From within the demonstration various things are thrown at the police, but several local people watching also attack the police. The riot police subsequently clear the stretch of Marnixstraat in front of the car-park and regroup at the corner of Rozengracht and Marnixstraat. A part of the demonstration is forced through this "trap", so that the police can get a good look at those passing by. On the police radio they say that they are considering closing in 'the group of troublemakers' and arresting them. How the police think they can separate them from the rest of the demonstration is unclear. That is probably the reason why they eventually abandon the idea.

That night Klaas Wilting, the Amsterdam police public relations officer, and Mayor Patijn say that they are content with the way things went, with as they say, only a few minor incidents occurring. 'When 50,000 people are marching through the city centre, some incidents are bound to happen'. Apparently at that time the incidents were still passed off as minor disturbances and nothing to get worked up about.

When the demonstration returns to Dam Square the news spreads that a large group of Italian demonstrators is being detained at Amsterdam Central Station. One of them gets up on the podium and relates how three thousand Italian protesters travelled to Amsterdam on various trains. A part of the group is not allowed to leave their train because they are said to have demolished the compartment they were in. They are detained in the train for hours, held hostage by the riot police on the platform and on the tracks. Another group is being closed in on the square in front of the station. The entire group is handcuffed after a few hours and transported to Bijlmer prison, in public transport buses. In the meantime, people protesting against what is going on are being beaten away from the areas near the station by the riot police.

The Italians are held at Bijlmer prison for a time, where the police begin photographing the prisoners. Some time later, there has apparently been an change of plan and they are transported -again in buses belonging to the public transport company - to Sloterdijk Station and put on a train to Italy. According to the police, they are then no longer under arrest, but have been 'removed'. In the meantime and during the many hours that they will remain on the train, they are denied both food and water. It is not until they reach the German border that they are provided with (frozen) sandwiches. However, the police say that they were given packed lunches (food that was originally intended for the riot police themselves, according to the police press release) 'because we're not all that bad'.

Public Prosecutor Vrakking defends the way the police acted by saying, 'If you had seen what came out of that train, there would be no doubt in your mind about what would have happened'.

Meanwhile the two trains which take all the Italians (including those comrades who were not arrested) back to Italy, still have a long way to go.

The first train leaves Amsterdam at around midnight, stopping for hours at a deserted shunting-yard near Maarn. The second does not leave until three o'clock that night. The people on the train keep pulling the communication cord to press home their need for food and water. The train is delayed for hours in Arnhem, because the station in Emmerich just across the German border, won't be staffed until the following morning. The Royal Commissioner of the district is woken up to give permission to keep the people on the train overnight guarded by riot police with dogs. It is not until the train has stopped here that those aboard are given the parcels of frozen bread. The next morning in Germany the train gets a police escort and the windows are masked with masking tape. In Mannheim things get very tense when the police want to take everyone's photograph and fingerprints. In Switzerland the police escort is abandoned. The first train eventually arrives in Milan at ten o'clock in the evening. The second train does not arrive until two hours later, due to engine problems in Italy. Despite pressure from abroad, the Italian authorities can see no reason to arrest the people getting off the trains.

That night around 100 people hold a noise demonstration outside the police headquarters in support of those arrested the day before. A number of cars are damaged. The person scratching the cars is pulled away by the rest of the protesters and told to stop.

The participants in the European Marches Against Unemployment received a warm welcome in Amsterdam on Friday. They got to shake hands with Mayor Patijn and were offered accommodation in a sports centre in the Staatsliedenbuurt area. But when, exhausted, they want to retire to their camp-beds on Saturday, an unpleasant surprise awaits them. The City of Amsterdam has decided their hospitality doesn't extend to Saturday night. Proclaiming that 'your demonstration is over' the city council turns the demonstrators out onto the streets in the middle of the night. Some of them think that this is so outrageous, that they refuse to leave. The police then proceed to remove them from the sports hall by brute force.

Sunday 15th June

Three demonstrations were announced for Sunday afternoon: the Legalize! street party, the Euro Summit (a demonstration for sexual diversity) and a party at the Homo-monument for the recognition of the rights of homosexual men and women.

The people organising the Legalize! demonstration had come to an agreement in advance with the police, about the route they would take, which was supposed to take them to M. Visser Square, far away from any security zone. At the start of the demonstration, changes were made in the route twice, on police orders. The people organising the event were threatened that the riot police would be brought into action, should they fail to comply. The organisers felt intimidated and agreed to take a route which would lead from Central Station and Prins-Hendrikkade, straight out of the city in the direction of the East Docks, where the party marking the end of the demonstration would take place. However, the demonstrators refused to put up with this and managed to pass police lines without incident, not once, but twice, by simply walking past the cordons. In this way, the group eventually manages to reach M. Visser Square. Here the procession halts and people start a dance party on the square. Didn't Patijn promise that would be tolerated outside security zones? But after a short while, the police announce that the demonstration has to move on, or the riot police will interfere. The group complies.

When the last of the demonstrators are in the process of leaving the square, suddenly, from the direction of the Jodenbreestraat, a column of riot police arrive, who jump out of their vans ready to charge. But by then everybody has already gone. Subsequently they block off Jodenbreestraat, to prevent people who are out shopping from getting through. They clear the entire street, only to get up and leave again.

Along the rest of the route, every sidestreet and the tun-

nel under the IJ are closed off by large numbers of riot police, including units carrying CS gas guns. They escort the dancing crowd to Oostelijke Handelskade, where they are allowed to party on.

The Euro Summit and the homo party are a great success due to the fact that the press turned up in large numbers. In Spuistraat at the Vrankrijk bar there is a lot of police activity from early morning on. The street in front of the building is full of riot police and arrest squads, while a police video van films everyone in the area. The video van is bombarded with paint, to try and make filming impossible.

By the end of the afternoon, the police begin arresting people who are leaving Vrankrijk merely to buy a carton of orange juice, or to go home. This is not done in the direct vicinity of Vrankrijk, but mostly a few streets further up, so that the people inside the bar won't be alerted. A number of people are dragged off their bikes by a special arrest squad, handcuffed and blindfolded, then carried off with their heads between their knees in the back of a Mercedes or a similar car. The blindfolds are not removed until they are taken into custody at the police headquarters. Anyone seen leaving Vrankrijk is apparently suspected of membership of a criminal organisation under section 140 of the penal code.

At 9.p.m. a group of people gather outside Vrankrijk, to go to stage a noise protest outside the police headquarters. They only make it as far as the corner of the street, where they are closed in by riot police under the command of police commissioner Riessen. Everyone sits down and the riot police clears the surrounding area. Initially, even the press is kept at bay. Later on, they have great difficulty trying to film the police violence and abuse taking place. Everyone is arrested on the charge of suspected membership of a criminal organisation. After a few hours they are taken away in buses provided by the public transport company. Bystanders protesting or interfering (local residents, or a few remaining protesters), are also automatically labelled members of a criminal organisation and are placed under arrest as well. A detail worth noting is that afterwards, a number of people arrested during this operation complained that quite a few of the riot police officers smelled distinctly of alcohol.

Around one o'clock, when all those arrested have been driven off to Bijlmer prison, the police lift the barricades and the crowd of sympathisers and curious passers-by flock to Vrankrijk to size up the situation. The Spuistraat witnesses the birth of a second criminal organisation and again the area is cordoned off. All the cars parked in this part of the Spuistraat and the sidestreets are towed away. By and by, it becomes clear that the police are preparing to invade Vrankrijk. Anyone leaving the premises is immediately handcuffed and taken away, again on the grounds of section 140. For hours Vrankrijk appears to be under siege. When asked, the riot police prove to be under the impression that an invasion will follow shortly. They have been fully prepared for such an operation.

At three o'clock in the morning the barricades are lifted, but the police keep threatening to invade the building.

Only at the last moment is the plan dropped. From an official release by Public Prosecutor Vrakking it can be deduced that the police considered the risk to their fellow police officers and the danger of public disturbance too great.

In the meantime those arrested are being deported to prisons all over the country.

That same night, a number of very suspiciously-dressed characters are lurking around on Dam Square. They jump over a fence to place some 'dubious parcels'. One of them is arrested on suspicion of membership of a criminal organisation. When she makes a statement that she has nothing whatsoever to do with Vrankrijk, visible panic breaks out among the police. A short time later she is released.

Monday 16th June

The EU Summit has begun and Amsterdam city centre now has all the characteristics of a fortress. Vans with ordinary policemen and riot police are everywhere, vans carrying plainclothes policemen are driving back and forth and observation units are working overtime. In several places throughout the city people disappear, randomly arrested as possible troublemakers, a suspicion based only on their appearance.

In the Leidseplein area 6 people are arrested, far away from any security zone. They are looking for the demonstration of Kurds scheduled at that time and they ask several police officers if they know where it is taking place. They are surrounded by five riot police vans and arrested under section 140. To everyone's surprise the assistant Public Prosecutor at the police headquarters confirms these charges. A few hours later the charges are changed to unlawful gathering under the state of emergency which is in force. They are locked in a cell, together with someone who had been putting up anti-Chirac stickers and someone who had been handing out pamphlets on Dam Square.

In the afternoon ten thousand Kurds march from Central Station to Leidseplein, to express their abhorrence for the plans to grant Turkey full membership of the European Union. The riot police cordon off Spuistraat at the Koningsplein side, to prevent groups of Kurds from marching from Leidseplein in the direction of Vrankrijk.

That afternoon, a group of environmentalists manage to reach the fences around the Dutch Bank, where they want to protest against the European environmental policy. When they want to march to Carré-theater so many riot police and arrest squads come driving up, that they decide to drop the idea.

Later that afternoon there is a demonstration against the European asylum policy. The idea is to try and get as near to the Dutch Bank as possible and then cycle on to the

'Grenshospitium', the refugee detention centre in Amsterdam South-East, where a demonstration will be held. The procession is escorted by a large number of riot police vans and vans with plainclothes police officers. A quiet demonstration takes place at the 'Grenshospitium' in the late afternoon and early evening.

Half an hour before the end of the demonstration a strange sort of arrest is made, which smacks of police provocation. On the police radio a detailed description is given of the man they wish to arrest. The man in question is warned, but he says he is not worried since he has not done anything illegal. He stays near a group of people who are obviously plainclothes policemen. Near the end of the demonstration two arrest squads jump the man and carry him off in plain view of a few hundred demonstrators. For a moment it looks like there might be trouble, but it soon sinks in that this was probably precisely what the police intended by doing what they did. The protesters decide to go home.

At ten o'clock that evening a few hundred people gather at Nieuwmarkt for a jubilation demonstration. The playful character is clear from the way it is announced and also from the speech delivered at the start of the demonstration. The idea is to go and cheer the European leaders for all the effort they are making, with nothing but our best interests at heart. The organisers also carry a cake to deliver to president Chirac. The procession leaves and everyone walks to The Grand Hotel (where Chirac and Blair are staying) through the narrow streets, between the canals, all the way up to the fences around the hotel. Riot police in vans follow the demonstration wherever they go, but they don't interfere. At one of the cordons blocking the street near The Grand Hotel, there is some discussion with the line of riot police about delivering the cake to Chirac, all very light-hearted. From the cordons around Ruslandstraat the procession continues on to Munt, where Amstel Hotel l'Europe is, on the other side of the canal. (This is where the leaders of the BENELUX-countries were staying.) The merry procession is stopped by a line of riot police. The crowd then turns around to go along the Amstel river in the direction of the Stopera (town hall). It is no longer possible to take a turn-off to Rembrandtplein: Nieuwe Amstelstraat is blocked off by the riot police. Back on Amstel, in the process of going home, a group of 120 demonstrators is surrounded by the police in front of Hotel Eden. Half an hour later it is clear that the police intend yet another mass arrest. Several attempts to negotiate with the police commander by the people who are surrounded, with help from the press, fail. The answer is invariably 'no comment'. No explanation is given for why the people have been surrounded, or why they are being arrested. The press are warned that if they choose to remain within the police-blocks, they do so at their own risk.

A bunch of demonstrators manage to escape on a passing boat which comes back twice to carry away more people. On the other side of the canal, in front of the town hall, there is some commotion as well. A group of passers-by and local residents have gathered to see what the riot police are doing and have a few things to say about it. This group also runs the risk of being cordoned in by the

police. Those who look respectable enough, or who are quick enough, escape, but 30 people are surrounded and arrested and later taken to the city buses standing by.

In the meantime, the closed-in demonstrators carry on cheering, this time for the police. The riot police and detectives in civilian clothes, are given standing ovations. Contributions to help cover the cost of this very expensive police operation are collected amongst the demonstrators. When the public transport buses arrive to carry off those arrested, people spontaneously bring out their tickets to pay for the ride. Not a cross word was spoken.

The next day it said in the papers that the police were forced to carry out charges, as the demonstrators had tried to gain access to the inner security zone around Hotel l'Europe. According to the police, they had ordered the crowd to end the demonstration several times. Neither the demonstrators, nor the many members of the press who were present, heard such an order or saw a police charge.

During the mass arrests a journalist is hassled. She is stopped and ordered to show her press card. Her international press card is then confiscated by the police and she is told she will never get another one and that she will be charged. Furthermore she is told to turn off her recording equipment.

The 143 people arrested are searched, handcuffed with plastic bands and put on a bus. The buses do not leave until an hour later. They make a rather strange detour via Amsterdam-North and Badhoevedorp. When it turns out that there is no room for the prisoners there, the buses, escorted by riot police, finally drive back to Amsterdam. At 4 o'clock in the morning the column arrives in Bijlmer prison. It is striking that a number of the escorting police officers are obviously embarrassed about what has happened and apologise to the people held in the buses. The next day everybody who was arrested is released, either with a fine or with a proposal to settle, both of 125 guilders. Those who chose to remain anonymous are released approximately six hours later. The people who are released are told by the assistant public prosecutor that a van will take them to a metro station in groups of six at a time. In reality these vans, driven by prison personnel, drop people off at the most out of the way corners of town. Past the ice rink on the far side of the railway tracks where the fields begin, for example, or on the third floor of an car park far out in the Bijlmer-district. One of the people released is immediately re-arrested upon arrival at a metro station for unpacking his things, which were returned to him when leaving prison, in the presence of a police officer. The police officer considers this to be provocation. In the end, he lets the man go with a 40 guilder fine for disturbing the peace.

Tuesday 17th June

On this day proceedings are instituted against the state to free the people arrested on Sunday night. De judge rules that the three detainees who brought the case before the court should be released, because it is impossible to prove

their individual contribution to the criminal organisation constructed by the Department of Justice.

The judge adds that his ruling applies to all those detained under similar conditions. A dispute arises about how to interpret this ruling, between the public prosecutor and the detainees' solicitors. Nevertheless, the four people who brought legal action against the state are released immediately, the others during the following days.

On the last day of the EU Summit, one last large demonstration is planned, against the United Europe of Capitalism. The police decide they won't settle for halfway measures and prohibit the demonstration an hour in advance. Nonetheless a few thousand people gather on Dam Square, partly to protest against the European Union, but also to express their anger at the way the police and the Department of Justice acted during the summit. The demonstration wants to march to Carré-theatre, where the press conference concluding the summit will take place. The demonstration is escorted by large numbers of police, riot police and arrest squads. There is constructive contact with the uniformed police, who are convinced the demonstration will be a peaceful one and who do their best to keep the riot police out of sight of the demonstrators. In this they fail, however. At several locations throughout town, roads are blocked off by the riot police. When the protesters want to enter the district called De Pijp, they are stopped by the riot police at the junction of Ceintuurbaan and Hobbemakade. The uniformed police try to mediate, because to prohibit demonstrations in De Pijp is rather far-fetched, but their efforts are in vain. The demonstration decides to return to Dam Square. There, the end of the EU Summit is symbolically celebrated by uprooting a few thousand pots of flowers, representing the European flag.

Later that night two smaller actions take place. Around midnight there is a second jubilation demonstration. This time about 200 people have come to cheer Mayor Patijn to thank him for the 'wonderful days' he's given Amsterdam in connection with the EU Summit. People loudly express their appreciation for his gift to the inhabitants of Amsterdam. Mounted police try to knock a few people down and around the corner the riot police are standing by in large numbers, but the demonstration passes off without incident. After about an hour the demonstrators go home to bed.

In the early hours of the morning, during the official press conference concluding the summit, a group of journalists put up a few protest banners. The Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs Van Mierlo whispers to Prime Minister Kok that they could have been carrying hand-granades and Kok complains about the poor organisation. All the activists are carried off to police headquarters. A journalist who had nothing to do with the protest was also taken away.

Story 1

It's Sunday 15 June 1997, It's about 9:30 pm. At this moment I'm in Vrankrijk. There's a call for a 'waving' demonstration near the police headquarter at the Marnixstraat. It's a call for a peaceful demonstration. The object is to show solidarity with the people who were run in the past few days. The idea is to make obvious noise for the people inside the police station and not to let ourselves be provoked by the police or the riot police. Because a peaceful demonstration is decided on, I decide to join the demonstration. We all go outside, at that moment we hear there's already a lot of riot police at every corner of the street. At that moment I'm not very concerned, 'I didn't do anything'. With a friend we agree to look after eachother a little bit and I tell her there's nothing wrong. We didn't do anything and the police can't possibly arrest us all.

The group is walking in the direction of the Raadhuisstraat. People hold eachothers arms in order to not lose sight of friends. Everybody feels terribly threatened by the overwhelming police presence. Near the Raadhuisstraat we are stopped by the riot police. The group walks back in the direction of Vrankrijk but here also we are stopped. We try again to go left and right. We are enclosed! People panic and other persons shout that we should all sit down on the street. People start shouting: "No violence!". Somebody tries to negotiate with the police. Soon it becomes clear that they want to arrest everybody. After waiting about half an hour, police in plainclothes begin to drag people out of the group in a rough way. I'm standing right behind so I still have to wait a long way. I try to get a dog out of the group by asking journalists to take here with them. They don't want to do it because they are afraid that they then can't get through the lines. I ask a riot police officer if the dog can go outside the lines, because she doesn't have anything to do with this. The riot police officer laughs at me and says that one shouldn't have taken the dog with him/her.

Time goes by and more and more people are taken away. I'm still assuming that they will bring us all outside the cityborder and drop us there. I can't believe that they will lock up such a big group of people. They are getting closer and in my head there is a lot going on. I decide I won't let myself be removed willingly. The situation is absurd and I want to resist somewhat. There they are, it's my turn. I stand up but I do not move my feet. I let myself be dragged away by two civilian policemen. They start shouting: "Co-operate, you dirty bitch". They bash my head against the bus and they shout that I have to stand up. I say I will co-operate, but it is already

too late. A third policeman jumps on me and starts to squeeze my upperleg like an insane person. When I stand up, one of the men starts to body search me. In panic I shout that I don't want to be body searched by a man, after which he pulls my clothes up en grabs my breast: "Do you call yourself a woman!?" I shout: "Keep your hands off of my breasts, filthy sexist". He answers: "Do you perhaps think you're attractive?" He says some more filthy things which I however, through my state of shock, have forgotten. Further they start to pull my arms in order to get the plastic strips around them. The first attempt fails so they seize them again. I cry out because of the pain: "My arms are to short" upon which he answers: "And so are your legs". They are laughing at me. I am dying of pain. They throw me in the bus an I burst into tears, I feel so humiliated. Later I thought that they could better have hit me, that can at least be proven.

The bus is full and leaves in the direction of the Bijlmer penitentiary (prison). After about half an hour I can't stand the pain anymore. I ask a riot police officer if the plastic strips can be removed. He looks at my hands and is frightened. He gets another person to cut them loose; he's afraid to hurt me because my hand is swollen completely. He says I have to hold my hands absolutely still because he doesn't want to cut them. My hands are loose and the riot police officer starts to rub the blood back into my hands. I don't have any feeling left in my hands. My hands are swollen and blue. Now they are going to control everybody in the bus. We sit in the bus for hours and we see an ambulance. At that moment we don't know for who it is. Later it becomes clear that it was for a guy who was hit on his head with a truncheon. The animal-ambulance comes to pick up the dog. All this time we are not allowed to go to the toilet, there is only a sewer-pit where you can hang above, with a riot police officer next to you. Around 4:00 am everybody receives two sips of water. The riot police from Utrecht is replaced by riot police from the Achterhoek, who aren't any friendly. Around 6:30 am a woman comes into our bus who tells us we are arrested on the ground of section 140. I don't believe my ears, this is to ridiculous to tell. At this moment I can only laugh: "section 140". After this talk we have to go inside. Here I finally can go to the toilet. We are all thrown into an inner court. Here we have to wait again. At 7:00 am I have to go to the division of inspection. We have to undress, They look in my arse to see if I might have hidden something there, totally

ridiculous. They take my picture.

At 7:15 am I'm brought up. "Do you want to say your name?" "NO". "Do you want to make a statement?" "NO". I ask them why I'm here. They say my lawyer will explain this to me. Well, that seems alright with me. "Can I then talk to my lawyer now for a minute?" The answer is again: "NO".

Together with three other women I'm thrown into a visitors room. With four women we receive two mattresses and nothing else.

Around noon they shove some old bread inside and some buttermilk. For 67 women there is one toilet which is stopped up quickly. We are collected and putted on the inner court again. It's now Monday 16 June, I think it's about 1:00 pm. They take another photograph of us and this time also fingerprints. We demand water and we are brought a pail with some cups. They treat us like animals. But we get smoking permission. After a long time waiting they come to get me and they bring me to a table where they ask me the same question as last night. I answer no to every question and the person behind the table comes to the conclusion that I'm Dutch. I ask him how he can see that and he says I speak Dutch. I tell him I might speak Dutch very well but that that's no reason to assume I'm really a Dutch woman.

They put a part of our group of women in a gymnasium. We get vegetarian warm food. After the dinner they come to get a group of women including myself. They handcuff us again and we are transported to another prison. I ask for my lawyer; the answer is again: "No". We are sitting in the bus for two hours, handcuffed and this time it is not a bus of the City Transport Company, but a real prisoner transport. You are with two or four women in a compartment. The girl sitting in front of me has asthma and she asks if the riot police officer could stop smoking. He ignores her and she asks it another time. This time he reacts: "If you open your mouth one more time, I will touch it". After two hours of waiting, handcuffed in the bus we have to go back inside.

Inside there's a man in civilian clothes waiting for us. I'm terribly angry. I demand to speak to my lawyer. They tell me my lawyer is too busy to see us all. "Alright", I say: "Then I will talk to the lawyer on behalf of this group of women, otherwise I'm not going anywhere. Than you can hit beat me out". He says he will arrange a lawyer. But I never saw a lawyer. Yet, at sometime in the middle of the night we are transferred.

We arrive in Heerhugoward. I'm one of the first to leave the bus. We come in a big wooden hut. I get frightened by what I see. A big wooden hut filled with bunk beds, it looks like a concentration camp as you know out of movies about the second world war. They put me in the first bed. Groups of women keep on coming in. Eventually it shows that we are with 117 women in this wooden hut. I can not sleep because of the cold; there is no heating and you only get two blankets (if you're lucky). The next morning I hear everybody was ice cold.

After breakfast I'm allowed, together with NN256, to call the lawyer in the name of the women. The lawyer is not present and I ask his secretary to send somebody to us as soon as possible. Back outside, the director of the prison and a whole delegation come to us and asks us to calm down the other women. I explain to him that the women will only get calm when they are allowed to phone home. There are women who left their children at home with a babysitter and women with pets. Also the women don't know what is going on to and they want to see a lawyer. The director agrees to this and he is going to talk to a group of ten women. We hear that in the morning Scotland Yard and Interpol were inside to select women to extradite to their country. Women are going to disguise themselves to avoid this. A group of Danish women leave voluntarily, after having contact with the Danish consulate. I think that about three women are extradited involuntarily.

Dinner shows up, but this time it's not vegetarian. I decide not to eat. After dinner I'm allowed to see the lawyer, together with 15 other women. We hear that the summary proceeding, that is taken by the lawyers against the arrests on the ground of section 140, is won. In principle we're all detained wrongly and we have to be released. A damper on over this positive news comes soon when the lawyer tells us we will probably not be released before the next day. Back in the 'camp' we tell the other women our story. Women react exuberantly and demand their freedom. They are doing this by making a lot of noise and by jumping on everything. The staff gets nervous and they try to send us inside before 22:00 pm. The women go inside slowly. Suddenly we hear noise on the other side of the wall: there is a waving demonstration for us. Women run back outside. There is shouting mutual. We throw applecore painted sheets and banners, over the wall. Our friends throw newspapers at us. Everybody starts reading them, the first news since days. Before the waving demonstration, all the staff is removed from our surroundings and now they are threatening us with the riot police. Young girls are warned by the guards: "You should better get away. If those people come they will hit everybody and everything". We try to get everybody inside and calm. After half an hour everything is quiet again and the staff returns. The next day around 1:30 pm the first group of women are allowed to leave. We have to go by buses to policestations in Amsterdam. With the director of the prison I arrange that I will leave last so that I can see if everybody will be released. Around 4:00 pm, I am the last person to leave. Everybody has left the campsite. But now six women are locked up in a cell. The police lost their things and took them back to Heerhugowaard. Arriving in Amsterdam I receive my things and I can leave. I think I won't soon forget the events of the past few days.

A long time will pass before I will have been able to cope with this a little.

Spuistraat Arrests

On Sunday evening, June 15, 1997, at about ten o'clock, I arrived with my dog Dizzy via the Raadhuisstraat at the Spuistraat.

I was looking for a friend of mine, whom I thought would be in or around 'Vrankrijk'. There were many riot police in the Raadhuisstraat, but over the last few days that had been normal.

Just as I arrived at the Spuistraat, a demonstration was leaving in the direction of the Raadhuisstraat. I stood around looking for my friend whom I thought might be walking with the demonstrators. At that moment the riot police blocked off the Spuistraat at the Raadhuisstraat end.

When I wanted to leave I realized that all of the streets surrounding the demonstration had been closed off by riot police. Nobody could walk any further and all of the people sat down on the corner of the Spuistraat and the Paleisstraat. Until I was actually arrested, I was forced to sit on the ground for about one to one and a half hours. I saw how numerous people were violently hauled away despite their passive non-violent resistance. I did not resist as I was arrested.

I was put up against a bus and body searched. A pocket knife with a brown handle and a pair of silver nail clippers were taken from me. Neither of these are illegal weapons, and I would like to have them back or be reimbursed. After being handcuffed with plastic strips I was brought, together with my dog, to a waiting bus. This bus brought us at around midnight to the courtyard of the Overamstel Penitentiary (Bijlmer prison).

For the following six hours I sat on the bus, handcuffed so tightly my hands were numb and blue, (the first five hours without anything to drink).

At about four a.m. my dog was taken away in the animal ambulance despite my protests. Somewhere between six and seven o'clock Monday morning June 16th, I was taken from the bus with approximately one hundred other people and locked up in the airing yard.

We stood with a group -at that point I didn't know how many people- on the Spuistraat ready to go to the main police station on the Marnixstraat in Amsterdam, to whistle and shout our support to the people already arrested in connection with protests against the E.U.. The plan was to stick closely together, if necessary to hook our arms together, to remain non-violent and not let ourselves be provoked by the police. After walking a short one hundred meters, we could go no further; a line of riot police blocked our way. After waiting a while

in the street, plain clothes police arrived who, one by one, pulled us out of the group. Despite my willingness to go along non-violently, I was lifted and dragged rather roughly to a blue police bus. There they proceeded to slam my head, three or maybe four times against the back of the bus. Up until Thursday June 19th I had painful swollen bumps on my head.

The moment we were arrested we were handcuffed with our hands behind our backs and put in a prisoners bus. In my bus there were more people than seats. Seven people had to stand for seven hours on the bus. Some of the people were talking with the guards and asked why we were arrested. None of the guards nor the riot police officer could give us a reason for the arrests. Yes, we are of course "anarchists" only. What's a nice girl doing amongst all of these rebels. I am referring to my girl-friend who had never attended a demonstration, but did understand that the Euro Summit had to be stopped at any cost. I felt very responsible for her, because I was the one who got her involved in the first place. Her faith in the police, municipality and the authorities or government has been completely destroyed.

During the arrest I was handled violently by the police; to be more specific, by two very aggressive men in camouflage trousers, green bomber-jackets, fat heads and short cropped hair. They, four men, grabbed me roughly under my arms and dragged me to the bus. I resisted passively by making myself heavier. Because of this they had to use more force, and one of them grabbed my scarf and pulled so hard I almost suffocated. The other one twisted my arm roughly behind my back. They smacked my head against the bus; they yelled, "spread your legs!" and then they kicked my legs apart. Other women saw the black and blue marks in my armpits and the swollen bump on the left side of my head. In the bus I started hyperventilating and became very anxious. All around me there were handcuffed people, and four terrible creepy men. I was sweating profusely and began to cry hard. It was extremely humiliating when a pig (with his helmet still on) shoved a bottle of water down my throat. I was scared to death.

We hadn't even walked a block when we were suddenly herded together by four platoons of riot police with truncheons. This happened without provocation. We sat down in order to show the police that we had come in peace. One woman, whose dog was walking wit-

hout a leash up ahead, was not allowed to retrieve the dog. People who tried to get away were beaten. When asked why we couldn't move around freely, the highest officer in charge replied that he had orders to arrest us. He couldn't tell us what we were suspected of having done. After sitting on the street for a while, plainclothes police arrived who began dragging people away. They used unnecessary violence while doing this. One boy who was sitting cross-legged on the ground was picked up by his arms by a bold plainclothes cop. The cop then twisted the boy's arms behind his back, held them together and then lifted them above his head. The boy was hurt. He was then dragged away by his arms by the plainclothes cop. The boy had done nothing to provoke any violence whatsoever. The riot police witnessed this and some of them made jokes about us being animals. They said we were not adequate citizens and therefore deserved this treatment.

The plainclothes cops came back. One of them (lumberjack shirt) had bloody rubber gloves on. I was grabbed roughly and my hands were cuffed behind my back with thin plastic handcuffs. I was pushed into a big "city" bus (public transport bus) after being body searched. After a while we drove away and at some time between 12 and 1 a.m. arrived at the Overamstel penitentiary. Many people were handcuffed much too tightly. One woman asked if she could please have new handcuffs. The police officer replied that she could not. When a man stood up to protest against this treatment, he was beaten with the truncheon a few times. He sat down quickly, but was hit anyway one more time. He had a serious head wound. He was taken quickly from the bus by the police officers present. People who asked to have new handcuffs or to go to the bathroom were denied permission. After a few hours an ambulance arrived.

At around 11 o'clock I was handcuffed and put into a van. After waiting a while the van left to go to the Overamstel penitentiary. Having arrived there, the van was parked and guarded by various riot police officer. I had yet to be informed why I was actually being arrested. Our van was parked next to a kind of commando-type vehicle that was parked with the engine still running. Consequently our van filled up with exhaust fumes and only after repeatedly asking and complaining was a window opened in the roof. An hour later the van was parked a few meters further in order to finally get some fresh air. At about 4 a.m. we received some water (half a small plastic cup) and were finally informed, by word of mouth, of the reason for our arrest. Section 140, which was unknown to me, yet the explanation was clear enough: participating in a criminal organisation. At 5:45 a.m. the bus was driven into the airing yard and we were made to get out of the bus. A few minutes later we were standing in a small courtyard to be de-cuffed.

Women were also being body searched by plainclothes police after their arrests. They grabbed and touched

our breasts and between our legs. A man who was sitting next to me in the van was hit in the head with a truncheon by a copper. The wound was bleeding heavily, but the cops only made jokes when we demanded an ambulance.

Across from me sat a man who needed to pee. He would have to wait "for a bit". After asking three more times (and two hours later) he pissed in his pants. Next to me was a man with a stronger bladder: he held it in for two and a half hours. He then asked for the sixth time if he could go outside to pee. This time he got down on his knees to ask. He was allowed. He was the first in the bus who was permitted to pee (hours later).

From other statements:

- At the police station I was told I had been arrested on the grounds of section 140. "Everyone who comes out of the "Vrankrijk" is considered by us to be a member of a criminal organisation".
- Arrested by plainclothes cops while leaving a building. According to them based on my appearance. No further reason given for my arrest, though they did comment that "we arrest you because we don't like your face".
- It was never clear why I was arrested, it still isn't. Nobody wanted to or could explain what would happen with us.
- Only the next day during the "tribunal" in the courtyard of the Overamstel penitentiary was I informed of section 140.
- The explanation for the arrest was not translated.
- A police officer confessed that the arrests had taken place in order to avoid further protests.
- After waiting for a while, public transport buses arrived and we were arrested one by one by plainclothes police. In some instances with the use of crude violence. One man who was holding on to the ground was lifted by his nostrils.
- During the arrests: Various people's heads were slammed against the bus. I was sitting in the back of the bus so I could really hear the thuds. Sometimes I felt the vibrations. People's arms were twisted in very unnatural ways despite the fact that they were not resisting arrest. Hands were cuffed very tightly in the plastic cuffs.
- In the bus where I was sitting two foreigners were hit by riot police after some loud yelling. Later there were bloody marks on the seats. One of the two was later picked up by an ambulance.

Overamstel prison

Parking lot: Once we'd arrived at the Overamstel prison (Bijlmerbajes) parking lot we had to stay on the bus. The handcuffs (plastic 'tie-strips') were replaced by some pulled less tightly, just around four o'clock in the morning.

The reason for the arrest (section 140), was only announced around four o'clock in the morning. Next to our bus a communication vehicle of the riot police was parked, from which the exhaust fumes constantly entered our bus through the open door. Only after quite dramatic insistence on our part (we were in fact really started to get dizzy) the bus was just moved a little.

When an ambulance arrived we were told it was for a demonstrator who suffered from asthma. Later we would hear it was there for a detainee who was beaten till he bled; obvious lies there.

Appearing before the Public Prosecutor:

Around six o'clock Monday morning we were finally brought to an inner courtyard. One by one (first the women, then the foreign men, then the Dutch) we were taken inside to be extensively searched and photographed. I wasn't allowed to keep my coat. We were brought up before the Public Prosecutor, if you can call it that: several assistant Public Prosecutors were standing in the hallway, the charge (section 140) was read out, and oops, next one.

Sports hall and courtyard:

After being brought in, at first I was put in a gymnasium. Although they told me I would, I didn't get a sandwich. Fortunately there still was some buttermilk in the gymnasium which other detainees obviously had just had. After about three hours we had to go back outside again, to a slightly bigger courtyard this time. Some camping tables were placed there and we were one by one "heard" and put in custody. My rights were not clearly explained to me, but I just didn't give my name nor a statement. ("And you're probably a fan of Jan Donk's as well?" "Right".) This was at 0:30 pm, according to the copy.

After this a lot of people, including me, went to sleep for a little bit, only to wake up with a terrible headache due to sleeping in the sun without any water. Only around six o'clock in the afternoon when some people had pulled down a toilet (in the hope that they would find a water supply), were we given some water, in a pail with some plastic cups.

Now and then during the entire afternoon people were taken inside, first a number of people who were selected according to their photo's and afterwards just anybody standing closest to the door. As far as we understood,

they took fingerprints and then they brought the people somewhere else. A group of six men was put back in the courtyard, but had to sit down separately from us and they were not allowed to talk with us. Eventually they were taken away as well.

Food only arrived around eight o'clock in the evening. The last four people in line were unfortunate: they ran out of food! And that was only because at that moment seven people were on a hunger strike. They had to eat other people's leftovers or salad.

I also went inside at some point to be fingerprinted (I didn't have a coat did I and was getting cold) but it seemed my

"dossier" was missing (what happened still isn't clear to me, I was able to give them my NN-number and afterwards when we were removed my stuff moved with me; perhaps it has something to do with the fact that I'm not an important or well-known "criminal"). No prints and back to the courtyard again. At the end a group of 15 men was left there. Getting blankets and then getting enough, was quite a hard job. Around midnight when we had already prepared to sleep on the grass, we were yet again moved to another courtyard (without grass). So we had to sleep on the concrete. Eventually at two o'clock in the morning, we were handcuffed again with plastic 'tie strips' and transported in prisoners' buses to the police headquarters. Another body search and into the cell (individual cells).

After we'd arrived at Overamstel prison we stood still outside the lock yet inside the fence for about 10 minutes. Then the bus was driven into the lock, where we stood for half an hour. Once outside the lock we stood in the courtyard for approximately one and a half hour. All this time we were sitting on the bus, handcuffed. There was no chance of any toilet-attendance (because of this two people were forced to piss inside the bus, all of us having to suffer the smell). Also the doors had to stay closed despite the stuffy air. It was very warm and fresh air was hard to find (especially after we stood in the lock for a while). Just a short time before the first people were taken out of the bus, the doors were opened. Massive, longlasting and noisy requests for that on our part had no effect. We sat in that sweltering bus for more than two hours, handcuffed and with closed doors. Regularly new buses with detainees entered the courtyard, one of them got stuck in an apparently broken lock. Later I heard they had been kept waiting much longer even.

When the doors of our bus were opened we were taken out one by one. I was about the tenth from our bus. I had to sit down on a concrete floor in a draughty

hall, with my face to the wall. Behind me stood a few guards from the “National Special Assistance Unit” (it said that on an emblem on their T-shirts). Sitting to the left and right of me other detainees were also staring at the wall, here and there there was some talking. A plastic whistle was taken of me and stomped on after we’d rattled it.

After something like five minutes I was brought inside, my handcuffs were cut loose and I was body searched again. This time though I had to give up the entire contents of my pockets, as well as my watch, my belt and my shoelaces. They asked me my name and my date of birth. After my refusal they took a polaroid picture of me and I was handcuffed again (this time with metal handcuffs). Then they brought me to a sports hall. There were approximately 40 others. In the hall I heard that people were selected on sex and nationality. I joined a group of Dutch men in that gym. Some of them had their hands free, most of them, including myself, were handcuffed with our hands behind our backs. During the night now and then new people were brought into the gym, I tried to sleep a little. It was difficult to sleep, we were handcuffed, had no blankets and no mattresses. It was possible to go to the toilet if we wanted to. About two hours (I didn’t have a watch anymore, so from now on it’s estimations) after I was put in the gym we were taken out in groups of ten. We were taken before the assistant public prosecutor. I wasn’t made aware of my right to remain silent, they did ask my name and date of birth, which once again I didn’t give. Hereupon I heard for the first time about the suspicion of breaching section 140, membership of a criminal organisation. Again a polaroid photo was taken and I got a number: 117. I was asked emphatically to remember that number, then I was brought back to the gym, I was allowed to go in there without my handcuffs. I went to sleep for some time (still no mattress or blanket).

In the morning a shopping trolley with bread, milk and buttermilk was wheeled inside. We could grab what we wanted but nothing was vegan. For all the people who were brought in the gymnasium afterwards (and there were quite many) there was no food or drinks. Until noon nothing changed about our situation.

From this courtyard we were taken away after about one hour, five by five, for further searches. At that moment still nobody had told me why I was arrested. Afterwards I was locked in a gym, together with approximately 80 other men.

After about one hour in the gym finally we got some bread and milk which however wasn’t enough for all the people present.

Around twelve o’clock monday afternoon june 16, I (we) was (were) taken out of the gym and brought into a big open courtyard. At this courtyard I was brought up in front of the assistant public prosecutor, at 0:19 pm. On this occasion I was remanded in custody for three days.

Next I had to spend the rest of the day together with 80 other men, in the courtyard, in the burning sun,

without any food or drink (by the way also without enough toilets). There was no reaction to our demands for drinks, food, medical help, legal counsel, the opportunity to make a phonecall. Around 8:00 pm dinner and drinks were served finally.

After dinner we were one by one taken away to be heard. After the hearing we were taken back to the courtyard again, where I had to wait for an hour for transport.

Before I was taken away together with five other men for transport to Amstelveen I was put in a hall, handcuffed and kneeled. This I took as a major intimidation.

I sit down at a table facing (yes indeed) an assistant public prosecutor. He takes a look at the paper that comes with me and then he holds out his hand and says: “Hello, I’m Driessen”. The only thing I say is: “Hello”. He looks at me, disappointed, and repeats: “I’m mister Driessen and who are you?” Silence. “So, sir doesn’t want to co-operate?” Then I tell him: “I didn’t do anything, I was just cycling through the city. At some point I got closed in by the riot police”. The assistant public prosecutor says: “But you didn’t need to get close to the riot police, did you?” I answer: “Maybe you didn’t notice but the whole city’s turned blue because of all the police and riot police”. The assistant public prosecutor: “Shut your mouth. I see There’s no point talking to you. If you don’t want to say your name, there’s no sense discussing things. Next door your fingerprints and then photographs have to be taken”. I try something else: “Could I please make a phonecall because...”. Assistant public prosecutor: “No, of course not, I don’t even know who you are. You might just phone I don’t know who”. He hands me a pink piece of paper, a copy of the arrest voucher and the reason of arrest (meanwhile that has changed, instead of section 140 pc it is now) section 2.1 General Police Regulation, illegal assembly.

I realize if I would have told them my name, I probably could have just made my two o’clock appointment. But I’m satisfied with my decision; I never thought about it before whether I should say my name or not, if I would be arrested or not. Namely I never decided to go demonstrate. But the humiliation and the feeling of injustice that I feel are major. This is the only resistance I can offer under these circumstances. And they won’t get that little piece of myself. If they really want to know, they have to figure it out for themselves.

I was brought to the prison courtyard in handcuffs, monday morning around six o’clock. It was outside, we didn’t get any blankets. At seven am I was brought to a bathroom, handcuffed. Under the supervision of several men, I was searched and forced to take of my clothes. I was searched anally and vaginally by a female police officer. All my things were seized, I didn’t get a receipt although I asked for one. After being strip searched I was put in a small cell, together with three other women. Finally I had access to water and a toilet. And two sandwiches. And my handcuffs were ta-

ken off. Still we didn't have any blankets. Around noon I was brought back to the courtyard. At 2:08 pm I was heard. I was told that I was accused on the ground of membership of a criminal organisation. I wasn't told my rights. I wasn't allowed to phone to my embassy, nor my lawyer. At 2:30 pm I was transferred to the gym, so I could use water an the toilet. At 9:00 pm, I had dinner.

Later that day some of us were brought to cells on a prisoners' bus. We were handcuffed and we had to sit in those cells for a long time. Nobody told us where they were going to take us. There was cigarette smoke coming out of the airconditioning. So we told a cop that two of us have asthma. The only thing he said was: "Shut your mouth, or I will beat you up". The bus didn't leave. We were brought back into the gym. When it became dark, once again we were brought to the prisoners' bus.

Sitting in front of me was a guy who wanted to piss. He had to wait 'a moment'. After asking three times (and two hours later) he pissed in his pants. Sitting next to me was a guy with a stronger bladder. He held on for two and a half hours. Then he asked for the sixth time if he could go outside to piss. This time he got down on his knees. He got permission. He was the first on the bus.

From other statements

- Still there wasn't any opportunity to piss, so most of the men and women were pissing against the wall, under the supervision of the guard.
- Hours later I heard I was remanded in custody for three days on the grounds of section 140.
- I was told nothing. I only received a pink piece of paper in Dutch. The statement of arrest wasn't translated.
- A riot policeman told me regulations weren't valid here, after I noted there was administrative chaos. This turned out to be the case, because after wednesday I wasn't to be found in the computer anymore.
- Later they showed me a piece of paper in Dutch, and I was told that they arrested me because of section 140.
- Strange role of an interpreter at the interrogation. She didn't translate anything but asked questions herself. She was probably a police officer herself.



Spuistraat arrests

Jubilation demonstration

On the evening of June 16, 1997 at about 11 (after giving my girlfriend a big kiss) I left with a group of about 100 demonstrators in the direction of the hotels where the various government leaders were staying, in order to express our dissatisfaction with the EU by means of cheering, shouting and noise making. Making happy noises, we approached the hotels. All around us stood riot police ready to call a halt to our demonstration. Every time we stopped by a line of riot police the demonstrators clapped and cheered. We were walking in circles in this area until we were surrounded completely by two groups of riot police on one of the canals. We would be absolutely quiet for a few moments, and then applaud. On the closed off street a few demonstrators, including myself, sat down in front of the line of riot police, and linked arms. We were busy singing, chanting and saying things like 'Ghandi, Ghandi' and 'no violence' and 'EU rot op'. Just outside of my view, a few people were picked up by a boat from the canal. The riot police tried to stop these people from "getting away". It appeared that they wanted to apprehend all of us. After negotiating for at least an hour, the riot police decided to indeed charge into this group of peaceful demonstrators. With their truncheons ready they approached us. I was poked a few times with a truncheon, then beaten with it, hit some more and then kicked. People continued to shout "no violence". After a while the riot police stepped back again and stood there waiting. We kept singing together, songs like "Always look on the bright side of life", "Yellow submarine", "Pippi Longstocking" and "Shalom". Eventually the arrest teams in plain clothes started arresting the demonstrators one by one. First the people who willingly went along, and then the group of us sitting linked together together on the ground. I was pulled apart by about five men, my thumbs were twisted, the backs of my hands were smashed by the police officers' knuckles, my arm was twisted behind my back, etc. Then I was lifted by my arms, legs and hair and was carried to the bus. Once at the bus, I was thrown on the ground and pulled further along with my face dragging over the asphalt. The whole time I didn't move and only made myself heavy. In spite of this passive resistance, again they began my arms and

kneeing me in the back as they handcuffed me with plastic strips. They pulled the cuffs tightly and later they started really hurting. I was brought into a city bus full of demonstrators (at this point I was walking). Once in the bus we drove around for about two and a half hours with a few stops in between. I felt claustrophobic, was really hot and had the feeling that the blood circulation to my hands was cut off so I asked if the handcuffs could be loosened ("No!"). Slowly I broke out in a cold sweat and became nauseous. The sweat was dripping from my head. I asked again if they could loosen my handcuffs. This time other demonstrators supported my request because they could see that I was as pale as a corpse, but the answer was again "No!". Only after asking a third time, when I was sure I was going to faint and/or throw up, did they cut the plastic handcuffs from my wrists. The rest of the demonstrators had to sit handcuffed until we arrived at around 04.30 a.m. at the Bijlmer prison. One by one we were brought inside, body-searched, and twice photographed. I received a number and was led to an assistant public prosecutor who told me that I was arrested because we were demonstrating in an area where it was forbidden to assemble. This would be a transgression of section 2.1 APV (the local police regulation). Furthermore she asked if I wanted to give my name, which I did not do. They also informed me that I didn't have the right to make a phonecall or to ask legal advice. After that I was brought to a sports hall where I was to spend the night with 60 other men without mattresses or blankets. We received only water and, if we requested, were allowed to use the toilet, nothing else. For vegans there was nothing to eat (there was margarine on the bread). Requests for more food and coffee were ignored. We were not interrogated and sat waiting. About 2 p.m. we were told that the people who gave their names would be allowed to go free. Again we all went one by one to a clerk. I didn't give my name again and had to make fingerprints and have photos taken again. Then I was brought to a courtyard with about 20 other men. After that any requests were responded to with "If you had given your names you would now be free to go". As if we had chosen to be in this situation! We requested food,

coffee, cigarettes and after a while a warmer space. After asking many times, we received the same packages of two mushy sandwiches and a small cup of milk. Again the vegans had nothing to eat. At about 6 p.m. we each received a blanket. We remained the whole time in the courtyard. Between 8 and 9 p.m. we weren't even allowed to go to the toilet. Vegans had nothing to eat the whole 17 hours. We didn't have mattresses. The 4 sandwiches weren't enough. As far as I know nobody was interrogated.

In short we were being kept from the streets and neglected. All because of a totally peaceful demonstration. I was freed at 9 p.m. on June 17, 1997, with a damaged sense of justice and the feeling that we live in a totalitarian state that doesn't allow protest of any kind.

(...) We wanted to turn back but there were also platoons of riot police moving in on us. We couldn't get away. What had we done wrong?

Some people panicked and jumped in the water. Then some people started to sing and sat to comfort each other but also to support each other. We linked arms and held on tight. The platoons of riot police behind us and in front of us moved in on the group. There was about a metre between us and the riot police. I heard the commander give the order to move up another five meters while we were singing (The Beatles, Always look on the bright side of life, Ghandi chants). They (the riot police) tried to move in on us, but after coming one metre closer they began hitting us as if we were weeds to be removed from the jungle. I was in front now and was hit hard. They stopped (we asked them 100 times if we could just go home, we would stop protesting) after their commander had ordered them to stop. Some people were crying and were being comforted by others. But even after the commander had said "Stop", 3 policemen continued to hit us as if they really enjoyed what they were doing. I was one of the unlucky ones who was hit many times by one of these policemen. I looked him in the eyes and he just stood there chuckling. The fury flew through my head and before it reached my body I could control myself and keep myself from attacking one of these policemen, which of course is exactly what they would have liked me to have done. After about 30 minutes buses arrived. People were being cuffed with plastic handcuffs one by one, and they were not being handled especially gently. We stood up voluntarily and walked over to the police, the plain clothes police (the arrest teams) with our wrists behind our backs and asked if they could put the cuffs in a normal way. But no, the plastic cuffs were pulled tight. When it was my turn, I was cuffed three times, not just once!

We drove around in the bus for three or four hours. Some people were in terrible pain, myself included. My shoulders hurt and my hands were swollen, blue and ice cold according to the other people around me. After five or six hours being cuffed, we arrived at the Bijlmer prison and the cuffs were taken off. We were searched and shoved into the sports hall - 86 people in one hall. At night, without blankets and with one bucket

of water. 16 hours in custody, water three times, and no food because I am a vegan.

I took part in a yelling demonstration that took me past hotels where all of the politicians were staying. In front of the hotel l'Europe we were stopped by the police and riot police. We turned around and continued to walk. We kept being held back by the riot police. All of a sudden we were being blocked off by the riot police in a small street. When we turned around we looked in the eyes of another line of riot police, we were shut in, there was no way to get away, so we sat down. After waiting a while, the riot police went into action. I was sitting linked to others in the front row. Then riot police started hitting us as we sat there saying "no violence" and "peace". They kicked and hit us. They hit me on my legs and kicked me in the ribs. We stayed seated as this explosion of violence raged over us. After about five minutes they stopped, and nothing happened. Then, as we were trying to recover from the attack and the pain that followed, plain clothes police arrived and took people off in twos. I stayed sitting linked to the others. Then a policeman grabbed my fingers and bent them so far backwards that I had to let go because it was so painful. They dragged me away as they continued to 'break' my fingers. I was thrown with a rough thud against the bus and roughly body-searched, while one of the policemen continued to bend my fingers. My hands were cuffed with plastic strips that were so tight that I started to bleed. We were put in a bus. The trip lasted three hours and brought us to the Bijlmer prison. During the trip we were handcuffed. This meant that we had pains in our arms, wrists, and shoulders. When one of the women, crying with the pain of the cutting cuffs, almost fainted the policemen were persuaded to remove them. On arrival we were body-searched and put with about 70 people into a sports hall. We spent the night there without mattresses or blankets. I couldn't fall asleep on the hard floor. In the morning there was no breakfast or anything to drink. There was one toilet with running water that we had to share with 70 people. At 12.30 p.m. we received four slices of bread per person. After this measly meal I was still hungry. The vegans could eat nothing. At 3 p.m. we were visited by a prison official who informed us we could give our names and go free, or be held longer in custody. I chose to stay. Along with 30 other 'resisters', I remained the rest of the day on asphalt surrounded by four high walls and windows of mirrored glass. This was a creepy place to stay for six hours. It was cold and I was hungry. After four hours we received blankets and food. At 9 p.m. we were released and dropped off at the Amsterdam-Amstel station.

I asked him if we were being arrested based on section 140, like the demonstrators on Sunday evening. He said no, and compared our arrests with what happens when you park your car in the wrong place. One woman responded with "Oh, so if I park my car wrongly in the Netherlands, I will be arrested, handcuffed, driven

around the whole night long, not be informed about what is happening to me and be thrown in a cell without the possibility of sleeping”.

After being put back in a cell, it took two hours before we were taken downstairs, where we were split up in two groups: those who gave their names and those who didn't. Those who didn't give their names were, as far as I could see, sent to a courtyard.

After I had given my name in order to get my things back, it appeared that my name wasn't on the list. Finally my file was found, my identity was checked and I got my things back. They asked me to wait, together with others, next to a wall. Along with 5 other women I was put 20 minutes later in a policebus, that dumped us somewhere. The policemen gave us directions to a subway station six kilometers away. At about 3 p.m. I was back at the Woman's House.

Stopera

It is monday night about 12.30 a.m. I'm bicycling from the Staalstraat in the direction of Cafe Dantzig on the corner of the Amsterdam city hall. As I ride on the bike path between the Amstel river and city hall, a skirmish on the other side of the Amstel draws my attention - lots of riot police and riot police buses, as well as city buses. What's going on over there? I get off my bike and stand there for about five minutes watching what is happening across the river. I am outraged. There are other people watching, they are also reacting with indignation, though the atmosphere seems quite relaxed. Until all of a sudden riot police buses arrive at the Blauwbrug bridge. I am starting to think it's time to go home. Why am I here? Yes, it's stupid to bicycle through town during the Euro Summit.

The people are starting to look around a bit nervously. Where can they go? The answer is nowhere, because in the meantime more riot police have arrived, across the canal from the direction of the Staalstraat and Waterlooplein. I start talking with two men whom I recognize from the 'night life' circuit. They also just happen to pass by. All the people who happen to be on the City hall boulevard on the Amstel are herded together by riot police in full riot gear. I just can't believe that this is happening. I am surprised and overwhelmed. The group becomes smaller, people are being picked out of the group.

I realise suddenly that I am dressed 'wrong': I have on (neat) black trousers and a black pullover under which I have a blue polo shirt with the hood sticking out. My shoes are beige and, yes, my head is almost completely shaved. Meanwhile the wound-up riot police have encircled the group of people. At this time we are in front of Cafe Dantzig, near the bridge at the Staalstraat. A woman with grey hair is summoned to leave the ring. A few people with press cards around their necks and camera's at the ready must also leave. A few women who together appear very innocent are also allowed to

leave. The man with whom I was talking approaches the ring of riot police, they speak for a moment and he is also permitted to leave. He has short hair, is wearing blue jeans and a short, neat blue coat.

I attempt without succes to follow his strategy. I step up to one of the riot police officers and explain that I am just passing by and may I leave. The answer is simply 'No'. I ask him "Why am I not allowed to leave here?" "Because; can't you see we are busy with a campaign!" I haven't given up yet and I approach another white helmet: "hello, may I please be allowed to go? I just per chance happened to be bicycling in this area". He says: "I don't understand you" (in English). I respond with surprise by saying "Oh, you come from the U.S. of A., now I understand!" The third and last riot police officer I ask to be let go responds with loud boo-ing. This isn't going anywhere. I wait. A brave woman with a microphone approaches me in between the riot police. "What is happening here, why are you people being held here?" I don't get a chance to respond; the woman gets trampled by riot police officer on a horse. Suddenly there is an entire plain clothes arrest unit inside the ring. These seemingly normal citizens have plastic strips in their hands. It is revealed that these are plastic handcuffs. The people within this ring of white helmeted, shielded, truncheon bearing police are then one by one roughly handcuffed. Their force is so superior that everyone comes to understand resisting is useless. I am the last, and strangely enough still believe that they won't handcuff me as well. I remain standing, holding on to my bicycle, and waiting patiently for what is going to happen. "Put your bicycle in that bicycle rack and lock it", I am ordered. I do as they say. As I open my bicycle lock and have it in my hand, I look straight in the eyes of one of the riot police; he looks threateningly and tensly back at me. "Put your hands flat on top of each other on you back", they snarl at me. They put a tight plastic strip around my wrists. "Go stand with your face against the wall". One says to the other: "Did you already tell him why he is being arrested?" "No", answers the other. The one then says, indifferently: "You are being arrested on the grounds of section 140. You are suspected of being a member of a criminal organisation". An then: "I said face to the van and spread your legs further. What do you have in your pockets?" I don't say anything anymore. I am then extensively body searched. I am placed in the hands of another white helmet with legs. The riot police bus is evidently full and starts driving of. Riot police bang on the door and yell "Wait a minute, this one has to go too!" I am afraid that I will have to stay behind with all of these hot blooded riot police. Ultimately they push me onto someone else's lap. I am very unhappy sitting there and the man who's lap I'm sitting on is also pretty unhappy. A few times I try standing up. I am then pushed down roughly by a white helmet who says "Friend, I told you to sit". I tell him clearly that I am not his friend, repeat, "today I am not your friend". I recognise the faces of two of the other detainees. We exchange a look of recognition, they look at me a bit surprised, as if to say "What are you

doing here?"

In the neighbourhood of the Wagenstraat on the Amstel we are all transferred to a city bus from the city public transport department. The Amsterdam public transport department lends, apparently with pleasure, its services to the police and their raids; five buses complete with a driver, only the conductor is missing!

Five Amsterdam public transport buses, filled up with handcuffed people, leave with an unknown destiny in the night. The bus I got pushed into, is heading the parade. Nobody knows where this 'free ride' is taking us and I have no idea why. In line we drive on the ring road around Amsterdam: riot police bus with flashing lights, Amsterdam city bus, riot police bus, then another Amsterdam city bus, etc. On different sides white motor mice block the on and off ramps as we drive by. The time passes very slowly. How humiliating: you are no-one. You can do nothing about this situation. You are only aware of the present moment; the pain in your wrists and hands. I can't sit properly. I have pains in my neck. The man sitting next to me tries to start a conversation, "What is your name....?". There is an excessive amount of riot police on the bus and they don't lose sight of us for a moment. The ride takes a long time. One woman manages to get her handcuffs off, which is noticed right away and she is rudely grabbed, her hands roughly twisted behind her back, and she is then cuffed with metal handcuffs. After a while the bus stops somewhere near Badhoevedorp. Riot police are walking in and out, back and forth. They obviously don't know where they are supposed to deliver the goods. After about a quarter of an hour, the line of buses gets going again, once again with a destination unknown to the 'passengers'. Two men sitting behind me on the bus ask to pee. It appears they have to go very badly. The white helmets don't really know what to do; the boss is not around and it seems that they must make a decision on their own. That's a tough one.

One of the men pees in his pants and the pee runs over the floor to the front of the bus. The bus fills with the odor of pee. A few minutes later another man stands up who has managed to open his fly. He pees full power against the side door of the bus, he is standing close behind me; splatters of pee fly around my ears. Someone comments on the fascist behavior of one of the police. He reacts furiously. The man who made this comment is threatened with being beaten. He gets hit in the face. This happens right in front of me. A bit later I ask the riot police who are standing close to me if they are also members of Amnesty International. I explain to them that it is possible for occupational police to write letters to police in other countries to ask them as colleagues, not to mistreat prisoners. A female riot police officer looks at me strangely and responds indifferently.

The bus is driving slowly now, turns off the main highway and we pass by some groves. The bus stops, we are in front of a sign that says: Overamstel Prison. Later we

realise that this is the Bijlmer prison.

We came on Friday evening to Amsterdam from E, where we planned to meet two friends. We wanted to earn some money on the streets of Amsterdam with our art. On the 16th of June, in the evening, we left the city center at 11.30 p.m. to go to our caravan which was parked on the Amstel.

We saw a big group of police escorting a group of demonstrators. We stood watching from a bridge. We were about 200 meters from the demonstration that went past. Suddenly the demonstrators turned around and came towards us. When we wanted to get off the bridge, we saw that it was cordoned off by police, who wouldn't let us through. We spoke to some journalists who were standing next to us. Some time later a police officer ordered us to lock our bicycles. After we had done that, about twenty plain clothes police stormed and grabbed us. They dragged us off to the side, threw us on the ground, handcuffed our hands behind our backs with plastic handcuffs as they shoved their knees into our backs and blindfolded us.

Then we were body searched. A pocket knife (brand 'Leatherman') valued at 170 German marks and a tire repair kit valued at 30 marks were taken from us. We were then made to get into "city" buses and were driven around Amsterdam for the rest of the night without food or drink. We were also not allowed to go to the toilet.

Tuesday morning we arrived at a prison where we were again searched. A short consultation followed with an assistant public prosecutor. After waiting another six hours we were let free.

On Monday evening June 16, 1997, me and a friend went for a walk in the Nieuwmarkt area. Around 12.30 a.m. we arrived at the Waterlooplein behind the Stopera via the Binnengasthuis. From there we witnessed a mass arrest by the police on the other side of the canal. I would estimate that 20 passersby stood watching this happen. After a while we were, without any reason, completely encircled by riot police. Only because they herded us together was there any question of an "illegal" assembly. After the arrival of more manpower we were arrested. I asked one of the riot police on what grounds we had been arrested. The answer was as follows: "Shut your mouth, on the ground!", as he pointed to the ground. As I was body searched I was called a "workshy scum" a "dirty dole scrounger" and other such insulting things.

We were handcuffed and put into the bus. Nobody was willing to tell us why we were arrested or where we were going. The buses drove in circles for a few hours and were parked for a while in Badhoevedorp. Already from the start two people had to pee very badly; the police stood around laughing. Finally we arrived at the "Overamstel" prison where we were once again searched. Pictures were taken of us and we had a brief consultation with a public prosecutor. He told me that I was arrested in connection with the special legislation concerning illegal assembly. I explained that I was

unjustly arrested. He did not inform me of my right to remain silent, and because I was carrying my passport, I gave my name willingly.

I wasn't allowed to make a phonecall or contact a lawyer. We were locked up with about 30 people in a sports hall. There were plastic mats on the floor covered with food leftovers and crumbs. It was cold and it stank. After a long time we received a bucket of water and a few plastic cups. Given that the plastic mats were too dirty to lie on, and that we had no blankets, we were forced to sleep on a cold and dirty floor. I found it quite playful that my shoe-laces "according to procedure" were taken from me given that the sports hall was full of ropes and bare electric outlets. If I had wanted to hang myself or electrocute myself it would have been no problem. Only sometime later in the morning were we told the reason for our arrest and

briefly informed of the procedure. After another few hours, I was again brought to a public prosecutor and soon there after my things were returned to me. There was one last annoying thing: they had told us that we would be dropped off by the metro station, but they just dumped us somewhere behind Watergraafsmeer so we had to walk a long way. At this point it was about 1.30 p.m.

From other statements

- Monday night 1.30 a.m. together with 20 others by the Stopera. "Illegal assembly", though there was no question of a "gathering". We were only "gathered" after the riot police herded us together.



Arrest in front off shoppingcentre Magna Plaza

Other arrests

On Sunday 15th June 1997, after 6:00 p.m., I was cycling on Dam Square near the monument. I was witness to the heavy-handed arrest of two guys.

Two young boys, a bit alternative looking, were crossing the Rokin by the zebra crossing, from Madame Tussauds, in the direction of the Damstraat. Suddenly they were attacked from the back by four or five members of an arrest-team of plainclothes police, who came running across the same zebra crossing.

They were smashed to the ground very hard, face down. Both of the guys were held by three policemen, who had their knees in the boys' backs. They were handcuffed and blindfolded immediately. Soon after that they were pushed towards the riot police buses and shoved up against them. They were body searched and then had to wait for two expensive black Mercedes in which they were taken away. I protested loudly, walked over to the riot police vans, but was pushed away by a motorcycle cop. One of them said to the others they just had to let me freak out!

My guess is, after asking around just after the arrests, that these boys came walking from Vrankrijk or thereabouts and that's the reason why they were arrested. I heard that about an hour before the arrest someone threw beer bottles towards the flowerbed at the Dam. Perhaps that was the reason. That evening I heard that arrest-teams were chasing people this way the whole afternoon.

On Sunday June 15th, I left Vrankrijk. On my way I was passed by a more expensive middle of the range car, which later had to stop at a zebra crossing. Also, a white police bus was driving in my direction on the cycle path. When I was about two metres away from the car, suddenly all the doors opened and at least three men came running at me. I was dragged off my bike, then handcuffed and blindfolded. I was dragged into the car by my handcuffs. There I was told: "Police, you're under arrest". My head was pushed between my knees and the car drove off.

I was cycling on the Ruysdaelkade in the direction of the Rijksmuseum. Riot police were standing there. One of them shouted something at me. I didn't pay any attention. Then a number of riot police and some plainclothes policemen jumped me, pulled me off my bike and whilst on the ground I was beaten and kicked by at least five people. My bag was emptied and then everything was crammed into it again. They put plastic

handcuffs on me, but because I'm quite small they came loose by themselves. After that they pulled the handcuffs very tight and I was brought to a police station. I was totally upset there. They had to bring me to several people because they couldn't open my handcuffs. Afterwards I was interviewed and they told me I infringed a police regulation. After a couple of hours I was put on the street again, without a fine or anything.

I was cycling near Central Station, there I blew my whistle to a departing riot police bus. Twenty metres further on I was stopped by a policeman on a scooter, first because I whistled, then because my lights didn't work and finally for smelling of beer. When I refused a breath test and a blood test, I was locked up until the next day. After a hearing and a cycling prohibition for 24 hours (on paper), I got my bike back and I could go home.

We wanted to go on a march organised by Kurds against the war in Turkey and thus show solidarity with the Kurdish people. We had heard that this march had a permit. Arriving at the station square we didn't find a demonstration. A police officer told us the march left fifteen minutes earlier in the direction of Dam Square. The police officer advised us to hurry up.

However we did not come across a march and since we did not know what route they were taking we decided to go to where the march would end, which we knew was Leidseplein. Asking there, we heard the march would come from the direction of Museum Square. We decided to go that way.

At the Rijksmuseum we asked a police officer if he knew whether the Kurdish demonstration would pass by there. He said that he didn't know that, but he did know there was a Kurdish march which would end at Leidseplein. We wondered whether to turn right, where there were no roadblocks. Incidentally, there were people walking around us and the shops were open. At that moment a riot police bus slowly came by us, from which they were obviously filming. One of us waved cheerfully. Walking on, we noticed more riot police buses gathering, which, after we'd walked about fifty metres (from where we met the police officer) completely unexpectedly rode up on the pavement and blocked our way. Later we worked out that there were nine of them. From the buses between eight and fifteen

plainclothes police came running at us, grabbed us, arrested us and shoved us up against the buses. Questions about what they were doing were not properly answered. Meanwhile other people were arrested as well, six in total. Some were body-searched immediately, others had to wait by the roadblock. Later they were also shoved up against the buses, body-searched and handcuffed with metal handcuffs. Still questions were not answered. Those detained were spread out amongst the buses.

The handcuffs were too tight and the space was small and stuffy. On the way we stopped and the back door was opened, after which the plainclothes police told us we had been arrested under section 140 of the penal code. They asked "Do you know what this means?" We protested, because we were arrested whilst just walking along. We gave our names and addresses, which they filled in on a form. With me, they first asked my name before they told me what the reason was for my arrest. Then we were transferred to prison vans and outside we put in different handcuffs. These were also way too tight and complaints were ignored. We were taken to police headquarters in Marnixstraat. After we got there only the assistant public prosecutor was present. One at a time polaroid pictures of us were taken in the hallway (in a day cell) and we were taken before the assistant public prosecutor who held office in the hallway. He again confirmed that we were picked up under section 140.

The police officers seemed bored and uninspired and grumbled about their colleagues who just arrested anyone and anything. After this all male detainees were put together in a room, (a so-called "day cell"). One woman was put in another day cell on her own.

Here we heard one of our fellow detainees was abused during his arrest by four plainclothes police, whereby his knees were hurt and his clothes were ripped. Later the assistant public prosecutor, two police officers and a man in plain clothes (the prosecutor?) came with our files in their hands. This last man told us emphatically we had not been arrested because of section 140, but because of APV (local regulation) 2.1, illegal assembly. This shows that they later adapted the reason for the arrests to the situation, when it appeared that they couldn't make section 140 stick and so it was just about getting a number of people off the streets. When we asked if they could hurry up with sorting out the procedures they showed us the number on one of the dossiers; number 510.

During A's interrogation by two detectives it was said, after he had emphatically stated that he had not committed any punishable offence, nor acted provocatively towards the police, that this was a bit of a strange situation and he should be released quickly. W. was under the impression that the detectives themselves also realized that there were no grounds for the arrests, in any case none for us being held in custody. During the interrogation he stated that he was

definitely under the impression he had been arrested because of his appearance and clothing, especially since in the immediate vicinity of the arrest there were several other people who did not get arrested. The detectives said they'd had the same food for three days already (the same as we got) except that theirs was warm. After the interrogation was over,

he was told that he would be given back his possessions and would be released immediately. B., during his interrogation (different detectives) was under the distinct impression that they were not interested. This was because they were leaning back in their chairs, telling jokes like "where's that key again?" and they thought he should be allowed to go home by now, just as they themselves should. Upon release we each got our two photo's back. One of the detectives that questioned me asked me if I wanted an autograph. When I replied "yes please", he wrote the date and "Amsterdam, police headquarters" below the picture. Among laughter and advice not to proceed in the direction of Leidseplein and "certain premises" again (they had been informed "things were heating up again there") I was released.

The three of us were walking down the street looking for a restaurant. I was walking slightly ahead. At one point I turned around, to say something to the others, and saw they were lying on the ground with five or six men on top of them. One of my friends got his head rammed into the ground. I thought they were being attacked by criminals and yelled for help. I ran back to stop those men and one of them tried to hit me. Just after that, my friends were handcuffed and I realized the men were police officers. One of them came after me and I also got handcuffed and blindfolded. I repeatedly asked if they were police and if we were under arrest. They just told me to shut my face. We were put in a car and later in another car. Up until the end they refused to tell us anything.

Not until we were at the police station were we told that we had been arrested for membership of a criminal organisation. Three days later we were released, at Copenhagen airport.

I came to visit Amsterdam simply as a tourist (as part of a trip from Paris to Denmark). Prior to arrival I wasn't even aware of the Euro Summit and the corresponding demonstrations.

At the time of my arrest I was sitting outside the "Vrankrijk" cafe (of which, at the time, I didn't know the name) waiting to meet an acquaintance. This was Sunday evening, June 15th. After some time I saw that a demonstration was about to begin. When the police arrived, I left planning to come back after things had quietened down. When I returned things were very quiet outside "Vrankrijk" and nothing pointed towards any further action.

Around 2.30a.m., on Monday morning, the street suddenly got blocked off on both sides by riot police squads. During the panic which ensued I went into the building. Inside, the atmosphere was tense and it looked like there would be some kind of confrontation. I did

not want to be part of it and saw several people leave the building. After they were interrogated they were allowed to go. When, about five minutes later I did the same, I was held (later I realised by plainclothes police), but not released. When I asked why they mentioned my appearance. I was handcuffed (with plastic handcuffs) and on top of that no reason was given (everything was said in Dutch which I don't speak nor understand). All of this took half an hour.

Then I was transported in a van to police headquarters (Monday June 16th, 3.30a.m.). I wasn't released until Tuesday June 17th at 1.00p.m. I was locked in a cell on my own and my requests for a lawyer were ignored. Requests to make telephone calls were also refused.

After a few hours in the cell I felt unwell with chest pains, I have a heart defect. I asked for a doctor. It took four hours for him to arrive. The examination revealed (overly) high blood pressure, but nothing was done about it.

I'm returning from the 'legalize' rave at Oostelijke Handelskade and go to Vrankrijk to see if my friend is there. No, but her bag is. Put mine with hers and order an OJ. I'm still thirsty, so decide to go to the supermarket to buy a carton of juice. When I step outside the shop and want to take a swig of juice, suddenly there's someone hanging off each arm, and there's someone else behind me. I'm wrestled to the ground, a litre of juice empties in front of my face. I am handcuffed, ridiculously tight, they cut open my wrists and then I get a velcro blindfold covering my eyes. My glasses are knocked out of place and the blindfold is pressing them into my head badly. When I make them aware of this I'm allowed to take off my specs. Then I get pulled upright and pushed towards the transport. I've clearly been arrested, even though I'm not told this, let alone why. After arrival at the police station I am searched, all my clothes must be removed, rings removed, my wristbands do not come off but have to come off anyway and so get cut and completely destroyed. Not until the arrest team have left can the blindfold come off and I am then allowed to put my clothes back on. When I get my coat back it becomes obvious how absurd the body-search and wristband-cutting was. My coat-pockets are still filled with a lighter, skins, papers, whistle, addresses etc, none of which get looked at. I am immediately taken to see the assistant public prosecutor. I am being held in custody because of section 140, membership of a criminal organisation, the assistant public prosecutor tells me I have been picked up because I was coming from Vrankrijk. He has to laugh at the lunacy of the whole situation, just as I do, but says that the order comes from Patijn and he can't do anything about it. According to the paperwork I was arrested at 19.30. The supermarket closes at 19.00 on Sundays, so I must have been arrested before that, the overall plan had obviously been ready long before there was any talk that night of noise demos, everyone coming out of Vrankrijk would be picked up. I am not allowed to ring a lawyer, they will take care of that. I might be warning people. For the first couple of hours

I am kept in a day-cell, I am the first, not long after me a man comes in who got arrested because he was sat on a fence behind Dam square and asked a police officer how he felt being stood there the whole day. Thereupon he got arrested because he was in a restricted area. The man is not a demonstrator and is completely flabbergasted, his partner is a detective with the southern Amsterdam squad and he has never ever experienced anything like this before. Shortly afterwards two Ajax supporters come in, who have been arrested for stealing an Amsterdam flag, then another man who got arrested for stepping over the roadblock outside his house, which was a shortcut for him because there was a huge generator outside his front door. Next a student arrives who has been arrested at the riot police action in the Spuistraat (which by then has started), because he climbed on top of a car to get a better view of what was going on. All are completely taken aback by the police conduct, the violence with which they have been arrested for tiny trespasses, or none at all, but none of them are kept for longer. They do not understand why I remain locked up because of a visit to Vrankrijk.

I took part in the demonstration at the final EU press conference. I stood on a chair and unfolded a banner which said "Excluded - The Environment". I spoke out loud about the complete lack of environmental legislation in the Amsterdam treaty and about the bulldozer effect of free trade policy.

When I was taken from the theatre a man's hand covered my nose and mouth, completely smothering me. I also got a split lip and a deep contusion on my forearm, as big as the palm of a hand.

At first, directly after we were removed from the big hall, it was entirely unclear whether we were arrested or not. We asked, but the police said they weren't sure either; some said yes, some said they didn't know and some said no. We were told we would not be handcuffed, but then we were anyway.

Story 2

I was arrested by two plain clothes police on June 15-16 at 00.00h.

To the one that wanted to handcuff me I said that I did not want to be body searched by a man. I was then body searched by another man. After that they threw me in the bus.

There was an arrested man in the bus who had to pee. The riot police didn't allow him to. After a while the man said he would pee anyway, and was then allowed to do it in a corner near the exit. His handcuffs were not taken off. Another man, who was not handcuffed, had to help him.

A woman succeeded in taking off her handcuffs herself. She was handcuffed again, this time with three plastic strips, then thrown out of the bus, later she came in again. I could not see what happened to her in the courtyard.

After some hours we were taken out of the bus one by one, and we had to kneel down facing the wall. Behind us was a line of riot police, I asked them if they could remove the handcuffs because they were too tight. They refused.

One by one we were taken away and body searched, photographs were taken as well. I was searched by a female riot police officer and had to hand over all my personal belongings. I had to give my coat as well, because it took too long to take all my safety pins off. The handcuffs were removed, my hands had turned blue meanwhile. They handcuffed me again with steel cuffs, and took me along the corridor.

At around half past one at night I saw the public prosecutor who told me I had been arrested under section 140. Many others were not informed of the charge. Again a photograph was taken.

A female riot police officer took me to the showers where I was searched. After this I was brought to a cell, it was 02.00h a.m.

I didn't get anything to drink although I asked for it. They told me to drink from a tap that was very dirty. In the cell I finally had the chance to use a WC. The cell was a single cell, and had a steel bed without a mattress, blanket, pillow and curtains. There was no toilet paper and the whole night cold air was blown into the cell. It was very cold and the cell was dirty. There was a bell that one could ring, but nobody reacted if you did, although it was clear that we were overheard. 1,5 Hours later a woman was thrown into my cell, we had to lay on the bed together. Between 05.00h and 06.00h a.m. another woman was thrown

into the cell. One of us had to sleep on the cold floor, the other two on the steel bed without a mattress, pillow or blanket.

On Monday, June 16th, we were taken out of the cell at 12.30h p.m. Until that moment nobody came along and nobody was in the corridor. They took us to the courtyard of the prison, where we were given two old doughy and dirty slices of bread. There were about 40 women in the courtyard.

At 13.00h we were remanded in custody and again photographs were taken. After they were finished we were transferred to the gym. We still got no water and we were denied a lawyer. After a lot of bullshit they gave us a bucket of water that we could drink from. The bucket was very dirty as well. There were two toilets for 40 women, a garbage bag was only given when the toilet was full of sanitary towels. The sanitary towels were only given to us in the courtyard, two for every woman who had her period. In the gym there were no garbage bags at all, so the place was a big mess. The gym had one window through which we were observed at all times. The mats on the floor were covered with dust, shit, blood and vomit.

We demanded to see a lawyer but got no reaction.

At 16.00 old doughy bread was thrown on the courtyard. When on the toilet you could hear the guards talking filth about the women. In the evening we were guarded outside and got vegetarian food that was dipped in chicken broth.

I had a terrible pain in my stomach and asked for a doctor. Because I had an ulcer a doctor came. A woman who had her finger broken several times asked for a doctor as well, but they refused it every time. I got medicines, two other women got treatment at last. After that we were brought to the gym again. When I felt better again I asked for bread, I still had had nothing to eat, but they refused to give me some. In the corridor to the toilet one of the guards told me that when I would have been alone or when there would have been less women, they would have "shown us a good time".

At 21.00 we were informed that the women would be transferred to the prison in Heerhugowaard. The transfer was scheduled between 22.00 and 23.00 p.m. In the afternoon the guards told us that we would have blankets for the night, but they did not give them.

All lights were turned off, half an hour later all lights were turned on again. Around 01.00 a.m. we were brought outside in small groups, handcuffed and locked up in a prison van. All lights inside were turned off. At 02.00 we arrived at Heerhugowaard. The handcuffs were removed again.

We were brought into a big tent with bunk beds, very thin mattresses, blankets and pillows. Not everybody had a mattress or a blanket. At last we were allowed to brush our teeth, and they promised us a shower in the morning. All women were brought into the tent. When we were sleeping the police were ripping of the blankets in order to identify women and to deport them. We saw that one Italian and two Austrian women were taken away. We are not sure if they took away more women that morning.

With some other women I woke up because someone was screaming. The guards stopped taking women away. As a punishment for them not being able to deport more women, we were not allowed to shower. Finally we got breakfast. The tent was in the middle of a field, but we were only allowed to sit in front of the tent, on a few square metres. Behind that there was a big fence guarded by LBB (special prison riot police). Two other guards were inside the fenced area. Outside the fenced area there was riot police, ready to act. After breakfast the coffee and tea were taken away and we didn't get anything else. We decided to resist the deportations of foreign women and demanded to see a lawyer.

The riot police wanted to our group in split in two, one group outside and one group inside. They failed. Then the head of the guards wanted to negotiate about our demanding a lawyer and basic necessities, but she did this by threatening us. Throughout the morning they were looking for foreigners to deport. To make sure that they could not deport them anymore we decided to dress ourselves beyond recognition. One english woman was taken away: guards told us she went to take a shower, but she never returned.

Several womens' contact lenses were kept in hydrogen peroxide, instead of neutralizing fluid. In the morning there was a possibility to visit the medical unit. I asked them for oxazepam (my medicine) but they refused to give it. Later I saw there were several packages of oxazepam and diazepam. I asked a guard to give me one tablet, and he gave me one. Later in the afternoon I again asked the medical unit to give me oxazepam, they told me that this medicine was not available.

Finally one woman was allowed to phone her lawyer. At 14.00 p.m. the lawyers arrived. We were only allowed to speak to them at 15.00h, in groups of 15 and two groups of 30. The intention was that these groups should be formed on nationality, but it did not work. We could only see the lawyers for about ten minutes. Between 14.00 and 15.00h there were less guards present, there was no riot police, we were allowed to take a shower, we were allowed to phone, and we got fruits, coffee, tea and soft drinks. A

helicopter of the NOS (the dutch broadcast company) flew over us (at that time we didn't know it was the NOS, we were told later by the lawyers). Later we heard that the NOS was not allowed to show their shots on television because the compound we were on was a military compound.

After our group spoke with the lawyers, suddenly the next group was denied talking to them. The LLB was about to deport the danish women. We all sat down on the floor, locking arms with the foreign women in the middle of our group. We demanded to see our lawyers. The head of the prison guards came to tell us that if the foreigners would not come voluntarily, they would be taken forcibly. The women from Denmark decided to go with the police because they did not want us to get beaten up. All those women were transferred to Schiphol Airport. After that one group of women was allowed to see a lawyer, when they came back they told us that we had won our proceeding against the State. Everybody was happy, but we were not set free. One woman walked towards a police officer of the LBB and asked for a lawyer. He beat her with his club. From that moment on the guards outside the fenced area kept challenging us. The fire extinguishers were taken away, because we were smoking inside the tent. The riot police wanted to charge inside the tent. For the entire evening they surrounded the tent threatening to arrest anyone that would make a noise.

On wednesday morning again a woman from Denmark was taken by riot police, meanwhile the other police were ready to attack. They threatened to attack us at the first signs of resistance. Some women wanted to see a doctor but the guards said the doctor had a day off.

They suggested that the night before all women would have had their own warm cell with beds, mattresses and blankets, but that we did not get that as a punishment.

We got no coffee and tea. We again demanded to see our lawyer, but the guards said that there was a break so they could not contact anyone. The break lasted the whole morning.

At 14.30h the prison governor came, protected by a riot police unit, and told us that we would be released in the afternoon. The first 30 women were now allowed to leave, they had to report voluntarily. Every few hours a group was brought back to Amsterdam. Even that afternoon we demanded a lawyer several times. The guards told us that they would discuss our demand after the break. The guards had spent all day sunbathing, and refused to act according to their 'social' function. In their view, the women were only complaining instead of being grateful. To punish us we were denied food, drink, lawyers, phonecalls, doctors and showers.

The last group arrived in Amsterdam at 16.30 p.m., we had to wait for hours. Under massive riot police surveillance with flashing lights we were brought to Amsterdam.

Heerhugowaard

At 23.00 I was, again cuffed, transferred to another prison. And back again, since the other prison was not yet in order to receive us. At two in the morning we were transferred again to a women's prison where we, a hundred women, had to sleep in tents. (...) We were watched constantly by men, even when we were asleep. At 22.00 hours: dinner. At 23.00: transferred to a cell. There I slept, together with another Danish woman. Wednesday morning, at 7.00, we were brought to the military airport of Eindhoven, cuffed again. At 10.30 hours we were flown back to Copenhagen, the cuffs stayed on on the way there.

I was not told that I was arrested at any time. I did not get food, no towels, water or toilet for some hours. Access to a lawyer was denied. Medicines have been kept from me. Of none of the phases I was given an official paper, except for a pink one. That, however, was in Dutch, the police said they didn't have time to translate it. During my detention I have repeatedly asked for my rights. They have, in general, been refused in a rude way. When I finally came into contact with the Danish consul, she told me that the police had told that I refused to be released myself. A lie. Because I did not have a watch during my detention, I am not entirely sure of the times mentioned.

At Night the covers were pulled off of me, to see if I was foreign (because of the deportations). The second night the riot police was present, in a threatening way. Fire-extinguishers were removed, reason given: because you smoke inside.

At about 19.00 hours we heard that we had won the summary judgement. Despite that had been established that our arrest was illegal, we were not released immediately. We demanded to be released, but according to the guards that was impossible because of some bureaucratic reason. Many women started to shout: "We want to be freed, NOW!", and started stomping with their feet. The guards threatened to call in the riot squad to restore order, if we did not immediately put an end to our 'revolt'. They assured us that the canvas of the tent, which was now white, would turn red and they would not be able to recognise us.

The second day: We wanted to see our lawyer, which was not allowed. Maybe we would be able to call them. The governor told that two lawyers were on their way,

but according to us they had to had arrived long ago. We demanded to speak to our lawyer. Two of us could call him. His secretary told us that we were the first of the arrested they spoke to. She promised to send two lawyers, to her knowledge they had not already gone. ... Our lawyers were inside. At their request we could speak with them, fifteen women at a time. After thirty had gone there, nobody was allowed to go. They did not tell us why. Inside a doctor was needed. A woman was walking around with a broken finger. Many wanted to have the anti-conception pill. Also some of the women needed medicines (blood diluting pills for example). They promised us a doctor.

... Hours after our request a nurse came. She had some painkillers, but not the pill, which had been asked for, and she was not able to help the woman with the broken finger. She had not brought any medicines either. At four in the afternoon a woman informed about her pills again. No reply. She announced that she had to call her doctor, and forced her way through the gate that was half open. The guard took out his baton and hit her on the head. Fellow-arrested could prevent that she would be dragged to the outside of the fence by the guard.

After shouting some slogans and some rhythmic noise-making we were told that the riot squad was ready to take us all out of there. They told us that we would be detained for some time and that we would be convicted for starting a prison-revolt. I, who was keeping quiet, was told that it was my responsibility to get the group in order again, otherwise I would be taken too.

17.06: In the morning we got the opportunity to smoke outside the tent. When I refuse to go in because my cigarette is not finished yet, I am dragged off by two guards and put in a punishment cell for three and a half hours.

When the governor hears that the lawyer is coming the woman in the punishment cell is released immediately. Suddenly there is fruit and sodas and plenty of coffee and tea. We can go and take a shower and make telephone calls in small groups of five people. This is all rapidly withdrawn when the lawyer is gone. (...) We were allowed to speak to the lawyer for some minutes in groups of fifteen. After the second group nobody was allowed to go to the lawyer again.

Police stations

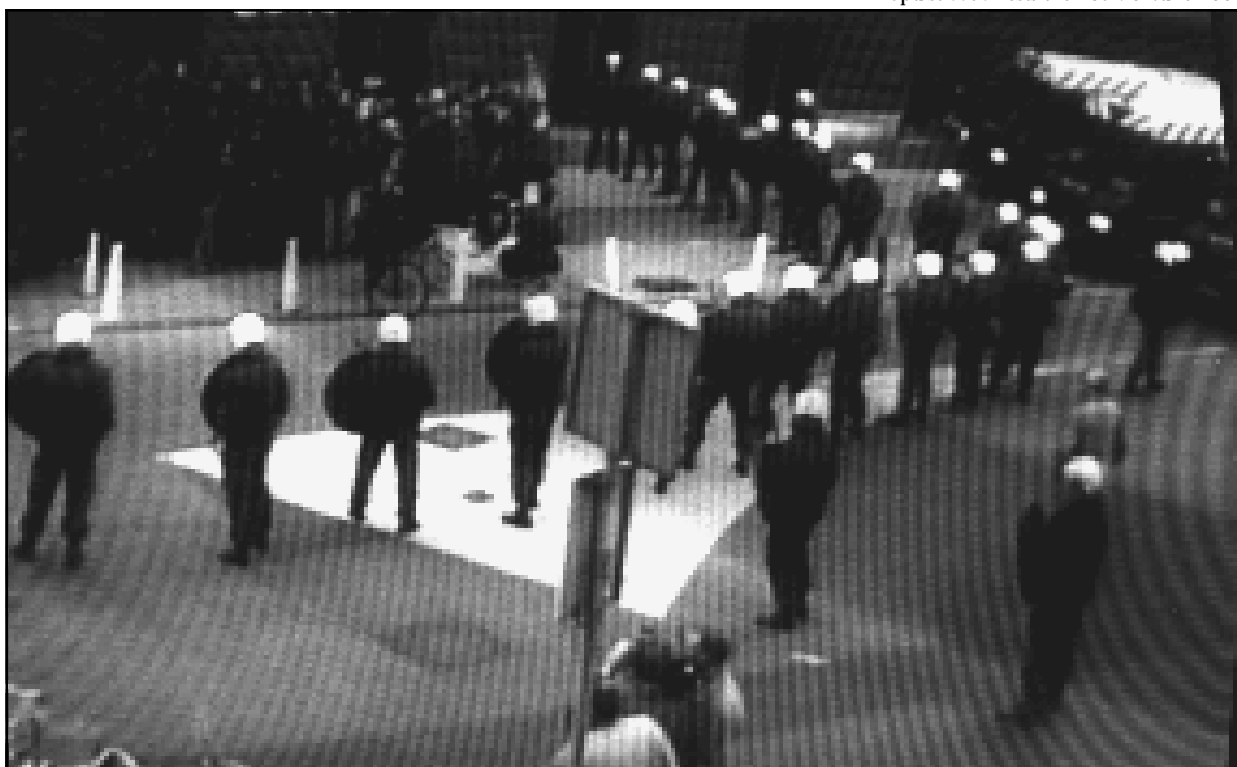
I was kept in a cell at the police head quarters from monday night until thursday morning. Food (vegetarian but not vegan), a mattress and a blanket were the only things I got. Despite my repeated requests I was not allowed to go out for air or to take a shower. Nor did I get to see a lawyer. I wasn't even allowed one single phone call. The usual reply was: "that is not for us to say". Of course, because we were guarded by the employees of Randon Security.

We were first put in a big cell. After that we were taken away one by one, the people who had said their names first. We were transferred to small cells for one person. There was a bed, a chair, a lavatory and a sink. Here I stayed from monday 24.00 hours to Thursday 11.00 hours, without anything to read or write. A 'three wins' game, that I had made out of the wrappings of sandwiches, was taken of me by a guard. Shouting, knocking and using the intercom was ignored, just like the request to see a lawyer or to make a phone call. The lawyer arrived on tuesday and I was permitted to see her for ten minutes, somewhere between 18.00 and 19.00 hours. She told me that four people had won their summary judgement and that those who would give their names would be released. She reckoned that we, the NN's (the anonymous) would be released that night or the following day. She was not able to tell me precisely, what would hap-

pen if they found out that I was a foreigner, since this was an extraordinary and completely confused situation. In the evening after talking to my lawyer I was allowed to take a shower.

At night (I had already fallen asleep, no time, I think somewhere between 24 and 1 hours) I was rudely awakened by the intercom, something was asked in Dutch. I was completely surprised and confused so that I did not understand anything and simply said "no". Stupidly enough the question had apparently been if I was Dutch, because from the other cells I heard people replying "yes". This caused me to panic, because in the midday they had already taken away somebody who had spoken English, probably the Norwegian. I don't know where to, but presumably to be deported. Otherwise time was dreary and boring. You could do nothing but stare at the walls, shout over to other people and drum on the window. All of this until your throat was hoarse and your hands went red and blue. Apparently they found out I was a foreigner too late to deport me. So I stayed in a cell until Thursday and slowly started to go crazy. Thursday there was again no information to be got about our release. At 9.00 or 10.00 I heard how cell doors were opened, but mine was not. I got very scared, they will keep me here until they have established my name and data. Finally I was released at 11.00 hours.

Spuistraat arrests the 15th. of June 1997



Hoogeveen

In Hoogeveen there was no chance of making a phone call. Also the lawyer didn't come until tuesday night, although there had been constant requests for a lawyer since we were detained. Later I read in the paper that we were supposed to have had the chance to read the paper in Hoogeveen, but that is a lie, there was nothing to read. We could only go to the toilet at certain times.

You can/must to go to the toilet, because at night it is not allowed. The door is kept open, with a guard in front. We sleep in a kind of gym, eighty men together. Everyone has a blanket and a mattress. You have to raise your hand if you want to ask anything. You have to stay on your mattress the whole day, except for 'toilet-rounds' and to go out for some air. Guards decide when you can go to the toilet.

On arrival we were received by aggressive fuckers, dressed in black. They were rude and offensive. After being undressed and searched we were dumped in a gym like a bunch of criminals. Fortunately, now we have mattresses and blankets. Not that that was enough, I was cold the whole night. I asked again for the bible, again I did not get it. Tuesday, rose early, food, coffee and we even get to take a shower, for the first time, but no brushing our teeth. The governor of this here set up came round, promised newspapers, they never came. Afterwards we got to go outside and were given a smoke for the first time. We noticed that some people were missing, as it turned out they were being isolated. We protested and demanded that they would be returned to the group. The guards said that if we would not go inside quietly, they would take out some people randomly and put them in isolation too. Furthermore we would no longer get cigarettes or be allowed to go outside. We realised that we would not be able to help the people in isolation.

■ The guards were smoking in the room (the gym) where we sat and had to sleep. Even after a couple of requests to stop it they continued. We were forbidden to smoke in the gym. We were not allowed to brush our teeth, except on Wednesday, when the whole group (then forty to fifty people) could sharing only two brushes.

■ Upon our arrival at Hoogeveen we were searched internally whereby we had to undress and to take of our earrings. After that we had to sign for the fact that we were wearing our own clothes. Those who refused to sign where isolated by the riotsquad.

■ I was the last to be taken out of the waiting room. I had to strip stark naked and was told to shut up. I refused to take of my underpants in front of five police officers, I thought they were joking. Wrong, no joke. I am grabbed and my underpants are pulled down. I am bent over and one police officer examines my anus. Then I am dragged off naked through the prison and put in an isolation cell. "Lie down". Four police officers hold me, one of them rams his knee against my spine. The next sixty hours I am kept naked in isolation. No airing. My neighbour only speaks English. He is on a hungerstrike. I'm not.

From other statements

■ Guards in Hoogeveen threatened me with isolation if I got up from my mattress.

■ The journey which ended at Hoogeveen took about two hours. When we arrived there it was already dark. Here we were searched anally, in each others presence. They used the air freshener often and in a demonstrative way. We were allotted a mattress where we could choose to either sit or lie down.

Zutphen

When in Zutphen the cuffs were taken off I could not raise my left arm anymore. The pain slowly subsided and after about two hours I was able to move my arm again.

In Zutphen we were received by a team of gorillas of the LBB (the National Special Assistance Brigade for prisons). From the start they were very intimidating. At our arrival they were wearing dark blue coveralls. Later they were dressed in the 'peace dress' of the riot squad: blue trousers and shirt, boots and handcuffs. For everything they did to us they wore plastic gloves. Until Tuesday afternoon, coincidentally the afternoon when the lawyer came, they were carrying long batons. We were constantly ordered around: 'you, come along', 'walk', 'one step back', 'against the wall'. Upon my arrival I immediately demanded food and something to drink, to be taken out for air, to see a lawyer, a chance to wash, smoke, recreate and make a phone call.

We got food on Monday around 19.00 hours. We were served dry rice or, when you wanted to eat meat, some goulash on top. The next days we always got meat as well, despite numerous requests for vegetarian food. For breakfast and dinner we got, on the first day, bread with sausage and cheese, later the sausage was removed and we got cheese (half a ration).

Airing

From my arrival I have repeatedly asked to be taken out for some fresh air. This was refused: "We'll see about that tomorrow". On Tuesday at about 19.00 hours I had a very long "discussion" about this with three LBB people, including the boss of the lot. Airing would be impossible since the situation would then become uncontrollable and because we had to stay separated from each other as much as possible. I pointed out that we had a right to be taken out for airing every day. Later that evening (about 21.00 hours) we were allowed to go out. We were taken out three at a time, guarded by three LBB-men, to a cage on the roof. There we, six people in total, could take in some fresh air for half an hour.

Recreation which we also had asked for from the beginning was never granted.

Showers

We were only allowed to take a shower on Tuesday morning. Three minutes and with one bag of shampoo.

Lawyer and telephone

From the moment that I have been taken to the assistant public prosecutor, I have asked for a lawyer: I asked

the officers of the Amsterdam police who interrogated me (twice for five seconds to ask about my identity), the officers of the police of the North- and East-Gelderland region (who took fingerprints and photos) and the LBB-men. Nobody answered this question: "I don't know anything about that" or "that will come soon". Finally I got to see a lawyer on Tuesday at about 18.00 hours (Jan Donk). He was being intimidated by the LBB as well. He was nearly thrown out because he held his ground on us getting our rights. While I was talking with my lawyer outside the cell I was twice ordered to go to my cell by a LBB-man. I pointed out that I was talking to my lawyer. That did not seem to make a difference. We then went back into the small office allocated to the lawyer. I know of at least one person who did not get to see a lawyer. I asked numerous times to make a phone call. It was not allowed.

Clothes, Searches and Smoking

From the start I have asked for the contents of my strip-search. Now that we were detained in a prison, I thought the normal regime should hold for us: your own clothes (including shoes and laces) and other possessions, also tobacco, should be allowed in the cell. This all was refused. The first three hours I spent in a cold cell with only my underpants, no blanket. I had to undress to be strip searched (by two LBB-men). After that I was allowed to put on my clothes, except for my shoes and laces which stayed outside the cell.

On Tuesday 17 June at about 13.00 there was a noise-action outside the prison. In order to communicate I stood on my bed and made some noise with the small airflap on the window. I was still standing on my bed listening to the noise outside, when there was a knock on the door. The faces of three LBB-men appeared in front of the window. The commander ordered me to get of the bed. I shrugged my shoulders, whereupon these gentlemen entered the cell. One of the LBB-men (two metres tall, broadshouldered, blond crew-cut) repeated the order. When I didn't react, he hit me on the back, which caused me to fall of the bed. Then he threatened me: if I would stand on the bed again he would take me to the isolation cell and give me another beating.

When later I was banging the cell door (making noise was our only means of communication), a LBB-man threatened me again. If I would do it again the I would be 'his', then he would 'get me'.

The first night the light in my cell was constantly left on.
Back to Amsterdam

On Wednesday it became clear we were going to leave Zutphen. They did not pass around cigarettes any more. This had occasionally happened the day before. After breakfast we did not get any coffee any more. In the afternoon we were told to take down our beds and clean up our cells. At about 16.00 hours I was taken out of my cell by two LBB-men. Another guy was being difficult, according to the LBB, so his arm was twisted. In a kind of lock on the way down, we had to stand against a wall, with our faces to the side. The 'difficult' guy's arm was still being twisted. Downstairs we were put in an 'entrance-cell'. There I stayed for about an hour. Nobody wanted to tell me what was going to happen.

Outside I was (tightly) cuffed together with another man and put in the back of a car: "if you get out of the cuffs or the seatbelts, there is another trick for you we know". Then we went on parade to Amsterdam: one car in front, a big prison-bus, a small detainee-bus, a regular car with four LBB-men and at the back "our" car with two LBB-men (of which one was the commander of the motorcade) in front and us in the back. The cars were fitted with detachable flashlights.

The whole circus started to move and was not allowed to stop. Other vehicles had to be prevented from entering the parade on the motorway. This led to a number of panicky situations for our guards and some hilarious moments. When a slow driving traffic-jam appeared, the whole column passed with sirens and flashlights on the emergency-strip. "When we would have put you on the train, you would not have experienced anything like this". About ten kilometres from Amsterdam we got a motorcycle police escort, which closed off roads and kept unwanted civilians out of the motorcade.

They took us to a prison about twenty kilometres from Arnhem. There we all had to undress and we were humiliated. After that we were brought to a gym, where we had to lie down on mattresses. We were not allowed to stand up. In the room were about seventy people of different nationalities. We had to raise our hands and wait for an police officer to pass if we wanted something. XX apparently did not obey and was warned three times. Then guards came, dressed in black and blue, and dragged him out by his hair. He was thrown into an isolation cell. At 22.00 hours the police decided that we were not allowed to use the toilet until the next morning at nine.

At ten in the morning we got forty minutes to go to the toilet. After twenty minutes we decided not to go back, but to demand for the prisoner in isolation to be returned. The guards reacted by threatening that those who did not return voluntarily, would be taken out by force. After that they went back into the building again. Two of us went with them to negotiate and to explain the situation. The guards again threatened to take us

out by force and also to single out fifteen and throw them in isolation without bread or water. Upon this we decided to go inside "voluntarily".

We were taken to a sports hall, where we were not allowed to stand up or move. Three to five cops took me to an isolation cell. I had to take off all my clothes and was given a shirt, I was not allowed to smoke. The first day in isolation I was not offered anything to eat or drink. Then I went on a hunger- and thirst-strike. The cops thought it was my decision and did not give in to my demands.

We were put in a cell with a couple of others. The prison doctor refused to treat the mycosis on my feet, saying the puss and blood was already dry, so it was not very important.

My treatment in Zutphen was special. I have spent thirty hours in isolation, no airing, contact with others or access to any reading material. I had to take off all my clothes and was then searched. I did not get food for eighteen hours. Another important point: in my cell I heard somebody talking Danish in the hall in front of the cells. Was Danish police present? Also I have been asked about my height and shoe-size. Where is all this information stored?

After one hour we were transferred to the Zutphen prison. Everyone was put in a cell. On the outside of the door were the polaroids of us that had been taken. All clothes, except for t-shirts and underpants were taken. In the evening I got my clothes back. I constantly asked for a lawyer. Every time came the same reply: 'Later!'. In the end I was able to call my lawyer on Tuesday. There was no vegetarian food. Monday evening I got one cigarette. The guards who 'looked after us' all belonged to a special unit, they were no normal guards.

From other statements

■ They told me that I would be detained for three months. I was isolated from Monday afternoon until Tuesday evening in a cell where the light was on for twenty-four hours a day.

■ I was not aired, did not get anything to read or write, was put in isolation for sixty hours and noticed that the air-conditioning had been set on "cold".

■ I was held in a police cell completely naked and without a blanket for one hour and in Zutphen have been held in isolation.

■ In Zutphen I have spent the first night alone in my underpants in a cold cell. I did not get any food for twenty-six hours and the light was on twenty-four hours a day.

Complaints: abuse

After we arrived in the Bijlmer prison, at last those handcuffs were cutoff, coolly my right arm was cut (bleeding wound, no aid), and I could go to the toilet at last.

After several hours we were taken from the bus and made to kneel on a concrete floor up against a wall (like prisoners of war, sort of). When I looked over my shoulder I got kicked in the back and told to shut my face.

I was arrested on Friday. During my arrest I was ill-treated. I got throttled, resulting in me not getting any air for about thirty seconds. I couldn't give a warning, because I couldn't speak anymore. This resulted in me not being able to swallow for seven hours. I have a cut on my neck caused by a wristwatch. My arm was twisted very far behind my back. This has injured my arm and I also suffer from a cramped neck muscle.

I asked several times if they could handcuff me differently, which it took them about two hours to do. By then, I had lost all feeling in my hands. The result of this is that the sensory nerves and pain receptors in three of my fingers (index finger, ring finger and little finger) have been pinched and damaged. I am currently receiving treatment (physiotherapy and medication).

I was hit about the head and kicked in the back for no reason by plainclothes police. All I did was raise my arms in the air and say "I'm only marching".

During the strip-search I was told I would not get my bra back if I didn't tell them my name. My NN number would not suffice. (An NN number is an identity number given to detainees who refuse to say who they are.) I explained that I would get pains in my neck, back and shoulders if I wasn't allowed to wear my bra. There was no reaction to this.

Other statements

- To my question about human rights came the reply that we were not human.
- "The next three days you have no human rights"
- Was informed of my right to remain silent. When I asked police inspector Carpay for humane treatment

he said he couldn't promise that.

- A female police officer told me this was not a normal situation and I had no rights.
- For eleven hours my hands were handcuffed behind my back.
- I got three sets of plastic cuffs which caused my hands to swell up.
- From Sunday night until Monday morning I remained handcuffed until after the registration in the Bijlmer and then I got handcuffed again and transported to Zwolle.
- I was handcuffed for eight hours on the bus to the Bijlmer, and after that during transport to a prison.
- I was handcuffed way too tight, and got red and blue marks.
- I was handcuffed for about forty hours.
- I was handcuffed for a whole day.
- During the bus-ride I was handcuffed with plastic cuffs and later in the Bijlmer sports hall with ordinary handcuffs (ten out of eighty people were treated like that).
- I was handcuffed all night in the bus going to Bijlmer prison. Then twice more for several hours in the prisoner transport van, whilst it wasn't going anywhere.
- For several hours I was handcuffed on the bus while it was aimlessly going back and forth to and from The Hague.
- I was handcuffed during the whole of the first night, then during ride to Zutphen, and during the ride back to Amsterdam.
- I spent seven hours in handcuffs sat on the floor of the bus.
- I was in handcuffs on the bus until five in the morning. A lot of pain in my shoulders. Bruised hands.
- I sat handcuffed in the bus for six hours. Later we managed to rid everyone of their handcuffs with a bread-knife.
- I was in handcuffs on the bus and remained in them during and after the interrogation. We had to sit in handcuffs facing the wall.
- I was handcuffed for seven hours with sixty people on one bus.
- I spent all night on the bus. There weren't enough seats, so I had to remain standing the entire time.
- First I spent eight hours on a bus. Then another two hours in handcuffs in a prisoner transport van that went nowhere.
- Pulled off my bicycle, brutally handcuffed and blindfolded. Two men sat with their knees in my back.

Only in the cell my handcuffs and blindfold were removed.

- Riot police told me they could do a lot to me. I had to turn off my recorder, even though I had a press card.

- During the arrest several plainclothes police hit me about the head and kicked me.

- I got punched three times and slapped twice, in the face.

- During my arrest I was violently thrown against a container, the police officer said I wanted to hit him. Then I got locked in my cell for twenty four hours without food. I got laughed at several times.

- I was dragged behind a container and brutally searched and slammed against the container several times.

- Many times I was provoked by the police, they used mental violence, misinformation, aggression and general maltreatment.

- We hadn't had much to eat and at one point we were brought to a corridor for interrogation. There we had to sit and wait to be interrogated while the police officers ate and drank extensively.

- Much force was used during identification. A female police officer pulled my hair, hit me on the nose during the photographing and after that my arms were forced together behind my back, I was roughly grabbed by the head and beaten again.

- I was constantly being threatened, the riot police said, "I'll bump in to you again some time and not leave an unbroken bone in your body".

- During the flight to Denmark I was hit in the face by a Dutch police officer and hit on the feet with a stick because I was wobbling. During my interrogation in the prison earlier I had to kneel and was handcuffed.

- I was brutally arrested, my arms got twisted, they kicked me in the legs and my legs got pulled apart. Later I was thrown into an isolation cell dressed only in underpants and a t-shirt.

- I was threatened several times that if I didn't voluntarily report for deportation I would be forcefully deported and thrown back in prison at the border.

- I witnessed a Danish woman in the cell opposite mine being mentally abused. They kept telling her (about five or six times) that she was free to go and then when she'd get her things and want to leave, she got locked up again.

- During the arrest excessive violence was used. My arms were twisted upwards, I got kneed in the thighs and told "too bad I can't kick the crap out of you". Got my head slammed against the container. We were taken off the bus and had to sit facing the wall. If we turned around we got kicked.

- I got dragged along, they said, "Co-operate, you filthy bitch.", I got headbutted, I was pinched in my thighs, when they twisted my arms and I screamed with pain they laughed at me, my hands swelled up because the handcuffs were too tight.

- A riot police officer, Mr. A. Oostlander, told me he would beat me up in a dark alley and kick the shit out of me.

Complaints: sexual intimidation

One of the two plainclothes police (light blue denim jacket and jeans, short dark-blond hair) told me he would like to have a nice squeeze of my tits, and after I was handcuffed, he did so repeatedly. (While this was going on, the other plainclothes policeman wasn't around anymore!) After a number of sexist remarks, including the threat that he would "give me one" I got shoved into the bus.

During the first body-search, I was shoved against the bus and my crotch and breasts were pawed by male police officers.

To be 'allowed' to use the toilet in the hallway we continually had to ask for permission from the guards. During this the guards' nasty remarks were constant. "Those bitches keep complaining they're thirsty, but meanwhile they keep having to piss" and "I've tallied, this is already the sixth time you've gone to the toilet". There were also plenty of sexist remarks. I heard a guard

say "There're some juicy bitches among them" and "Did you see the one with the tits? I'd like to give her one".

The women had to hand over their bras. For some women this meant that, during the following days, they had to support their breasts with their hands. Pretty painful for your back and your breasts and it also triggers off those charming remarks from our uniformed fellow human beings. Very degrading.

In Heerhugowaard barracks had been constructed for us out of steel, plastic and wood. The fluorescent lights did not go out all night. Although it is a women's prison there were men in the barracks, also during the night when the women were trying to sleep. The men were also present when we wanted to change clothes.

A few hours later I badly needed to go to the toilet. I asked if I could go, but kept being refused. When I was

almost bursting, I pointed out to a riot police officer it was my right. Then I was allowed, but I had to pee over a pit in the parking lot at the Bijlmer prison. I protested but was left no choice. De pig was there, looked on and enjoyed. I was near tears.

During the arrest: We are sat on the floor, arms locked together, in the Spuistraat. Thirty or forty people have already been arrested. Two "plainclothes" come up to me. "Coming with me, darling?" I don't react. "Then we'll have to use force, love." Immediately my head is twisted one hundred degrees, a hand covers my mouth and they press my temples so hard it's turning black before my eyes. Both my arms are twisted behind my back and I'm carried away like this (with my feet off the floor). I am pressed against a bus, my hand spread out and my legs keep getting kicked further apart. Then two plainclothes police grab me between my legs and poke my ribs very hard. They keep making remarks like "Hey, look at all this lard, you need to work out, fat bitch" ... etc. ...

After sitting on the street for two hours I was arrested and bodysearched by two men and got told that it was their right, after all, there were no women present in Spuistraat.

I was locked in a cage in a special bus together with another woman. Finally someone came and opened the door. He looked very angry and when I turned my back to him he touched my buttocks several times. I turned around and complained and then he hit me hard in my stomach with a stick.

Apart from one, they were all male police officers, so they also body-searched female prisoners. I protested against this, successfully, but I think that was thanks to a camera, which happened to be filming, because another woman told me she also protested against this body-search, but the police officers hadn't paid any attention.

The women were taken to the sixth floor and put in cells in groups of three. One woman I shared a cell with had her period and had immediately asked for sanitary towels (at 6.00 a.m.) and only got them, after asking several times, at 2.00 p.m.

Intimidating remarks like, "You'll soon be in a cell with real criminals who haven't had a woman for a very long time, so you can imagine what'll happen...."

From other statements

- There were men present, giving directions to the woman searching me.
- Being a woman, I was twice searched by men.
- During my arrest I was grabbed by my breasts and felt up between my legs by men.
- During the body-search my breasts and crotch were groped. Comment, "So, gorgeous, come with me, I'd really like to give you one."
- My breasts were pinched and they said, "Are you really a woman?" Filthy comments were made.
- I was pawed extensively and at police headquarters even had to take my trousers off.
- I had to take my clothes off in front of four male police officers.
- I had to put up with many remarks like, "If you were alone, we'd give you a really good time".
- During the vaginal and rectal body-search, several male officers were watching.

Complaints: medical treatment

Overamstel prison (Bijlmer prison)

On my request for medical help because of diarrhoea, the reply was that this would come. Despite repeated requests up until the moment of release, I did not see a doctor or get any medication (felt terrible up to and including Tuesday night).

Before I entered the sports hall I asked a guard whether I could take out my contact lenses; that would be taken care of, I was told.

After I asked three times, I simply got ignored. A few hours sleep while wearing hard oxygen-permeating contact lenses means you wake up with "conjunctivitis".

SO I HAD TO STAY AWAKE!

After over two hours I got cramps and had to go to the toilet. This was not possible.

At first there was no reaction to the buzzer. Twice they reacted, when I got hayfever attacks (= very short of breath) and asked for my medication (which was in the wallet they had taken off me). I never got it, even though I was told it was being taken care of.

I need to state that I am a diabetic and always carry my medical supplies with me. Despite filing protests and wanting to keep my medication, no note was made of this. Civil servants took them away from me.

Then to another yard. After about fifteen hours a medic comes to see me for the first time. After negotiations she gets me insulin and medical supplies. Although I do not know this brand of insulin, I still have to take it, as without insulin I can get into a life-threatening situation (fainting, shock, unconsciousness). Because I need insulin injections three or four times a day and also constantly need to monitor my blood sugar level, I am in continuous need of my medication. Police took no note of this whatsoever.

A day later (in Zutphen):

I was treated by a medic, there is no possibility of seeing a doctor, this is refused. The effects of the insulin I am taking are unknown to me. I am again refused my own medication!

Police headquarters:

Contact lenses: on 16/06/1997 around 14.00 I got contact lens fluid. I asked for cleaning and neutralizing fluids. Twice I asked if the fluid given also neutralizes and if I could put my contacts back in, both times I was told "yes". A few hours later I tried to put in a lens, it was not neutralized. Consequence: half an hour of bad pains in my left eye which remained red and stung until the next day.

Hoogeveen:

After dinner I asked for medical care, but first I had to be fingerprinted and I could make a statement if I wanted. I refused because I first wanted to speak to my lawyer. Then a new series of pictures was made. After that, they let me go to the medics. When I got there it turned out they didn't have the medication I requested (Catapresan/Dixarit). I could however, get a standard tranquilizer, but they didn't want me to read any description leaflet with possible side-effects, or tell me what it was. The only thing they said was they gave this to everyone. I therefore refused this medication. After being aired we went back inside and there I asked for the medics, I wasn't allowed access. During the second airing, we asked what was keeping the lawyers, we had already asked for them twenty-

four hours earlier. After an hour, our lawyers came. I talked to Michiel Pestman; I asked for medication (among other things). This would be arranged. I was allowed to see a medic and they would give me stand-in medication and tell me the side-effects. I would hear about this later.

After dinner, I went back to the medics. I got medication and an explanation about the working and side-effects (it could, amongst other things, cause constipation, which could only be prevented by drinking lots of fluids). Apart from the sip of water with which I swallowed the medication, I had nothing to drink for the rest of that day. This, I felt clearly during the days after (no bowel movements!).

Next, the guards told me I would have to sleep apart that night. The reason for this was not clear to me. Then I was put in an isolation cell, of all places. Here I completely lost it, everything spun in my head and the walls caved in on me. I thought I was going mad. I made a lot of noise and wrecked my mattress. When the guards came and I asked to speak to my lawyer, they told me I was not entitled to that, because my situation had virtually not changed. My opinion differed entirely. There was no reason at all for putting me in an isolation cell. My mattress was taken away. Later I got to see the medics and received more medication. Also I did not get any newspapers (I lost all track of time). The next morning (18-06) I was allowed to shower (cold) and afterwards, back in my cell, I would get something to eat. However, no food or drink was brought.

Whether I would be allowed back with the group, as I had been promised the night before, still had to be decided by the medics. They came and said I would be allowed to go home if I would give my name, I refused. When I lost it a second time, I could not get any medical assistance. For the rest of the day I did not get any food or drink. I stayed in isolation until I was transported, together with the others, to Amsterdam later that day (I was kept separated in a cage). In Amsterdam, after we got our personal belongings back, we were released at around 17.30.

Amstelveen police headquarters:

TUESDAY JUNE 17TH.

Tuesday afternoon, I was aired once for about fifteen minutes. When I was taken out of the airing yard, I again demanded my rights and informed the police officer on duty that I have two brain injuries (a tightening and loss of tension of the supply and drainage veins for brain-fluid). By then, I already had unbearable headaches and heavy nosebleeds. I asked to see a doctor, but this was refused by a police officer. I then informed him of the fact that he was responsible for me at that moment and if I got a brain hemorrhage (which under these stressful circumstances was quite possible) he would have a problem. He said that he wasn't interested. After that I got locked in an ice-cold cell, separated from the others.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 18TH.

On Wednesday morning I did not get any breakfast. I felt terrible the whole day. That day I had nosebleeds and fainted at least three times. I asked for a doctor a few times (over the intercom), but they told me that a doctor had already been to see me. That was the day before. This figures, since on Tuesday another detainee had become ill and started to hyperventilate. For that detainee they did, after much nagging, get a doctor and I was told they were not calling a doctor again and I should stop whingeing. The only thing I did get that day was a roll of toilet paper. Other than this, I was very very cold and felt extremely ill. I was not aired and did not get any dinner or bread.

That night, at about 1.30, I was found unconscious by a police officer, who asked a colleague if perhaps they should send for a doctor after all. But he was told it wasn't necessary. That police officer did give me a blanket and two cups of warm tea, after that he left me alone in my cell again. I still felt very ill. I had splitting headaches, nosebleeds and was nauseous. I hardly slept a wink that night.

THURSDAY JUNE 19TH.

Around 9.30a.m., I was woken up by an police officer who gave me back my belongings and said I could go home. When I got up I fell, because I was dizzy. He supported me by my arm. I then had to sign a note. I did this using my NN number.

- My medication for diabetes was taken off me. Only after fifteen hours was I given insulin, of an unknown brand. The guards did not take note of my medical condition.

- Had inflamed muscles in both arms. Only got painkillers. Did not get my birth-control pill.

- My request to see a doctor because of a heart condition was honored only after four hours. The doctor noted high blood pressure and then I was abandoned.

- I could not take out my contact lenses because after many requests I did not get any lens fluid.

- I was refused my birth-control pill.

- I had eye problems due to non-neutralized contact lenses.

- I had an asthma attack and had to wait for a day before I got my medication.

- Only after much nagging did a woman come to the group with a box of medication. We were supposedly given contact lens fluid, which turned out not to be lens fluid.

- I need daily medication but wasn't given any until Tuesday.

From other statements

- My asthma spray got taken off me, I didn't get a new one until two days later.



Spuistraat arrests

Story 3

Sunday evening, June 15th 1997. I was riding my bike through the Spuistraat. On the corner of the Paleisstraat I met three people I know, and got off my bike. There would be a waving demonstration in the direction of the Headquarters of Police in the Marnixstraat in solidarity with the people arrested over the last days. In front of Vrankrijk there was a big group that came walking towards us. I locked my bike, next to a police van, and joined the demonstration. After some meters suddenly a line of riot police came from the Raadhuisstraat, blocking off the Spuistraat. The demonstration stood still for a moment and wanted to turn back. At that moment the Paleisstraat was blocked with police lines from both sides and the Spuistraat from the back. The demonstration was surrounded, nobody was allowed to leave the group anymore. A long period of waiting followed, in the meantime press and police were filming and taking photographs. Somebody was negotiating, but it was unclear what was going on and nobody could find out. Nobody could move. After an hour buses came and people, probably plain clothes police (two of them even in 'squatters' outfits and wearing kefiahs) began to haul people and to handcuff them. The only thing they said was 'are you coming with us?', nothing was mentioned about arrests or charges. After 15 minutes I was taken as well, my arms spread in such a way my elbows were almost broken, and I was brutally body searched. My hands were cuffed with plastic strips behind my back and I was forced to enter one of the buses in which six riot police were standing. People had to sit on the floor of the bus as well, opposite to me a girl of about 16 years old was sitting, beside me a boy of at most 15 years old. When the bus was full it took off at high speed, two riot police vans and two policemen on motorcycles were driving in front. The same behind the bus. On the Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal we saw police charging with four or five horses, they were riding into the crowd.

Bijlmer prison

After a very wild journey the motorcade arrived at the PI Overamstel (Bijlmer prison). The bus stood in the entrance lock for about an hour, half the time with its engine running, while the temperature kept rising. The riot police were complaining as well and didn't know what was going on, even though they had radio contact. The heat was unbearable, taking of some clothes was impossible because of

the handcuffs. Then the shutters were opened; one can guess what quality air came in. After this hour the doors of the entrance lock opened and we drove into a courtyard. There was another bus there, from which from time to time people were taken in the direction of a lit up hall. Our bus stayed shut. After some time a boy next to me asked one of the police if he was allowed to pee, one could see his need was urgent. The officer ignored the question. The boy asked again several times, then there was a negative answer. Some time later he stood up, you could see the pain in his face, and he said that he could not hold it anymore. The officer beside him just shrugged. The boy's face turned red, he started sweating more and more, and then asked someone to untie his trousers. Several people protested against this inhumane treatment. One of the riot police stepped out of the bus, he did not return. I drew my hands out of the handcuffs, I helped the boy to pee against the closed doors, and put my hands back into the cuffs again because I did not want to give any reason for the police to do something. In the meantime a third (small) and fourth bus were driven into the courtyard.

After a long disgusting period of waiting we were taken from the bus one by one, and placed sitting against a wall. My handcuffs were extra tightened, which caused a bleeding cut on my right wrist. A few moments later I was pulled upright and brought to a room where they removed my handcuffs and searched extensively. Everything was taken from me, laces, belt and earrings as well. They examined my belongings and my name was mentioned. Subsequently everything was put in a plastic bag, no receipt was given to me nor anything to sign. They took a polaroid photograph of me, which they put in the bag as well. Then I was handcuffed with steel cuffs, and I was taken to a gym together with only dutch-speaking men. Some of them were not handcuffed. If you asked for it you would have permission to go to the toilet, your hands would then be cuffed in front of you. The floor was covered with stinking pieces of canvas full of mud, sand, stains and cigarettes. There was nothing to sit or lie on. People were brought in at regular intervals.

Criminal organisation

In the middle of the night we were taken out in groups of ten, again photographed and had to appear before a group of public prosecutors. One of them reeked terribly of alcohol. I was accused of

membership of a criminal organisation (section 140). When I wanted to reply, I was ignored and brought back to the gym. It was impossible to sleep in there because of the noisy guards with rattling keys, new people coming in and the hardness of the floor. Around nine o'clock in the morning a shopping cart with bread and some milk was wheeled in. The bread had butter on it, there was nothing to eat for the vegans. Till ten o'clock people were brought in who had spent the night standing in the icy courtyard.

Prolonging

Around twelve o'clock some more of the same bread was delivered, this time without anything to drink. After that we were taken outside to a courtyard next to the railway. There were eight little tables. Behind each table there were two men, some were sitting apart without table. One by one we had to sit at those tables. We were interrogated very briefly and we were photographed. At 12.39 p.m. (according to the paper confirming my custody) I mentioned my name, address etc. and told that I joined the demonstration in the street and that I should have been at work today. At 12.43 my custody was prolonged by three days by inspector L.E. Thiesen for "questioning of witnesses, confrontation, interrogation, severe danger of escape and obstruction of the investigation". I am convinced that there was no reason for this, it only happened because they regarded us as a group and because they were not interested in listening to my side of the story or looking at my personal situation. This 'inquiry', entirely meant as a formality, officially took four minutes. Inspector Thiessen, by his unwillingness to listen to my story, rendered himself guilty of obstruction of a decent inquiry.

Human rights violations

We had to stay in the courtyard, all assistant public prosecutors and guards (members of the prison riot squad, LBB) left. All day the sun was shining brightly and our requests for water, medical treatment (medicines, contact lenses), food, access to the toilet, seeing a lawyer or somebody else all went unanswered. It was totally unclear what would happen. Later that afternoon, when several people showed signs of desiccation, an initiative was taken by pulling a completely filthy toilet from the wall and tapping off water. Of course, after some time they shut off the water supply.

When the evening came the protests became louder and louder, and around 20.30 the LBB came out with raised clubs. We were told there was a small problem getting food for us. One of the guards promised us that we could go to the toilet after dinner. This never happened. Instead a bucket of water was delivered, and after half an hour a warm nasi-mash with an apple. For the vegans it was just the apple. The sun set and because of the clear sky the temperature was dropping rapidly. We stayed

outside alone. Around 22.30 (after having spent three hours outside), we were let in one by one. We were then fingerprinted. I didn't want them to do this, because all my data were known and my belongings were there as well. They forcibly fingerprinted me, but nobody asked me to sign the form. I was still not allowed to go to the toilet. Directly after they took the fingerprints I was photographed twice (by now they had five). I was then put on a chair near a detective with a laptop and my file.

Interrogation

For the third time I had to give all my data. I complained about the humiliating circumstances I described before, the ridiculous charge without any grounds, the denial of my right to see a lawyer, and the absence of any serious inquiry. He said: "There is nothing I can do about that, it's a madhouse in here, all your belongings have been mixed up, a lot of things are missing". I asked him for a cup of coffee. He said: "There is no coffee in here, I would like to have some myself". I showed him the empty plastic cup with the remains of coffee in it that was next to him on the table and he replied: "That's not mine, it was already here". I again asked to see my lawyer, which was refused again. After that he typed a short description of how I got involved in the demonstration and how I spent the day. He also wanted to know why I decided to join the demonstration. I refused to talk about this without having seen my lawyer first, because he wanted to prove that I was member of some criminal organisation. Beside the detective there was a list on the table with 'suggestions' for questions to ask. All of them were related to Vrankrijk in the Spuistraat, such as "How often do you visit Vrankrijk", "Do you often see the same people there" etcetera. Because I have not been in Vrankrijk he did not continue. He did keep on asking about why I joined the demonstration, gave me all kind of reasons why I could have joined in, and he tried to make me say things. When I asked him if a statement like that would mean I would be released sooner, he told me it made no difference. I explained to him my situation at work and asked if I could at least make a phone-call. He didn't care, he couldn't do anything for me and he was not the one to decide on my release. I asked him to take me to the person who does decide. He said: "That's impossible", and asked me to sign a printout of what he typed, which contained a small statement. I asked him if my signature would have any influence on the time of release. He said 'no' so I didn't sign. He then wanted me to sign the fingerprint-form, but the form didn't mention my name, photograph or arrest-number and he kept it out of my view. Because the detective himself told me about a madhouse in which everything was mixed up and got lost, it seemed like the best idea for me not to sign this paper either. The detective refused to tell me what would hap-

pen next. I was not allowed to go to the toilet.

Police brutality

The guard behind me asked me to hold my hands behind my back in order to be handcuffed again. I refused as long as they were not telling me what would happen and as long as I was not allowed to go to the toilet. Immediately a second guard kicked me in my knees, which made me fall on the floor while my arms were being held, twisted onto my back and then cuffed. They also twisted my legs and pushed onto my back. Then I was pulled up and thrown against a wall together with four other handcuffed detainees. Right after that a coffee-cart passed by, the detective that just interrogated me got coffee in the plastic cup on his table. A good example of the level of truth in what he told me.

Marnixstraat police station (Amsterdam police HQ)

After 15 minutes we were pulled upright, herded to an exit and pushed into a police van one by one. The plastic handcuffs were tightened even more and we were locked inside two very small compartments of the van. The airco was turned off and recently somebody had been pissing in our compartment. The stench was unbearable and the walls were covered with a thick layer of filth, even blood. We sat for a long time in this compartment while more and more people were brought inside the bus, we heard that some of them had to sit down in the corridor. Some people were removed and police was looking for some boxes. After we demanded fresh air the airco was turned on so we could breathe again. Finally the bus left, with only one cop in plain clothes driving in a silvery grey Mercedes at the front. We could see next to the bus were two chemical toilets, in the courtyard near the exit there were five more. Refusing us access to the toilets therefore had nothing to do with a lack of facilities.

Inside the Marnixstraat police station the bus was unloaded again. A couple of old policemen were waiting for us and twenty of us were taken into a closed off waiting room. One by one they took us out again. One of the police officers pretend-carelessly asked me "By the way, is this-and-that-person inside with you there?". What a transparent way to identify an arrested NN. After that I was put inside my own cell. Finally a toilet, finally water, finally a bed.

In the Marnixstraat there was bread in the morning and around noon, there was a warm dinner in the evening and a shower at last. However it was still impossible to see someone. At the end of the afternoon I wanted to know how long I had to stay. A rang the bell, it lasted half an hour before they reacted. The person who came to my cell said he would inquire after this, but he never gave any reply. In the evening I demanded to speak to a lawyer, a public prosecutor, an assistant public prosecutor or detective to talk about the situation.

Again it was impossible. For two whole days I have not been able to phone home, work or a lawyer.

Release

In the evening the paper sheets and the blanket were delivered again and I went to sleep. It was around 10.45 pm when they woke me up, I had to dress quickly and was taken out of my cell. They released me, but NONE of the things they seized were returned. They put me on the street without my keys, money, bank card and shoelaces. When I asked what had happened to my personal belongings they said: "They are not here, just register a complaint". When I left the police station a dark blue van with one man inside followed me, strangely enough going against the traffic circulation.

Next day most of my things were found back. Still missing are: my belt, shoelaces and two silver earrings. A day later they were still missing. At the police station I met two Spanish people who were still missing all their things: passports, money, credit cards, contact lenses etc. Later I heard that still dozens of passports and tens of thousands of guilders are missing.

Complaints: treatment various

Refusal lawyer

When I asked for a lawyer, they said they would like to contact ten of them, but unfortunately there were none. On another occasion I heard them say they were coming and going. Wednesday morning I asked again if I could use the telephone, they said “the day after tomorrow”. When I answered I would be released by then, they replied “no, if you don’t say your name we can keep you here for at least thirty days.” Well, is that not intimidation?!

The rest of the day we didn’t see a lawyer, although it was said that one would pass by during the day. We were not allowed to use the phone or notify someone about our whereabouts.

Tuesday June the 17th, I have been transferred to the police headquarters on the Marnixstraat.

In the morning they woke me up and I again asked for a lawyer. Again I was informed that he would come during the day. I still could not use a phone, or inform anyone of my whereabouts. After breakfast we made a lot of noise so we wouldn’t get bored and to let others know we were here too. That was the demonstration was all about originally after all, solidarity. After a couple of hours we also had to take off our shoes, because we were making too much noise with them or something... Wednesday June 18th, Again I asked for a lawyer and a phonecall to let people know where I was. After all I still had some appointments to keep. Even when I said this way my pets at home weren’t being watered and fed, I was not allowed to call. Again they said the lawyer would visit me during the day. Up until the moment I left at 12.30 in the afternoon I did not see a lawyer.

From other statements

- I asked for a lawyer. Comment: “Don’t bother me”.
- Only after two days one out of the entire group was allowed to call a lawyer for the whole group.
- I asked for a lawyer three or four times. The answer was always I didn’t need one, because I was taken into custody on the grounds of a civil procedure, namely disturbing public order.

Sleeping

- Spent the whole night in a cell with the lights on and without a mattress.
- From 12.00 noon until 1.30 in the middle of the night, I stayed in the yard without a bed, mattress or blankets.
- Was alone in a very cold cell on a metal bed.
- Four women with two mattresses and no further sleeping things.
- Without sleeping things and on a filthy mattress. I was also forced to stay on my mattress.
- I had to sleep on concrete, without a jacket.
- The light stayed on all night and also it was freezing cold and there were not enough mattresses and blankets.
- We had to share one bed with the three of us.
- The first night I had to spend alone in a cell and later in a sports hall without mattresses or blankets. The second night I slept in a tent.
- In Heerhugowaard the first night we didn’t get any mattresses and only one blanket for the whole tent. Later we got three blankets for fifteen women.
- I did get bedding, but they removed it after two hours.
- First I got no blankets, later I did, but they weren’t clean.
- The floor we had to sleep on was covered in stale food leftovers and smelt of piss.

Peeing and showering

- In the Bijlmerbajes there was one toilet for eighty people. Later there was no possibility and after that

you had to be very insistant.

- After a broken toilet had been demolished in the Bijlmer courtyard to get some water, we were no longer allowed to go to the toilet.
- Peeing in a hole in the ground after eight o'clock.
- A woman only got her sanitary pad after nine hours.
- There were three toilets for one hundred and twenty women. In the bus nobody was allowed to leave the bus to pee. A man had to go very badly and had to be helped by a fellow detainee to pee (he was handcuffed).
- There were two toilets for 40 women and when we went to the toilet the male police officers stayed and watched.
- When I had to wait on a bus in the Bijlmerbajes, women and men had to pee in a little hole in the ground while male policemen looked on.
- On Monday I was finally, for the first time able to use a toilet. There was one toilet for seventy people. After our transfer there were four very dirty toilets for a hundred and twenty people.
- We got one tooth brush for forty people, and only after three days.
- I was allowed five minutes in the shower with cold water and no soap.
- We were refused a shower, because they argued: "You never wash anyway, you are a bunch of dirty punkers."
- I didn't get any tooth paste. On Tuesday morning once I was allowed to brush my teeth.

Food and drink

- We got water in a filthy bucket, that had obviously been used to clean floors.
- Monday we were locked in a gym with forty other people where we got a bucket of water and some and plastic cups.
- Monday I had to stay outside the whole day without water and so I was forced to drink from the toilet.
- First day two cups of water. Second day a bucket with sand and hair, and later in the cell you had insist for a very long time.
- Had to drink water from the toilet.

- Didn't get any water for more than twelve hours.
- After four hours in the bus we got a little water, later in the sports hall from a bucket with toiletpaper in it.
- Finally on Monday one bucket of water was allocated for a hundred and twenty people.
- The first day got no food or drink at all.
- Monday evening the food was already finished. Two sandwiches and a cup of coffee on Tuesday. Wednesday again two sandwiches.
- We got some food, but not vegetarian and much too late.
- Only after two days did we get some vegetarian food.
- After twenty hours got a little plate of rice.
- Didn't get the first meal until Monday 19.00 hours. Not vegetarian, very little.
- Because of my parents' visit I didn't get any food.
- Sixteen hours without food, fourteen hours no drink. We had to drink from a bucket with tobacco in it.
- here was no vegetarian food in the Bijlmerbajes (in Heerhugowaard there was). On Monday afternoon some bread was thrown on the ground.
- I didn't eat because I am vegan.
- In total I had four meals in three days.
- I did get some bread to eat but it was taken from me again when I gave two handcuffed people something to drink.
- One day there were only ten vegetarian meals for the whole group, the next day there was no vegetarian food at all.

Making a phone call

- Only after a full day could I call my parents, also I wasn't allowed to call the embassy.
- When I insisted on my right to make a phonecall I was handcuffed and thrown into an isolation cell.
- When I asked to make a phonecall, I was intimidated.

Deportation and release

Around 11.30 a.m., they started taking people to Schiphol airport to fly them back to their own countries. By 2.00p.m. they started bussing Belgians and Germans to the border. At the German border the Bundesgrenzschutz (BGS) (German border patrol) were waiting for us. They had lined up in rows which we had to walk through. We were taken to a room where we were interrogated. We were also fingerprinted and photographed. The police asked for my identity card, but that had been taken away from me after my arrest in Amsterdam. Then I heard that all my, and other prisoner's, things had disappeared. The police didn't bother about that and we were locked in a cell. There we spent hours, until a police officer came, who told me my identity had been confirmed due to the fingerprints and a photo, but not that of the others. Next I was taken away by the BGS, together with someone from Berlin and put out of the bus twenty kilometres away from the border. "Have fun" they told us and the bus left.

Somewhere in the late afternoon or early evening, two police officers came into my cell and ordered me to put on my shoes, which were standing outside the cell door. I was put in metal handcuffs and roughly taken from the cell. Every time I asked where we were going, I was grabbed more tightly, that was the only answer. I was led out of the building and at a prison bus my cuffs were taken off. Another police officer put me in a four-person cell that already contained three people. No one in the cell knew where we were going. After a short while we were asked if there was room for a fifth in our cell, otherwise she'd have to wait another day. The five of us filled the small space. After about half an hour the bus started driving. I have no idea how long the journey took, but a glance out the window made us think we were travelling towards Germany. When the bus stopped, after a short while all the doors were opened automatically and we could leave the bus. Outside stood a row of Bundesgrenzschutz officers armed with helmets, shields and batons. They brought us to a garage, where we had to wait a long time. Then a police officer appeared, who declared we were now in Germany and would be charged with breach of the peace. Also, we were told that the responsible public prosecutor in Elten had ordered an extensive identity

check. After this procedure we would get our personal belongings back.

Fingerprints and photos were taken. Then it turned out that my, and other people's, things had not been sent from The Netherlands. We were told we would remain in custody as long as it would take to check our data. Amongst the possessions not forwarded were our passports. Around 11.30 p.m. a BGS officer told me the BundesKriminalAmt (Federal Office of Public Prosecutions) had confirmed my identity, based on my fingerprints. I was thrown out the door and told to hitchhike home and that I was banned from the Netherlands for the time being. I no longer had any proof of my identity, nor any other papers I could use. I didn't even have money to make a telephone call.

The police took from me my passport, camera, about forty-five guilders, a necklace, political pamphlets, shoelaces, a visa, toothbrush and toothpaste. My sweatshirt already disappeared during my arrest in the street.

The police continually gave us the wrong information and did not keep their promises. We were deported via a military airport on a military plane. On the way to the airport we were in a police car that was much too hot without any fresh air (I felt sick from the lack of fresh air). The police refused to give us papers with regard to our release.

Seven Swedish people are, along with over three hundred others, arrested outside Vrankrijk. Three of them are deported on a shuttle flight on Tuesday June 17th, four on a military flight on June 18th. One of the seven has been abused on arrival in Sweden by the accompanying Dutch police officers, while the noses the Swedish police looked on. The Swedish police had an observer at the Amsterdam Euro Summit. This has been made public by the press police officer of the Amsterdam police and confirmed by the head of the international secretariat of the Swedish police, Christer Ekberg. He also said that the Swedish police were told afterwards about the action at the press conference, and were not told by the Swedish observer. In total 13 Swedes were arrested. Most of them, seven, were arrested because of the highly dubious

“membership of a criminal organisation”. These seven are considering prosecuting the Netherlands and are demanding compensation for the days they were incarcerated.

Five Greek prisoners whose personal belongings, such as passports, money, cameras etc., were seized after the arrests, were deported to Greece without getting their property back. They were told that they would get their things via the Dutch embassy in Greece, but there they only tell you everything is still in the police station in the Netherlands.

After breakfast we had a shower and then we got aired and were offered one cigarette. Then back inside. Then they started calling out names of people who would get sent back to their countries. Meanwhile some sandwiches were distributed. At 12.45p.m. my name was called. It seemed that all Belgians were to be deported by bus. At 1.30p.m. the detainee bus left, but it did not go directly to Belgium, first we had to pick up other prisoners in Zutphen, Amsterdam and Heerhugowaard. At 10.00p.m. we arrived at the Belgian border. We were driven to the nearest ‘rijkswachtkazerne’ (military police station) at Wuustwezel. When it turned out that there was no-one there, the police finally let us go.

I did not get any of my things back. 200 Danish crowns, twenty guilders, my belt (worth 200 Dkr.), my passport (costing 400 Dkr.).

I was released at Tirstrup, 300 kilometers from home. Without money and without my things (shoelaces, belt). The Danish police took my fingerprints and photos. Further damages by the non-return of my possessions are; a bill from the key-shop (440 Dkr.), a new lock for my bicycle (350 Dkr.) and a one-way ticket from Tirstrup Kopenhagen (400DKr)

In the morning we were given our rations of bread and half a cup of coffee or tea. At ten I was asked if I wanted to take a shower. I refused. By twelve I was told I could ring my lawyer, that was after thirty-eight hours. At four, a guard came and told me I would be deported to Germany in ten minutes.

This time we were put in the prison bus unhandcuffed. After an hour we drove with a police escort to the border crossing at Emmerich/Elten. There we were met by the Bundesgrenzschutz. One BGS-er raised his right arm in salute. We were brought to a garage, where a high-up BGS-er told us we would all be charged with breach of the peace. Also the identity of all of us was confirmed again through fingerprints and photos.

So we were individually brought to the police station, where again photos and fingerprints were taken and we got our things back. Unfortunately there were less bags of belongings than there were detainees, a number of people did not get their possessions back. Then, in small groups, we were brought to the train stations of Emmerich or Kleef. We were banned from entering the Netherlands. Some of us therefore travelled to Duisburg.

On June 18th in the morning I was put into a small detainee bus, together with five Greeks and a Swiss. We were taken to Schiphol airport. They wanted to deport me to Greece. I had to yell at them continuously before they were convinced I was Italian. Then I was brought back to Amsterdam.

From other statements

- I was transferred to the BGS, who locked me up another night to check my identity.
- I was put out of the detainee bus at the Belgian border and could just go.
- I was almost put on the plane to Greece because they thought I was Greek, but I am Dutch.
- I was deported to Denmark on a military plane, but I’m not sure if I am free now, nor do I know if I have been formally accused.
- I was released in Milan, without my personal belongings.
- I was put on a plane to Barcelona. I did not get my things back and was entirely without money, whilst I still had to travel 600 km. to get home.

Release in the Netherlands

Eight people are put into a white detainee van, which is divided into three cages, each of which can be separately locked. It reminds me of glass dog cages. We are not told where we are being taken. The busdriver races along the motorway like a maniac, we try to read the road signs and recognize buildings. After some twenty minutes the van suddenly stops in an industrial estate near a Praxis-shop. I have no idea whatsoever where I am. Luckily three other boys who are put out at the same time as me do have some idea. Together we walk to the nearest metro station.

Wednesday afternoon we are returned to Ij tunnel police station in Amsterdam, where we are locked into two group cells. According to our files we are taken from the cells one by one and get our things back. I say my penknife is missing and a note is made of that on file. I sign this. I can come back later to see if my penknife is among the leftover belongings, there's no time now.

The next day (Thursday) I go back to the Ij tunnel police station where I encounter detective Klaas. The day reports turn out to contain no trace of prisoners from Hoogeveen. So there are no belongings of theirs left behind. He makes a few phone calls, but they offer no solutions either. Finally he tries to find me in the central data-base which should contain a report of every prisoner, but there also, I am not to be found. He advises me to start a procedure for damages through my lawyer. On Friday I hear that all the remaining belongings have been brought to police headquarters. I go to ask at the reception and am told that this is true and a special counter has been set up for this purpose in the alley next to the station. Here is a doorman in a cubicle next to the gate who reports my arrival over the telephone - if I'll just wait for a bit they'll be right with me. After a few minutes some plainclothes police come by, who cheerfully greet me by name and say I would be amazed to hear all they know by heart. When I explain the story about my penknife they tell me they are very sorry too but there is nothing to be done about it and I should file for damages through my lawyer, and that will surely be awarded. When I ask for the name of the person I have spoken with, the other one remained silent the whole time, he introduces himself as Peters of the CRI (Criminal Intelligence Unit).

Half an hour before our release the driver of the detainee bus found it necessary to harass and beat four

people. He gets me out of the cell on the bus and notices slogans have been written on the windows in toothpaste and calls me back. I don't react, because I only understand English. He follows me and grabs me by my hair, drags me back like that and bangs my head against the wall several times and kicks me back into the cell. He did the same to a girl in the cell next to me. We had to stay in the bus for another thirty minutes under threat of being taken back to prison because of vandalism. At that moment I was very weak because of the circumstances of the previous couple of days (locked up for three days) with not enough sleep, diarrhoea and fevers. I could not resist much, so when they came back to ask me to clean the windows I did and they let me go.

From other statements

- I was dumped somewhere behind Watergraafsmeer (on the outskirts of Amsterdam) while I had been told I would be dropped off near a metro station. I had to walk a long way before I reached any public transport.
- Somewhere in the north or west of Amsterdam, had to walk home.
- Was released on the outskirts (of Amsterdam) after a two hour drive, handcuffed.
- Held for an extra night in Amsterdam, while we had been told we would be released.

The armoury of the 341 members of the huge 'criminal gang'.

According to their own police statement, the following is a list of what the police found on the 341 people that were collectively arrested on the Sunday evening, these people were suspected to be part of a 'criminal organisation'.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 purse 1 British passport 1 can 'Euroshopper' hairspray
 1 bike lock 3 packets of weed 1 gas alarm revolver, serial number 706536, meant for firing gas cartridges
 4 green-coloured gas cartridges 5 red-coloured gas cartridges 3 white-coloured gas cartridges 1 grey plastic box, with a number of copper-coloured cartridges 3 aerosol teargas 1 spring ballpoint pen, orange coloured, possibly for firing the above-mentioned cartridges 1 small yellow pot containing orange-coloured substance 1 plastic bag of hash 1 sandwich bag of weed 5 Swiss army knives 1 clasp-knife, black handled 3 buck-knives, brown handled 3 knives, brown handled 1 knife, brown handle 1 silver-coloured pocket-knife 3 plastic tubes with 28 signal cartridges 1 black pair of sunglasses 1 plastic bottle containing black hair-dye 1 red-handled awl 1 screwdriver, with yellow handle 1 red-handled screwdriver 1 socket screwdriver 6 disposable lighters | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 penlite battery 1 nut 1 pair of silver coloured nailclippers 1 brush 1 fork, 2 spoons, 2 knives 1 white Edding felt marker 1 plastic bag, containing a white tablet 3 black leather studded wristbands 6 fireworks 1 blue whistle 1 Greek coin 1 pair of pliers, orange-handled 1 gold and silver-coloured watch, Titan make, with black leather wristband 1 pocket knife 1 black sleeveless denim jacket, covered with various chains 1 bunch of keys 18 balaclavas 1 Palestinian scarf 1 black sweater 1 dark-blue sweater with zipper, decorated with a 'Fuck the laws, squat the world' patch 3 leather gloves 11 gardening gloves 1 blue ladies' glove |
|---|---|

What things are missing or not returned

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 black bomber jacket | 1 belt |
| 1 purse containing 80 guilders | 1 gram hash |
| 1 silver chain, worth 50 guilders | tobacco |
| 1 scarf, worth 10 guilders | 300 guilders |
| 1 hood, ripped from a practically new sweater, kept to be cleaned | contact lenses |
| 200 guilders | 1 camera |
| 2 silver armbands | 1 ticket to London |
| 1 necklace | 1 belt |
| 1 belt | 1 wallet with contents |
| 1 knife | 200 Danish crowns |
| 1 lighter | 20 guilders |
| 1 map | laces |
| 1 Parker pen | 25 guilders |
| 1 German passport | 100 Danish crowns |
| 1 wallet containing cards and money | 20 guilders |
| keys | laces |
| 1 belt | 1 cord from a sweater |
| 1 wallet with 50 Danish crowns and 60 guilders | 1 pocket knife, worth 70 guilders |
| maps | bike repair kit material, worth 30 guilders |
| 1 earring | 50 guilders |
| shoelaces | 1 rucksack |
| 1 pocket knife | 1 sweater |
| 1 lighter | 1 woolly hat |
| Hi-8 video tapes | 1 watch |
| 1 camera | 1 purse |
| 45 guilders | 200 guilders |
| 1 chain | 50 German marks |
| 1 visa | leather gloves, worth 75 marks |
| 1 toothbrush | 1 blue sweater |
| toothpaste | 1 grey jacket |
| 1 busticket for Denmark | 1 health insurance card |
| 1 silver armband | keys |
| 50 guilders | 1 driving licence |
| keys | 20 guilders |
| 2 bicycles | 20 German marks |
| 1 book | 1 pair arm pads |
| 1 student card | 1 camera |
| 1 tourist card | laces |
| 1 credit card | 1 belt |
| 1 health insurance card | 1 golden earring |
| 2 piercing rings | 200 Danish crowns |
| 1 ticket | 1 whistle |
| 200 guilders | laces |
| 1 address book | 1 sleeping bag |
| 1 ID card | 5 Greek passports |
| 1 week pass for London public transport | 2 Swedish passports |
| photographs | 1 Norwegian passport |
| telephone cards (British and Dutch) | 6 Danish passports |
| | 1 Canon camera with zoom lens, worth 1,700 guilders |

A clean sweep

The grounds the public prosecutor cites to make it clear that Vrankrijk is a criminal organisation appear to be rather poor when looking at the documents in the case. Was there a preconceived plan behind the handling of Vrankrijk?

The misuse of articles of law to keep demonstrators off the street during the Euro Summit arouses more and more indignation. This week the Second Chamber called for an emergency debate about the case, and even NRC Handelsblad (a conservative newspaper) warns against violation of fundamental human rights. 'It is more than imaginary', editor Frank Kuitenbrouwer writes, 'that the mere propagating of certain opinions is labeled as being part of a criminal organisation'. Chief public prosecutor Vrakking openly admitted that it didn't matter what people were doing, but what they looked like. About the Italians on the deported train he said: "If you saw what came out of that train, you can guess what might have happened". (Parool, Tuesday)

From the documents in this case it appears the reasoning of the public prosecutor (OM) is even more simplistic. Anyone setting foot in the 'so-called Vrankrijk building' is to be suspicious. To the public prosecution Vrankrijk being a criminal organisation goes without saying. Why? "Those involved here appear in public with names like 'chaoten' and the like". This has only happened in a prank pamphlet about the Chaos Days which through massive attention by media and police started to lead a life of its own. "In this building their own rules are in force. A pass system apparently exists, which underlines the organized nature of the group of people". It is not the cafe has a pass system, but the people who live in the house. Guests of Vrankrijk receive a 'Hausweiss', to let other residents know that they are okay (as opposed to being misplaced plainclothes police). "Furthermore there are frequent calls for violent action through the Vrije Keijzer radio station". Since when is this station situated in Vrankrijk? Final argument of the public prosecution is that during the Mariënburcht (Nijmegen squat in the 80's) eviction it was allowed to call a group of squatters a criminal organisation for putting up resistance, so why not now? Section 140 demands that the criminal organisation aims

at committing crimes. To prove this the prosecution states molotov-cocktails, gaspistols and the like have been seen. "Also a call has been noted for the group to assemble to run amok in the city. During the previous days violence was committed and damages were caused in an organized manner". Hangers-on are also under suspicion. Pay attention now: "Any kind of functioning in the organisation can be viewed as contributing to the functioning of the organisation". And because the day before in the Spuistreet a police car was pelted with stones, all of this adds up to being guilty of section 140 PC.

That was the first 'evidence' which the prosecution put forward. To make the proof even stronger a pile of official reports has been added, mainly from police officers who observed Vrankrijk days before and especially Sunday itself. Their opinion is very important. "From my experiences over the last 27 years, first as member of the riot police and the last 15 years in a patrol unit, it has occurred to me that from this building actions always take place aimed at disturbing the peace" declares a police inspector who works at the Lodewijck van Deysselstraat police station. The police registration system (PSS 440) can cough up only three hits at Vrankrijk. In the summer of 1994 someone kicked a police car which was called to a reported noise annoyance. May 19th of the same year a police officer saw someone hanging an arsenal of weapons on the wall. This appears to be a collection of water pistols from one of the people living in Vrankrijk. On June 12 there was an incident with people who threw traffic poles into the water. Police saw a lot of people yeling and coming towards them and felt attacked. (Probably these were traffic signs guaranteeing a traffic-free inner city. These signs were collected as trophies in Vrankrijk.)

About the atmosphere 'inside' an anonymous source of the regional Criminal Investigation Unit (CID) is cited. On Saturday 14th he reports: "*The tension in the Vrankrijk squat reaches new heights, the situation is very grim. Plans are made for severe actions against the police, mainly through violently disturbing the police logistics. About 150 activists are in the building, all of whom want to take part in the actions.*"

And that's about it. As evidence a list is printed of objects found near the public street where the 364 people were arrested (see article from Parool). Also the police have added -apparently because they are on the dif-eu mailing list- the press release from Vrankrijk about the arrests. The letter to Minister Sorgdrager of the Platform towards Another Europe is also in the files. It is unclear whether this should prove the Platform is also part of the criminal organisation, as the Vrije Keijzer radio and the Eurostop-site of Contrast.org. are included in passing in the accusations based on section 140.

Whether or not a criminal organisation is punishable as such demands a certain durability and continuity on the part of the cooperation. During the riots after the eviction of the Wolters Noordhoff complex in Groningen a big group of demonstrators were arrested under section 140. Despite the severe damage caused by the riots, the Court of Justice in Leeuwarden in the end decided there was no proof of a criminal organisation. At the eviction of the Mariënburcht in Nijmegen it finally did work. Based on telephone taps, opened mail and severe interrogation of detainees, the house meetings and shared use of the refrigerator were being blown out of proportion as a cooperation with a shared history.

The durability of the Vrankrijk criminal organisation is proven according to the files by a statement from an ex riot police officer and a complaint about noise annoyance of a few years ago. How the public prosecution is going to prove the individual involvement of the nearly 400 people arrested remains a mystery.

Chief public prosecutor Vrakking stated several times on television that long before the Euro Summit the decision was made to take hold of possible trouble-makers through section 140. Questionable is why the public prosecution didn't prepare themselves more thoroughly. Lawyer Marq Wijngaarden: "Judging these papers you get the idea that it's all been put together hastily on Monday and Tuesday. All statements of arrest in the case are dated June 16 and 17. Apparently the public prosecution were taken by surprise by the summary proceedings."

After the arrest of the group demonstrators on their way to a noise & wave demo, the riot police returned to the Spuistraat and closed the street hermetically with much use of force. The street was swept clean, and anybody who couldn't get away fast enough fled into Vrankrijk. Cars were towed, also in nearby streets. For a few hours there was a state of siege right in front of Vrankrijk. Everybody leaving the place was thoroughly searched or got arrested after all. Conversations with riot police on the spot showed it was clearly intended to raid Vrankrijk. The riot police had received elaborate instructions and the operation wasn't blown off until the very last moment.

The question arises on what grounds such an attack could have been justified. The building has been legal for years (bought by a collective of inhabitants and users)

and by the way the effects would have been quite unimaginable.

Marq Wijngaarden: "If your starting point is that this was another of Vrakking's little plans, it could be done based on the Article on Arms and Ammunitions. Using the information that there were molotov-cocktails in the house, he could raid the place. The public prosecution cannot execute a search based on section 140 by themselves, it has to be justified by an investigating magistrate." That might be the reason they didn't go through with the raid.

Judging by the limited evidence at the summary proceedings according to the lawyer you could conclude there was no official preliminary examination against Vrankrijk. Wijngaarden: You bet the public prosecution in this case really would have liked to come up with more evidence. If there had been information from phone taps, or about Vrankrijk's long standing reputation as a hotbed of action -more than just one report of a plainclothes police officer who's had to stroll down Spuistraat for years- they would have certainly used that information." This does not mean Vrankrijk hasn't been under surveillance for a long time already. "It especially shows that Vrakking exclusively aimed at using section 140 for issues of public order. He is obviously not interested in evidence, he just wanted to get people off the street, in which he succeeded. A clean sweep. The Criminal Code is not meant for that." The fact that the detainees did not receive any summons when they were released supports this.

The creative use of the emergency bill to arrest the participants of a jubilation demonstration a day later is of the same brand. The singing and jubilating little group was allowed, under the watchful eye of the riot police, to walk in the innermost circle nearby the hotels of the Euro-leaders in the centre. Nothing more happened than a cake being offered to Chirac. As the demo came to an end and people wanted to go home, they appeared to be surrounded at the Amstel river. In a place outside of any security zone whatsoever. No summation was heard, nor any call to disperse.

They were accused of: assembling illegally, based on an article in the emergency regulation. The fact there was no threat at all coming from the small group, already likened to sweet flower children by the press apparently didn't matter. Consulting with the riot police was impossible, no one was accessible. After being cuffed for hours in city buses and one night in the Bijlmer prison the detainees were released with a 125 guilder settlement because of the trespass committed.

Marq Wijngaarden: "Here again a section of the law was used completely arbitrarily. The day before and the day after similar demonstrations could take place, also in and around the outermost ring of security zones. The random arrest of demonstrators is completely at odds with all mayor Patijn's statements saying all demonstrations were allowed, except those in the innermost security zones." Perhaps charges should be filed against head public prosecutor Vrakking, because of unlawful deprivation of liberty.

How do I sell it?

In the media coverage about the protests surrounding the Euro Summit, an important switch can be noticed. Before the Summit it's all about the tolerant image of Amsterdam: everything is possible. Even the riots on Saturday with the riot police during the big march against unemployment are being minimized by the authorities. During the arrests in the Spuistraat Sunday night the tone is completely different. If Vrakking hadn't taken action there would have been serious riots, if we are to believe him. A week later Vrakking's influence is shown to go even further. The minister argues at his own authority that the outbursts of violence were of such a kind that something had to be done. One moment nothing is happening, the next the city has been on fire. A small impression of misleading the public.

The police, before

Volkscrant, Wednesday June 11th

The Amsterdam authorities and the police are looking laconically at the upcoming invasion. "Amsterdam is a free city in which everyone has the right to demonstrate," says K. Wilting of the Amsterdam police. 5000 officers are at the ready during the Euro Summit.

The announcement of the days of Chaos is not taken seriously by the police. "We are trying to get in touch with the organizers," Wilting says, "but we don't think it's necessary to take measures." This might change at any last moment, he adds. If necessary the demonstrators from abroad will already be turned back at the border.

Both police and authorities don't want to violate the city's image. Normally the organizers have to report a demonstration to the mayor. The police are then able to escort the march.

But during the Euro Summit it suffices when demonstrators, musicians and the autonomous don't enter any security zones and don't block any roads. Apart from that they can go ahead.

AT5 Saturday June 14th

Mayor Patijn and police press officer Wilting declare they are very satisfied with the course of the March against Unemployment with 50.000 participants. Patijn speaks of a few minor incidents. Wilting: "When 50.000 people walk through the city something's bound to happen."

About the arrests in the Spuistreet

Volkscrant Monday June 16

Public prosecutor Vrakking talks about "an unaccep-

table risk letting such people walk around freely".

Parool Monday June 16

The chief public prosecutor on the criminal organisation: Vrakking talks about "an organisation that wants to turn the city upside down." "They apparently intended to cause further damages, when they came out of that squat. It has been said that they were student types, and that democracy is in danger because of our conduct. But if they wanted to demonstrate peacefully, why were there balaclava's handed out on leaving Vrankrijk last night? Wouldn't democracy have been in danger if that group had started to run around town?" "Many of the demonstrators have no papers and don't say anything. That in itself is a punishable offence." Vrakking believes peace will return. That is also connected to the Italians being sent back on Saturday. If you saw what came out of that train, you would know what would have happened."

Parool Monday June 16

A police superintendent on the mass-arrests in the Spuistraat: "We have had more than enough. Over the last couple of days these people have left behind a trail of destruction and our patience has run out. Those who want walk through town in a balaclava and wilfully damage other peoples' properties, should now also accept the consequences of such behavior. We're going to run them all in." A riot police officer: "And don't forget to write we are doing this because revolvers have been sighted."

AT5 Monday June 16

Vrakking: "We are dealing with a criminal organisation here, engaged in activities we cannot tolerate here, that are not possible here." "These goins on could no longer continue".

RTL4 Monday June 16

Vrakking: "This was not a group of secondary school students holding a silent procession. These were people bent on causing misery."

NOS Monday June 16

Vrakking: The section happens to say people gathering to cause chaos by throwing bottles or toppling cars, come under this description."

Volkscrant, Tuesday June 17

"There definitely no innocent bystanders among the prisoners" states Vrakking. According to the head public prosecutor 40 of the detainees have already been proven to be involved in last weekend's riot.

Parool Wednesday June 18

Eberhard van der Laan, chair of the Amsterdam PvdA (Labour)-fraction and a lawyer: "But the judges will be working on this for a long time to come. This case will be fought up to the Supreme Court. There will be a

Euro Summit arrest," he predicts.

N.B. Nobody received a summons or was remanded in custody for more than a few days.

Parool Wednesday June 18

The mayor wasn't personally involved with the goings on in the Spuistraat, it was an initiative of the justice department. "When those arrests began on Sunday night, I was in the Nieuwe Kerk. I was consulted, whether I had any objections concerning public order. I did not. Months ago already we considered arresting football hooligans based on section 140. At football games as well as in connection with the Euro Summit there are destructions are by people who vanish into a group. (...) It is new for chief public prosecutor Vrakking's to feel everybody who walked out of Vrankrijk could be arrested. The judge said he was right. So the method in itself is justified."

NRC Thursday June 19

Chief public prosecutor Vrakking earlier talked about a "difficult job" to actually prosecute the detainees for belonging to a criminal organisation.

About the jubilation demonstration on Monday night and the arrest of 120 people there

Parool Wednesday June 18

Mayor Patijn: "The demonstrators knew demonstrations were forbidden there. They were told this." The sound systems of the riot police were unintelligible to the demonstrators, according to journalists who were present. Patijn: "Too bad for them. If the demonstrators would have known, they would have kept on walking anyway. They wanted to demonstrate against the arrests of the previous day."

N.B. On the contrary, they wanted to cheer on the Euro-leaders for all the hard work they give us, and applaud the police.

Patijn is glad that here as well no-one was wounded during the arrests: "Except for one boy with a head injury. He probably fell on the street when a flare was fired from Vrankrijk."

NB. The arrest of the jubilation demonstration took place near the Amstel, a kilometre away from the line of fire of Vrankrijk.

Parool June 18

Eberhard van der Laan, chair of the Amsterdam PvdA fraction and a lawyer: "If the police officers just let them walk into that area without warning and then started arresting that would be ill disposed. But I don't believe that."

About the treatment of the arrested people in the several prisons

NRC June 19

According to governor K. Kranendonk of the prison in

Hoogeveen the the detainees were treated "perfectly" there. They were nicely put on mattresses in a gym, and have received vegetarian meals and foreign newspapers upon asking."

The police about the police action

Korpsbericht June 18

Nordholt: "The Dutch police showed themselves to be among the best in the world."

Volkskrant June 19

A police spokesman describes the police conduct as "very nuanced and friendly".

The emergency debate in the Second Chamber

Minister Sorgdrager of justice.

About Vrakking's official notice: "I have to admit, when reading all of this, you do understand at some point action has to be taken. Look, we are involved in a strange discussion about the foundations. But I presume we are all agreed action had to be taken."

About section 140 used against people who gathered outside Vrankrijk (second group) and who later came out of the cafe (third group):

"The individual involvement of the accused from the second and third group was more direct. The outbursts of violence were extending again and flares were fired at the riot police. They locked their arms together thusly showing they belonged together."

Sorgdrager one more time:

"Responding to this interruption I would like to answer the question why regular means were not used. I don't quite understand this. What is it mr. Rabbae wants? To wait for violence to be committed, for things to get out of control and then for 5000 police to counter that violence?"

Let's now be realistic for one moment. If what mr. Rabbae now wants had happened, a big police force would have come at these people. There would have been heavy fighting and then I would have stood here explaining why the police had let it come to this!"

Boris Dittrich, spokesman for D66: "It is quite striking mr. Marijnissen derives all his information from TV-programs, but does not mention mr. Vrakking's official report, which says it all."

Amsterdam as test case?

With the mass arrests in Amsterdam during the Euro Summit the right on demonstration and freedom of speech has been violated.

The preventive arrests during the Euro Summit mark a turning point in the policy of the ever so tolerant Netherlands. But there is more. Besides the visible police actions on the street, on the background much is done in the field of gathering and exchanging information. Not only have detainees been registered, also all demonstrations have been filmed extensively. By the eye-catching bus of the riot police with cameras on the roof, and by plain clothes police in the streets. Also colleagues from foreign countries visited Amsterdam. Police from England and Germany had special interest in activists in the city and various prisons, and even a visit of Interpol is reported.

The cooperation with other countries in the field of public order will be intensified the following years. In Schengen (after the Treaty of Amsterdam part of the European Union) as well as in the EU context extension of this cooperation is promoted.

Momentary a 'Handbook on cooperation of police maintaining public order and security' circulates among higher civil servants. The aim of this handbook is to advance European police cooperation 'directed on the combat against the (threatening) disturbances of the public order'. The working group 'Police and Security' of the Schengen context mentions as examples sporting events, rock concerts, demonstrations and road blockades.

An important issue of this cooperation will be the exchange of information. The plan is to exchange information before demonstrations where disturbances of the public order is expected, about how many people from abroad will participate and whom. An clue to the nature or size of the threatening disturbance of public order needed for such a measure, is absent. In practice this might signify that for every demonstration information can be exchanged.

The exchange of that information is conducted with the assistance of 'checklisting'. How many demonstrators will attend the demonstration, what is the nature and composition of the group, what are their motives (violent, chance at riots), the gathering places and times, routes, stops, means of transport and so on. The

cooperation is not limited big actions, it can 'also be related to the movements and activities of groups, notwithstanding their size, which can be dangerous to public order and security'.

Beside this much is done on the level of the extension of the practical cooperation. In the future foreign liaisons will as part of the normal procedure be invited when 'international demonstrations' are organised. What these police officers exactly are allowed to do abroad is rather unclear defined. They may 'advise and assist', but give information and execute tasks which are assigned to them by the member state from which they come and the member state where they are detached. With this job description liaisons can cooperate during directed tracings or (instruction to) arrests. In the near future the liaisons will certainly be present at interrogation of detainees.

Furthermore the Handbook provides with the design of collective operational coordination centers. It is imaginary that during a next Euro Summit in Amsterdam besides the Dutch police, Germans and Englishmen will be part of the command structure. Because of this, the public order policy will be more unclear. International demonstrations will then be contended with from an international perspective.

In practice the European bureaucratic paper mountain lags always behind reality. The presence of police from other countries during the Euro Summit points to the fact that the aforementioned cooperation already exists. Next to the use of section 140 as public order measure (also a trend with soccer fans) a new phenomenon is introduced: the europeanizing of the combat to maintain public order. Maybe this explains why the words 'chaoten' and 'autonomen', originally from the respective German and Italian scene, here all at once were introduced?

How does the Dutch police react when a liaison from Germany tells that 200 violent chaoten from the Black Block will arrive? Or about 3.000 Italian autonomous hijacked a train? The Criminal Justice Act in England (an act which for instance the organisation of 'raves' prohibited and puts a restraint on 'travellers') you are quickly reputed as severe disturber of public order. Information about demonstrators from different

countries is colored by specific national preferences and other prohibitions, which are strongly dependent on the (party-political) delusion of the day.

The question remains whether information from other countries contributed to the arrests or deportation of demonstrators during the Euro Summit. Was there for instance an Italian liaison in Amsterdam who gave information to the police about the Italians who were arrested in their train on Saturday? And did German liaisons frighten Dutch authorities in such a way that the police decided to run in preventive the group in the Spuistraat?

Supervision on this international cooperation is almost impossible. In Schengen context there is hardly any democratic control, and the policy of the European Union is being made in even more secret relation and executed.

Further research by an independent authority should investigate the decisions making which led to the preventive arrests during the Euro Summit in Amsterdam. What precisely has been the role of information from abroad for decisions to run in-actions?

Section 140 PC

The use of section 140 in this way is without precedent in the Netherlands and it seems, without precedent within the European Union. Maybe it is a foretaste of what groups of people can expect in the future when Europol gives advice concerning events which can be a threat to public order (concerts, demonstrations, sporting events).

Section 140 PC is an old section within the Penal Code. In 1918 a leading member of the Social Democrat Workers Party was sentenced under this section because he called for a revolution in the Netherlands. After World War II it was used against freedom fighters in Indonesia when the Netherlands were fighting their colonial war there. It was used before against political groups, but always after things happened and with more specific proof and more clearly defined charges. Nevertheless it has of course been used against left-wing groups which could not be prosecuted for anything else. In almost 90% of the cases in which it was used it never came to a conviction, and people were only prosecuted under section 140 because it allows the police to use much more widespread investigation techniques than in prosecutions under other sections. In most of the cases it has been used against radio pirates, 'organisations' that were active on the soft drug market, etc..

The Dutch High Court approved of the use of section 140 PC for political organisations, but at the same time

made a restriction on its use by defining that the individual contribution should have a direct relation to the realisation of the aims of the organisation involved. The only problem is, that although the restriction may be legally clear, in practice it is not. Is someone who donates money every month to an existing organisation a member when the organisation is suddenly and unexpectedly being prosecuted under section 140 PC?

This is the first time that section 140 PC has been used to prevent possible disturbances of public order and security. The police and the Departments of Justice and Home Affairs were well-prepared and obviously planned the entire operation in advance. The fact that there were no massive riots, no violent demonstrations and that in fact nothing happened that could possibly justify the behavior of the Department of Justice, confirms the general idea that the arrests on Sunday night were planned well before the summit. Also the use of section 140 as legal grounds for the arrest must have been discussed within the Justice Department. It is therefore not only a means to prevent people from exercising their basic right to demonstrate, but also a means to extend the use of section 140 to groups within society with whom the state is not very pleased. If the prosecution under section 140 PC fails, the Department of Justice will undoubtedly call for new legislation.



Autonom Centrum

The Autonom Centrum is an independent organisation and calls itself a political action group. The work of the Autonom Centrum consists among other things of: individual aid to and documenting complaints from rejected refugees and illegal residents, visiting refugees and illegal persons in special prisons and research on the subject of the detention of refugees and illegal people and campaigns against the exclusion of unauthorized aliens but other groups as well.

The Autonom Centrum can be contacted at Bilderdijkstraat 165f, 1053 KP Amsterdam, phone 020 6126172, fax 020 6168967, ac@xs4all, <http://wwwwww.xs4all.nl/~ac>.

Jansen & Janssen

Jansen en Janssen is an independent organisation that investigates police and intelligence agencies in the Netherlands. The information from various research is used for critical publications and to support media and scientific research. Jansen & Janssen can be contacted at PO box 10591, 1001 EN Amsterdam, phone 020 6123202, respub@xs4all.nl, <http://www.xs4all.nl/~repub>.

The Prisoner Support Group

The Prisoner Support Group support left radical prisoners.

The Prisoner Support Group can be contacted at Bollocks, 1ste Schinkelstraat 14, 1075 TX Amsterdam, phone 020 6790712.

The complaints book can be ordered by transferring 10 guilders (including postage) in the name of "complaints book on police conduct EU rot op", on giro 6131418, Stichting Afval, Amsterdam.

