

Phoenix

magazine



fairy tales

rapunzel

Like Icarus I was, when I did climb
her tower thrice, but only then to drown
in waters made of thorns. A meet ill-
timed
was what had caused my terrible fall
down.

The wings she gave me melted fast, too
swift
for me to react. In barbs I landed there,
and fate did ask a generous, small gift:
my eyes were asked: not one, instead,
the pair.

Now I stumble, without my missed grace
but then I turn, alerted by a stir
of leaves. A pair of hands well holds my
face.
I know these hands: they do belong to
her.

I hear how very softly she then
cries;
at last I see the light inside her
eyes.

written by Thijs Biezen

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illustration by
cecilie balemans-højberg



word of the board



Hi there!

So now it's my time to share a story with you for this issue. I actually know extremely little about fairy tales. I loved the stories as a child but I never really read them or researched them later in life. So, I went to look for something I could relate to the beginning of the year or to new beginnings. I always see New Year's as a time for new beginnings, you see, but to be quite honest I don't really change too much. Well not actively anyway, I frankly don't have the patience for it, but because I have this kind of new beginnings mentality, I get a bit of a fresher perspective on life.

So the fairy tale I came up with, one that I'm actually familiar with, is "Little Red Riding

Hood." It might seem like a cliché fairy tale, but I see it as a classic and I'm going to try and make it inspirational. When Little Red and her grandmother get out of the wolf's stomach, they've come from a bad place, but they were able to get out of it. I would say this could be quite inspiring, because if you're in a bad place or if you've had a bad year, you can get out and create a better life for yourself. You will probably need some help from a hunter, but everyone needs a little help sometimes. It's only good to have people around you who are willing to help you! So my conclusion is: if your past year wasn't the best, then take what you've learnt and try again this year! And don't be afraid to ask or offer people a little help.

I hope I've inspired you a little bit without being too cheesy. Have a great year and enjoy this issue of the Phoenix!

Ward Faessen



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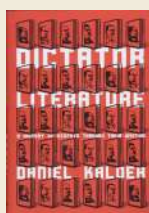
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caitlin

the sun is also a star
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by
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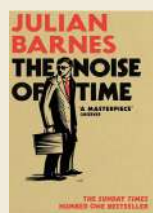
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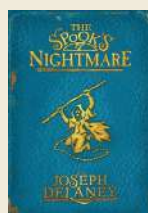
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by
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leanne

spirits
(podcast)



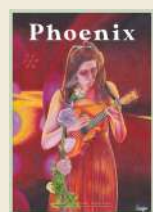
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the white album
by
joan didion



pim

heart of darkness
by
joseph conrad



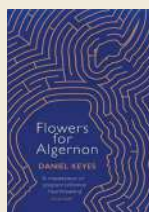
roos

Phoenix Issue I
by
Phoenix Staff



tessa

my year of rest and relaxation
by
ottessa moshfegh



thijs

flowers for algernon
by
daniel keyes

what
we're
reading

adapting to the fairy tale

baba yaga baba yaga

Writing on the character of Baba Yaga in Slavic folktales, Vladimir Propp stated that she appears as either a helper with magical powers or a villain. Baba Yaga is often seen as a pre-Slavic goddess of death and rebirth, however, her helper qualities disappear when she is changed into a witch, as seen in modern fairy tales. She dwells between the living and the dead and assists the latter to move on to the world of the dead. Regularly, Baba Yaga is depicted as a witchlike character living in the woods in a house on chicken legs. She is shown as being ugly, scary, and gruesome, possibly to keep young children from entering the woods on their own. Baba Yaga might be best known as

the witch in the fairy tale of “Vasilisa the Beautiful”. Vasilisa is asked by her stepmother to go and retrieve fire from Baba Yaga. Baba Yaga asks her to perform several tasks before she’ll receive the fire, which Vasilisa fulfils. Upon her return home, the fire devours Vasilisa’s stepmother and stepsisters. It is a story that feels like a weird crossover between Mother Hulda, known in Dutch as Vrouw Holle, and Cinderella, but with a bit more death.

A modern story that uses the character of Baba Yaga as a helper is Sophie Anderson’s *The House with Chicken Legs*. The title of this Middle Grade novel immediately refers to Slavic folklore, specifically to the stories of Baba Yaga. Anderson’s work describes the tale of a twelve-year-old girl, Marinka, growing up with a non-traditional family structure; she lives with her grandmother in a house on chicken legs. These chicken legs are important for the story since it causes the house to keep moving around, preventing Marinka from befriending people. Marinka’s grandmother is a Baba Yaga: she cooks for people she guides to the land of the dead afterwards. Every day, Marinka is tasked to build a fence made of human bones. This fence will help guide the dead but, more importantly, keep out the living. Marinka is destined to become the next Yaga, a fate she isn’t too happy to accept; Yagas live a lonely life because the fence around their house keeps out the living. Additionally, Yagas don’t look too approachable because of their hideous looks, which the story confirms when Marinka hears people in the streets talking negatively about her grandmother, stating that she is a witch and that she lives in a strange house.

This novel beautifully depicts the other side of the fairy tale, but in a way that’s different from what we’re used to: it doesn’t show the fairy tale from the villain’s perspective, rather it tells the story from that of a young girl who is close to someone that’s always depicted as the villain. *The House with Chicken Legs* takes the reader into a magical world but keeps its themes relatable through its discussion of loneliness, friendship, and family ties.

written
by
caitlin
kroot

written
by
julia
schuurmans

Growing up, my favourite fairy tale of all time was Cinderella. Nowadays there are many adaptations of Cinderella's story, but when I think of Cinderella, I think of the animated Disney film that I watched over and over as a child. The Cinderella concept is over thousands of years old; the oldest version is believed to have been written between 7 BC and 23 AD. The first Cinderella story in Europe, however, didn't appear until 1634 when Italian poet Giambattista Basile published his version. The Brothers Grimm later rewrote this story in 1812, and this version has become the story which is probably the most well-known.

The Cinderella story of the Brothers Grimm is much more 'brutal' than the Disney story I always think of. Obviously, this is because Disney turned it into a children's movie. Although the stories are similar in essence, they differ a lot. Both start with the death of Cinderella's mother, and in both versions her father remarries a woman with two daughters. In the Disney adaptation, Cinderella's father also dies, and his riches are inherited by her stepmother. Her stepmother is jealous of Cinderella's beauty and takes her jealousy out on Cinderella by making her a maid. In the tale of the Brothers Grimm, this is different: Cinderella becomes a maid while her father is still alive, as he never dies in this version of the story. However, the Brothers' Grimm adaptation shows Cinderella's father's lack of interest in and concern for her; he does nothing to protect his daughter.

The difference in brutality between the two versions is also shown with the contrasting stories of the prince's quest for the owner of Cinderella's slipper. In Disney's adaptation, Cinderella's stepsisters both try on the slipper, but it simply doesn't fit either of them. In the Grimms' version, their stepmother hands both of the stepsisters a knife for them to make the slipper fit by cutting off parts of their feet. This brutal element is left out of the Disney film, which I think is a good choice; leaving it in would make the fairy tale seem less magical and it would have been too dark for Disney's young child audience, of course.

I think the Cinderella story is one we all are familiar with. Many versions have been told, written down, or have been made into movies, and new adaptations are still being made. In my opinion, it is truly a classic fairy tale: it shows the power of kindness and fate.

cinderella
cinderella
cinderella
cinderella

written
by
thijs
biezen

When I was younger, I loved the animated Disney movie Tangled, and I still do. I like the original fairy tale as well, the one collected by the Brothers Grimm, Rapunzel. However, I do consider them separate entities, despite their similarities, because unlike films such as Snow White and Pinocchio, Tangled sticks a lot less closely to the source material.

There is one key difference immediately noticeable that is the result of this transition from tale to feature-length movie, namely the theme. Rapunzel has more loose morals in it, such as being careful not to trust strangers or make uneven bargains (Rapunzel's parents trade their future first-born child for Rapunzel, a type of leaf vegetable). The movie, however, is quick to establish a new core theme: following your dreams. This is evident in Rapunzel's persistence to see the floating lights for herself, which creates essentially a whole different story.

Whereas in Tangled Rapunzel is a princess who was stolen by the witch, in the original fairy tale she is the daughter of a lowborn couple who make a deal with the witch to save their own hides in exchange for the daughter they are expecting. Alternatively, the person who comes to save Rapunzel was originally a prince, instead of the thief, called Flynn Rider, portrayed in the film. The fate of said prince was, surprisingly, less grim in the fairy tale. There he only got blinded after falling down from the tower into a bush of thorns, compared to actually dying in the film. This leads to another important difference: the magic.

In Tangled, it is clear that Rapunzel is the one who possesses the magic. She can essentially reverse time using her hair, and thus help people who have been wounded or otherwise afflicted. After her hair is cut off, however, it seems like Rapunzel has lost her magic. This is proven to be wrong when her tears bring Flynn back from the dead, just as they cured the blindness of the prince in the original tale. Rapunzel didn't have magic hair in the Brothers Grimm's retelling of the tale, and it is debatable whether she had any magic at all. While her healing tears could have been magic of Rapunzel herself, it just as well could have been the power of love, acting as it sees fit.

The decisions to alter the story in these ways were most probably made with the children who would watch it and with the intention to make it a full feature-length movie in mind. To stretch the tale, they included more themes and likeable characters, such as animal side-kicks Pascal and Maximus, as well as a whole adventure wedged in between the events of the original story. This would make it more appealing to children. And the addition of the core theme would be to inspire them to follow their own dreams.

rapunzel
rapunzel
rapunzel
rapunzel

aladdin aladdin aladdin aladdin

Aladdin is a story most of you are probably familiar with, seeing as Disney has adapted it to hugely successful films twice already. The original story is actually a folk tale from the Middle East called “Aladdin and the Magic Lamp”. The story has been adapted and interpreted in numerous different ways over the years. The 1992 movie Aladdin by Walt Disney Feature Animation, the adaptation I will focus on, is probably the most well-known. It differs from the older tale in several respects.

One of the biggest differences between the two stories is the presence of two genies in the older folk tale versus one in the Disney adaptation. In the folk tale, Aladdin has a magic ring that spawns a genie (less powerful than the genie from the lamp), who helps him out of the cave he was trapped in and aids him in recovering the lamp from the antagonist at the climax of the story. The Disney film only features one genie, which makes sense because the existence of two genies makes the story more complicated and confusing.

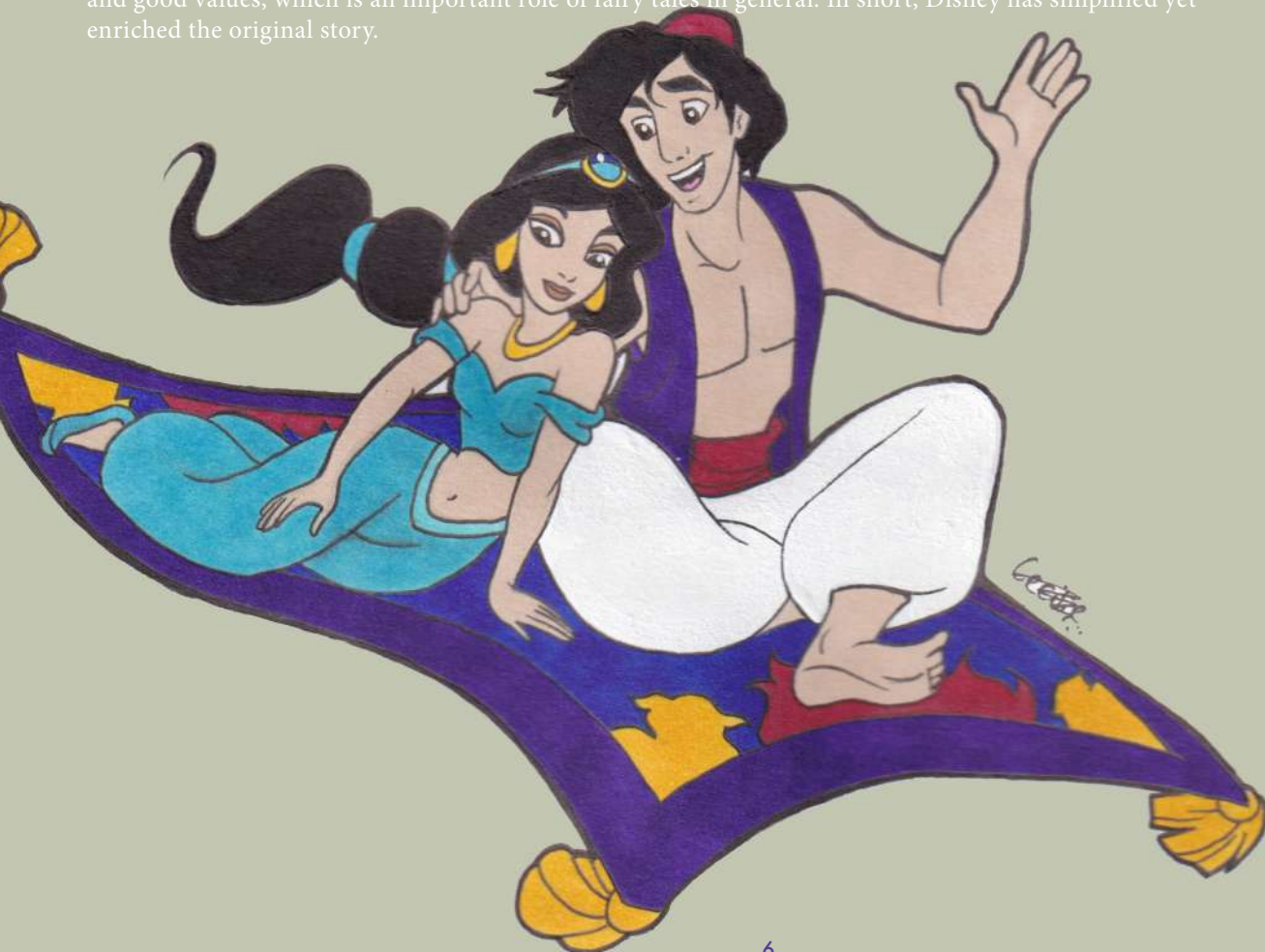
Also, the older tale does not end with Aladdin marrying the princess and defeating the antagonist. He kills the antagonist, who then turns out to have an evil brother that tries to avenge his brother's death. However, Aladdin is warned by the genie of the lamp and slays the second antagonist as well. These deaths are not family-friendly, which is why Disney has changed the death to Aladdin tricking the sorcerer and defeating him.

The genie from the lamp is freed in the end of the 1992 movie. This does not happen in the original story, which is why the genie can warn Aladdin of approaching danger. Freeing the genie is a good and selfless deed that teaches children to think of others and see them as your equal, even if they work for you or help you.

The role of the princess is also much smaller in the folk tale. She is tricked by antagonists twice, thereby putting Aladdin in danger and seeming like she has no mind of her own. There is also no romantic development between her and Aladdin, he simply marries her because she is the Sultan's daughter. That Disney gave her a bigger role within the story that made Jasmine a role model for young girls and promotes equality between men and women, a welcome change (this was expanded even further in the 2019 live-action remake, in which Jasmine becomes the Sultan instead of Aladdin).

So, Disney's adaptation has simplified and changed the original folk tale, taken out some of its key elements, in order to make the story suitable for children (in which Abu the monkey being added as a funny animal sidekick is also significant). This can be seen as regrettable. However, Disney has also added more positive moral-of-the-story elements, such as the freeing of the genie and the independence of the princess, that promote equality and good values, which is an important role of fairy tales in general. In short, Disney has simplified yet enriched the original story.

written
by
iris
du gardijn



FAIRY TALES FROM UTRECHT

WRITTEN BY TESSA KARSTEN - EDITED BY PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

Much like many other people, I have been interested in legends and folk tales from foreign countries ever since I was a child. France, Denmark, Germany, or Turkey; the tales from all these different places fascinated me greatly. But what about our own little country? More specifically, the town of Utrecht? Sit back while I introduce you to two of the many tales of times long forgotten about Utrecht and its surrounding villages.

The stone on the chain

Around the year 1520, a large stone was placed at the corner of Eligenhof and Oudegracht 364. The stone might appear to be just any ordinary stone during the daytime, but at night the stone lead a life of its own. Utrechters were convinced that if you stuck a needle into one of its pale veins exactly when the clock strikes 12 on a night with a new moon, blood would flow from its veins.

And that's not where the story ends. All kinds of evil spirits, giants, witches, and wizards alike gathered near this very corner in the middle of each cold and dark night. They danced around it full of cheer and rolled it over the boulders of the Oudegracht as if they were playing a game of marbles. It bounced back and forth around the bridges of the Oudegracht. From the Vollersbrug to the Geertebrug, from one to the other.

This terrible noise would rudely awake the citizens of Utrecht night after night. They knew better than to confront the evil creatures but could not stand the hubbub any longer. This is when the townsfolk huddled together and created a plan to banish all evil spirits to the dark waters of the canal for once and for all.

So, on a particularly dark and gloomy night, the townsfolk held a nocturnal procession during which they, by sheer quantity of people, managed to scare the spirits away. They fled out of the streets and were never to be seen again. As a safety precaution, the citizens decided to keep the boulder in its place and checked every night to see if it still bled from its veins. When that wasn't the case any longer, the citizens cheered gleefully, and Utrecht was quieter and more peaceful than ever.

The enchanted horse carriage

Once upon a time in Zeist, there was a young boy whose father was the coachman of a rich gentleman. His father set out for the day of work ahead, and his travels commenced just like any other ordinary day, until he stumbled upon a wanderer sitting on the side of the road. The young boy's father, like the nice man that he was, proceeded to chat to the wanderer.

Right at that very moment, a carriage with several horses in tow came driving towards the father and the wanderer. Inside the carriage sat a rich gentleman who knew both men sitting at the side of the road, and whom both men did not like very much.

"It looks like my day will be good after all!" said the wanderer to father. "Just take a good look at the horses, and you'll see what I mean."

All of a sudden the horses started to cripple, and at exactly the same time. They could not move forward anymore, and the rich gentleman's coachman screamed in horror. "What do I do?" he squealed. "I am in such a hurry; I must drive the gentleman back to his house right away!"

"I'll make them better again," the wanderer said, and kicked all of the horses' front legs one by one. "That's that." the wanderer proclaimed. And who would have thought?

All of the horses were walking again, as if there never had been any problem. The rich gentleman gave a thaler to the wanderer as a gift of gratitude, which the wanderer accepted. He grinned at father, said his goodbyes, and walked off, never to be seen again.

AGENT RED

WRITTEN BY FLORIS FLEUR - EDITED IRIS DU GARDIJN

In a land far far away, a crime syndicate that had influence in many cities caused a lot of trouble, and made the streets unsafe. Through threats and blackmail, they controlled people in high places. The NIPA (National Intelligence and Police Agency) had sent their best people, but had not come close to stopping the syndicate. One agent found out the syndicate's boss was a big bad man named Wolf. The NIPA now wanted to focus on this man, hoping that if they took him down, the syndicate would crumble. They had sent their best infiltrator, a woman known under the code name 'Grandmother'. However, at a certain point contact stopped and it was feared that she had been discovered. The chief called in a young agent known as 'Red'.

"Agent Red, we have a new plan to infiltrate the syndicate. One of the last things Grandmother told us was that Wolf was going to meet with the daughter of Theodore Hunter, the leader of a drug cartel. Their groups have been fighting each other over control of a warehouse complex that is very useful for storage of drugs and weapons, as it has few places to enter through and is easy to guard. The daughter is going to meet with Wolf at a café to negotiate. Here is a picture of the daughter."

The girl looked rather similar to agent Red. She appeared the same age as her and also had long red hair, green eyes, a narrow face and a nose with the tip tilted upwards.

"I think you get where this is going. You will disguise as her and go to the café in her stead."

"What about the girl. Where will she be?"

"She's been taken care of. We have her locked up here and ready for arrest after the plan has been completed. You will dress up in her clothes and braid your hair in the same way as in the picture. First you'll tell him you heard rumours that he caught an NIPA-agent. If he avoids the question, keep attempting to make him tell you, but drop it if he threatens to leave. If he confirms this, make a deal to trade the complex for some money and Grandmother. If he doesn't confirm it or state she is already dead, make a deal to just trade it for some money. If the deal is struck, tell him to make the trade in the park, the next day at 14:00. We will have agents hidden there to arrest him. Are you ready?"

"I'm ready, sir!"

When the day of the negotiation had come, Red changed into the clothes she had been given. They were rather plain clothes: a pair of cheap sneakers, jeans and a red hoodie. After putting on the clothes, she put her hair in braids.

She had visited the girl's cell, in order to study how she acted. She had tried to get used to talking with her obnoxious accent, shrill voice and somewhat creatively uncouth mannerisms, hoping that the negotiations wouldn't be long as this voice was bound to destroy her throat.

Looking into the mirror, she felt like she was back in secondary school, thinking 'I thought this girl was supposed to be around my age.' Soon she would have to leave to go to the café, which was named 'The

House in the Woods', where she would meet with Wolf. Someone no one of the agency had met and lived to talk about. Red was still pretty much a rookie, she had only been chosen because she looked like the girl. 'I need to do this, this is my chance to grow, to become an adult, and to make a name for myself here.' She packed the stuff required for the mission: a communication device to update the agency on the mission as soon as the deal was struck and a gun, just in case Wolf decided to pull a weapon in a crowded building. There was no more time left, she had to go to 'The House in the Woods'.

At 12:05 she arrived at the café, which was filled with people on their break from work. She saw a big hairy man wave at her.

"That must be Wolf," she thought, and decided to walk up to him.

"Let's have a seat," he said.

They sat down and the man ordered two coffees. He had grey hairs that lay around his head like a wild mane. His eyes were big, so that he could see better, his ears were big so that he could hear better and his teeth were big so that his wolfish grin made him look even more intimidating.

"So. What does old Theo want for it?"

"Well I heard from daddy that you had one of them nosy NIPA guys captured."

His grin disappeared. "I'm not sure I know what you're talking about. Give me an offer."

"Hon, give us that curious cat and about 50 grand and it's all yours."

"Now I'm not sure you know what you're talking about. I have no time for your games. Even if we did have a 'curious cat', what would old Theo even want with her?"

A waitress put the coffee on the table.

"Didcha just mention a 'her'? I certainly di'n't."

"Fine. Yes we have an NIPA agent. Now tell me why my man Theo wants her?"

"Well, I heard she was one of the best of those fuckers, so I betcha she will be very valuable to blackmail 'em."

"If he wants to attempt blackmailing those glorified coppers, then fine. I see no use for her anyways. So

where will the transaction take place?"

"At the park, tomorrow around 14:00."

His mouth curled back into a grin. "Pleasure doing business with you."

Red stood up to leave.

"Not gonna finish your coffee, girl?"

"Nah. I've got other things to do."

"Will you be there tomorrow?"

"Yeah yeah. Daddy doesn't like doing this business in person."

"Well then. See you tomorrow."

Red left the building and left the main road for the first alleyway in order to tell the agency the news, thinking too much about how well it went to realize how unsafe such a place is in the city. She opened her communication device, but suddenly a hand came from behind her and pressed a handkerchief to her mouth and nose. Everything became blurry until she fainted.

Slowly Red regained her sight. The sight of a wooden wall with a crossbow and hunting rifle appeared in front of her. She tried to move but couldn't, noticing that she was strapped to a chair, which itself was screwed into the floor. She saw a big man stand over a stove. He turned around and it was Wolf with his signature grin.

"Rise and shine, agent Red. I've got what you asked for."

He was holding a pan with its lid still over it.

"Oi hon. Who is agent Red and what the fuck are you doing with me!?"

"Just quit that act already. I know who you are and what you were planning. Your agency is not the only one who has people on the inside."

He put the pan down in front of Red. She now spoke with her normal voice again.

"What do you want with me? Why not just kill me?"

"Patience. I want to have some fun first."

"Why?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm a sadistic bastard."

He took off the lid, revealing a pile of cooked minced meat.

"You're gonna feed me minced meat? Is that your way of having 'fun'?"

"Oh this isn't cow or pig. I've gotten you what you wanted, say hello to agent Grandmother."

When Red realized what was going on, she wanted to throw up and cry at the same time. Wolf grabbed a fork and took a big chunk of the meat and put it in his mouth. He savoured the meat and licked his lips.

"Most people don't know how good human meat tastes, as they wouldn't try it. Allow me to treat you before you go."

He took some more meat on the fork and moved it towards Red's mouth. Red tried to keep her lips sealed, but Wolf forced it into her. She had to gag.

"Are you really gonna be that difficult about it? Well then I guess this is the end. I think I'll take a walk around to decide how I'm gonna take care of you. Keep in mind, we are a long way from the city. Even IF you would manage to escape from your binds through some kind of miracle, you have no place to go and I will hunt you down in the forest. But I'll lock the door, just to be sure."

He slammed the door behind him when he left and Red heard the door getting locked.

"Is this the end?" She thought.

She remembered when she first met agent Grandmother. When she first tried to join the agency, agent Grandmother was one of the people evaluating her. She failed one of the tests in which she had to climb a wall to cross it, but Grandmother told her that you always have to keep trying, until your very last breath. So she didn't give up and was accepted a year after. She didn't give up then, so she wouldn't do it now either. While trying to see if she could somehow slip her arms from the binds, she noticed the back of the chair was wobbly. By violently rocking her body she managed to break the back of the chair, allowing her to stand up and release her arms from the ropes that bound her to the chair. With her hands still bound, she opened drawers until she found one filled with eating utensils. She managed to grab a knife and, thanks to her dexterity, was able to cut the ropes binding her hands together. Now she had to come up with a plan to escape the house. Forcing the door open didn't seem like a good plan, as Wolf would hunt her down as he had said. She checked to see if she still had her gun, but Wolf had obviously thought about that, so she didn't have her gun on her. She checked the crossbow, which appeared to have no bolts. Then she grabbed the rifle, but that was also empty. She then saw an axe hanging high on the wall. She was too short to reach it and all the furniture was screwed to the floor. She saw some hooks on the ceiling near a window just above the axe, which were probably from a curtain that wasn't there anymore. With the rope that had previously bound her to the chair, she was able to make a lasso, which she threw to one of the hooks to make a climbing rope. Now she had to climb up the wall to reach the axe, but she kept falling down, just like during the test she took when she wanted to join the agency. She heard footsteps outside.

Wolf unlocked the door and opened it.

"I'm back, I think I'll just take my rifle and..."

He noticed the rope hanging from the wall. He turned to the table where Red was supposed to be sitting. The last thing he saw were two red braids coming from underneath a red hood, before receiving an axe in his stomach.

The bachelor's programme of English Language and Culture is filled with two types of people. People who would love to become a teacher and people who would rather do anything else. I am the kind of person that loves to teach and actually started studying English to become the best teacher I could be. The master's program of Education and Communication was my academic goal for several years and now that I'm here, I get to tell you something about it.

The two-year Education master is quite selective. They only allow a handful of students to enter the program twice a year due to the limited available internships. Once accepted, you enter classes that offer the theoretical background of teaching from multiple perspectives, so you can apply them during your internship. The classes range from strictly didactic courses to theoretical English courses, but all connect to teaching in some way. Some courses are mandatory, while others are elective, so you can design a program that best suits your needs. The electives give you the opportunity to study what you like and develop the skills that seem most important to you, while the mandatory courses give you the foundation that every teacher needs and might open your eyes to something you thought you didn't like. For example, the ongoing feud between literature and linguistics makes a comeback. However, you need to do both at least once. I was never a fan of literature, but followed a course in literature education and it certainly taught me how I could teach literature through my interests and perspective in the future.

The teachers have all experienced different classroom settings and try their best to share their experiences with you. Their backgrounds vary greatly, which gives a different perspective to the material every time. You often experience language teaching examples from other foreign languages, but somehow the clue is always the same for every language. It shows the connectivity of language teaching and how important communication actually is.

In conclusion, whether you know that you want to become a teacher or you are still debating it, take a look at Education. You can choose the full two-year program or you can easily combine a shorter program with another master's program or a job. The program will always be filled with self-exploration and many eye-openers.

by zoë opten berg

Hi! I'm Michelle, a second-year student currently in the States of Literature specialisation which I'm enjoying thoroughly. However, I wanted to broaden my horizons in line with my other interests. Ever since I was in secondary school, I have had a massive interest in history and politics, which I could feed with subjects such as history and social studies, both of which I was a big fan of. Unfortunately, most of the courses available in the English Language and Culture major do not give extensive attention to politics around literary works, only enough to be able to interpret them.

I wanted to know and learn more than just that. That is why I've chosen to do the minor Internationale Betrekkingen (International Relations), a history minor completely given in English, despite its Dutch name. It is primarily focussed on international politics and the history of politics from around the world. The minor is set up in such a way that it takes two semesters, with one course per block.

At first, you get introduced to international relations, you learn its history and you are taught how to view certain events in a critical manner. In the second block, the focus lies on governance and the creation of an institution. For example, the EU and other international organisations formed after the Second World War will be analysed. After that, the third block offers an extensive course on Dutch international relations and its history. And to top it all off, the fourth block teaches everything from imperialism to universal human rights, a course I am incredibly excited for.

I wanted to look beyond my own major and its offers, and I found exactly what I was looking for in this minor, which will shape my study path in a way that satisfies all my academic curiosities and needs. By taking this minor, I can do precisely what I want: studying both English literature and history and politics.

by michelle moonen

PLAYLIST OF MY LIFE

If life were a movie, this would be the soundtrack.

illustrations by celonie rozema

playlist
of my
life

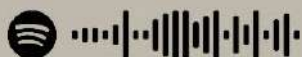


1. *Things We Lost in The Fire* by Bastille
2. *Another Love* by Tom Odell
3. *I Just Wanna Make Love To You* by Etta James
4. *Bridge Over Troubled Water* by Simon and Garfunkel
5. *The Soul Serene* by Villagers
6. *Runaway* by Aurora
7. *Passing Out Pieces* by Mac Demarco
8. *Ce Paradis* by The Pirouettes
9. *Écoute Chérie* by Vendredi Sur Mer
10. *Unbroken* by Birdy



songs selected by
Pim Storm

playlist
of my
life



1. *Mama Said* by Lukas Graham
2. *Good Times* by All Time Low
3. *Dance, Dance* by Fall Out Boy
4. *Don't Threaten Me with a Good Time* by Panic! At the Disco
5. *Trust Issues* by Astrid S
6. *Seventeen* by Troye Sivan
7. *Did It to Myself* by Orla Gartland
8. *Honest* by Tessa Violet
9. *Burned Out* by dodie
10. *Funeral* by Lukas Graham



songs selected by
Cecilie Balemans-Højberg

Bookshelf

During the final week of university prior to the Christmas holidays, Fenna, Bibianne, and I met up at Utrecht CS to make the lengthy journey all the way to Vleuten. After we did like the English do and enjoyed a cup of tea, we chatted children's literature, spending way too much money on books we don't need, and to-be-read lists.

So, what's your most recent read?

It depends whether you count the books I haven't finished yet, or not. The most recent book I actually finished reading in its entirety was *Peter Pan* by J.M. Barrie, and the one I started but have not fully read yet is *Heart of Darkness* by Joseph Conrad. It is quite a task to get through, but I'm working on it.

Do you have a favourite author?

No, I don't think so. There is no one that specifically comes to mind. I tend to not really stick to one author and gravitate

more towards reading books within one genre instead. Fantasy is definitely my favourite genre, but I like crime novels and detectives too.

And what about your favourite book?

To go along with my previous answer, I don't really have a favourite book either [laughs]. I did really like *Welcome to Night Vale* by Jeffrey Cranor and Joseph Fink, which a friend gifted me last year. It is a really strange book at first, but the weirdness of it is what made me really like it. I started listening to the podcast after finishing the book, which I would absolutely recommend doing. It's definitely a bit odd at first, but once you get into it, you start to see how the randomness of it makes total sense in the world they created.

Do you perhaps have a favourite classic?

It was a bit of a tough read, but I read *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* by Robert Louis Stevenson a while ago, and I ended up really enjoying it. Reading classics always feels like a bit of an achievement, especially when you realise you actually kind of liked it upon finishing. I did have to go back and forth between the pages a couple of times as I was unsure about what I had just actually read, but it was very enjoyable, nevertheless.

Is there a book you always recommend when people ask for suggestions?

I think I would have to mention *Peter Pan* by J.M. Barrie again. In my opinion, people tend to disregard it quickly since it is classified as children's literature. The same thing holds for *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll, but I think that is unfair. *Peter Pan*, especially, is quite a complex book, and there definitely is a lot more to it than what most people initially expect.

Speaking of children's literature, did you read a lot as a child already?

Definitely! Unfortunately, much more than I do now, actually. I read all the *Geronimo Stilton* books by Elisabetta Dami which I all really enjoyed. My mum convinced me to read the entire *Harry Potter* series too, and I'm very glad that she did. I used to go through books so quickly. I would read around three books a week and now I hardly read one, which is a shame.

And how about fairy tales, did you like reading those as well?

I did, yes! I loved fairy tales when I was little and I still do, actually. I remember giving a presentation on the topic in fifth grade as I was so obsessed with it and wanted to share it with all my classmates. I suppose it originally started as an infatuation with Disney princesses, and as I grew older, I got to know the actual stories that inspired them, some of which I liked even better. They usually are a bit darker and a lot more complex, which made me want to look into them even further.

Do you have a particular fairy tale that holds a lot of memories?

There's not one particular fairy tale that comes to mind, but I do remember really liking "Little Red Riding Hood". I also remember my parents gifting me these two large books full of stories by the Brothers Grimm, which I leafed through very often. It's a shame I don't know where they are now, since I would like to go through them once more. Those actually were the books I used giving the presentation I just mentioned, so I guess you could say they were the beginning of it all.

What about characters? Do you have a favourite character out of a fairy tale or one



that you identify with?

I've always liked the character of Rapunzel. She is shy yet very outgoing at the same time, and I find her to have a very interesting personality. I think she's a lot like me in that regard, since I feel like I also can be shy yet outgoing.

To return to your current day reading habits, is there an author or book you haven't read yet but would really like to read?

It's quite a coincidence, but I actually saw a book today that caught my attention. It was *The Five: The Untold Lives of the Women Killed by Jack the Ripper* by Hallie Rubenhold. What fascinated me about it is that it's a nonfiction book, which I usually don't gravitate towards, but it still feels like fiction since Jack the Ripper is somewhat mythical. Since I usually enjoy reading crime and detective novels, I think it could be a really interesting read.

What is the prettiest book currently on your shelves?

I own a beautiful copy of all the *Sherlock Holmes* stories by Arthur Conan Doyle, which has to be the prettiest book I own. I'm not sure why I decided to buy it, since it's around two thousand pages long and I haven't read it as of yet, but when I saw it, I just had to get it. I got it at Broese, which I would call my favourite place in Utrecht, and I just couldn't resist the golden edges and beautiful cover. I had some gift cards

left so I decided to bite the bullet and get it. It's just one of those collectors' items, especially as an English literature student. Do I actually need this? No. But I really want this so I kind of need it indirectly, right?

Do you mostly read novels, plays, or poetry?

At the moment I mostly read novels, but I do want to get more into poetry. Therefore, I asked my brother one of these Poem-a-Day poetry bundles for Christmas: so that I actually have something pushing me to read every day. I'm quite busy with rowing and my coursework, so reading usually comes last, and when I get into bed, I usually don't have any energy left in me to pick up a book. So, this seems like a good New Year's resolution.

And lastly, to stick with the Adapting to the Novel-mindset a lot of English students are in right now, do you have a favourite film adaptation?

Just for the reason of not completely ignoring Effie, I really liked the last two instalments of *The Hunger Games*. I had always liked the character of Effie in the books, but after the first one she just completely disappeared. In the films they had her stick around, which I appreciate. I also think those adaptations are rather faithful to the books, which is a plus in my opinion.

.....
"I guess you could say those large books full of fairy tales were the beginning of it all"



albineers abroad

indie reinierse



ucla

At the moment of writing this, I've just finished packing my bags. It's been 4 months now, since I left the Netherlands to come to LA to study abroad. It has been a crazy couple of months filled with a lot of travelling, partying, studying, and some crazy LA adventures. I've seen Hollywood behind the scenes, having attended the taping for The Voice and James Cordon's Late Late Show, where I refined the art of fake-laughing and clapped so hard my hands hurt. I've also had the typical California wildfire scares during my time here – at one point even having had to prepare an evacuation bag. Not unlike the Dutch snow days, here the students pray for a fire day when there's a fire near.

During my time here, I've had the most fun I've had in years; however, it has also been stressful. UCLA is known for its competitiveness and it's easy to get caught up in it if you're not careful. Whereas we have a *zesjescultuur* in the Netherlands, here at UCLA everyone aims for straight A's. It motivates you to excel, but at the same time it's tough because you become disappointed even with a B+.

Luckily, UCLA students know how to cope with stress, and I've witnessed – and participated in – some of UCLA's craziest traditions. Every day at 12 pm during finals week, students open their windows and start screaming to get rid of their frustration. On Wednesday evening, halfway through finals week, students gather to participate in the quarterly 'Undie Run' in which everyone runs across campus in their underwear.

Looking back on this adventure, I'm very thankful for having had the opportunity to come study here, at this beautiful campus, but most of all I'm thankful for the friendships I've made here, even though they make it really hard to say goodbye to this place now.

Kisses from the Golden State,
Indie

word of the month

lethargy
/ 'lɛθədʒi /

noun

1. a condition of torpor, inertness, or apathy

selected by PIM STORM

Following the festivities from December, January is often apprehended as dark and gloomy. Many decline into melancholia, lose the vivacity and cheerfulness of the holidays. They forget, however, that this month is the spark of a new year, a new beginning. Keep your eyes open to what is to come.

credits: Oxford English Dictionary

favourite fairy tales

written by

iris du gardijn - *the little match girl*
patrick van oosterom - *the twelve dancing princesses*
pim storm - *rapunzel*
thijs biesen - *the six swans*

When trying to think of my favourite fairy tale, vivid memories of reading the enormous Brothers Grimm and Andersen books, that still occupy a spot on my bookshelves, flooded my mind. Those pages filled with beautiful illustrations are what made me fall in love with reading. That is why, when having to choose my favourite, I had to dig through them once more in order to make such a difficult decision. I decided on “*The Little Match Girl*” by Hans Christian Andersen, which recounts the story of a poor and abused girl who has to sell matchsticks on a cold New Year’s Eve. The fairy tale is about underprivileged people and about the fact that we all need warmth and love from others to fill our lives with. To this day, “*The Little Match Girl*” still touches my heart. When I was young, it taught me value of being kind to others and appreciating the people and comfort I have in my life. It is easier to count your blessings when looking through the eyes of someone who has nothing. That insight is the essence of this beautiful fairy tale.

When I was musing on some fairy tales that I used to love as a child, two stories came to my mind: “*The Little Match Girl*” (which I, sorry not sorry, disliked to say the least) and some vague story about a prince who is given poisoned wine because a bunch of rebel princesses wanted to dance and have some fun without their family knowing. Of course the latter directly connected to my juvenile spirit. “*The Twelve Dancing Princesses*” is, briefly summarised, a story about a man who has to find out why these princesses’ shoes are worn out every morning (spoiler: it’s because they go to a secret ball night after night). In the end, the king curses the princesses and the man marries one of them. The ideology of this tale isn’t exactly praiseworthy, but that doesn’t spoil the wonderful imagery that I was mesmerised by as a child. I can still vividly recollect these glamorous women twirling around ad infinitum, not giving a fuck, swirling here and there in the most beautiful garments imaginable, nonchalantly enjoying their transgression, and all for the simple sake of happiness.

My friends often call me an old soul and I must admit that, to a considerable degree, this is true. For discussing one of my favourite fairy tales, I’ll be dwelling on nostalgia and memories of when I was a young boy: *Rapunzel* (or as I prefer to call it, *Raponsje*: the Dutch equivalent that my grandmother always read me). My grandmother used to read it to me from a large book full of fairy tales, and I remember how I always wanted her to read me this particular tale. Looking at the pictures in the book while listening to my grandmother’s voice, I entered *Rapunzel’s* tower and envisioned the interior – for my five-year-old self actually liked the idea of being stuck in a tower: it provided such beautiful views. Actually, I didn’t specifically care for the villainous old lady or the young man who was to ultimately save *Rapunzel*, as the idea of the tower and its height were sufficiently fascinating to me. It wasn’t even so much the happy ending that I loved, but mostly my own imagination that was triggered as my grandmother read it to me. It felt like as if each time I went to stay at my grandmother’s, I would also climb up *Rapunzel’s* tower.

After a lot of deliberation, I decided on my favourite fairy tale: *the Six Swans*. Collected by the Brothers Grimm, it is a tale about extreme determination. There are more fairy tales like this one, with determination at their core, such as the Six Servants and Rumpelstiltskin, but this one is the most exceptional of them. It starts with a king’s children: six sons and one daughter. The six princes get turned into swans by their stepmother. Their only way of turning back is for their sister to sew six shirts out of nettles, all the while neither speaking nor laughing, otherwise it would all be moot. She completes this task eventually, after not saying anything for years on end, not even to defend herself when she is sentenced to death because of a false accusation, holding back tears and words alike. The princess puts extreme effort into achieving her goal with a tremendous amount of determination and motivation most people can only strive to possess, and eventually she is rewarded for it by having her brothers returned to her as humans, instead of swans.

t e a t i m e

with lieke stelling

photography by FENNA LEEUWENBURGH written by PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM edited by IRIS DU GARDIJN

There were only a few days left until Christmas would once again be upon us, and on one of those stormy, late December days Fenna and I visited Lieke Stelling's house in Utrecht. We sat down in her living room, which was festively decorated with a red-accented Christmas tree. Soon the room smelled of coffee and apple pie, and, while constantly admiring all the beautiful bookshelves and the modern interior design, we talked about her research, her life as a student, and her Utrechtian roots.

What did you study and where?

I studied English Language and Culture at Utrecht University. I did my third year at University College London as a Harting scholar. After that I went on to do an RMA degree in Literary Studies. At the time there was also a one-year MA in Renaissance literature, and I remember choosing a lot of courses from that particular programme, but the official degree I took was Literary Studies (now Comparative Literature). I had some of the same teachers that are currently my colleagues: Paul Franssen, Ton Hoenselaars, Simon Cook, Rias van den Doel, Roselinde Supheert, and René Kager. I also did a minor in Finnish, which was still offered as a degree in The Netherlands at the time. I had spent an exchange year in Finland as a secondary school student, and wanted to make sure I wouldn't forget the language. I can still converse in Finnish and the country has a special place in my heart.

Can you describe your time in London?

I remember wanting to go to London, because of London, but also because of Shakespeare; you could see different Shakespeare plays every month, at different theatres. When I arrived, it was a little intimidating in the sense that my only fellow students were either British or American, so I was the only non-native speaker of English. I had to write essays every two other weeks, which took some time getting used to. But the teachers were great and very inspiring. I remember a very interesting seminar on *Macbeth* taught by Henry Woudhuysen, and I remember feeling so energised after that class. My year in London was definitely one of the most important of my life.



What is it like teaching at the same university you went to, as opposed to being taught?

I think the moment I really noticed the difference was in 2006, when I first became a teacher as a student assistant. I remember not knowing how much I should prepare, so I always overprepared. I also recall that when, during my first classes, the conversation died, I was still in my 'student mode' and it took a few seconds for me to realise that I was the one in charge and responsible for moving on to a new topic or

assignment. I know I have grown over the years, but it took a long time before I felt comfortable as a teacher and had figured out how to deal with different classroom situations. Especially because there are so many different kinds of student personalities. That's also precisely what I love about teaching: getting to know such a wide variety of people.

What were you like as a student?

I suppose I was quite eager to learn; I remember enjoying it from the first day, and loving it even more over the course of the degree. I worked hard to get good grades, because I wasn't brilliant; I remember getting fail marks for literature courses in my first year, because I didn't get it, and I remember the penny dropped, and suddenly, [snaps], I got the hang of it. Also writing: I enjoy doing it, but it can be a struggle. One of the things that I am quite happy with is that as a student, I didn't draw rash conclusions about my writing abilities. This is something I see often in students, they assume that they are simply not good at something, at formulating thesis statements or writing, and that's the end of it. And I'm always surprised, because you're here to learn, right? It takes a lot of practice to become proficient in writing.

What's the biggest difference between when you studied and nowadays?

The thing that's really changed is that students have laptops in front of them. That's something I'm a little concerned about, because it's so easy to get distracted that way. That's a new challenge that students (and teachers) are faced with, and I'm not sure how to deal with it. I think we should ban laptops because there are important benefits to taking notes by hand. When you do the latter, you're forced to quickly separate main from side issues, because handwriting cannot keep up with spoken language, which is a totally undervalued skill. At the same time, I do realise that laptops have become part of our everyday lives.

How would you describe your taste in

"Students often assume that they are simply not good at something, at formulating thesis statements or writing, and that's the end of it. And I'm always surprised, because you're here to learn, right?"



literature?

I'm an omnivore. People might think that I only like sixteenth- and seventeenth century literature, because that is what I specialise in, but that's not the case. When I was a teacher at Leiden (and later Utrecht), there were so many new short stories and novels that I had to teach, including *Wise Blood* by Flannery O'Connor, which has now become one of my favourite novels, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, James's *The Turn of the Screw*, Joyce's *Dubliners*, to name a few titles, and a lot of detective novels. I'm very grateful for having had to teach these works, because they are truly enriching. I'm currently reading Atwood's *The Year of the Flood*, which is not something I would choose myself, but one of my students is writing a paper on it. I think I like it.

If you could pick one novel that every first year should read, what novel would you pick?

I think my choice would be *Lolita*. That may sound controversial, but I think it's a really important and relevant book, especially in relation to #metoo, but it also helps you to understand literature and reflect on your position as a reader and the role of the narrator; it's also about the correlation between content and style. It's deeply disturbing, genuinely funny and very tragic at the same time; also, there are two great film adaptations.

Do you have a favourite quote? Perhaps from Shakespeare?

No, I don't do quotes. I find it very funny when people quote some words of wisdom from, say *Paradise Lost*, and don't realise it is Satan who is speaking. Similarly, when you quote from Shakespeare, you

never quote Shakespeare himself, but a character, which might cast the quote in a completely different light.

Can you give us a sneak peak of what the book you are writing is about?

The book is about humour and religion. More specifically, it is about the ways in which people used humour in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to relieve religious tensions between groups, such as Protestants and Catholics, but also within themselves. The Protestant Reformation had created this turmoil, a radical change in many ways. There seems to be a critical consensus that religious humour, or humour concerning religious topics was celebrated in the Middle Ages and disappeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because it was banned by reformers. I have found many examples to the contrary, mostly in joke books, but also in comedies and prose narratives.

Humour is subjective, and I can imagine that you don't always "get" the joke from three or four hundred years ago.

That is exactly what makes this topic difficult. For that reason I study texts that are labelled humorous by early moderns themselves. In doing this I avoid projecting my own sense of humour onto a text, which also means that there are certain texts that I can't study. I can't, for example, study sermons and try to find jokes. Or poetry;



John Donne or George Herbert can be very funny, but their poems and sermons are not labelled as humorous. There is one joke, first published in 1526, that I find quite hilarious. So there is this friar who admonishes his congregation for going out riding on a Sunday, which is a day of rest, when we should be praying and thinking of God. There is one man in the congregation who is doing that all the time, and he gets a bit upset, and he tells the friar: "Well, hang on, Jesus Christ himself went out riding on a Sunday, namely Palm Sunday". Then the friar says: "Well, that's my point exactly. Remember what happened to Christ the Friday after?". It is a sixteenth-century version of a joke in *Life of Brian*.

How would you describe your taste in film?

Again, I'm an omnivore. I try to avoid horror because of the blood and big blockbusters because of the large crowds. Some of my favourite films I watched over the past years are *Call Me By Your Name* and *Phantom Thread*. But I also enjoy classics, like *The Apartment* by Billy Wilder and *Una*

"I remember a very interesting seminar on *Macbeth* taught by Henry Woudhuysen, and I remember feeling so energised after that class. My year in London was definitely one of the most important of my life."

Giornata Particolare with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. A 'discovery' I made a while ago are Eric Rohmer's films.

What do you like the most about Utrecht?

After I graduated, I remember really wanting to move to a different city, because I was born and raised in Utrecht, and felt I knew the city 'too well' if that is possible. I did not like having memories everywhere I went in Utrecht, even good memories. But now I really appreciate that, the sense of being truly rooted in a place. My favourite spots are Louis Hartlooper, and Springhaver, where I like to see films, with my partner, friends or by myself. For my first job I washed dishes at Springhaver.

Do you have any advice for students?

It's great and important to have a plan for the future, but at some point you will discover that some things will not go the way you expected or hoped for. But that's okay, as long as you're open to new opportunities, because they will emerge. It is just that you have to see them. If you're obsessed with a too specific plan you will miss out on things. It helps if you try to surf the waves of life. Also, proofread your essays before submitting them.



caitlin
brave



cecilie
aladdin



celonie
mulan



dagmar
tangled



tenna
101
dalmatians



floris
the emperor's
new groove



iris
narnia



janice
peter pan



julia
cinderella



teanne
treasure
planet



patrick
mary
poppins



pin
bambi



roos
the jungle
book



tessa
ratatouille



thijs
the hunchback
of notre dame

what we're
watching
disney edition

den lille havfrue

illustrated by Cecilie Balemans-Højberg



syrenka warszawska

illustrated by Cecilie Balemans-Højberg



COLOURING PAGE

Be sure to share the result with us through Instagram or Facebook! Line art by Celonie Rozema.

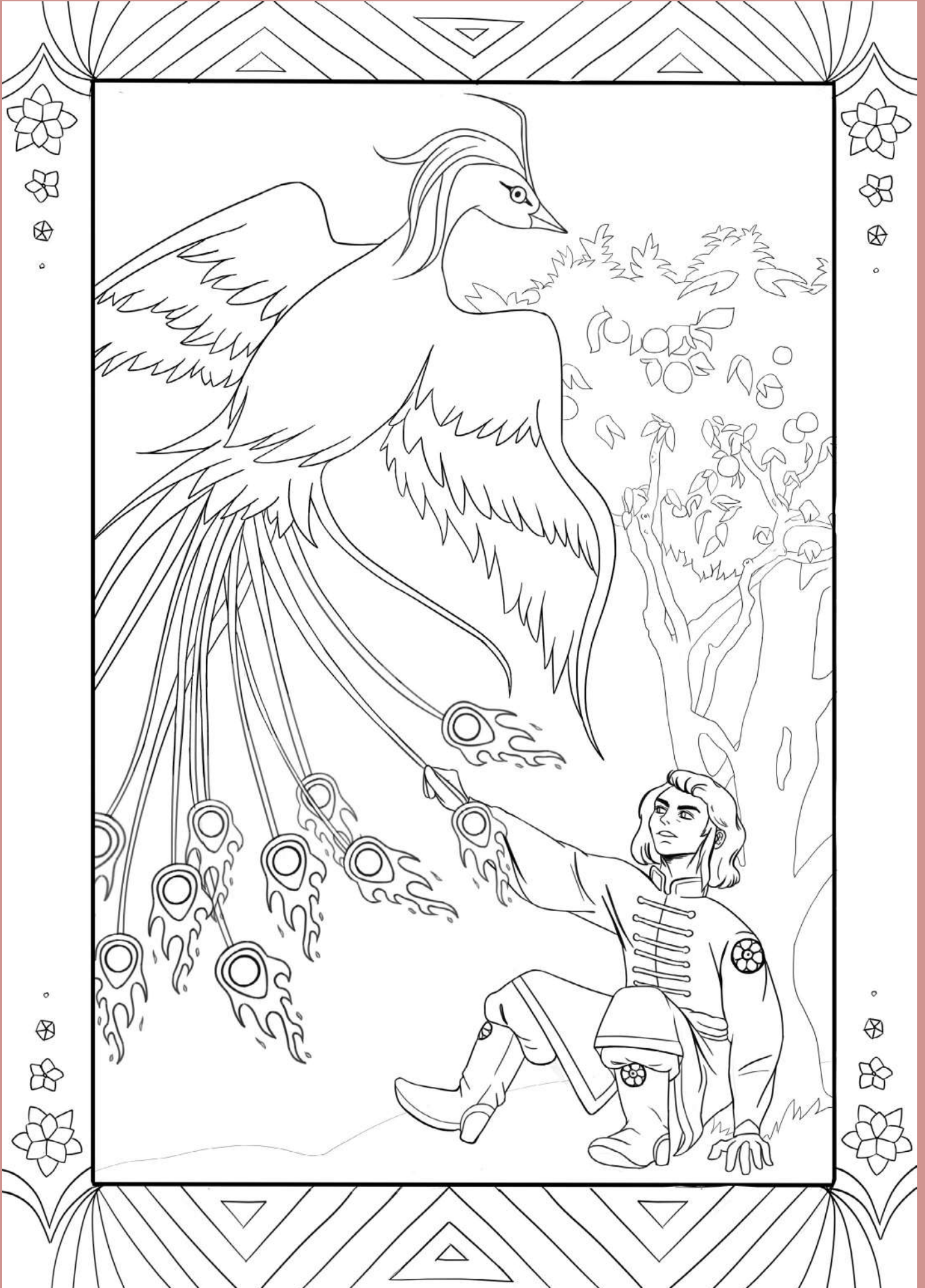




illustration by
cecilie balemans-højberg



Q & A L U M N I

with Jan Paul Kuijper

in conversation with IMKE VAN DAM written by PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM
edited by PIM STORM photography by JANICE GOUDAPPEL

Jan Paul Kuijper has worked for nearly 40 years at Minkema College in Woerden. He was the English teacher of the current Chair of Albion, Imke van Dam, and he himself studied English Language and Culture at Utrecht University. At some point he was even a member of the board of Albion, and in this interview with Imke he discusses things that changed, some of the things that stayed the same, and some valuable insights from his long career as a teacher.

Why did you decide to study English?

I don't really have a reason for that. My brother said at a certain point to me that English was a rather beautiful language, and since I didn't know which subject I should study, I decided to study English. I didn't know what to expect at all.

Can you tell us something about your time as a student?

I predominantly got through my time as a student with table football. It didn't matter if you missed a lecture or a seminar; it was rather non-committal. In my third year I discovered that English was a tough major, and that the only option I had was to become a teacher. I had no idea what else I could do. I thought that a university educated you to become a researcher, but I wasn't passionate about the topics that I could research (e.g. Old-English). As for the parties, the ones that have stayed with me were all organised by Albion. Every two weeks we had a "Kelderavond" ("Basement-evening") at Oude Gracht, which was like a bar-evening. They were specifically for English students, but they were attended by some French students after a certain time. These evenings were incredibly fun. My favourite part of the study was when I studied Elizabethan drama, which was taught by David Reid, father of the current "Rijndende Rechter" ("Judge-on-Wheels"), John Reid. He was such an erudite person.



You were a member of Albion and you were part of the board, right?

With four or five friends we started something so English students could order their books more easily. We organised bar-evenings, and we also organised introduction weekends for new students. All the first years went, together with a few second and third years, to a youth hostel in Heemskerk, where we got to know each other a little more. I always experienced that everyone knew everybody, partly because of Albion, and partly because each year consisted only of about 50 students. After a while, we received a key to the building from the concierge because we organised so many activities. Albion was then still in its infancy, and in that time (the end of the 1970s) it was more of

THE LIGHTHOUSE - A few nights ago, I found myself unable to sleep (note to self: no coffee after 10pm), and, since the rain was gushing against my windows and the wind curled about the house, I decided that it was the right time to watch Robert Eggers' latest film, "The Lighthouse." This nautical thriller stars Willem Dafoe and Robert Pattinson as Thomas Wake and Thomas Howard, two wickies (naval slang for lighthouse keepers) who man a lighthouse at the coast of New England in the 1890s. Their isolation causes a gradual descent into madness, fuelled by haunting visions of mermaids, revengeful seagulls, and merciless waves. The film borders on the line between allegory and psychological case-study, ultimately becoming neither.

A level on which it does work is as an examination of machismo. Dafoe's Thomas flatulates almost continually throughout the film, mimicking a dog that is demarcating its territory. Pattinson's Thomas visibly struggles

with the psychological burden of having to do all the unpleasant chores at Dafoe's Thomas's whim, such as carrying heavy barrels up the stairs, painting the lighthouse, scrubbing the floors, etc. One is in command, the other in enforced servitude. The film is obsessed with power relations: why is the stronger one, the younger one, the bigger one being controlled by the older one, the weaker but the smarter one? The latter is, in this case, the keeper of the keys, the one who possesses the only book on the island, the one who has all the knowledge of maritime legends and knows the technical details of lighthouse-keeping. This loaded situation cannot hold; it is bound to implode, and when it does, my god, it is a sight to behold. The film literally isolates its two male leads, and interesting is to observe how, in the noteworthy absence of female counterparts, these two resort to orgiastic mermaid fantasies, masturbation, unintentional BDSM, and some weird naked dancing. And as the saying goes, sex is power, and it is exactly in this film that power is turned topsy-turvy and inside-out.

As for the film as an allegory, [spoiler alert] Eggers could not be more obvious that he is retelling the myth of Prometheus, but what does Eggers' symbolism signify? The iconography is especially prevalent in the last few shots, where, after a breakdown when he has finally seen "the Light," Pattinson's Thomas lies dead on the beach, and the seagulls feast from his organs. Does the Light symbolise the American Dream, and Pattinson's Thomas the constantly pursuing working class? It is plausible, but it is a theory that remains in the realm of mere speculation.

Although the film plays around with a lot of interesting thematic material, its effectivity is undermined by its annoyingly unfocused scope. It is too unrealistic for it to become a fully fleshed out psychological case study, and too inconsistent to be a successful allegory. But it's a hell of a ride nonetheless, and it surely made my evening (morning?). I still highly recommend it because it does succeed on story-telling level, plus, its 19th-century-photography style is gorgeous, and the accents (Oy Lord the accents) are everything.

written by PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

THE CRUEL PRINCE - Many of us have the tendency to read less and less fairy tales when we grow up, but we never completely lose fantasy in our lives. Modern fantasy stories are often very popular and read by many people. Holly Black's *The Cruel Prince* is a perfect example of this. This book came out a few years ago, and it is the first part of a trilogy. While it is set in the world of Fearie, it is more than just a magical story. This novel contains more than one plot twist, and I thought that it almost felt like a detective. Holly Black gives the characters so much depth, and even the main character is unpredictable. I was unable to put the book away. The novel showed love, heartbreak and cruelty. Not everyone has a soft spot for fantasy, however, but if you are into that genre I would definitely recommend this book to you.

written by JULIA SCHUURMANS

SNOW & ROSE - “Snow White and Rose Red” is one of the lesser known fairy tales collected by the Brothers Grimm. It considers the tale of two young sisters who live in the woods. They often go out into the woods, just the two of them, to embark on adventures. *Snow & Rose* by Emily Winfield Martin retells this fairy tale in a newer and fresh way. Upon the disappearance of their father, a nobleman, Snow, Rose and their mother are forced to move out of their house because of their mother’s background. Snow and Rose’s mother is from a common family and has no business living in a house of the council of nobles without her husband. The three of them are forced to go and live in a cottage in the woods, that is owned by a family member. Snow and Rose know of the disappearances connected to the woods; after all, this is where their father disappeared. However, they often wander around in the woods on their own. The sisters discover a library that doesn’t house any books, encounter a Little Man in need of help, and free a bear, whom they later on befriend. On one of their many adventures they encounter a young boy, Ivo. He quickly becomes a close friend to the sisters, and they often explore the woods together on a journey to find Snow and Rose’s father.

If you’re already familiar with this fairy tale, this novel might be a bit predictable. Martin twisted some elements in a way that it becomes unfamiliar, but the bigger picture stays the same. However, if you don’t know the fairy tale, this novel forms a beautiful introduction. Beautiful can be taken quite literally, since the novel includes artwork from Martin herself. Before being known as a children’s book writer she was mostly known as one of Etsy’s success stories (Etsy being a website on which she sold her own paintings). This novel incorporates her own artwork, including full-page prints of her paintings, as well as chapter headings and smaller paintings in the margin of the pages. This is not the only thing Martin has done well with this novel. Her choice to work this fairy tale into a middle grade novel has given her freedom. Since it is a lesser-known fairy tale she can stay relatively close to the story as written down by the Brothers Grimm. The amount of space Martin has in the book allows her to explore the tale and the characters in a way that the Brothers Grimm

couldn’t. The two sisters are given distinct personalities rather than being always named together. There are strong contradictions between the two girls, but these differences only strengthen their bond. Additionally, a larger role is given for the Little Man, and the role of the bear is changed. This novel retells one of the most beautiful fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm, but it includes more focus on friendship and family. The highlight of this novel is the beautiful relationship between the two sisters, and let’s be honest, who doesn’t love a great sister relationship in a novel?

written by CAITLIN KROOT

THE NIGHTINGALE - When I was little, my mom would always read me one of Andersen’s fairy tales before I’d go to bed. Whenever she read “The Nightingale”, she would tell me about how the Nightingale itself represents true friendship. The fairy tale follows an emperor who adores hearing the singing of the Nightingale who lives in the tree next to his window. The Emperor loves it so much that he at one point decides to keep the Nightingale next to him in a cage so it could sing for him whenever he wanted. Sadly, this made the Nightingale miserable. Later in the story, the Emperor receives a mechanical bird, which replaces the Nightingale. The Nightingale becomes upset by this and leaves. The Emperor is angry at the Nightingale, but he still has his mechanical bird so it doesn’t affect him too much. One day, however, the mechanical bird breaks and the Emperor becomes gravely ill. He now realises he has lost the thing he cared about most: the Nightingale. When the emperor lies on his deathbed, the Nightingale returns and sings for him. Returning, the Nightingale runs the risk of being put back into a cage again. Due to the bird’s singing, the Emperor regains his health and he apologises for all he has done. The thing I think is so beautiful about this story is that despite the Emperor’s behaviour, the Nightingale is still there for him when he needs it most. The Nightingale is forgiving and shows unconditional love, which I’d say is quite inspiring.

written and illustrated by
CECILIE BALEMANS-HØJBERG



I meet his eyes of stone with mine too soft
to fall in his while I'm not taking harm
and yet I lose myself in eyes too loft
and vain, but still so filled to brim with
charm.

I pray to bring me him alive and well
prepared to give up anything at all
for him, in whose grey, timeless eyes I
fell;
I offer all I have, even my call.

Unlike Pygmalion he loves me not
another he has chosen over me:
a mute, my voice encaged in iron
wrought,
released by love's own kiss, that is the
key.

I find myself at seaside looking on
as I dissolve until at last, I'm gone.