

Phoenix

magazine



the film issue

Feather-soft

Trees are all around me, blocking the sun,
not letting its rays shine upon my path,
with their green leaves that don't feel green, but dark,
just as cold as the floor with its long roots
that try their best to trip me up and down
when I move through this forest, my way lost
long ago. In the end, though, everything ends,
like this wood, as I reach its edge at last.

I see a wall there, taken down by moss
that's soft to touch. I put my hands on it
and feel it underneath. I lean across
to see the fields by bright Apollo lit.

I'm soothed by moss' soft touch,
nothing's amiss:
its feather-touch reminds me of your kiss.

written by Thijs Biezen

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illustrated by Celonie Rozema



WORD OF THE BOARD



Hi!

At the time of writing this, we're in the middle of the Corona 'lockdown'. For a minute there, life seemed bleak and boring, but then I thought: other than my chores and my schoolwork, what can I do? The answer was, of course, catching up with my favourite tv series and finally seeing the films I haven't had the time to watch!

Right now, I'm finishing *Carnival Row*, a fantastic fantasy steampunk series, I'm rewatching *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, a police comedy, and I'm simultaneously watching *Doctor Who* series 11 (which I haven't seen yet) and series 5 (which I'm rewatching because River Song). For those of you who don't know, *Doctor Who* is a sci-fi series centred around the 'alien of the week' that is equally funny and heart-breaking from time

to time.

In this issue, you'll find a 'what-to-watch-guide' made by yours truly, that covers some of the more High Class series and 60 minute series I know and love. If you're looking for any other tv recommendations, I am your gal. As for movies, I watch much fewer movies than tv shows, but I always enjoy a good romcom. The last movie I watched is *Little Women*, and oh boy, I loved it. I read the book when I was a kid, and I loved this adaptation oh-so-much.

I think that's my contribution so far, so the 'moral' of this Word of the Board: do your homework, watch shows and movies, enjoy your life!

Stay happy and healthy,

Leanne van Kampen
Commissioner of Internal Affairs



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Fenna Leeuwenburgh and Celonie Rozema

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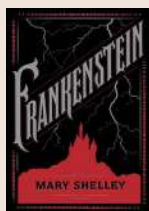
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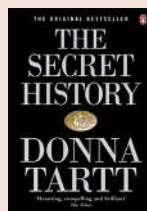
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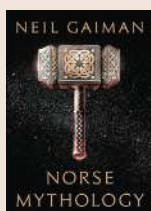
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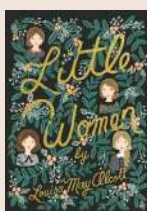
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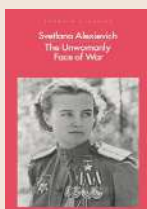
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and then there were none

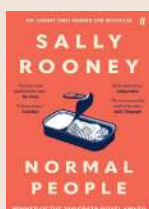
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tessa

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thijs

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what
we're
reading

Explorations of the Film Industry

Dear reader,

Ours is a strange time. The cinemas are, at the moment that I'm writing this, closed. We could not have foreseen this development at all in January, when we decided that this issue's topic was going to be film. Although the big screens probably won't be available for the coming few months, we all, however, flock en masse to our smaller screens. It's especially at these weird times in our lives that the silver screen can be a source of comfort, hope, and joy.

In this issue, we'll explore completely different sides of the film industry. In the main article, members of our team will discuss four of those. First of all, Janice will explain to us the difference between Visual Effects (VFX) and Special Effects (SFX). Then Julia has written a piece that takes us behind the scenes of cinema. Cecilie subsequently has a small tutorial for us, in which she demonstrates how to make a fake wound on your face. Dagmar concludes the main articles with her take on how to write a script. She has written two one-acts for the Students of Utrecht Drama Society, and although theatre is a bit different of course, she'll take us through her writing process. Further into the issue you'll find essays on film by me and Laurel, and we have a special Culture Corner completely dedicated to the 92nd Academy Awards. Tessa and I will also present some short vignettes on soundtracks and film scores, and on top of all the cinematically themed material you'll also find a plethora of our usual, beloved articles, such as Floris' fiction, Thijs' poetry, Tea Time, and much more!

Enjoy, and stay safe! Sending love,

Patrick van Oosterom
Editor-in-chief 2019-2020

VFX vs. SFX

written by Janice Goudappel
edited by Patrick van Oosterom

Behind the Scenes

written by Julia Schuurmans
edited by Roos Ledeboer

SFX Tutorial

written by Cecilie Balemans-Højberg
edited by Iris du Gardijn

Screenwriting

written by Dagmar Nan
edited by Patrick van Oosterom

VFX vs. SFX

Many films nowadays are filled with Visual and Special Effects. Some of these effects are obvious, others not so much. People often ask me: “But Visual Effects and Special Effects are the same thing right? Just some special effects that are added to a film?”. You’d be surprised how much they differ.

One simple rule to distinguish the two is that all Special Effects can be made with Visual Effects, but not all Visual Effects can be made with Special Effects. Special Effects are effects that were created on set, i.e. these effects happened in real life. If a car explodes in a film and they actually made a car explode on set then it’s a Special Effect. However, often this is done with Visual Effects as it’s often cheaper to not actually make a car explode. Special Effects often work with stunt doubles, people who willingly risk their lives or risk injuries so Visual Effects won’t have to be used. The James Bond films, for example, are famous for their usage of Special Effects: most action scenes were actually performed on set. Visual Effects on the other hand solely consist of effects that are created digitally. Trust me, they did not actually have those space fights in *Star Wars* on set and the actors from *Harry Potter* can’t really use magic.

What really surprised me when I learned about Visual Effects is that 3D is used a lot. Nevertheless this is not the only technique used. You probably know Smaug, the dragon, from *The Hobbit*. Well, Smaug didn’t really exist so of course he was made with Visual Effects in 3D. But what might not seem obvious is that someone, none other than Benedict Cumberbatch, wore a suit that registered his movements on set and basically acted for Smaug. His movements were then added to the 3D model of Smaug and, voilà, you’ve got a realistically moving dragon.

When I mention Visual Effects you’re probably thinking of huge explosions, space battles, and wizardry, but this is not always the case. I often watch videos where the Visual Effects of films are explained and recently I saw a breakdown of the Visual Effects used on a romcom – not the first movie you’d think of when thinking about Visual Effects, right? There were some people standing on a pier and there were boats all around them and in the back there was an Italian city, which in principle sounds pretty realistic. The only thing that was real about that scene, however, was the pier itself. They had created a pier on set using some planks because if they filmed during different parts of the day the sun would rotate and the light would be different. On set they could control the sunlight through Visual Effects. But don’t worry, you’ll only see this in movies with a higher budget since Visual Effects aren’t exactly cheap.

As a viewer, I never thought of the actual process behind the making of films – I saw it as something obvious and usual. However, this article gave me the opportunity to dive into the process and actually learn more about it.

There are three important stages in the film-making process: the production, the distribution, and the showing of the actual film. I will now talk about each of these stages in a little more detail.

First, of course, we have the production of the film. I will not go into too much detail due to the limited wordcount, but there are some interesting things to be said about the production. As you might guess, the production for each type of film is different. While some films only require sets, others need green screens, and some are totally animated and need actors’ voices. Before the actual film is acted out, it also needs a script. Next up, when all the footage is collected, it needs a lot of editing to make it into the actual film. Besides, we cannot forget music, which is a very important feature in films. All of this takes quite some time to make into one final piece that can be shown to an audience.

Next up, we have the distribution. First, the film’s rights are sold to cinemas and film festivals. A cinema branch like Pathé pays a lot of money to fill their programs with films for the year. Another very important step is marketing or advertising: as a filmmaker you want your film shown in cinemas and seen by many people. Premieres and trailers are important to share the film and grab people’s attention. However, winning an award, such as an Oscar, is also a very beneficial attention-grabber; people are often more interested in films that have won prizes.

The final step is the showing of the film. Every year, cinemas need to make a selection of the films they want to show to their audiences. Every cinema has a special safe with hard drives, which, in turn, are connected to servers of the companies that transport the films. They transfer the films to this drive, granting the cinemas access, and allowing them schedule and show the films. The actual showing of film can be done in many ways: 3D, 4DX, Imax and the newest technique: ScreenX. Nowadays, seeing a film is interactive. A cinema is designed to fully focus the audience’s attention on the film, and sometimes even the theatre’s chairs move! With a wide variety of films, different snack foods, and extensive service offered, cinemas try to give their visitors an ultimate experience.

The process of making and showing a film takes a lot of effort. If you are interested in knowing more about the process, I recommend the (Dutch) book *Alles is film*, which I used writing this article. If you would like a slightly more accessible way to find out more, you can also check out their website (www.allesisfilm.nl)!

Behind the Scenes

SFX Tutorial

Scan to view the accompanying YouTube video!



1.

Put on a layer of foundation, as this will help get the latex off a bit easier and will make removing it less painful (try not to do it on a hairy area, as it'll hurt). Then, with a black eyeliner/pencil/shadow, outline the rough shape of your wound.



2.

Put down a thin layer of latex on the eyeliner shape you just drew and start tearing up the cotton/toilet paper. Before the latex is dry, place the material around the edge. Make sure the inner edge is a bit thick and outer edge becomes thinner and thinner so that it blends in better with your skin. Repeat the layering until you're happy with it and a dent has been formed in the middle of the wound.



3.

Cut the middle of the wound open to create the illusion of torn up skin (be careful please) OR gently peel at the centre of the wound with some tweezers. Make sure only the middle is loosened as you risk ripping the wound off otherwise. Once that's done, cover the latex with foundation or concealer and try to blend it into your skin so there's no obvious colour difference.



4.

Then, mark the centre of the wound (the part underneath the flaps) black with black face paint/liquid liner/pencil/liquid lipstick/eyeshadow. This will be the deepest part of your wound.



5.

After this, take a deep red or red-ish purple and brush it around the inner edges of the wound (the part that's not attached to the skin) and blend it out towards the outer edge while mixing in a brighter red. Then, take some cool-toned muted colours, like grey-purple or ash-brown for example (I prefer using eyeshadows when working with latex, and creams or liquid lipsticks when using scar wax) and brush it around the raised area, this will create the illusion of bruising.



6.

Then finally, take some fake blood and put it right in the centre of the wound (on top of the black). Don't worry if it drips down your face! Take a tiny sponge and sponge a bit of blood on the surrounding area and you're done!

Screenwriting

Fans of SUDS might know that I have written two scripts for the One Act Festival, one in 2019 and one in 2020. Of course there are a lot of differences between writing a script for a play or a film, but there are also some similarities! For example, when writing a script you are much more focused on the visuals – writing a script is also a great way to practice the rule “show not tell.” You can’t tell a viewer how a character is feeling, so you’ll have to show it to them, focusing on spoken word, body language, and positioning. A happy character will talk louder, stand taller and take in more space than a sad character. Of course, some of these are open for the actors’ and directors’ interpretation, but a script can feature some helpful directions for the actors. That brings me to the next point: you are often not the only one bringing the story to life. A director takes your script and makes decisions based on it, and actors are able to interpret their character in their own way. Little characterisations are often worked out by the actors and/or directors; a script gives basic pointers about character that can be filled in by the actors.

Like novels, film plots often follow a certain formula, especially the big blockbusters. The most basic one is introduction – rising action – climax – falling action – conclusion. When writing a script, much thought goes into the pacing of the plotline, figuring out when do certain actions happen. There is only so much that can fit into a film without it becoming way too long, especially for those with a short attention span. Therefore, only limited attention can be paid to subplots and red herrings. On the other hand, the subplots are often what give a story depth, so they shouldn’t be omitted altogether. Of course, pacing, plot formulas, and subplots can be dependent on genre, but, as recent movies such as *Midsommar* and *Knives Out* have shown, genre can be successfully defied or turned on its head. It might seem like this option of diverting the rules makes writing a successful script harder – what works if anything goes? But it also opens up room for creativity and originality. Anything goes – so with enough work your idea will too!

Lastly, not everything in a script might end up in the film. Script writers do not have the final say on which scenes and lines make it to the end. A director might cut out or add scenes or lines as they see fit, due to characterisation or time restraints. This is not to say that those scenes weren’t good; sometimes the hard truth is that you need to kill your darlings. It even happens that filming has already begun before the script is finished, and last minute changes need to be made to make everything come together. A film script doesn’t stand on its own, but provides the basis for a visual experience.

CAVEBOUND

WRITTEN BY FLORIS FLEUR

EDITED BY ROOS LEDEBOER

ILLUSTRATED BY CECILIE BALEMANS-HØJBERG

Somewhere in the endless expanse of space lies the planet of Evac. Most people in the galaxy would agree that this place would be an aesthetic paradise filled with awe-inspiring creatures and captivating landscapes, from gem-filled purple rock crags to fields filled with velvet red vegetal lifeforms. Yet the most intelligent of the living on this planet are not found on the idyllic surface, but rather deep underground where they have built their cities within the mines, shaping the cityscape out of the walls of the caves. They spend most of their days eating flavourless goop and looking at the screen of their oculcarcerems: boxes that display video recordings broadcasted to them. On these oculcarcerems, they watch shows that only feature props and puppets crafted from colourless minerals found underground. While all shows lack any form of realism or creativity, it is the only form of entertainment they know. There are no parks or nature or books or music or games down there, and only few of them are assigned to some form of work in which they create props and oculcarcerems, are puppeteers for the shows, or enforce the law. There are few laws, but there is one that requires all people to wear the same articles of clothing that cover all of their skin and body. There are no rules prohibiting people from

going up to the surface, and there are multiple corridors that are open for anyone to walk to the surface, but no one would dare ascending those tunnels, in fear of what might be up there.

But one day there was one of them who had an attribute rare to their race: curiosity. He wanted to see what was beyond their known world. Some warned him about the possibility that he might never return. Some cheered him on, hoping that their small world would be extended. He collected all of his courage and ascended one of the corridors, slowly making his way up. When the end of the tunnel was in sight, he had to stop, as the bright light from outside blinded the eyes that were only used to dimly lit caves. Slowly but surely, he managed to get all the way to the top. The bright light coming from the sky was still too much for him, so he held his head low, only seeing the shadows cast by the things of the surface. Slowly, he was able to look upwards, now treating his eyes to the reflections of mountains and creatures in the liquid lake. Eventually, he could raise his eyes to a normal level and behold all the things as they are in real life, not just shadows and reflections. At this point, he threw off the clothes that covered his entire body and looked at his arms and his legs and

his stomach and saw the reflection of his face in the water. His big blue eyes staring at those big blue eyes. He saw his green skin splotted with darker spots. He saw the long appendages upon his large head. He saw his mouth slowly curling into a smile. He finally saw himself. With no more dress or gloves covering his skin, he could feel all the different materials that were out there. His skin feasted upon the textures of stones, plants, water, wind, creatures, soil, and his own skin. Now, he also started to notice the sounds of nature. It was unlike the cave, where everything was silent: even the shows were muted there. But not out here, where you could hear the wind blowing through the fields, the currents running through the rivers, and every creature making their own unique song. He even delighted in the yelling of his own voice. He found fruits and roots and leaves, all with their own unique flavours, creating a party in his mouth. For days upon nights he delighted in all of nature. Revelling in the beautiful colours, shapes, textures, sounds, and flavours of the surface, he almost forgot about his home underground.

At some point he remembered, and he decided he should share these experiences with his fellow people, as this was clearly a better world to live in than the cave they were currently inhabiting. He put his clothes back on and descended down into the dark caves he used to call home to tell others about the wonderful world on the surface. They were all glad to see him back, but when he

told them about his experiences, they thought he had gone mad. From that moment on, the people of Evac feared the corridors even more, as they believed it would turn anyone who went through them insane. They added a new law, which had never happened since they started living in the caves. The new law stated that no one was allowed to go into the insanity-inducing corridors. Life continued as it always had for them: sitting at home all day, looking at their oculcarcerems.



Three Hours To Kill

Re-appraisal for the overlong “boring” movie

written by Laurel Sanders - edited by Pim Storm

How long is a month? This year, March – month of melancholia and madness – has been endless. Every laboured day feels like a week. Was there ever a time before this? I have to find a structured balance between taking online classes, going outside for hiking in groups of five people or less so neither of us will go insane, and managing a general anxiety and fear over impeding global mass deaths and suffering. In between those three moments I have hours to kill, as you surely do, too.

Between breakfast and lunch I go out into the Canadian wilderness for fresh air, and between lunch and dinner I get into disordered nonsense (embarrassing, won't go into detail) but between dinner and bedtime I have a few hours to spare. So what do I turn to watch in – according to every e-mail I've received in the past week – these crazy and trying and historic times? Pandemic movies? Movies about isolated people to relate to my own self-isolation, even though isolated people in movies typically go mad? Jack Nicholson broke down a bathroom door with an axe. Isabelle Adjani laughed maniacally as she threw her bodyweight against the walls of an empty subway tunnel.

Do I need grand adventure and emotional chaos from a movie right now or do I combat my extreme boredom from being quarantined with visually advanced boredom? AKA do I turn to longer, more challenging movies now that I have an unexpected amount of time on my hands, or do I put on an average blockbuster and an independent drama and call it a day? Any other month I could have pretended to myself that I was too busy being an enthusiastic exchange student to sit down and be invested in an overlong “boring” movie, but not this month. Not this March.

On the 17th, my university's 300-seat cinema Cinecenta announced that their screening of David Lean's *A Passage To India* (1984, 164 min) will have limited seating: the cut-off happens after forty people. No problem, I thought. There are about five people mad enough to travel to the student union building on campus for a historical drama about British imperialism in India during *checks notes* a global pandemic. Me, a middle-aged couple, a philosophy major who's also a stoner, and a first-year who read the E. M. Forster novel the movie is based on in high-school and thought, Why not, now that their soccer practice is indefinitely cancelled. I figured we could all sit 10 ft apart with mouth masks on. But ten minutes later a different announcement appeared: all Cinecenta screenings were cancelled. I called my dad on FaceTime and he rolled his eyes at me when I told him. He's 72 years old, cooped up in a hotel in Jakarta with my mom because most flights to Amsterdam are cancelled, and so tired that he started calling the coronavirus “macaroni”. He eyerolled at me partly because I still tried to go to the cinema, and mostly because I risked my health trying to see something so improbably long and dull. Well, would it have mattered if I went out to see the latest Star Wars? But questions like that are no matter over questions like: Are you healthy? Are you inside? I said to my father that I was. “Okay good,” he told me, “because macaroni is getting very serious.”

How long is a movie? Last year, the night before the opening day of the Berlinale, I had dinner with two MA students living and studying Film in Berlin. Earlier that week their professor had screened *Sátántango* (1994, dir. Béla Tarr), a seven-and-a-half hour black-and-white movie about farm life in Hungary, to his students without breaks. You know how Hitchcock may-or-may-not have said that “cinema is life with the dull



photograph from IndieWire

bits cut out”? Despite never having seen the movie, I listened to my two German friends describe it, and believed that Tarr achieved the exact opposite of that statement: a movie void of the usual cinematic thrills in favour of minute-long shots of cows and close-ups of villagers as they succumb to alcoholism. It seemed long, hopeless, “boring”. Alicia didn't show up to the screening. Chris did, but left after about three hours, as did many of his peers. Both regretted not sticking it out for the full seven-and-a-half hours. “Literally why,” I asked them. Alicia said something about how interesting it would be to see how your body changes watching something so long. She was talking about Affect Theory for movies: the neuroscience of the cinematic experience. Basically, some academics argue that watching long movies changes your emotional relationship to film, which I believe to be true.

I decided that, after two intense months of going out, I could easily afford to stay in and spend more time doing something I tend to forget I love: watching movies, reading about movies, and writing very slowly about movies. And this time I was going to do it for long movies, if not only to prove to myself and my parents that spending a lot of time on my phone hasn't reduced my attention span to that of a goldfish.

With *Passage* out of the picture, I turned to a different historical epic by Lean to start my March Movie Project: the three-hour-and-forty-eight-minute long *Lawrence of Arabia* (1963), which was and is, of course, the most visually iconic movie in all of movie history. Steven Spielberg saw the movie as a teenager in its opening week and said that the enormity of the movie

left him “pulverised”. He obsessed over the movie and its technical aspects months after his initial viewing, as did I when I first saw it. *Lawrence* is so long. But the visual language is perfect. Lean knew what he was doing. Every shot was deliberately composed and he never shot from a different angle, so the footage could only be used in one way. The money people couldn't turn his work into something else (Bong Joon-ho made last year's *Parasite* in the same way), and as a result, the movie's singular vision made it a masterpiece. But not all beloved long movies are David Lean epics. Take Paul Thomas Anderson's three-hour-and-nine-minute long *Magnolia* (1999) as a counterexample. In an interview with *The Guardian* a year after its release, Anderson said: “I thought it would be really interesting to put this epic spin on topics that don't necessarily get the epic treatment, which is usually reserved for war movies or political topics. But the things that I know as big and emotional are these real intimate everyday moments, like losing your car keys, for example.” *Magnolia* is a different kind of epic, and so so long. And, like *Lawrence*, it is immaculate. Either is unforgettable. Not in spite of its long running time, but because of it.

Two days after I re-watched *Lawrence*, my parents found a convoluted way to get back to Holland from Jakarta that involved Tokyo and Dubai. Meanwhile I was still somewhere on the West Coast of Canada. But not for long: with classes moving online and campus closing down, my friends and roommates either went back to their hometowns or back to their continents. So, I booked a flight home, and essentially prematurely ended my North America adventure. Vancouver to Amsterdam: a nine-hour flight. Alternatively, the duration of a VAN-AMST flight is three Terrence Malick movies (*The Tree of Life*; *Song to Song*; *To The Wonder*), OR a double bill of *Fanny and Alexander* (1983, dir. Ingmar Bergman, 326 min.) and *Barry Lyndon* (1975, dir. Stanley Kubrick, 203 min.), OR Béla Tarr's *Sátántango* coupled with five episodes of *Brooklyn 99* and a bathroom break. My movie project has taken on a different meaning since *A Passage To India* got cancelled. Now, it's a consolidation project to cope with the sadness I feel for the state of the world and for leaving Canada so abruptly. I'm swapping out the emotional heights of visiting Seattle or Hawaii by empathizing with Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape* (1963, dir. John Sturges, 173 min.) or with Puyi in *The Last Emperor* (1987, Bernardo Bertolucci, 219 min.) in the comfort of my parent's house in Gouda.

Lean kept editing *Lawrence of Arabia* years after its release, making it alternatively longer or shorter, and essentially never was satisfied or done with it. Anderson, too, admitted years later that he had regrets for *Magnolia*. “I wasn't really editing myself,” he said. “It's way too fucking long.” Tarr was different. He attended that screening of *Sátántango* at the Berlinale last year, and gave a short interview afterwards in which he said: “For the 4k restoration, I went to the lab myself and I did the [color grading] take by take. And I watched the movie [again]. It's still very close to me. And it's still.... I don't want to change it.”

I have to respect it. Lean and Anderson doubting their three-hour running times years after seems silly next to Tarr, who was simply satisfied with a bold seven-and-a-half hours cut twenty-five years later. Which is why I decided to rent it for my transatlantic flight back home, during which I have nothing else to do but staying put and avoiding getting infected with COVID-19. Happy March. May you watch movies and forget about the mayhem for a moment, where possible.

PLAYLIST OF MY LIFE

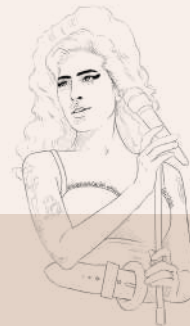
If life were a movie, this would be the soundtrack.

illustrations by celonie rozema

playlist
of my
life



1. *Desire* by Sub Focus and Dimension
2. *Illuminate* by Sub Focus and Wilkinson
3. *All For You* by Wilkinson
4. *Afterglow* by Wilkinson
5. *Bloodline (Tantrum Desire Remix)* by Cyantific
6. *Endorphins* by Sub Focus, Fred V and Grafix
7. *Sunflower* by Post Malone
8. *Only Girl (In The World)* by Rihanna
9. *Wannabe* by Spice Girls
10. *Back to Black* by Amy Winehouse

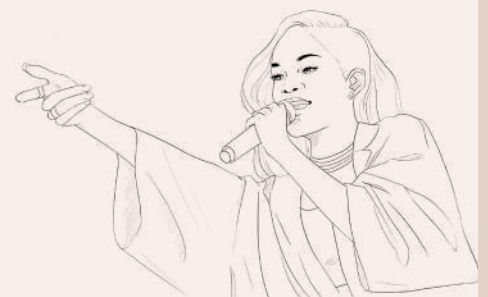


songs selected by
Julia Schuurmans

playlist
of my
life



1. *Tell Her I Wasn't Scared* by Dan Thiessen
2. *Wake The Fuck Up, Samurai* by Brian Delgado
3. *Son of a Twisted Mind* by Supreme Devices
4. *Unstoppable* by Twin Flame Music
5. *Soft at Heart* by Nick Tzios
6. *But We Can Fight* by David Chappell
7. *Rescue the World* by Sami J. Laine
8. *Leap of Faith* by Audiomachine
9. *Heroes Never Die* by David Chappell
10. *Evergreen* by Two Steps from Hell



songs selected by
Janice Goudappel

“Once you’ve
met someone
you never really
forget them.
It just takes a
while for your
memories to
return.”



Caitlin Kroot

EDITED BY PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

HAIR LOVE

Hair is often seen as an important part of one's identity. It is a way of self-expression and can be used to distinguish oneself from others. At the beginning of 2020, the short film *Hair Love* won the Academy Award for Best Animated Short Film. The idea behind this film, as the writer and producer Matthew A. Cherry has stated, was to counter the stereotypes about fathers that are present in current media. Additionally, he found it important to increase the representation of black hair. The short film became a huge success. This lead Kokila, an imprint of Penguin Random House, to adapt the film to a picture book. The book became a huge success, just like the film, and became a bestseller.

When looking at the short film and the way its story is adapted to become a children's picture book, one notices several differences in the story and how it is told. While the film itself does not use dialogue and only includes sound from YouTube videos, the picture book relies much more on dialogue and text. This is an interesting choice considering that picture books themselves can be built from pictures only and still form an understandable story. There are several other large changes as well. The film gives more hints and information on the absence of Zuri's mother, it makes use of foreshadowing as a cinematic device. Viewers get hints and they can fill in the gaps themselves, especially towards the end. The film shows illness as the reason for Zuri's mother's absence. The picture book is less explicit. In both works, hair plays an important role. In the film it is used to show the relationship between a father and daughter, and about knowledge the father has on 'black hair'. Additionally, it also puts a focus on the big event the film is leading up to. Yes, the hair and her father's fight with the hair gets a stage, but in a completely different way from the picture book. In the picture book, Zuri's hair plays a large role. It

takes its time to introduce different ways in which Zuri wears her hair and how it makes her feel. When her father's fight with her hair begins, it is shown in a more realistic way. Where the film shows it as a boxing competition, in the book it is depicted as more of a struggle between father and daughter. Zuri's father tries an array of different hairstyles, while Zuri complains that it isn't what she wants.

When looking at several of the differences between the film and its picture book adaptation, they shouldn't be seen as the same. I'd rather say the film inspired the book. It is a very loose adaptation, since it excludes much information on Zuri's mother's absence. I think it also fails to make use of one of the many perks of picture books as a genre. If it would've used text in a similar way as the film did, the book would've improved greatly from it. However, when looking at both works as separate from one another the picture book greatly benefits from it. The reader will not use any prior knowledge of the film on the book and thus will not know what it lost on the way from film to book. *Hair Love*, the picture book is made with good intentions which do come through, but if you're arriving there via the short film I'd recommend just staying at the short film.

Iris du Gardijn-

EDITED BY PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

1917

1917 completely deserves the title of "epic war film." It is the story of two British soldiers, William Scofield and Tom Blake, who have to risk their lives to deliver a message calling off a scheduled attack that would lead 1600 soldiers into a trap. The journey they have to undertake is riddled with unimaginable danger and fear. I won't disclose too many details about the plot, for fear of ruining your experience of this amazing film. The best feature of the film, in my opinion, is the filming technique that gives the effect of two continuous takes. Because of

this, the film draws the audience in until it feels as if you are on the journey with the two men yourself. The film features beautiful wide shots and images you will never forget. Its effect is best when you watch it in the cinema. Even though it had some questionable plotlines, the film left a lasting impression on me. I recommend this film to everyone who loves history, beautiful cinematography, and a thrilling plot.

Julia Schuurmans

EDITED BY PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

KNIVES OUT

It has been a while since I have seen the film *Knives Out*, but wow, it was a good one. It starts off with a murder – the grandfather of the Thrombey family has been found dead. And, well, any family member could have done it. For a film it is incredible how they have built the characters and gave them all motives, something which is easier to do in a tv-series. If you are planning on watching this film, prepare yourself for some plot twists. I really enjoy detectives myself and this one got me hooked! The film kept me guessing the killer and oh boy, was I wrong. *Knives Out* left me on the edge on my seat straight until the end. It had a lot of memorable characters and they were all well-acted; the film had just a fantastic cast overall. The IMDB rating of 8/10 is well-deserved. If you haven't seen this one yet, it makes a great film for a movie-night!

Hester de Jong

EDITED BY PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

LITTLE WOMEN

At the beginning of 2020 I started reading *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott in preparation for the adaptation by Greta Gerwig, which would premiere in February. I was so excited to start with this book and never expected to enjoy it as much as I did. While reading the book I had this urge to keep on reading, however,

sadly enough I often couldn't since there were other things to be done. Upon finishing the novel the film had not yet been released in the Netherlands so I had to sit tight for several weeks. Luckily there were many behind-the-scenes videos on YouTube and several interviews with actors that satisfied my longing for more *Little Women*-related content.

On the 28th of February I finally got the chance to see the film. My expectations were really high, so I was worried the film wasn't going to meet these expectations. However, the minute the movie started I was pulled into it by the wonderfully talented actresses and actors, and obviously Greta's amazing screenplay helped a lot too. The colours were magnificent and the story too. Although it isn't completely faithful to the novel by Alcott, Greta has added a modern twist to it by making sure every character had their own voice and respected one another for it. Jo is strong-minded and wants to write great stories and be free. Meg knows what she wants and is not ashamed of it. Beth is sweet as ever and plays the piano peacefully for as long as she can. She is a great caretaker and very modest. And last but obviously not least is Amy, a character who is often disliked by most people. To me, however, she had just as much right to live her life in whichever way she wished to, like Meg, Jo, and Beth. Greta's respect for each "little woman" shines through her film.

The thing I enjoyed most about Greta's adaptation is that she remained faithful to the sisterhood relationship represented in the novel. Jo even says: "Life is too short to be mad at one's sisters." Since many films show female character that strongly dislike one another it was refreshing to see a film where all female characters almost always support each other. It is a pity that this movie only received one Oscar, although the costumes were very detailed and had a colourful and lively effect on the story, and thus to me totally deserved this Oscar. On the other hand, Greta should have received more credits for this funny, emotional and modern adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's novel.

An old tree stands still with long roots dug deep
and far into the ground,
like when I went to the beach with my family and
covered myself with sand until I couldn't see my
legs anymore;
its many branches are spread out, raised wide and
far into the sky,
like when I used to hold up my arms so people
would pick me up and lift me so high;
some of its branches hang very low, too, down to
the earth,
like when I will walk with my daughter and hold
her hand, raised to meet mine in the middle.

This old tree has lived many lives, with its many
rings,
like the ring of my family, passed down, or a
wedding ring, bound by promise;
it has shed many leaves in many autumns,
leaves that form piles that I have jumped in, piles
that I will form in my own garden once;
but the leaves always grow back in spring,
like me remembering something I forgot to do
after I thought of it.

After a tree dies it loses its roots, passes them
down,
like a grandfather does with his family name,
wishing for it to not die out;
and the branches too are passed down,
like a grandmother would leave a necklace to a
granddaughter in hopes she'll wear it;
but the stem remains there until it's buried or
burned,
like the legs I covered with that cold, wet sand, or
like the skin that was red after that day in the sun.

Some trees lose their branches too early, their
leaves too,
like a father growing bald and losing his hair when
his children get older and move away;
when the ground below erodes and fades,
like the unforgiving waves of the sea only taking
and not giving for once;
leaving a living tree to collapse,
like the sandcastles I built that were blown over
and crumbled.

Another tree I knew fell too soon, but gradually,
it didn't recognise its surroundings anymore from
its position on the ground;
and its roots dried out, its ground corroded,
like woodwork filled with worms, eating slowly
but surely until it collapses;
its branches broken and lost,
like one's prized possessions, photographs, books,
after a house fire.

A tree never truly stands still, it is always moving,
even when it is not.
It only ever stops when it does.

I hope mine doesn't start to stop until it's ready to
stop completely.
But I fear it might.

|

The Old Tree, Thijs Biezen

with ashley micklos

t e a t i m e

photography by ASHLEY MICKLOS written by PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM edited by ROOS LEDEBOER

Due to the Coronavirus crisis, we sadly had to cancel our trip to the beautiful city of Nijmegen, where dr. Ashley Micklos lives. In order to maintain at least a part of the characteristically quaint nature of a Tea Time conversation, we decided that it would be fun if we prepared the same homemade baked goods. Then we still, in a way, shared the same snack, even though physically we were miles apart. Ashley kindly shared her recipe for thumbprint cookies with me, and they were absolutely delicious. Over a cup of tea, we enthusiastically discussed her passion for linguistics, and she recounted the most inspiring stories about her roots, her affinity with the Mexican cuisine, and the importance of having a mentor.

If you were to describe yourself in key words, which key words would you pick?

I think I'd have to go with enthusiastic. It's definitely something that comes up a lot in teaching evaluations, but I say it's generally part of how I would describe myself, even outside of academia and teaching. I try to be a kind of vibrant presence for people. I'm amused by, and enjoy lots of things, and that kind of shows my personality. Especially as an American, and having lived here in the Netherlands, but also in Scotland, I'm often described as someone who is very outgoing or as someone who smiles a lot. In the States, however, it's a very normal way of being, but outside of that context it's suddenly noticeable.

What and where did you study?

Oh, that's quite a history actually. It's a bit of a stepwise evolution. In my undergrad, I first went to the University of Nevada, Las Vegas to study hotel management - that's totally nothing like it's turned out to be. But I was really into the idea of running a hotel. I had to take courses in hotel management, which were all about purchasing and accounting, and it was just so boring. I was still taking Spanish classes at the time, just to keep up my conversational ability and have a little bit of fun outside of accounting classes. Then I realized that I absolutely loved languages, and I switched. My bachelor's ended up being in Spanish, but with a focus on linguistics, which was actually quite rare for that program. Usually in the Spanish program, you have a mixture of literature and linguistic courses, but you had to take a lot of literature courses and only a couple of linguistics courses. I convinced the chair of the department to do it the other way around, so I could take all these linguistic courses and just a couple of literature ones. I was really fortunate to be able to already take some graduate courses, and that motivated me even further to go to grad school for Spanish linguistics. I went to UCLA for the Hispanic Linguistics program, and then I



changed the program to Applied Linguistics, and then it got really messy from there. My master's was more focused on the pedagogical side of applied linguistics, whereas my PhD was focused on the interactional side.

What were you like as a student?

I was a really good student. I did well, I have to say, but it was because I really enjoyed learning. I was really eager to consume as much as possible, like, all the knowledge I could, on everything related to language. And I translated songs in my spare time.

When did you become interested in sociolinguistics? And why?

Actually, my own research hasn't really focused on sociolinguistics, but a lot of my teaching has. In graduate school at UCLA, you are required to teach basically your whole way through. The Applied Linguistics program was quite broad, so it included everything from language teaching and testing to discourse analysis. We would take courses, and then we'd teach the undergraduate versions of them. I was really fortunate to – quite early on in my PhD program – get linked up with the Language and Gender course. It was like love at first sight; it wasn't something I had really considered in my own studies, but once I got into it, I couldn't stop reading about it, and couldn't stop seeing it everywhere. In everyday life I was like, "that's so relevant!" and I'd make a list on my phone with examples related to language and gender I came across I could bring into class. I found it to be something that is so prevalent and important, especially for students coming to terms with their identities and understanding what it's like to interact with different types of people in the world. I was able to teach that for a number of years, and I'd developed my own course for that when I taught at UC San Diego. They brought me on specifically because I had experience with language and gender teaching, and I could practically design my own course in it because language and gender hadn't been taught at UCSD in seven years.

We've talked a bit about your specific interest in language and gender, but how would you describe your own academic interests in general?

On a very different kind of research paradigm, I'm really interested in language evolution. So, that's something that I really got into in my doctorate studies. I felt that there was a lack of consideration of how people interact, how they actually use language; the common approach is that there is a signaler that sends information to a receiver, but there's no, like, interaction between them that could possibly manipulate that signal in some kind of way. I believed that language evolution studies could benefit from studies on interactional linguistics and the processes that happen in

"I have two movies that I'll always watch, no matter how many times I've seen them: *The Princess Bride* and *Jurassic Park*."



communication. Fortunately, these days, other people have kinda picked up the torch for me in studies of interaction in language evolution. Language evolution is not just 'the origins of language,' but rather like, with new emerging communication systems, how do we make that communication efficient and successful? One of the studies I've just done is actually on text-chat communication, and there's so much to consider there: the temporality of it, and if you know that someone else is typing something, what do you do?

How did you end up here in the Netherlands?

So, shortly after my PhD, I ended up getting a postdoc at the Max Planck Institute for Psycholinguistics in Nijmegen, but it was only a year long. There were ten of us working on a project on language evolution and interaction, and so it was right up my alley. It was my dream job, even though it was only for a year and I had to move to a different country. I got here, then I met a guy, as the story goes, but sadly I had to move back after my job ended, and I went back to teaching at UCSD. Then we decided that I was going to move back to the Netherlands, and that I was going to look for a job here, and it worked out! I applied for the job at Utrecht University at about the same time that I moved here, so it worked out really well. I took a big risk, and it worked out, and I am very pleased with that.

What do you like most about Utrecht? Do you have a favorite spot?

I don't live there, so I'm only really there on days that I teach or when I have meetings. But I've been trying to explore different spots around the city and try out a different restaurant now and then. Honestly, my favorite spot in the city is going to be really

weird. I'd say my favorite spot is the Salsa Shop in the city center. That is because I can get tacos there, which I can't do here in Nijmegen. It's almost always the case that the people there speak Spanish, so I can go there and practice my conversational Spanish. Besides, I can eat something that is nostalgic, and that I don't get anywhere else. It's also a nice open space with huge windows, so you can people-watch people out front.

Where did you grow up, and where is your family from?

My grandma was from Mexico, so she grew up on the border with Arizona. She lived on an Indian reservation in southern Arizona, and then she moved to California, which is where my mom was raised. I grew up in San Diego, the southernmost part of California.

Is there anything you miss about the US?

Besides the obvious friends and family, it's definitely tacos. Even just the variety of food. In Nijmegen we just got our first ramen shop, which is quite good, but I'm used to that being really accessible. I've often kind of joked around about opening up my own taco shop here. I tried my best to recreate certain recipes at home, but there are always ingredients that are very hard or impossible to find, or they take up a lot of time. When it comes to food, every community basically has their own taco shop that they go to back home. These are the places that everyone goes to, and everyone thinks are good. For myself, this

was a place called Hilberto's. I always got burritos there, and that's probably what I miss the most. I can recreate tacos here easily enough, but I can't recreate a burrito in the same way, as I don't have a *comal* – which is what you use to cook tortillas on – that's large enough for large flour tortillas. The consistency of our tortillas is also very different from those you buy in the store here.

What kind of music do you enjoy?

My taste is quite varied, although I'm not very good at picking up new music all the time. I tend to revert back to things I've listened to in the past. For example, earlier today I was listening to an artist called Sudan Archives, who I first heard at the *Vierdaagse* here in Nijmegen. She makes mostly R&B music with West-African influences. I also really love these alt-punk/alt-indie artists such as Jenny Lewis and Rilo Kiley.

What are your favorite films at the moment?

Like music, I always revert to things that I've liked in the past. I have two movies that I'll always watch, no matter how many times I've seen them: *The Princess Bride* and *Jurassic Park*. Those are two of my absolute favorite movies, and I would never say no to watching them.

Do you have any memories of a favorite teacher?

I suppose one of them is from my undergrad, and that is dr. Deborah Arteaga. She taught the first linguistics course I ever took, and I had no idea what linguistics was at that point. I know that I liked language, but I didn't know anything about the structure or the sound systems of language. I had taken her course on the phonetics and phonology of Spanish, and she made me fall in love with it. I enjoyed going to her class, even though it was at 9 a.m. on a Wednesday. I would go to her office hours all the time, and we'd have lots of nice conversations about what I was interested in. She was the one who proposed that I should take the graduate linguistics courses once I finished all the undergrad ones. She was so supportive of my interests and so willing to help me get to where I needed to be. She helped me apply for graduate schools and it was really nice to have that support system while being an undergrad, where you normally don't have individual advisors. We've emailed now and then, but she doesn't know that I'm a lecturer at Utrecht yet. That's something that I have to send her an update on.

Do you have any advice for students?

I think it's really important for students to talk with mentors, and that could be any kind of mentor: someone you've taken a class from you really enjoyed, someone whose research you know about, or even a third-year student who followed a path that you'd be interested in following. I think it's so important to have that kind of connection with other people. I was a first-generation college student and going into college I had no idea what to expect – my parents had no knowledge to give me on that. They're great and they know a lot, but they didn't have the college experience. I think it's really great when students find someone to help them navigate that new environment, both socially and academically.





cattin
the pursuit of
happyness



cecilie
jagten



celonie
once upon a time
in hollywood



dagmar
knives out



ienna
spirited
away



floris
detective
pikachu



iris
inglourious
basterds



janice
star wars: the
rise of skywalker



julia
the hobbit: an
unexpected journey



leanne
rocketman



patrick
portrait de la
jeune fille en
feu



pim
lost in
translation



roos
if beale street
could talk



tessa
marriage
story



thijs
christopher
robin

what we're watching favourite films of 2019

illustrations by Cecilie Balemans-Højberg



photo and written by daan reins



daan reins

humans of albion

"My parents met while studying in Utrecht. My mother was part of the Albion board and my father had just come back from the military and was a freshman. For some reason I've always disliked the idea of staying put, of doing what was laid out for me to do. That's one of the reasons I've chosen to study philosophy instead of English. Now that I'm in my second year and I've become a member of Albion, I find it remarkable and pretty funny that Albioneers seem to be just my type of people."



word of the month

selected by ROOS LEDEBOER

bloom
/blu:m/

verb

1. to bear flowers; to be in flower, come into flower; to blossom
2. to come into full beauty; to be in fresh beauty and vigour; to flourish
3. to glow with warm colour

credits: Oxford English Dictionary

Before the drastic measures taken by the government to slow down the spread of COVID-19, back when I was still allowed to leave my tiny student apartment, I tried to think of a word I strongly associated with the fourth month of the year. Images of sunlit parks and streets accompanied by the smell of beautiful pink and white coloured blossom flooded my mind. For me, April is strongly associated with newfound happiness, passion, and motivation; the Spring season is really hit off and everything and everyone is blooming. Even though it is a simple word, it evokes a powerful message – one we should certainly not forget during these strange times.

Todd Haynes' *Safe* & Illness as a Metaphor in the Age of the Pandemic

written by Patrick van Oosterom - edited by Pim Storm

Carol White, the protagonist of Todd Haynes' *Safe* (played by Julianne Moore), has not been feeling so well for quite some time now. She is troubled by unexplained headaches, a dry cough, nosebleeds, vomiting, panic attacks, heavy breathing, and – perhaps worst of all – an environment that does not seem to understand her. White's typical, upper middle-class, suburban existence falls completely apart in what *New York Times* critic A.O. Scott called "the most disturbing American movie of the last 20 years." She seeks treatment from doctors and psychiatrists alike, but neither of them can help her out. Eventually she ends up in a cult-like therapy session, where she is shown a video-tape that poses the abovementioned question, and Carol begins to wonder: am I allergic to the 20th century?

The film remains unclear as to the exact nature of her illness, and Carol's self-diagnosis lies somewhere in the grey area between autoimmune disorder, allergic reaction, mental illness, and chemical sensitivity. This gives the spectator an enormous amount of interpretative flexibility, which is one of the reasons why it is such a peculiar film. The disease that is at the heart of this film can function as a metaphor for a lot of things, which explains why the film works on so many different levels: as a commentary on self-help culture, as a drama about class and social estrangement, and as a metaphor for the AIDS crisis, to name a few examples. The latter is especially important, given Haynes' position as one of the pioneers of the New Queer Cinema movement.

Although the film is made in 1994, it is set in 1987, at the beginning of the American HIV/AIDS epidemic. This was a time when having said disease often equalled a premature death, and it spread alarmingly rapidly throughout the country. Two questions then arose in the minds of tens of thousands of people: "Can I get it?" and "How should/do I respond to a loved one who has been diagnosed with AIDS?" This sent the US into a national state of frenzy and dismay, and this is precisely the point of *Safe*'s artistic conception. As Haynes explains in the DVD commentary, "[i]t's the fact that people are confronted with things they know there's no real answer to, like AIDS or environmental illness, or so many things, we blame ourselves. We want to find an answer, and it's easier to blame yourself, than to deal with chaos."

One may then wonder: Does Carol cope successfully with such chaos that accompanies her mysterious illness? If so, the film could be seen as a consolation during the current COVID-19 outbreak, perhaps setting a precedent in how to cope with the stress of trying to protect yourself, with the film then morphing into a self-help medium itself. However, this is not the case. Carol copes everything but successfully with her illness. Her descent into isolation implicitly seems to question whether the discomfort that she experiences during her self-quarantine might even be worse than the symptoms of her actual disease. At the end of the film, though, Carol seems to have embraced her condition, as she stares in the mirror while, following a fellow inmate's advice, she whispers "I love you... I love you" to herself. In theory, repeating this mantra often signifies self-love, which is



photograph from Alamy

an admirable virtue in itself. In the context of the film, however, it does not acquire a positive or comforting undertone, but rather a disquieting one. It seems she has learned the wrong lesson in her acceptance of her deteriorating condition.

Viewers tend to go a long way towards identifying with a protagonist, and in *Safe* Haynes asks his audience to identify with someone who apparently learns the wrong lessons and who doesn't really have an identity. Carol is a one-dimensional woman, whose last name, White, alludes to her "blank" identity. She is a *tabula rasa* on which the symptoms of her illness are projected, and this illness is the only particularly distinguishable feature about her. The viewer identification with Carol is not easy, in stark contrast to many other films about illnesses, such as *Philadelphia* or *Silver Linings Playbook*. The latter kind usually invites the audience to follow the protagonist in their journey of surmounting, surpassing, or at least gaining a deeper understanding of their illnesses. *Safe*, however, asks something far more demanding from its audience: it asks us to live with uncertainty and vulnerability, to come to terms with a confused protagonist whose illness is inexplicable in many ways. "Living with Uncertainty" might as well be the motto for the year

2020. At the moment that I'm writing this, a vaccine against the coronavirus does not exist. Although the vast majority of the infected people recover, COVID-19 still caused (and causes) the death of thousands and thousands of people. Symptoms of this virus include persistent coughing, fever, tiredness, and difficulty breathing. Doesn't that sound awfully similar to Carol's strange, supposedly-faked Environmental Illness? Although the latter is most likely not a pandemic, the parallels between the current state of affairs and Carol's condition are unmistakable. Her preventive self-distancing uncannily mimics the social distancing à la 2020. However, the question to what extent her illness can function as a metaphor for COVID-19 still remains.

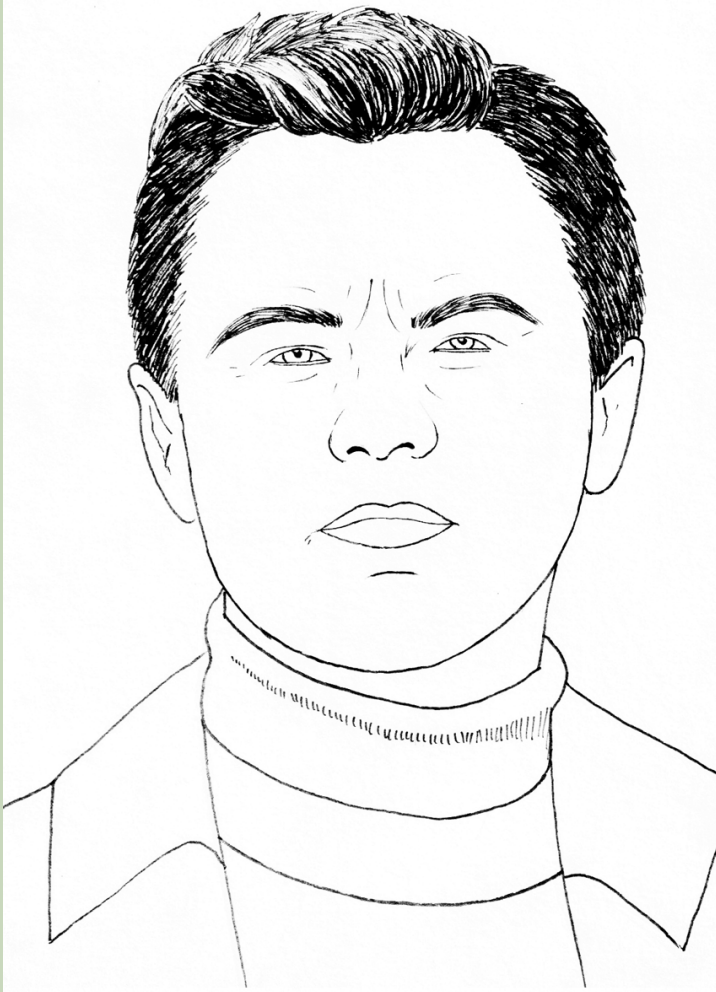
This question cannot be answered without taking into account Susan Sontag's phenomenal *Illness as Metaphor* and its companion piece *AIDS and Its Metaphors*. In these two works, Sontag describes how metaphors are used (sometimes harmfully) to understand major diseases. In the first work she investigates the "signature illnesses" of the 19th and 20th century, tuberculosis (TB) and cancer respectively, and in the second work she takes AIDS as a case study of the theory she provided in the first work. "For purposes of invective," Sontag writes, "diseases are of only two types: the painful but curable, and the possibly fatal." Both Carol's illness and the coronavirus cannot be clearly characterised as either of those types, since they are both painful and occasionally deadly. One big difference, however, can be distinguished between these illnesses, and this has all to do with guilt and agency.

Sontag argues how the "unsafe behaviour that produces AIDS is judged to be more than weakness. It is indulgence, delinquency – additions to chemicals that are illegal and to sex regarded as deviant." I would like to update her argument with regards to the coronavirus, and compare the hostile societal attitude Sontag describes here with the present-day attitude towards people who still go to parties, overcrowded beaches, and unsafe social gatherings in general. The patient's illness in both cases is perceived to be a direct consequence of the patient's own behaviour, but in the case of the coronavirus it is far, far more egotistical than with AIDS. This stands in sharp contrast to Carol's incomprehensible suffering. One of the elements that is most difficult to digest in *Safe* is the great sense of poetic injustice that permeates the film: Carol is in no way responsible for her illness, a mere victim of random, cosmic cruelty. Her attempts to get a grip on the situation can be seen as attempts to reclaim her own sense of agency, but it is all to no avail.

In conclusion, viewing *Safe* with the current situation in mind casts a harsh light on the dumbfoundingly irresponsible actions of some people that certainly do influence the way the COVID-19 virus is spreading. Haynes' difficult, ambiguous film avoids certainty, which is why it is such an excellent piece of thought-provoking cinema. Its interpretative versatility seems to only grow with ages, and its prescient vision is superb. Then, it only remains for me to state the obvious: stay safe, people, stay safe.

COLOURING PAGE

Be sure to share the result with us through Instagram or Facebook! Line art by Cecilie Balemans-Højberg.



Q & A L U M N I

WRITTEN BY PATRICK VAN OOSTEROM

EDITED BY PIM STORM

While Chrystel Philipssen only graduated from English Language and Culture in 2019, she already has ambitious plans for her life and has found a master that perfectly suits her interests. Right now she is busy with her MA thesis on robot journalism, but she luckily found time for a quick Skype session – yes, you read that right, it's still Corona-taine time and sadly every café is closed, so this time we had to do it a little differently. In the previous years she was an active Albion member, and she was Albion's treasurer for 2016-2017. Right now, she is in Albion's Audit committee, so she still occasionally attends an Albion meeting or two.

Why did you choose to study English? And why in Utrecht?

First of all, I was certain that I wanted to study in Utrecht, since both my brother and my sister studied there. I was already familiar with the city, and I really loved it. When I was in the last year of high school I didn't really know what I wanted to study. English was at that time my favourite subject, and I loved to read, so I figured it made sense to study English. At that time I read a lot of Young Adult novels in English. I also knew someone from my high school who also studied English at Utrecht, and who also was an Albion board-member.

How did you like your studies?

What I found primarily important is that I've developed some useful skills during my bachelor, especially academic writing. I've noticed that we are really trained in writing. The average English student is, compared to other students, a lot better in writing. That's the skill I use the most now, although I do use it in a completely different way.

What was your favourite year of your bachelor?

I think that my second year was my favourite, but that is primarily because that was the year in which I was an Albion board-member. It was also when I did my absolute favourite course of the whole bachelor, namely *Adapting to the Novel*. After my year they completely changed the set-up of the course, and included much more theory and fewer novels, but we had to read a new novel and watch a new film every week. Roselinde was a great teacher, and I did the course with some of my best friends and a few of my roommates. We had to read *Peter Pan*, *Jane Eyre*, *Lolita*, *Tarzan*, *Heart of Darkness*, *Trainspotting*, *Wuthering Heights*, and I probably still forgot another one. This truly was one of the most fun courses I've had.

What are some of your favourite memories from your time here in Utrecht?

I think my favourite one would be the Albion introduction camp. I've made some of my best friends there, and I have great memories of it. Another great memory was when I painted the Albion shack during the summer with my fellow board members. We painted the Albion logo on the walls, which is still there.

You were on the Albion board for a year – what did that year teach you?

I look back fondly on my time in the board. The collaboration between me and the other board members was amazing, and we're still friends up until this date. We trusted each other completely, and we did a lot of things together. It's so different from a non-board year, since normally you wouldn't talk and laugh and engage with the same people every day for a year. That, however, is the reality of being on the Albion board, and through this you begin to know each other so incredibly well. It's an experience unlike any other.

What was writing your BA thesis like? What was your subject, and who was your tutor?

I wrote two BA theses. The first one I did in the first block of the third year, and I failed. It was a rather ambitious project, and I think it partly failed because I did not have the right supervisor for my project. I wanted to do something quantitative, but that wasn't the specialisation of my supervisor. In block 4 I wrote a new thesis under the



PHOTO BY MINTHE WOUDSTRA

“These are my dreams at this moment, and I know that they are rather ambitious, so I like to keep my options open in case that they don't work out.”

supervision of Anna Poletti. I wrote that thesis about the connection between authors and social media, and how they use social media platforms for personal branding and creating parasocial relationships with readers. This subject connected more with me personally, and more with my master.

What master are you currently enrolled in?
Right now I'm enrolled in the master Media and Business, which is taught at the Erasmus University Rotterdam.

Why did you want to do specifically this master?

During my board-year I came to the conclusion that I did not especially like English as a discipline, and I did not want to pursue an English master. However, I did want to do an MA after my BA. For a while I contemplated doing the master New Media and Digital Culture at UU, but I found the subject and their approach to be too philosophical. Then I started investigating masters at other universities, and I discovered this one in Rotterdam. It happened to be a perfect match; it's all about the influence of media on companies and the commercial world, the processes within those companies, and marketing. I find this all really interesting. It's a one-year master, and I'm already half-way. It's right now going especially fast, since there aren't any physical seminars and lectures because of the coronavirus. We do have online seminars, but it's rather sad that I'm not able to see and physically interact with my peers any more. I right now follow courses about digital research methods and entrepreneurship in media and business. Meanwhile, I'm also busy with writing my thesis.

Can you describe what your MA thesis is about?

I'm doing research on the implementation of robot journalism, and how that influences the organisational processes within news outlets. It's a world apart from my BA thesis – it has to be 25.000 words and I have to really conduct research. I've learned how to do the latter properly throughout the last year: how to collect data, how to visualise said data, how to analyse those data effectively, etc.

I see on your CV that you have done an internship as a digital marketing assistant, can you tell me a bit about that?

In the fall of 2019 I started with an internship at this international company called at GAOTek Inc. I've just finished this internship, and it wasn't part of either my BA nor my MA. I did it completely voluntarily in my spare time. It was a remote working internship, which means that I could work from home. Our meetings, for example, were held on Skype.

What are your plans for the future?

That's a difficult question. I've been thinking about doing a PhD, but then you really have to love doing research. I do think that I would be able to do pursue a PhD. However, I don't think that that is something I want. At the moment I would love to work for a big company I admire, such as Red Bull. I'm fascinated by Red Bull, actually. The company has many different subsidiaries, such as Red Bull Media House, Red Bull Racing. I'm intrigued by their business and marketing strategies, and it would be incredible to learn from and work for Red Bull. They also have many headquarters throughout the world, and to work abroad is another one of my dreams. Right now, it's my dream to work for Red Bull or another big corporation that I admire. These are my dreams at this moment, and I know that they are rather ambitious, so I like to keep my options open in case that they don't work out.

Do you have any advice for current students of English?

Don't be afraid to look further than just the English masters in Utrecht. There are master programmes outside Utrecht that fit the English BA. There are innumerable amounts of great masters outside of English and outside of Utrecht. Don't be afraid to broaden your horizon, and don't feel restricted in your choice.

Chrystel Philipsen

CURRICULUM VITAE

EDUCATION

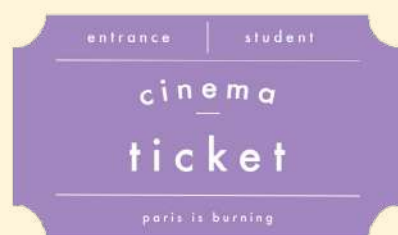
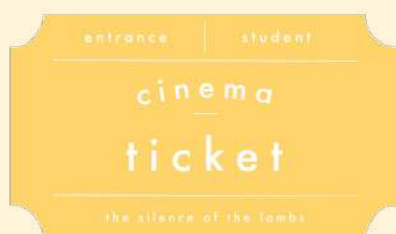
2015-2019	BA English Language and Culture <i>Utrecht University</i>
Thesis	The Art of Authorial Personas: An Exploration of Authors' Use of Social Media for Branding
2019-present	MA Media & Business <i>Erasmus University</i>
Thesis	The Impact of Robot Journalism on Organisational Dynamics of Dutch News Organisations

JOBS

2010	Waitress <i>China Wok</i>
2011-2015	Babysitter <i>n.a.</i>
2011-2012	Hospitality employee <i>Hema</i>
2015-2016	Hospitality employee <i>McDonalds</i>
2016-2017	Library assistant <i>Centrale Bibliotheek Utrecht</i>
2017-2018	Sales advisor <i>H&M</i>
2019-2020	Digital marketing intern <i>GAOTek Inc.</i>

RELATED ACTIVITIES

2015-2016	Chair lustrum weekend committee <i>Albion</i>
2016-2017	Treasurer board XXVI <i>Albion</i>
2017-2018	Chair party committee <i>Albion</i>
	Treasurer audit committee <i>SVO</i>
2018-2019	Chair audit committee <i>SVO</i>
2019-present	Chair audit committee <i>Albion</i>



phoenix recommends
eighteen films you must see

albioneers abroad

by laurel sanders

Meghan Markle and her husband announced their move to Vancouver Island (of which Victoria is the capital) two weeks after I moved here. Every interaction on a hiking trail after that announcement would go something like this:



People going uphill: How is it up there?

People going downhill: Well, we've checked every tree and bush, and no Meghan or baby to be found today. Certainly no Harry either, but he's been in the military, so he's probably camouflaged and hiding. Sorry! Take care!

People going uphill: Aw. We're sorry too. Take care!!

As a reflex of some kind, Canadians will tell you "sorry" to the point where I could deliberately step on someone's foot and the likelihood of me being the one apologized to would far outweigh other outcomes. In any case, I didn't run into Meghan on top of some mountain, like many locals expected they would. I did, however, run into her when we were grocery shopping in the same Whole Foods. Okay, maybe it was less of us "running into each other" and more of me "eyeing her from the canned foods aisle trying and failing to identify the products she was about to purchase," but surely that version would make less of a splash at dinner parties. I sent an underwhelmed text to my mom and an overwhelmed text to my UK friend about the sighting, and then spend the next twenty minutes in the breakfast cereal aisle, baffled by the volume of choice on display. You know, like Jeremy Renner does in *The Hurt Locker*.

But I'm not here to offer insight into the paralyzing effects of late capitalism (North-American supermarkets exemplify "overchoice" to a T) or the deets on a former-actress turned former-British-royal. I'm here to offer you a pitch: Canada's hottest place to study is... Vancouver Island! This island has EVERYTHING. Bays, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, fresh oysters, breweries, Tim Horton's, mountains with glaciers. More provincial parks than I could count on my two hands. Tiny doughnuts and gravy on fries! Get yourself a car, a friend or two, and the long weekend could offer any of the following to you: catching waves in surfer's village Tofino, skiing or snowboarding on Mt. Washington, chilling out in the hot springs on Salt Spring Island. Maybe board a ferry to Vancouver City for 16 bucks, and see orcas and whales on your way. Around the corner is America: from the right spot you can see the state of Washington, home of urban agglomerate Seattle, from across the water.

I find the Island's diverse ecosystem to be baffling and beautiful in a very sincere way. I feel grateful for the colours I get to see and the people I get to meet, and do not miss the city at all.

Also maybe I should say something about the campus or the academics here or whatever but I'm in the middle of midterms right now, so I have nothing offer except for bitching. Today a professor returned a paper that said "Laurel, your writing is awkward" at the bottom, which may or may not also correspond to your exact feelings while reading this article. Comme ci comme ça. It motivates me to work a little harder on the next one.

X Laurel

P.S. The English undergrad mag here is called *The Albatross*. Perhaps bird-themed names are a prerequisite for literature journals.

A Brief Introduction to Film Music

written by Tessa Karsten and Patrick van Oosterom

There are roughly two types of film music. On the one hand you have a film score, which is a musical accompaniment to the film that is specifically composed for the film in question. Take, for example, John Williams' *E.T.*, Hans Zimmer's *The Dark Knight*, and Jonny Greenwood's *Phantom Thread*. On the other hand you have the soundtrack, which is a compilation of previously existing songs that are used in the film. Remarkable examples include Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" in *2001: A Space Odyssey* or Simple Minds' "Don't You" from *The Breakfast Club*. To demonstrate this concept we will give you two examples of each – Tessa and I will be briefly examining the scores of *Suspiria* (2018) and *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, and the soundtracks of *Mommy* and *Booksmart*.

The Grand Budapest Hotel

Patrick

When I was 15 or 16, I had this obsession with the French film music composer Alexandre Desplat, and his score for Wes Anderson's phenomenal *The Grand Budapest Hotel* instantly became my favourite album. Desplat went all out for this one, and his brilliant instrumentation incorporates instruments from Central and Eastern European cultures, such as cimbaloms, zithers, balalaikas, and mandolins. All these instruments blend together in a score that is experimental, and not necessarily traditionally cinematic, in that it does not consist of long, dramatic passages with sweeping violins. Desplat's score is fragmented, offbeat, and weirdly catchy. It utilises different leitmotifs for the film's protagonists Zero and M. Gustave, and it also contains a glorious main theme, namely a distinctively recognizable figure of seven chords that is first heard in the track "Daylight Express to Lutz". The overall zany feeling of the score, however, does not undermine its emotional range. The score covers tender-hearted outbursts and suspenseful chases, slapstick silliness and moments of heroism: Desplat's wonderful versatility and unique sound make this easily one of the best scores in the history of film. I must confess that I think I've never been as happy as in the moment when I watched Desplat win an Oscar for this score at around 4am in the morning.

Suspiria (2018)

Tessa

In 1977, Dario Argento directed the horror classic *Suspiria*. The original soundtrack was composed by Goblin, an Italian progressive rock band that delivered a forty-one-minute-long ear-splitting collection of songs. For Luca Guadagnino's 2018 reimaging of this unsettling tale of darkness, we find Thom Yorke composing. And Thom Yorke is, well, Thom Yorke. The Radiohead frontman tackles a broad range of ideas with bombastic cinematic pieces, minutes on end of electronic buzz verging on techno, and forays into piano interludes. The collection of sounds we find in pieces such as "Suspirium" is eerie and haunting enough to create a context for itself, even without the visuals of Guadagnino present. For an album that has an 80-minute running time, all tracks flow together seamlessly. Even the 15-second-long songs like "Has Ended" are compelling, their unsettling sound design captivating you for minutes after finishing. It's to Yorke's credit that the feeling of ominous foreboding is ever-present, whether in the delicate "Olga's Destruction (Volk Tape)" or the cacophonous "Volk". The deep rumbling throb rounding off "The Epilogue" is as bleak as darkness itself, contrasting with Goblin's approach, showing that Yorke has made *Suspiria* a work of his own.

Booksmart

Tessa

If you've ever had a conversation with me that lasted longer than fifteen minutes, you will most likely know that I won't shut up about two things. The first being the fact that I'm from Westfriesland, and the second that I would die for Greta Gerwig and *Lady Bird* (2017). In my quest to find films like it, I stumbled upon Olivia Wilde's *Booksmart* (2019). Give me Beanie Feldstein, an Our Eyes Meet From Across The Room fantasy, and a gay character whose fate is not tragic, and I'm there. Little did I know, it would also include robot dancing set to "Boys" by Lizzo, a perfect underwater scene in a swimming pool while Perfume Genius' "Slip Away" plays in the background, and several powerwalking shots set to "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run The Jewels. Everyone's teenage years have a soundtrack. While mine consists mostly of One Direction and Lorde, something about this particular soundtrack still resonated with me. Upon hearing it for the first time, it brought back memories of high school and graduation and pretending to like the taste of alcohol, despite not having heard the majority of the songs before. And that, I think, is the power of a good soundtrack.

The Canadian Xavier Dolan is the current *enfant terrible* of the international film scene, and his 2014 film *Mommy* is a soaring, melodramatic masterpiece that is mesmerising to behold. Dolan's jam-packed, razor-sharp script centres around a middle-aged woman called Diane and her violent son Steve. Their relationship is unstable and constantly negotiated, and Dolan uses some gems from the vast reservoir of pop music history, in order to enrich the film's most memorable and endearing moments. The most striking use of diegetic music – that is, music that exists within the film's world – is when Steve, Diane, and their neighbour Kyla are having a small dance party in the kitchen to Céline Dion's amazing "On Ne Change Pas". Kyla has a stutter, and she seems at times to be crippled by anxiety and nervousness. As the song progresses, Kyla slowly mouths along to the lyrics, encouraged by both Steve and Diane, and they end up dancing carelessly in Diane's tiny kitchen. Dolan furthermore uses two beautiful pieces of music during two heart-breaking montages, namely Oasis' "Wonderwall" and Ludovico Einaudi's "Experience". He simultaneously plays with the screen ratio – you'll have to find out for yourself what this entails, I won't spoil anything for you. The song that is played during the very last scene is Lana del Rey's aptly titled "Born to Die", which acquires a deeper meaning when you realise that Diane's nickname is Die.

Mommy

Patrick

honourable mentions *Marriage Story* / *Us* / *La La Land* / *My Neighbour Totoro* / *Le Fabuleux Destin d'Amélie Poulain* / *Call Me By Your Name* / *The Shape of Water* / *Jojo Rabbit* / *Nocturnal Animals* / *Parasite* / *The Social Network* / *Pulp Fiction* / *The Hours* / *The Handmaiden* / *Carol* / *Ascenseur pour l'échafaud* / *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* / *Tangerine* / *The Tree of Life* / *The Last Days of Disco*

Do you want to hear a secret of mine?
It's not something you'd hear every day.
You, ignorant of whether devious or divine
come very close, and listen to what I say.

Look over there, in the closet made of wood.
Open the door fully, it's already opened a bit.
You'll see what it is that in there stood
for many months and days without quit.

It's a skeleton: ribcage airy, ribs far apart;
a skull too big for the brain it carried with;
spindly thighs and shins that used to dart;
the spine, long and regal, like a pale monolith.

It looks a bit like me, don't you think?
But without the black locks of hair,
the widespread miles of skin pink
and blue eyes, just the pair.

Just look and see, what used to be part of me—
What's that? Nothing's there? Let me look.
It's gone. It was here behind lock and key,
yet all that's left now is a dusty, empty nook.

But there's shards of something too
glass, it seems to be, sharp to touch
but unlike most glass, not see through.
Where is the skeleton I hated so much?

Wait, I think I do realise it now,
what became of the skeleton in there
that after living here for ages, left somehow
went to get cigarettes; a breath of fresh air.

Leaving only shards of glass in its wake,
in which I see myself reflected clear,
not the skeleton I used to see take
up this spot in the closet right here.

Silence takes hold of the room
as I look at you, by soft lamplight lit
and I ponder, in this lively gloom
did you have something to do with it?

|

Skeleton in the Closet
A Letter to Her
Thijs Biezen