

EMBRACE

ISSUE 2 - SPRING 2019

embraces

***BACK
TO
THE***



PHOTO: "IMPERFECT"

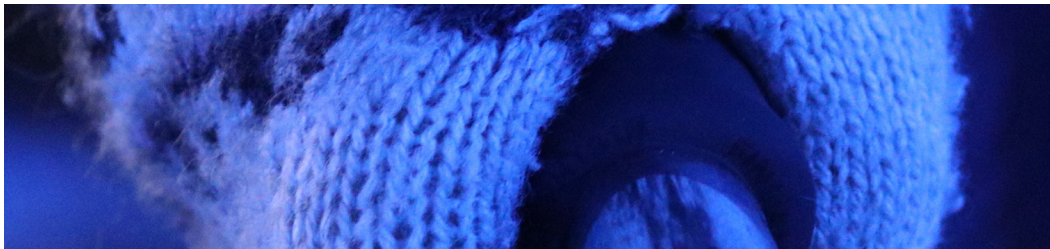
BASICS

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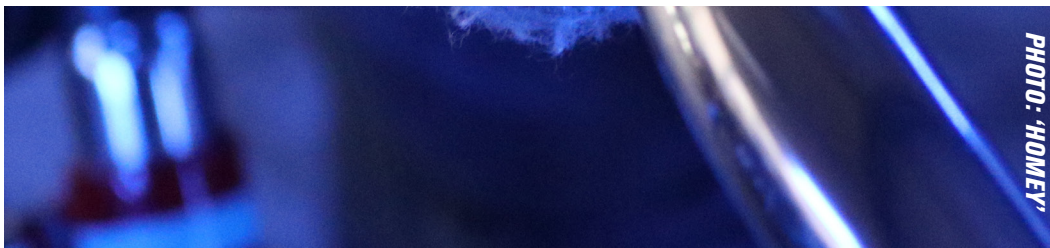
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PHOTO: 'PAINTED'

COLOPHON

EmbrACE is the official magazine of the Erasmus School of History, Culture and Communication. It connects students and faculty staff with topics related to history, culture and the media industry. The editorial team of EmbrACE is part of International Faculty Association ACE.

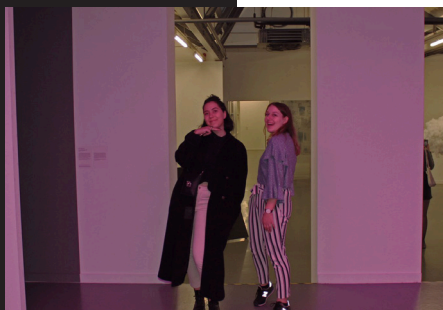
EDITORIAL TEAM 2018 - 2019

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BY AGE



'BACK TO THE BASICS'.

Unfortunately I was too broke to buy a shirt, but the text stuck with me. Is it essential that we go to parties all the time? Is it essential that we buy coffee every morning? Is this lifestyle of consumption healthy for us? I think we are all struggling with questions like these, and that is why the EmbrACE editors are delving into their philosophical side.

And as we are just at the start of a new year, we are looking towards new personal goals, but also communal goals. In my social circles, I've stopped hearing people say: "I want to lose 10 kilograms this year," and more and more people are focussing on broadening their worldviews, or improving the world. We are aiming to read more books, to use less water, eat less meat, meet more people, gain new skills. But these processes are hard and you might find yourself stuck at some points. Instead of giving up hope, look around you and see the simpler things of life. Our health, family and friends, and a safe space where we can live, work and learn are more important than we might realize.

I hope that 2019 will be a great year for you, reader. We will meet each other again soon in the next issues of EmbrACE.

Lots of love,
Robin van den Bovenkamp-Roos
Chairman/Editor-in-Chief 37th
Board IFA ACE

Dear reader,

I hope the new year is treating you well! In any case, I'm happy to see another issue of EmbrACE coming out through the dedication and creativity of our talented editors and designer. To me, it seems like the start of a new year is always rocky, no matter how well you prepare. I even bought a planner to make sure I got a good start, but alas, I haven't been able to fight against my bad habits. Which means oversleeping, spending too much money on coffee and clothes, and ignoring WhatsApp messages.



However, as discussed with our talented committee, we all are looking for one thing at the end of the day. And that is getting back to the basics; coincidentally, the theme for this issue. What these basics are, is defined differently by everybody. Some might see it as a minimalist lifestyle ("does it spark joy?" is a meme for a reason!), others might want to focus more on spending time with family or quitting their jobs. Recently, I went to a party in a club in Utrecht called BASIS, and the tagline of their establishment was 'TERUG NAAR DE BASIS' aka



For those whom I have not told personally, I want to wish you a wonderful and prosperous 2019! As treasurer of the association, good wishes for your personal finances cannot be omitted. I'm fully aware that by the time you're reading this, New Year's Eve will be something from the past and there's already much more on the horizon to look forward too, like the EXPO, Long Trip and our beer cantus. So, I regard this message as a personal notification for all those amazing upcoming events, since at the time of writing this the winter depression and common cold are at its highest level. The issue for this theme is back to basics. So, I wish to talk about ACE, and its basic working process.

One of the moments to remember this year happened just after our inauguration as the official board. It was during our Constitution Drink (COBO), where I also experienced a little bump in my board year, which even lasted till the day after. Let's just say coconut flavoured alcohol isn't my favourite anymore. The event prepared me for my board year and showed me that it isn't something easy. Now the biggest hill in the road is our DIES, our anniversary drink, which can be as rough as the COBO.

I've told you about the DIES and COBO, which are in my opinion two of the most fun events. Those events illustrate one of the basics of your board year, because without them you do not fully experience your board year. A staple of

our association are our social drinks, every three weeks. The social drinks have been in place since the olden days when our association was still called Histartes. It is a casual moment during which you can meet fellow students with similar, or radically different mindsets. It is a moment during which we come together to share ideas and laughter.

Other basics of your board year are experiencing the office past 8 o'clock in the evening, getting multiple cups of coffee during the day and being completely done with the board year but then soon realising it's your best year at uni. A small hint for upcoming board members, those multiple cups of coffee a day will help you survive the board meetings which are always held late in the evening.

Back to basics also means surviving. Surviving isn't something related to student life at a first glance. Nevertheless, student life is quite similar to surviving in the wild. Surviving another year at university, surviving all those love problems during your student life, surviving yet another hangover which was caused by our social drink and surviving all those money problems. I'd say us students are quite like Bear Grylls. Okay, we didn't sleep a night in a camel carcass or swim through an icy lake, but we have to cope with everything at university all at once and still maintain our social life. So as Bear would say: "You only get one chance at life and you have to grab it boldly."

IDENTITY



WICKED

Back to basics, an autarkic village in the south of France

By Milan Weber

Make sure you hand in that article before the deadline! Hurry up! Write your dissertation, you only have two weeks left! You're halfway, only fifteen more articles to read. STOP!

It is no coincidence that anno 2019 so many people are facing

*depressions
and burnouts.*

10

The pressure that people put down on themselves, especially in Western Europe and the US, is a problem. No news obviously, for many people experienced it and are familiar with this problem. The big question remains how people should avoid this style of living. Going back to the basics might be an answer.



In 2012, I spent the summer in France. I was working in a fine region of the

country which produces some excellent wines, the Dordogne. The quiet and peaceful landscape was accompanied by a lack of some proper internet connection. So, no social media that summer. I couldn't claim that I was experiencing a stressful life when I decided to go to France. Nevertheless, it had a positive effect on me. This was the first time that I realised that my smartphone had such a big impact on my life. In the beginning, I was looking at my phone all the time without the possibility of receiving messages.

*A strange thing to do
if you think about it.*

After a few weeks, I was getting used to this way of life and started to appreciate the things around me. After I returned to the Netherlands I had some troubles returning in the old patterns of life. I already knew how I wanted to spend the summer of 2013.

If you think that working on a campsite without a proper internet connection is the ultimate form of primitivity, you should visit Le Viel Audon. A year after my first working experience in France, I decided to work at another campsite in France, one in the Ardèche. Even though it is quite busy in these regions for tourism around July and August, as a campsite employee, you have your

days off as well. Canoeing was a popular way to spend those days and during one of these canoe trips, I learnt about Le Viel Audon. This small village, which you could only enter by foot, was abandoned for a century. In the 1970s, this village was rediscovered by people who wanted to restore the village. The village was inhabited from the prehistory onwards and those who rediscovered the village wanted this place to be like how it was when it was abandoned. The village lays next to the river Ardèche. While resting ashore, we were told about Le Viel Audon. A few days later I went there myself with someone else to have a look.



As we have heard from the people who recommended this place to visit, we needed to park the car in order to walk towards the village.

*While walking, a herd
of goats passed our
pathway.*

Life in Le Viel Audon is completely different in comparison with the experience of being a student who lives in the centre of Rotterdam! Anyway, life

in here is based on the so-called sustainable development policy. This village strives to be as autarkic, self-sufficient, as possible. Many volunteers spend their summer in the village to guarantee a continuation of this way of life. A proper shower is not always feasible, the rainfall decides whether you have that possibility or not.

Obviously, this way of life is almost the opposite of how we are living. The world is small and closed off from modernity whenever you are here. Only a few products are imported but only from the region around this place. For me, it was a surprise that it was still possible to find a place like this in Western Europe. For many people, it is a relaxing experience and a relief to escape from modernity for a while. On TripAdvisor, the reactions vary. Some people think it is excellent to have a peaceful walk next to the calm river Ardèche, while others ask themselves why this primitive form of existence is still out there. Clearly, not everyone shares my opinion about the importance going back to basics every once in a while but I think that these experiences will be more important in the future of western society. It might be a romantic thought, but while walking in the city centre of Rotterdam, with all the expectations of sharing content on social media, deadlines to make, exams to prepare for, I sometimes think about this little village in France.

*Le Viel Audon seems
frozen in time*

and I am happy to have been in this village to see that this type of living still exists.

11

Speak Without Words: Art's Fight for Sustainability

By Cassandra Langenskiöld

Temperatures are rising and falling dramatically, species are dying out, and the Arctic is receding day by day. Global warming is damaging our Earth, our ecosystem, and our future generations. Sustainability and sustainable development have, since the first Earth Summit in 1992, become buzzwords as governments and industries are aiming to reduce their carbon footprint. Environmentalism, as well as sustainable social equality and economic development, has had an impact on scales of all sizes; from forest protection to using reusable water bottles, (some of) the world has started waking up to what is a genuine, and dangerous, reality.

Sustainability bases itself on the idea that we must meet our own needs without compromising the ability of future generations to meet theirs. In all facets of sustainability, ecological integrity must be maintained, humans should have access to necessary resources, and universal human rights and basic necessities are fundamental.

Art, seemingly far-removed from sustainability, retains its power to tell us stories and speak without words. Art and the environment have had an extensive relationship dating back to Chinese engravings of rolling landscapes and later flourishing during the Renaissance with a newfound curiosity

about our connection to the world. In the 1960s and 1970s, artists started experimenting with Land Art, or Earth Art, which transformed the way that materials were being used to create artworks. Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty* (1970), constructed at the Great Salt Lake in Utah, was made of mud, salt crystals and rocks. Not only did his work expand the idea of what art could be, but it also sparked discussion about material and physical sustainability; once the work was documented, it would naturally disintegrate,

melting back into the landscape

from which it came. Materials were usually found on-site rather than transported from afar and were customarily situated in relatively remote expanses rather than in densely populated areas. Alternatively, Richard Long, a British sculptor, aimed to respond to the environment rather than deliberately rearrange it. His work, *A Line Made by Walking* (1967), was created in the process of the artist walking up and down a stretch of grass until a faint line was created from where he had trampled it. Rather than bringing materials into the gallery space, it was documented and displayed as photographs and videos.

What these Earth artists had in common was their rejection of commercialized

art, the heir of Pop Art, as well as their alignment with the emerging environmentalism movement in the late 1960s, which resulted in multiple environmental protection laws being passed, the creation of Earth Day, and the arrival of green political parties around the world.

Earthworks of the 1960s have since then been criticized for their (sometimes) haphazard treatment of environmental sites, such as clearing out areas for display purposes or using vulnerable or endangered materials. Contemporary artists such as Andy Goldsworthy, Nancy Holt, and Agnes Denes explore topics ranging from our

relationship to the universe

to ecological concerns using sustainable materials and practices. In a field where artists have, traditionally and perhaps unwittingly, been taught to consider their work above larger social concerns, many are beginning to engage in the conversation around social, economic and environmental sustainability. Artist Eva Mosher's *Seeding the City* project involved Brooklyn residents in tending to rooftop greenhouses, hoping that the participation of locals and interest of passersby would raise awareness for the work that plants do for our planet. As such, these artists are not intending to stop global-warming, per say, or any of the myriad of other environmental and ecological issues but are hoping to raise awareness about this ongoing problem and the steps we can take to solve it. Artists are thus becoming problem-solvers rather than simply estheticians, engaging not only our imagination but our

sense of responsibility

to the ground we stand on.

What is the significance of this? Art schools around the world have introduced sustainability-based degrees, and major funded bodies like arts councils are now required to report on their environmental impact. Art, a realm conventionally conceived as detached from worldly anxieties, is starting to lift its weight in the sustainability conversation. The multitudes of paint, paper, canvas and artificial materials that are used on a daily basis by students, amateurs and professionals signal that a change needs to go underway; art should not, and maybe cannot, distance itself from traditional materials, but it should make the effort to incorporate recycled, biodegradable, natural or reusable material in its processes.



As governments around the world are beginning to respond to the issue of sustainable development, architects, designers and artists are following suit. Maybe it is time we let them show us how to make this world

a better place.

Blended Basics in Bali

By Sara Haverkamp

Back to basics: it sounds so smooth and straightforward, doesn't it? It evokes fantasies about earlier but simultaneously faraway times and exotic, distant places, completely disconnected from the relatively chaotic lives that we all sometimes experience nowadays. Since this is my first year as a student at Erasmus University and I graduated high school three months before commencing the IBCoM programme, life has not exactly been slowing down for me either. However, within these three months, I have actually experienced what it was like to move from a hectic life on one day, to a perfectly tranquil status on the next, when I travelled to Bali.

To be honest, the happening felt quite surreal at the time,

but I figured that travelling is an effective way for me personally to unwind from the stressful but often exciting events that may invade my life on a regular basis. This might be something that many of you can relate to, which is why I wanted to write about all the ways I experienced going back to basics during my time in Indonesia this past summer.

To say the least, it was a rollercoaster of a summer for me. From fulfilling both my IB finals and my regular exams in May and the passing of my dearest grandmother in the midst of them, boarding an airplane to Greece a mere few hours after her cremation service for a graduation trip (while I hadn't even graduated yet, but drop that :)), winning a national prize for my final project in high school accompanied with newspaper and radio interviews, to finally graduation itself: in short,

I had not been sitting still at all.

Little did I know that the best was yet to come, because in the same summer of 2018, I made a trip of a lifetime when I visited Bali with my family. Travelling around this gorgeous island has taught me much about Indonesian cultures, even more specifically the Balinese and the incredibly contrasting lifestyles that people are adjusted to on the other side of the world.



As you can imagine, compared to the information and communication-ridden Western society that we are so acquainted to in Rotterdam, observing how the Balinese population live their lives can feel like going "back to basics". Being surrounded by tropical nature all the time and being woken up by the sun every day, seeing boys play football with a plastic bottle, attending Hindu religious ritual performances, tasting traditional Luwak coffee – of which the beans pass through the alimentary canal of a civet – and trying not to hit one of the hundreds of small scooters crowding the roads for sure is something else. In a lot of aspects, the Indonesian cultures that I have seen in these three weeks during the travelling

changed my perspective

on my own culture and how I unconsciously take many things for granted.

This last feeling was strengthened by something much less cheerful, namely experiencing one of the five earthquakes that have been scourging the island of Lombok and the surrounding area, including Bali, last summer. On the morning of 29 July, just a little before 7 A.M. local time, my sister and I were woken up by the shocks. It is a moment that I most likely won't ever be able to forget, as I initially thought that she was pulling onto my bed before realising the seriousness of the situation. Staying on the third floor of an apartment complex, I remember being terrified that either the ceiling or our floor could collapse at any moment. I only dared to leave my bed when the shaking had stopped. It soon became clear that the epicentre of the earthquake (6.4 on the Richter scale) was located on Lombok, fortuna-

tely dismissing any tsunami threats. However, widespread damage was reported in the area, and authorities confirmed that twenty people were killed in the earthquake while hundreds were injured. All in all, it lasted for about ten seconds and nobody in my neighbourhood was hurt, but fear feeling like an iron hand clasp around my heart did not leave me for the entire day.

Ironically, it was the day that we would travel to Lombok as a continuation of our route. We arrived there in the evening and while driving to our destination, we saw people trying to gain donations for both victims and material damage by carrying boxes around their necks, walking in between all the cars stuck in traffic, which I found extremely confronting to witness. More (and even heavier) earthquakes followed through the entire month of August, and although my family and I had already returned home by then, we could only reminisce about our overall wonderful trip with very mixed feelings. I have been thinking a lot about life since that day.

knowing that it had could have ended very differently.

Living through the earthquake has been far from basic, but the whole experience did cause me to gain a wider prospect of the basic things that are prevalent in my life here and to appreciate them, even though it might be busy and chaotic at times. Many people around me sometimes forget to realise how blessed they actually are (which includes habiting a surface area not located on any of the Earth's vaults), and I would encourage everybody to start doing that a little more.

Ditch NS and go back to basics?

By Max Peeters

What? Do you not enjoy traveling with the Dutch train system?! Well, fear not my friend, for whatever side of this debate you stand on, you will not be alone. While some take pleasure in the unexpected travel delays mixed with train cancelations brought on by the NS, some of us fume at the very thought. A bitter debate, especially amongst first year students, the NS at times has managed to create quite a ruckus. But what other alternatives do we have? Walk? Bike everywhere amidst the rain? Or should we buy our own cars?

You see, most of us scowl at the Dutch train system, but the alternatives drawn out above do not appear much better. For purposes of demonstration, we will hypothesize that you want to travel from Rotterdam Central Station to Utrecht Central Station for your friend's dinner party. It's her 21st birthday, and you don't want to mess this up! You put on a fresh outfit, do your hair and now you're ready to go! The question is, which of these transportation methods listed above

would suit your needs best?

Traveling with the NS from Rotterdam to Utrecht would take approximately 40 minutes and would cost 22€ for a

roundtrip, or 13.20€ with a student discount assuming the dinner party is on a Saturday night and you cannot travel for free. Likewise,

walking would take you just eleven hours and twelve minutes.

Now, you could save the money you would otherwise be spending on a train ticket and treat your friend to a really nice bottle of wine. Look at you go!

Yet, unless you want to start walking in the wee hours of the morning, it is likely you will find this method impractical. That is to say, unless you have the leg muscles of Jesse Owens, I would encourage you to seek other transportation. A bike ride would reduce your travel time by over a third. Biking would cost you just a mere three hours and twelve minutes. You would still save money which would allow you to show up with that nice bottle of prosecco. Furthermore, if you are an international student reading this, it will allow you the opportunity to find your Dutch cultural roots.

Bicycling through meadows while admiring the windmills

was this just a Van Gogh painting meant to be?

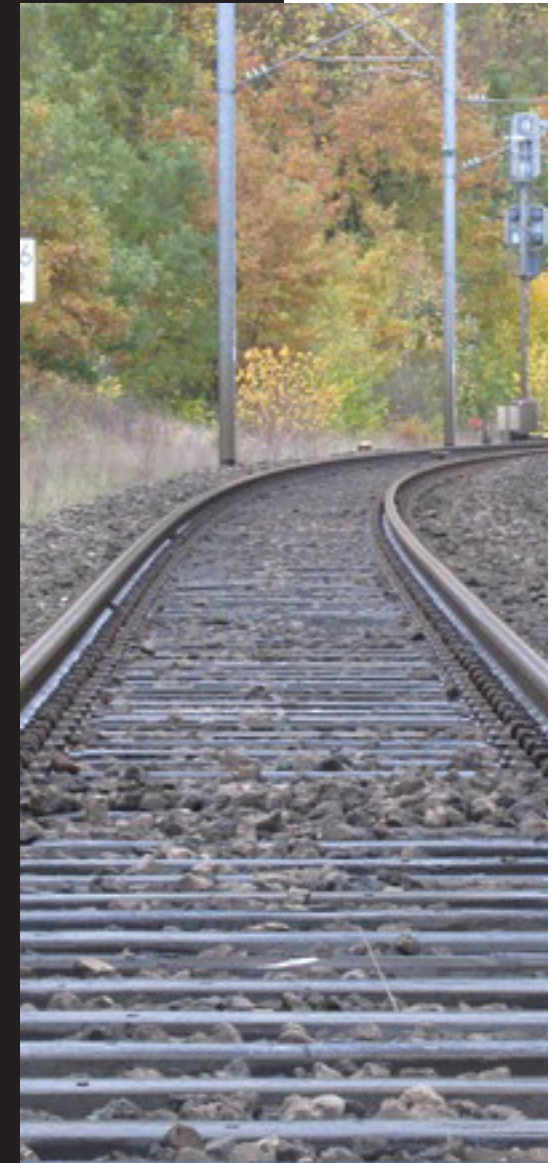
Bicycling brings the added risk of arriving sweaty to your friend's party. No one wants that, not even you. What now? Buy a car? After visiting the nearest car dealership, you realize the price tag of a decent used vehicle will greatly surpass the cost of a train ticket; with or without 40% discount. Let's suggest you are very good friends with someone who is willing to let you borrow their car. Driving would take you just 52 minutes and would cost you around 22€ roundtrip for gas. This method would give you the afforded luxury of jamming out to your favorite tunes while laughing at the NS as you realize the train you would have taken has been delayed. Though the car option might be pricey once you have factored in parking, it is by far the most comfortable.

So, which transportation method should you choose? Although I am personally quite intrigued by the biking option, the NS may just have won this round. Its

stylish bright yellow design

will have you arriving in 80's style. Likewise, the delays you are likely to encounter validate as a good excuse to buy some snacks at the Kiosk. This will have the added benefit that you will appear more self-contained with regard

to indulging the snacks your friend offers you at their party. No form of transport is perfect; luckily, we will all be driving Maserati's in the near future with our uni degrees, right? As for me, I prefer to fly by Pegasus, but to each their own.



FLUORESCENT



COMFORT

We live in an era where all additives, in whatever form they may come, are seen as gratuitous extras distracting us from

the essence of whatever we are consuming, doing or thinking.

This current search for the essence of things has trickled down onto all facets of our contemporary lives. From wellness and fitness, to fashion and food, we look for the pure, the un-tainted and the fundamental. Millennial culture has taken this fundamentalism and made it part of its ethos and identity. From obvious examples like minimalism or clean-eating, to the not-so-obvious ones like interior design, the beginning of the 21st century is characterized by a cultural shift towards a simpler way of life.

One of the most obvious examples of this search for the essential can be found in the aisles of any supermarket. Organic food fill the shelves of Albert Heijn, Whole Foods and Sainsbury's and have become a must have in the pantries of all millennial households. The complete apathy for preservatives and additives has led the food industry to move towards making more natural products available for all. Non-GMO products and bio food can also be

found in many trendy restaurants and cafes, in which the simple yet whole-hearted dishes have become best sellers. Avocado toast, a millennial favourite, seems to embody the ideology that more is not always better and that the simple can be just as indulgent as chocolate cake. What's more, some millennial workout habits have also turned to essentialism. Yoga is a front-runner concerning wellness and essentialism. From child pose to downward facing dog, this oriental meditative exercise is an attempt to disconnect from the rumble and distractions of life in an effort to connect with the self, letting go of all that which is not needed.

By the same token, the aesthetics of the second millennium are characterized by an austere palette of whites, grays, pastels and muted tones. In architecture, these non-colours are subservient to light, which tends to be centre stage in all contemporary architecture. Even the tables, sofas and armchairs that adorn these palaces of white have become rectilinear and simplistic. The advent of modern architecture and mid-century interior design have created a plethora of spaces in which, much like galleries, the absence of the unnecessary is primordial. These have created an urban life in which

the sober and elementary fill our immediate environment

And fuel the fundamentalism in which we live in. Moreover, the clothes we wear have also become increasingly simple, getting rid of over-sized accessories, frills and patterns. Clean cut sweaters and pants tinted in shades of terracotta and salmon seem to be all around us. Similarly, monochromatic outfits seem to walk down all runways as well as the streets of every fashion capital in the world. These trends and colours create a "wearable austerity" which celebrates simplicity over ostentation and lightness over exaggeration.

All these trends and crazes demonstrate an antipathy for exuberance. It then begs the question: why is millennial culture obsessed with the minimal, the clean and the pure?

In an era of infinite access to knowledge and a constant of information, the search for the simple, might serve as an escape from the cluttered environment we inhabit. From social media to news outlets, there seems to be a never-ending stream of content coming our way at all times. This can be daunting in a time where connectivity is central to a person's life and there seems to be no other way to be part of something than through the internet. So, making the web and what surrounds it feel and look simple and minimal might be a form

of a human assertion of power

over the excess of information and possibility offered by the platform it is presented on. It might also be a way to retain some control over way these messages and data are delivered to us and make us feel safer from the uncer-

tainty arising in the advent of information technology. Moreover, by eating, living and wearing that which is elementary we might be an unconscious strategy to cleanse our social environment from our digital environment. Paradoxically, the clash between excess of content and absence of crutches of delivery can be found all around us. Instagram is full of minimal accounts and the look and feel of the platform itself is simple. However, scrolling through one's feed is the entire opposite of minimalism. The simple act of opening the app is a consensual act to be bombarded by images, adverts, names, hashtags presented to us through an aesthetic austerity.



So, the quest for a contemporary ascetic lifestyle might be a way to balance the scales of purity and complexity in an effort to retain that which is essential but may never be achieved. Then, the rudimentary combats the chaotic and produces the millennial search for authenticity and the "clean".

A traveller's guide to loneliness

By Emma Daley

Up at the crack of dawn, Leo wondered why he had done this to himself again. Booking the earliest train to get back into the rhythm of an early-bird so as to make the most of his travels was to him as the boulder is to Sisyphus. Getting an early night was never a problem when there was a reason for it. Dedication to his studies and rugby team taught him as much. But the night before a trip was a far cry from the eve of an exam or important game. After preparing his departure down to a tee, a cozy dinner with his two roommates and maybe a film, he would lie in bed waiting for sleep to come, a full eight hours of warmth and dreams. And yet, for no reason at all, he would toss and turn for hours on end, occasionally reaching across the bed to check his ticket on his phone, to check his half-dozen alarms were set, and to shine a light on his packed suitcase, passport and outfit laid out by his desk.

Each and every trip, no matter the distance or duration, rendered the same result.

Perhaps it was the manifestation of anxieties that hid underneath the confident and steady manner that was usually so characteristic of him. It came down to habit and education. He had grown up in a country where mango trees and banyans lined his walk to school in the hot sun year-round, thousands of miles away from the European notion of coats and scarves. There was no such thing as train travel from his little island, only flight. Flights, where the time spent at the airport was often superior to the time spent in the sky. While some had the ten commandments, his family had an alternate version for air-travel. The first, "thou shalt be at the airport three and a half hours before departure", the second, "thou shalt be responsible for your own valuables and carrying thine own suitcase", the third, "thou shalt have a memorised sequence of how to go through airport security speedily without forgetting anything or slowing down the line" and finally, "thou shalt show utmost respect to all staff encountered on your journey". It was impossible for him to imagine a different approach. He ground his teeth if stuck in the security line behind a group of novice travellers. He felt nauseated by insolence towards an air-stewardess. He felt anxiety creeping in a full a day before departure at least, and had never



forgotten, nor lost anything in an airport in his life. And it was because of this precision training that the anxiety never left him.

He realized that now, though it had taken him a while. Even now, holding a lukewarm Americano in one hand as he stood on the platform, still a half hour to wait till the departure of his train, he wondered when and where he would find the line between forethought and neurosis. He didn't mind the wait when there was someone travelling with him, someone to speak to, someone to keep an extra eye on the bags and the time, someone you could figure things out with if you ended up stranded... But travelling alone brought out anxiety so contrary to his usual self, weighing heavily on his chest as the sun rose slowly. Having watched three trains come and go from his seat on the end of the platform, and a crowd trickle in slowly, Leo was irrationally irked by la-

ter arrivals shoving past him then fumbling for their ticket. Surely there was a special place in hell for those that push past you only to slow you down, he thought. And yet he remained impassive. No point in saying anything. And yet his eyes betrayed him, forcing another passenger to stifle her laugh into her scarf. Finally, he took his seat, and felt the tension in his body melt away as the movement of the train slowly rocked him to sleep.

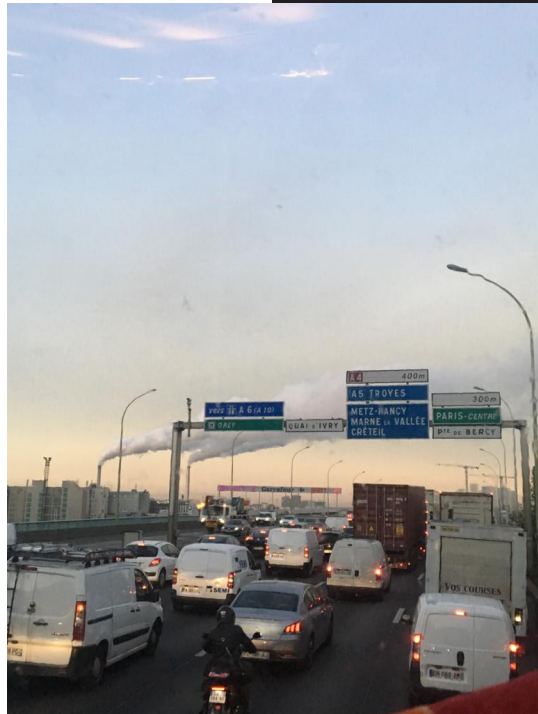
It had only been ten minutes since he had dozed off when a hand shook his shoulder, "Tickets... Billets... Kaartjes..." As much as he hated being yanked out of his slumber, he thought it funny that, being fluent in French and English in addition to learning Dutch, there was not a single language that he could speak that would not be understood by the entire personnel of this train, or indeed most of Belgium. He had experienced this for the first time only a few weeks ago in Brussels. He noticed that everyone would address him in English with an incredibly thick French accent. This to him was an awkward situation as he would want to switch to French, making the exchange easier for both parties. However, he was wary of coming off as insulting, since answering their English with French would be acknowledging their obvious accent. This solution to this was to begin every interaction with a large grin and an overly articulated "Bonjour", to make clear he was a francophone. The added bonus of this was that, in his experience living in France, approaching staff with a question such as "Excuse me, where is the restroom" without first greeting said person generally resulted in a glare, and a cold "Alors on commence par dire Bonjour" meaning "So, first of all, Hello..."



One he could not solve, however, was that wherever he went in Brussels, he could not have a private conversation in French on the phone or with his friends the way he could in primarily English-speaking countries. He was used to nonchalantly talking about private matters, or having an argument on the phone, since as long as his tone was calm, no one would understand and eavesdrop. The other side of this was that he could understand everyone else's conversations. He had mixed feelings about this. On the one hand it could be entertaining to witness a public breakup, or hear wild gossip, keeping him entertained on a long bus ride. But it was also taxing to understand as he could then not stop himself from listening, and that became exhausting. He missed the white noise of Dutch chatter in the tram. On the bright side, travelling alone meant he could spend his day in almost complete

silence. Leo had the relatively unusual characteristic of being incredibly extroverted, annoyingly so to most, but with an intense need for extensive alone-time to recharge. The drive behind his compulsive travelling was one part curiosity to discover new cities, and one part leaving his routine and obligations behind for a couple of days.

He loved being alone in a crowd every once in a while. It was a relief. Just another face on the street, everyone passing each other with somewhere to be, no one to run into... he could be alone without feeling like he was missing out on anything. Go at his own rhythm. Take as many coffee breaks as he wanted, spend as long as he wanted in front of the same Magritte painting, or speed past a gallery that didn't speak to him. He could eat at normal times, or not. No one to coordinate with, just his own internal clock set free of routine and convention. Sweet liberation. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy his daily life. He very much did. But it's easy to lose sight of your organic rhythm if you never stop to question your everyday protocol. Nothing brings out character quite like solo travel. Your education permeates every decision as you face unfamiliarity in the company of only yourself. Every second alone gives you time to reflect about where you are and where you want to go. He could not imagine life without this very specific loneliness. A necessary loneliness he sought out in the crowded streets of unfamiliar cities.



An ode to my disposable camera...

By Do'ga Bilir

Dear Cam,

It had almost been a month since I got you. You and I had quite an adventure since then. You see, I have always found winter time magical. It allows destiny to work in mysterious ways. And this is exactly how you had entered my life.

Don't get me wrong, Cam, I love my smartphone. My smartphone is one of the most essential things in my life if not the most. It adds so much efficiency to my life that it is impossible to not love it.

There are many things that I particularly like about it.

Like listening to music wherever whenever...

Or having a constant internet connection...

But my favorite must be the fast documenting opportunity that I have with my camera.

I bought my phone almost three months ago. And I already have over 2000 pictures in my camera roll. Mind you, none of them were transferred from my previous phone.

But then something happened, something I had been meaning to happen for a long time but never actually had the chance to:

I got you as a gift for my 24th birthday.

It was something that I wanted to do for a while, I got the idea from Damon Dominique's blog post on Shut Up and Go and immediately fell in love with the idea. He would carry around a disposable camera as much as he could, especially when he is traveling. But having one for a birthday seemed particularly tempting.

I first saw one when I first moved to the Netherlands and thought this year, I finally got the chance. I would carry around a disposable camera on my 24th birthday, which is -completely serendipitously- my very first time abroad.

Since I had class that morning, I did not have the time to stop by the shop that day. But once I got to class, one close and also a very thoughtful friend surprised me with one, wrapped in gray and white.

The funny thing is, I had never mentioned to her either the blog post or my plan to do something like that. She just thought it would be a nice idea to document my birthday, in Rotterdam.

You truly were a surprise, a gift, some sort of a twisted work of kismet.

The plan was to take every picture with you, well, as long as your 27 shots allowed us anyway.

And boy, was that a ride.

You had given me a chance to reflect and thought me so many things, Cam.

And here's what I have learned...

1. Nobody remembers how to use an analog camera anymore.

Remember when it took 10 seconds to take a picture so that it would develop more clearly? Apparently, no one does, not anymore. We had got so used to taking a picture in milliseconds. We asked some people to take pictures of us and it was fascinating to see how fast they were on their feet once when they hit the shutter. The first couple of pictures are going to be blurry since it took us a while to ask people to count until 10 once they hit the shutter.

Which brings us to my next point:

2. There's something very poetic about waiting for your pictures to get developed.

I am very much excited to see how the pictures will come out. I do not think they will be too beautiful, or too focused as the matter of fact, but it will be quite interesting to see what will come out of it. I wasn't in any of the pictures until had not taken my friends volunteered to take the pictures I am in.

I wanted to include my own shots within this, but I am still waiting for them to be developed. That has been an excruciatingly long process, as well as exhilarating. But it will be worth it, Cam, at the end of the day.

I can't remember when the last time was I got pictures developed. And I felt like the timer started, once I gave you to the clerk. I am waiting for you to be done like the last minutes of class to pass, like the food you had ordered to arrive, like a plane to land.

3. It is extremely humbling, having only one chance at a shot.

Having only one chance with one shot makes it extremely valuable. You have to put more thought into it and you have to be very careful, very delicate. You have to stop and think, take your time once you hit the shutter. You have to move on immediately once you are taken the picture, you can't check it, you can't redo it. What's done is done.

It reminds us how we only have one chance at many circumstances, and how short life is to keep trying to perfect one single thing when an entire time passes us by.

It usually takes me forever to capture that one single frame. And I could easily spend all 27 of yours for one. But I didn't, because I couldn't. I couldn't stand the idea of wasting another chance for the exact same thing.

And I moved on. Maybe for the first time in my life, I settled for okay.

I loved everything about you, Cam, regardless of your wasted shots. I loved your grass-green color, I loved your little flash that pops up, I loved its little red light shines through the dark.

And I cannot wait for all the blurry, red-eyed pictures to come out.

You have broken the perfectionist within me, and I will be forever thankful for that.

Thank you for reminding me that I can't control everything in life.

Thank you for helping me make my memories eternal.

Thank you for being one of the best memories of my new year.

Thank you for helping me tick off another bullet out of my bucket list.

You will always be very special for me.

Yours truly,
Doğa



PRECIOUS



MINUTES



The resurgence: when old becomes trendy

By Nguyet Nguyen

I'm currently writing this article while wearing my 70s inspired corduroy pants and listening to a record of the Carpenters. In my defense, my mom really loves the Carpenters, so listening to them has always reminded me of her, I feel like this justifies me owning a couple of records of them.

Like many other youngsters, I follow trends.

I have a weakness for corduroy (as mentioned above), flared pants, vintage shopping, vinyls, and many 'old but gold' objects that has come back to style.

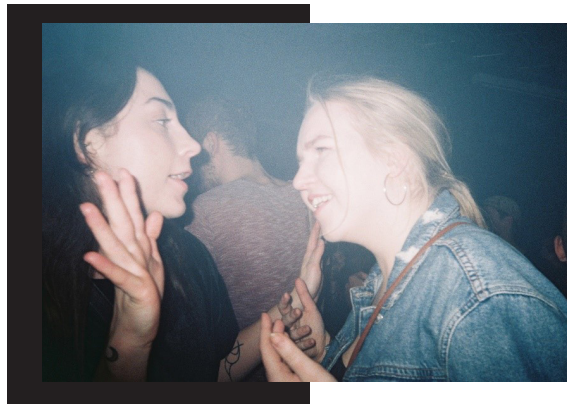
It doesn't stop there.

What truly robbed me of my finances was (and still is) film photography.

The camera, the films, and the developing/scanning service, somehow found their places in my monthly budget, ranking above food in terms of priority. It started when I was in middle school, with a polaroid camera (not-so-fun-fact: back then, Polaroid

stopped producing the films for these camera, ImpossibleProject did, however it was SUPER expensive, I'm talking approximately 2 euro for 1 shot). But due to the crazy prices and limited creative control, I moved on to 35 mm film shortly after.

A couple of years has passed until I noticed how popular this format has become, despite its expensive characteristics. People just love the look of films, I can't blame them, that is exactly what draws me towards it to begin with. Disposable camera became increasingly popular for capturing fun fleeting moments at parties, apps (read: huji) that tempt to replicate this look were created and are being used widely by our generation. This lead to my



Instagram feed being more and more filled with film-like pictures.

I did find some ways to make it more economical, just so I can spare more on pancakes and other guilty food. I'm sharing some of them, in hope that it

might help some of you. First, I buy my film expired. Film has a preemption date, once you pass that date, the film doesn't guarantee the same quality, the color might not be as intense for example. In my personal experience, nothing really went wrong, all of my pictures looked fine. Second, I try to develop the film myself as much as possible. Obviously, I don't own the equipment to do so at home, so I do it at a friend's house, whose dad also loves film photography. I know Willem de Kooning has a lab, if one your friend goes there, try to ask them to help you out with the developing. These are the real connections we need to make, LinkedIn is overrated. Lastly, for those who are taking pictures with a disposable camera, do invest in an automatic point and shoot. It's basically the same thing, just as its name indicate, you point and you shoot. However, it is cheaper, because from now you will only need to buy films to put in it. Additionally, you're also polluting less, as you're not constantly throwing away the disposable plastics boxes that they are made of.

Coming back to our resurgence topic, film photography is just my personal example, but

this growing popularity and demand for old things happens everywhere.

n fashion, the 90s and 70s are a HUGE inspiration for high end brands like Jacquemus, which are in turns a HUGE inspiration for mass produced brands

like Zara, Mango and H&M. I am personally influenced by this. Exhibit A – the above-mentioned corduroy pants.

But trends are fleeting.

Back in the 2000s, no one questioned the status of velour tracksuit (you get bonus points if theres 'juicy' spread across the butt), yet here we are, none of these tracksuits have made it into 2019. I also remember wedge sneakers being really big at one point, however, now, they are rarely seen in daylights, while chunky sneakers are just everywhere.

In all honesty, I am very bothered by the idea that one day my corduroy pants will no longer be considered cool. Nonetheless, I think I will still be wearing them because I am that much attached to them. Just like how I will keep feeding into my expensive spending when it comes to film photography. Certain things marked you so much, that despite new trends coming in, those things still remain and are now part of your identity. Also, you never know, maybe in 20 years we might get a new wave of resurgence,

who is the cool kid then?



Does Erasmus University do enough to support struggling students?

By Jose Luis

If you read Erasmus Magazine, you probably have noticed some of the following recent headlines “Many international students are struggling emotionally”, “Students with student loans suffer greater anxiety and pressure to perform” and paradoxically “Adolescents’ mental state only slightly worse than before”. The first two seem to signal a terrible situation, but the final one is almost reassuring. Reading the article, it states that over the past ten years, the percentage of students struggling from mental health

has only grown from 8,8 to 10,9 per cent.

However, the perception does not seem to be the same. I personally know many people who have passed through rough patches, myself included.

At a low, I contacted the university psychology services. The first step was a consultation, there was an appointment available about a week after I booked it online. That is not an awful waiting time, but then consider the following: it lasted 15 minutes. Afterwards, I was told that I should book another appointment for a full

hour, the earliest date available was around 5 weeks from the initial consultation. Needless to say, I felt discouraged and left without the following course. When one searches for support from the university services they are open about their limitations, their services are in high demand. It is clearly not meant for an emergency, and its main aim is to help students perform well on their studies.

Assuming the data is representative of the university, I wonder: how, if the percentage of students struggling emotionally has not substantially grown in the last decade, are the services so slow? Why hasn’t the university be able to allocate the necessary resources to meet student demand?

How could someone have to wait 6 weeks for concrete help?

After giving it some thought, it is true that while the percentage of students in need of assistance has increased by less than 2% in the Netherlands, in real numbers it would represent a large growth. The university population has been greatly augmented if one googles the number of students for Erasmus University, the 2016 figure is 28 047 and the EUR website claims 29 790 stu-

dents for 2017. Further, the national average may not be representative of Erasmus University, as it is the fifth most international research university in the country, and past articles suggest foreign bachelor’s students tend to struggle more.

Moreover, funds for universities have been reduced, in spite of a growing population. The figure reduction for this year was €19,5 million. That means that the amount of money spent per student decreases, even if the tuition costs for students continue to increase nominally. This means that the university psychological department is probably underfunded, and with the current conditions, it seems that it will stay so. In this climate, it is commendable that they attempt to find strategies to at least be able to speak with students soon, however, the first come first serve method of reserving the consultations could be making students in more need of help wait longer.

Therefore, the university route is long, can be complicated (there are different consultations that one can reserve with different waiting periods) and not meant for times in a crisis.

Mental health is such a basic,

without attention and care the effects on studies and general well-being can be detrimental. If you are struggling, the fastest route seems to be going with insurance. Make sure to go to your general practitioner and get referred to the kind of help you may need. For international students, if you have

taken the university recommended AON complete plus package for students, it covers psychological help. Do make sure to register and follow through the steps, most of my international friends are not registered and just have the insurance because it is mandatory. However, it is likely to be more helpful than the university’s services.

Erasmus can and ought to do better. It seems unfair that the university has both extremely strict rules about the Binding Study Advice and slow services for students. In some courses, such as Economics and Business Economics, 60/60 credits need to be obtained in the first year to be allowed to finish the degree. The university was sued over this, and while they won and were allowed to retain their system, it is undeniable that it is a source of stress for many students. I had to take a resit, and in the days before I was losing hair and feeling nauseous. It is understandable that a university with the ranking of EUR wants to have the best students possible and that it uses the first year as a filter. The fact that they provide little emotional support while having such high expectations and expanding its student base while not being able to provide proper assistance for its current one, is not. Students’ mental health is a basic, and

it should be a priority for the university.

Oh, to see without my eyes

By Berdan Kaplan

What if we have to love without them? Grasp or see without them? The tickets that give us a visual entrance to the blue marble of tenderness and intimidation. What if we go back, and love, grasp, and see without our eyes... the first time that you kissed me.

CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

I built your walls around me

34 A summer in the Italian Riviera. Oliver, Elio, and, in between them, an abundance of desire. The story of two souls unexpectedly finding each other. Elio Perlman, who lives in a small, rural town, has two parents of which one is a professor of archaeology; his father. Every summer, he invites an alumnus over to help him with his academic writing, and in that particular summer of 1983 it was him. It was Oliver who was welcomed to the Perlman residence that was located in the most picturesque town of northern Italy. Oliver had that type of look that made the introverted and shy Elio feel things he didn't realize were actually there. His eyes tried to avoid the somehow inevitable appeal that Oliver sparked just by being around. So, the appeal starts to grow, but Elio's feelings don't bother to express themselves. A constant sensation of aggravated desire dodged by the walls he built around him; the walls that weren't his.

and what difference does it make...

when you cannot express your love for someone, and words of sensitivity are stuck in your throat? What difference does it make when there is no social media to check if they saw your message, or when there is no grapevine to hear through? When sexuality does not play a role, and you are charmed by the individual rather than by their societal labels?

In *Call Me by Your Name*, there certainly is a difference to the typical love stories that we are used to. Not solely because it takes place in a different time frame, but mainly because there are no boxes the characters are put into. There is no gay or straight, there is no order; no system; no rules. There is just

love

in its purest shape, and all that it generates.

when this love is over?

As we go *back to basics*, I wanted to suggest an iconic work of both literature and cinematography that is characteristic for its integrity. From personal experience, I can strongly suggest to watch the film first (produced by Luca Guadagnino), and then, read the book (written by André Aciman). Even though the book was released earlier than the movie, the order of consumption is an essential part of your experience. In the book, you will follow the entire story through Elio's eyes. The movie, however, consists of Guadagnino traditionally capturing the actions between Oliver (Armie Hammer) and Elio (Timothée Chalamet) from the camera's point of view. If you watch the film first - and have had the time to dry your tears or finish that bowl of triple chocolate ice cream - the book will serve as an eye-opener. The eyes of Elio, to be more specific. You will finally realize that those small, innocent-seeming moments between the main characters consisted of a roller coaster of endless thoughts inside the vulnerable mind of Elio. Every scene in the movie where it seemed like he was giving Oliver 'just a brief look' or 'only a quick eye roll' is carefully elaborated upon in the chapters. You would not expect it initially, but those slight movements mean much more than you would have dared to imagine. Aciman does an incredible job at deconstructing Elio's feelings and putting them into meaningful words; words that show you every corner of his brain.

„Call me by your name, and I'll call you by mine.”

Do be aware of the fact that the book includes a different ending than the film. One goes further than the other, but in terms of what exactly? It is to you to



find out through a classic journey of summer romance.

blessed by the mystery of love

Go and see the movie, feel the book, listen to the soundtracks, and admire the masterpiece.

„Later.”

Back to Basics: Phone-less and Surviving.

By Saaqqa M

Let's go back to basics. Like, really go back, to a time where the number of Instagram followers you or your friends had did not matter. To a time when unfriending someone on Facebook wasn't the way to end, or maybe take a break from a friendship. To a time when you couldn't screen a call because there was no caller ID.

Doesn't that give you the creeps? I shuddered too. Ignoring calls on my phone is one of my favourite things to do. It's satisfying to have the power to not be reachable. Isn't it funny how that works? We attach ourselves to a device that can literally connect us to everyone we know and don't know, anywhere in the world. But when that device is used for what it was originally made for - making and receiving phone calls - we mute the trilling ringtone, physically distance ourselves from it while we watch in horror as the screen stays lit up with a familiar name written across it.

Communication technology has come a long way in a fairly short time. The first handheld mobile device was introduced in 1983, and since then mobile phones have become, in many ways, an extension of human living, more so in the western world. It is quite incredible to realise that we are highly dependent on these mobile devices to complete some of the most mundane tasks in our daily lives. From communicating with our friends, family and co-workers, to capturing images of our food, pets, and daily commutes -

our phones have become indispensable for the most basic interactions as well as tasks like banking, navigating, and education. Essentially, we have all the information in the world in the palm of our hands; communication technology is astonishing, even as it is currently highly integrated into our lives. While waking up in the morning is not on that list of uncomplicated tasks, we even use our phones to ring us awake every day!



Let's paint a picture, without our phones.

A shrill, perpetually loudening sound wakes you up from your deep, weeknight sleep. It's 8 AM, and you turn over in your bed to reach the alarm clock on your bedside desk and switch it off. Waking up is always hard, it doesn't matter how you have to do it.

You've got to make it to a class at 9 AM, so you put on the breakfast radio station you love and rev yourself up for the day ahead. It's sunny outside, which is rare, so biking to school should be pleasant today. Earphones in, Walkman attached to your jeans pocket fold, you set off - hoping that your best mate is also on their way to class. He has a tendency to sleep in so you're not sure if you'll see him in the early morning class.

This particular class always takes a lot out of you, so you decide to make a quick stop at the SPAR on campus to see what deals they have for the day. You can usually get good value for money if you look for the meal deals, and the only way to know about them is to visit the store itself. You grab a croissant and fresh juice and join the queue to pay for your goodies. Luckily, you have the exact amount of 10c coins to pay for your things, and rush to get your seat in the third row of the class.

Surprise, surprise - your friend seems to have slept in today. It's a shame you couldn't call his home to wake him up on time. A telephone line was an expense that did not fit in your student budget, but you sure missed using the phone at your parents place when you were in school! There are a few familiar faces in the lecture hall, friends from your study association that you see once every other week for the social drink. One of them is handing out flyers to their next event, of which you've already seen posters of around campus. You should make a note of the time and date in your agenda.

After class you make your way to your next appointment, one which you're not looking forward to. It's near the end of the month and somehow, every month, you find yourself running really low on

funds. Your student finance money is due to have come in today - the letter in the post said it would be. You're hoping to see a much higher bank balance before you withdraw some money for this week's groceries.

You're also hoping the pretty bank teller is working today. You're shy to admit it, but he makes the expensive visits to the bank much nicer. You've had a quick glance at his nametag on your last visit, and wished you had the courage to ask him to hang out sometime. It is so hard, not knowing if he was interested in you or not... or even single and uncommitted to anyone else. Wouldn't it be ideal to have some kind of place regular people could go to, to find out all sorts of information about other regular people's social lives? Then you wouldn't have to guess and fumble about when it's your turn at the counter, trying to muster the courage to make a new friend.

You exchange smiles and niceties, but there's a queue and you don't want to hold everyone up. Maybe next time you'll have a conversation! Money safely stowed in your backpack full of textbooks, you head out. The winter dark has set in, but you still want to check out a new music shop that opened up on the other side of the city. Hmm, this might be difficult to do tonight - considering you don't frequent that area much and the city is awfully confusing in the dark. You don't want to spend too long finding your way there. You follow some street signs for a while and seem to be heading in the right direction but can't seem to locate the shop. The records will have to wait, until tomorrow perhaps, when you remember to check the poster you saw for directions again. For now, you decide to head home for a night of pot noodles and textbooks.

Maybe some cable TV - treat yourself!



PHOTO: 'HEIRLOOM'

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Article 10 – Berdan Kaplan

Illustration by Topher McCulloch

Editorial pictures by Maud Dik



BLINDING



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