



PHOENIX

Christmas Issue - 2016-2017

Showcase: All of
Albion's Christmas
spirit and pets!

Phoenix Ranks:
Christmas Capitalism

Q&Alumni:
Santa Claus!

Phoenix Serves:
Christmassy good stuff

And much more!



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WORD OF THE EDITOR

Dear readers,

I have a confession to make. Even to me, someone who only low-key celebrates Christmas, it is painful to type out loud. It does not have to do with me not getting around to decorating the house this year, nor with not visiting any Christmas markets or my experiencing a serious lack of Glühwein. It is much more serious than that. I am, deep breath, yet to begin writing Christmas cards.

Christmas isn't the most magical season to me. It's all very pretty and the food is great (9/10 times that is), but the long days that also come with the December month can be gloomy and the cold weather is just downright impractical. What I do love is coming home to a freshly made cup of coffee and an unopened Christmas card addressed to me personally.

The best part is guessing who sent the card from just the handwriting. I guess you could call it luck, but I do definitely consider it a skill that I am very proud of. Then there's of course the card itself, and what's written inside.

But it just so happened that I have not had the opportunity to write my Christmas cards yet. Writing Christmas cards is a not to be underestimated, stressful, yet oddly satisfying practice – one that takes time. And so the time has come, the first time in my short 8 years of Christmas card writing, that my season's greetings will not hit my loved ones' doormats in time for Christmas. But never will I let missing the deadline stop me from practicing the underrated art of writing those wonderful cards.

In the mean time, with the celebrations closing in, let yourself be amused by the very Christmassy Phoenix in front of you. Many of you sent in the most amazing decorated trees, humans and pets, so there'll be plenty of eye candy to feast your eyes on. We've collected some lovely recipes in case you haven't planned out your Christmas dinner yet, ranked the best places to spend your money, and present you with the best seasonal entertainment. And should boredom kick in halfway through the holiday, do fill that time colouring in the feline friend drawn by our very own Kiki which you'll find on the last pages.

Time to get writing!

Inge van Nimwegen
Editor in chief

SHOWCASE

Christmas edition



DON'T GET ME STARTED! TO RALLY FOR A GORILLA

By Vincent Potman

To say that 2016 is the Worst Year Ever, is a bit of an exaggeration, given that we're contending with the likes of the Black Death, WWI and WWII. But I, for one, can certainly say that it is the worst year our generation has experienced. It has been a year of political upheaval, and the measures of peace and human decency have taken heavy hits too.

The far, radical Right seems to be up and coming, with a resurgence in vapid nationalism that seems to despise the "other", a dark parallel to be drawn with the 1930's. Not only in that sense, but the blind faith and populism that seems ever more prevalent in our current society is also worrying, giving credence to cretins and deplorables like Nigel Farage, Marine Le Pen, and even our own Geert Wilders through the election of President-Elect Donald J. Trump. The amount of stock

we placed in memes compared to everything else is absurd. Yes, the only bleak hope we can hold is that through his incompetence and the terrifying cabinet members the Orange One seems determined to surround himself with, the Electoral College does its duty and does not let this charade go on into the new year.

**"The amount of stock we placed in
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is absurd."**

If they do, well, the future of a Don-the-Con America is not bright, nor is the future of the free world. Not only will the Islamic Fundamentalist have a very, very big target to aim for, but the complacency Trump has shown in front of Russia, and thus Vladimir Putin, is terrifying in its implications that the inhumane acts seen in Aleppo may become commonplace. If we thought the violence of this year was bad, imagine what world with Muslim registries, walls, and a breaking EU would look

like. The fact that a lot of good souls left us this year, people who we looked up to and who inspired us, does not help the situation any. But, perhaps, just like Prince and Bowie stood up for their beliefs through the medium of music, it is our turn to do so. Yes, if this year has taught us anything it is that complacency and sheer disbelief in what now constitutes as reality doesn't get you very far. We need to stand up and resist the dark turn the world has taken; for Peace, Love, Humanity and Harambe!

PHOENIX RANKS

Christmas Capitalism

Intratuin Duiven

By Minthe Woudstra

Having won the “Best Christmas Show of the Netherlands” several years in a row, you will want to visit Intratuin Duiven. Their gigantic display of Christmas houses alone is something you do not want to miss. Every Christmas tree is carefully placed for everyone to admire. There is a ‘selfie’ spot, a fountain to make a wish in and a giant bridge for visitor to walk across to look at the display from above. Walking the ‘Christmas route’ you will be led up an escalator where a Christmas scene is shown, with this year’s theme being Victorian England. You can marvel at this scene whilst Jingle Bells chimes on the background. Ah, what is there not to love?



The Bijenkorf

By Job Petersen

As usual, the Bijenkorf has been able to amaze us all with their new Christmas collection. This year’s collection is focused on warm colours like red, purple and pink. So, now you’re updated on the latest Christmas trends! Especially at the beginning of the season, the collection contained lots of British decorations like telephone boxes, and royal guards as well. Though not much of that is left by now, there is still plenty of other nice stuff to fulfil your Christmas desires.



Christmas Market Mariaplaats Utrecht

By Lola van Scharrenburg.

In the weekend of 10 and 11 December the Mariaplaats in Utrecht was filled with wonderful smells, lots of people and many stalls, as a part of Knüsst Winterfest. Of course there was plenty of (amazing) winter food to eat and Glühwein to drink. The rest of the market was filled with small stalls, one side of the market being reserved for homemade products, which varied from jewellery to postcards to food to bath goodies. On the other side of the market there was space for small businesses, most of them selling either homeware or edible products such as jams and beers. The visitors all seemed to enjoy themselves and all in all, it was an incredibly ‘gezellig’ event.



Eurofleur Leusden

By Kiki Drost and Charlotte van Ruiten

Going to the Eurofleur in Leusden during the Christmas period is quite an experience. Garden centres really go to town at this time of year and this one does not disappoint. Apart from selling the obvious (Christmas lights, decorations in all shapes and sizes) the Eurofleur offers much more. Want to create a small Dickens-style village (and spend a small fortune)? Or do you prefer a Halloween-style Christmas diorama? It’s all possible. Various displays have been set up with marvellous trees and scenes. The Efteling could learn a thing or two from this splendour.

The only real negative about this Christmas spectacle is the stable with live animals. The poor animals, accompanying baby-doll Jesus, can’t be living very happy lives in their small confinements. Even worse, this is daily reality to the pets that are waiting to be sold at Eurofleur all year round.



LET’S GET IT STARTED!

By Jense van Kammen

Deadpool, Fidel Castro’s death and the American elections. 2016 has been pretty awesome.

A lot of people think 2016 was the absolute worst, but I beg to differ. First of all, watching and reviewing movies is a big hobby of mine, and that meant I had more than enough to do this year. From the refreshing comedy-superhero movie Deadpool to the terrifying horror-thriller Don’t Breathe, a lot of great movies were released. But my favourite has to be The Nice Guys, starring Russel Crowe and Ryan Gosling in ‘70s Los Angeles investigating the mysterious death of a porn star.

What’s not to love?

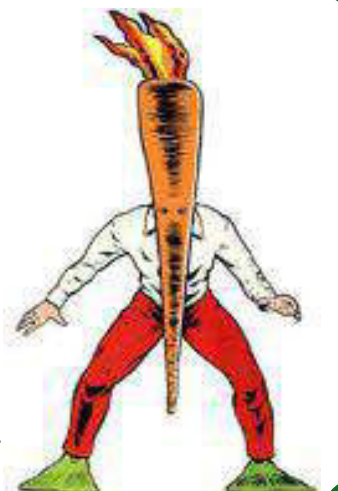
Secondly, time seemed to have finally caught up with the notorious Cuban president Fidel Castro. I know, it sounds messed up to celebrate someone’s death, but there are exceptions to everything. Known for causing the deaths of thousands of his own people and the exile of tens of thousands, and of course for playing a big role in the Cold War, I think that this is not a man to be mourned.

Finally, the topic that pretty much defines 2016: American politics. I honestly can’t get enough of it. To be fair, both candidates were so hilariously flawed that it gave me some good laughs. I know, politics isn’t a laughing

matter, but how does anyone take a shapeshifting lizard in a Clinton costume or an angry orange macho man seriously? Though I do consider myself quite right wing, I do not support Trump. It probably already is controversial enough to think that he was a much better candidate and to be happy that at least Hillary didn’t win. A lot of criticism on daddy Donald and his voters in general feels unjustified at times, either because words are taken out of context, (the “wall”, “all Mexicans are rapists”) or because the lies and acts of violence they are accused of come in the same numbers (if not bigger numbers now he has won) from the left, calling him a homophobe even though he has said to be a supporter of LGBT rights. Meanwhile,

Hillary only recently changed her stance on gay marriage because the public opinion has changed. I am not trying to excuse Trump’s more ridiculous acts, but I just want to offer a different view.

Trump reminded me of the comic book character The Flaming Carrot.



ALBIONEERS ABROAD

Edmonton, Canada

By Floris Bouwman

I'm wearing three pairs of trousers and two pairs of socks today. There's some slight obstruction of the blood flow, but at least the arctic winds won't bite too easily through all of these layers now that temperatures have dropped below -20°C. After the first snowfall occurred early in October, the city of Edmonton has at last become a frozen wasteland: windows can freeze and get stuck nearly instantly once opened, the sun sets around 4PM, and the entire river has frozen over. At least there's poutine, Canada's culinary highlight, to warm me up at night.

These past months have been fairly interesting. I spent August travelling from Vancouver to Edmonton with my parents and sister. While whale spotting on the Pacific Ocean, we were lucky enough to spot two humpback



whales from a distance perhaps even our guide wasn't quite comfortable with. Mosquitos assaulted us as we explored the temperate rainforests of Vancouver Island before we headed into the arable valleys of British Columbia. I have particularly fond memories of the day we spent visiting a winery, a goat farm, and a beekeeper in the Okanagan Valley. We then went north towards Mount Robson, where we crossed the Canadian Rockies and passed into the province of Alberta. Turns out this place is aptly named, as we soon ran into a black bear while driving through Jasper National Park. This preservation area is quite impressive: endless forests, dotted with the bluest lakes I've ever seen, stretch between the slowly aging mountains and shelter large populations of wildlife – seeing a large animal is almost a guarantee. It terrified me to know that we might suddenly come face to face with a bear, but I loved it.

So I returned to the Rockies during the so-called "reading week". It's a week during which you're supposed to catch up on your studies. I meant to read a novel or two, but the only book I touched was this odd piece of Belgian literature I

happened upon in a hostel I stayed at. That week's casual near-death experience involved me checking whether a patch of ice was slippery or not (twice, I slipped on it and nearly tumbled into a ravine). I bathed in Banff's famous hot springs, enjoyed descending gondolas, and ate delicious beaver tails (please google that). As we braved the increasing cold of the Icefields Parkway, the wildlife tracker in me recognised mountain sheep droppings. The toe of the Athabasca Glacier was even gloomier than in summertime. The highlight of this outing was without a doubt when my dear friend Eleanor fell into Lake Louise as she tried to pose for a picture.

Today is December 14th – there's only eight more nights before I'm going home again. I suppose it's about time, but deep down I'm wishing I could stay here for another term. There's been some homesickness now and then, but I wouldn't have missed this for the world. Canada is an amazing country. I'll be going back – I want to see these mountains again.



Leicester, England

By Dirk Versluis

For those of you who don't know me, my name is either Derek or Dirk. Why the two names? Good question. For the past three-ish months I've been in Leicester for my Erasmus exchange. I made the decision to change my name shortly after I got there, which is literally one of the best decisions I've made in my life. Why? Well, story-time, when I just got to Leicester I met some dude and he asked for my name. I told him my Dutch one and he laughed his ass off for half an hour. That was not what I had planned for his ass. So, I vowed to introduce myself as "Derek" from then on (makes life much easier at Starbucks too).

Anyway, I've been in Leicester and it's been absolutely amazing. In many ways it's been like going back to my first year of university, and supersizing that. Back to going out at least two nights a week, getting home at sunrise (which is quite hard to do in November in Leicester), being hungover as hell during lectures and every now and then doing some studying. Now, I don't know if this is just me and my friends but the past months have been even crazier than my first year of university was. I have thrown a condom in the eye of a



housemate, drunkenly ordered £30 worth of mysterious goodies at an online sex shop, bought (and watched someone use) a pregnancy test, used a traffic cone topped with a beer bottle as a Christmas tree, heard a housemate utter the iconic phrase "deep-fry my cunt you white man!", drunkenly climbed trees and consumed about three times my body weight in cheap cider.

On a more serious note, though, it should not be underestimated how valuable an exchange is, both academically and personally. When you become part of this wonderful community that is "the international students that somehow always have something to celebrate" you are almost automatically surrounded by people from all different ethnicities, religions, sexualities and cultures. For me this really has meant that my worldview has changed in the most

wonderfully positive way: you learn so much, so quickly. Not only have I studied the Renaissance, Romantics and Victorians, I have also learned: Spanish, Mandarin, Jamaican, French, how to get your black friend into a racist club, how to reject someone with a modicum of class, how to not fall for the hella fit fuckboy, what Islam is really like and how to find the gay guy in a church. But, most importantly, how to squeeze every drop of life out of these precious months.

A French guy I used to date described it all as: "An exchange is not a year in a life. It's a life in a year." That was one thing he was right about.

P.S. Want to know what an Erasmus year is like? Follow me on snapchat (dirkversluis) when I go back in January, not to brag but my story has been lit af.

WORD OF THE BOARD



Ah, December, we meet again. Its freezing cold instinctively makes us yearn for warmth, be it through the use of an extra layer of clothing, a fiery hearth, or a more permissive use of

personal space. Luckily, the university buildings are reasonably well heated (sometimes a bit too well). As such, I found myself spending more time in and around those lately than I perhaps should have. I can't really help it, as there are always wonderful people and free cookies to be found somewhere.

It is a great privilege to have such a second home nearby, but having your own cosy place to fall back to for some me-time remains very important. We cannot be active, social and happy all the time. Sometimes we need to vent other emotions. For me, tear-jerking films and emotional and nostalgic music do the trick. I can't live without my fair share of catharsis. Music and film, and especially the combination of the two, I absolutely adore. I used to browse YouTube for hours on end to find hidden gems, interesting films or songs that managed to connect with me on a deeper level. I was a bit hesitant at first to install Spotify due to the lack of video, but it quickly proved a powerful tool in finding new artists and songs (and I often check YouTube afterwards for videos). There is so much music to be found. More often than not I find myself listening only for a few seconds before moving on to the next song. There is nowhere near enough time to listen to all there is.

Similarly, there are so many amazing people at university, it would be a waste not to try and let the wonderful people here become a part of your life and, in return, become a part of theirs. They say university is the best time of your life, and I would have to agree. The friendships you form here often end up being ones for life. I do regret that I do not give my studies my all, and I wish I did not let our phenomenal teachers down as much as I have, but at the same time I do not want to miss out on all the thoroughly enjoyable events that happen outside the classrooms. You can't give everything 100%, but spend as much time as you can on the things you love. Follow your heart(h).

Love,
Vincent



SHOW & TELL

Christmas edition



Q & Alumni

With Santa Claus

By Job Petersen
and Vincent Potman

Why did you choose to study English?

Well, it's not my first language, or the first one I studied, but language has always been a keen interest of mine. Words... matter, and knowing how to express oneself, all over the globe, is important if you want to reach people with your message. That's why I support singers like Mariah Carey so much; their writings touch me very deeply. The history of English is an interesting one, and since it has roots in coming from up North, it hits very close to home.

What can you tell us about English language and culture in the 12th century?

Back when I studied English it was focussed much on the poetic, and participating in High Culture. A line that exemplifies this thinking is one that I will never forget: Eina dottvr berr Alfra / ðvll aPr hana Fenrir fari. This is a very old variant of Middle English, much of it left over from the Nordic Conquest. As you can see it is very flowery and superstitious in nature. Alfra, in modern times Elves, is a racial slur for a minority present in Scandinavia. Most were treated like slaves, and seen as savage and primal, much more in tune

with nature. However, as bad as they were often treated by the likes of the nobility, noted for the snake-like emblem, they got more sympathy from the common people. So much so, in fact, that their culture, that of welcoming the "Yule", was celebrated by all.

What was Albion like when you were in Utrecht?

I was a member, yes, one of the first even. I started off with establishing a club for sport, mostly the winter variety, given that snow was a lot more prevalent back then. Sledding was my favourite activity, even as a boy, but when I led that group I discovered a deep passion for it – I still do it today. My work for the student association did not end there though, as I also helped shape the Celebration Committee, as it was known back then. We helped bring the Winter Solstice, and the Yule Tide to the rest of the student body. Haha, yes, as I remember it a party without me was not much of a party at all, and thus I gained the nickname "Jolly Nick". However, I recently discovered that there is no longer a proper Christmas tree present at the shack, and that presents are no longer handed out to the members, but, I suppose that does stop pranksters from gifting people a lump of coal. If not presents, at least Christmas cards! I mean get in the Christmas spirit

people, I personally am offended by this lack of jolliness and I refuse to let you spoil this ancient tradition like a band of babbling bumbling baboons!

Not only are you the head of a global export business, but also very well known for your tireless work for charities. Do you think English helped you get there?

Yes, I think it did. English, just like it grew on me, has grown on the world and I feel that I would not have been able to achieve what I have if I didn't know all its ins and outs. Not only is it the language of business nowadays, but if you want to spread any sort of message – in my case the message that being nice makes the world nicer – having it be in the language that is understood globally helps. More than anything this knowledge is what allowed me to make it big the United States.

Do you remember a favourite teacher from when you studied here?

Well, of course a lot has changed since then. For one, the time of attending lectures by Chaucer and the like, is long past. I even remember fondly going to the premiere of Hamlet, what an excursion! Yes, there have been a lot of teachers in my life, and all of them have imparted some

knowledge on me, whether I liked them or not. One in particular stands out, a Shakespeare teacher, who truly inspired me, and sometimes I even visit him since we go way back.

What does your job entail?

A lot of paperwork, whether that's letters, receipts or lists. I also spend quite some time in the air, travelling, but it's never dull when you can see the night sky. It keeps me fit too, considering all the shimmying I have to get up to. Once upon a time I was the one wrapping, but now I'm the one deciding what needs to be wrapped. Never a moments rest, that, I've learned, is what being a leader – a CEO – is all about.



Curriculum Vitae of Kris Nicholas Wodan Brian Claus

Date of birth: Middle Ages-ish.
Address: North Pole, Canada

Job experience:
1150 – 1153: Post Boy at Northern Pacage Delivery Service
1157 – 1200: Senior Archivist Network Technology Applications (S.A.N.T.A) at Christmas & Co
1200 – 1210: House Elves trainer at Chrismas & Co.
1210 – 1215: Junior PR consultant at Chrismas & Co.
1215 – present: CEO at Christmas & Co.

Education:
- Lower Education – Skoole of thee Pagan
- Bachelor Magical Transportation – Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
- Master Muggle Relations – Hogwarts School of Witchcraft of Wizardry
- PhD The Goode and the Badde: the Morality of Magic – Ilvermorny School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
- Bachelor Linguistics (specialisation Inuktitut) – Yale University
- Bachelor English Language & Culture – Utrecht University

Extra activities:
1150 – 1153: Founder of SledCie
1153 – 1156: Chair of Celebrations Committee
1156 – 1278: Chair of Albion
1338 – 1678: Founder of Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare (S.P.E.W.)
1900 – 1909: Accompanied Robert Peary on Expedition to North Pole
2008 – present: Producer of The Polar Express

FILM

Love actually

By Kiki Drost and Charlotte van Ruiten



When you watch Love Actually at least ten times a year, does it still count as a Christmas film? Well, yes, of course it does, and it helps to watch it in a cinema. The film, written and directed by Richard Curtis, aired in November 2003. Although Love Actually would be worth it, it did not in fact stay in theatres for 13 years: for one night only Pathé brought this Christmas classic back to the big screen. We jumped on the occasion and had a wonderful night out watching one of our favourites with other Christmas lovers.

The plot will be familiar to most of you - and if not you deserve eternal shame and should go and watch the film right now - but just to remind you: several entangled storylines play out in a Christmas-y London. All are about love, one way or another, from puppy love played by the still tiny Thomas Brodie-Sangster, to a head over heels Prime Minister, amazingly awkwardly performed by Hugh Grant. The only thing that is painfully missing is a plotline with a LGBT+ character. We could come up with an excuse about how this was filmed in a different time, but 13 years is hardly long ago enough to make that argument, so we won't: this is the one thing in which Love Actually has failed us.

Apart from the two actors mentioned before, about every other British actor ever features in this film, including of course our beloved Alan Rickman, may he rest in peace and may his voice bring joy to all the angels who art in heaven.

About half of the seats were filled. The larger part of the audience consisted of mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, boyfriends, girlfriends, old friends... No wait, that's part of the opening speech. In reality, the audience was largely female, although not exclusively, and there were quite a few couples. Much to our delight several other visitors had also chosen to wear Christmas jumpers for the occasion.

Of course most of you were already aware of Love Actually, but this could be the gentle reminder you needed to snuggle up on the couch, put on this film and realise that if you look for it, I've got a sneaky feeling you'll find that love actually is all around.

SHORT STORY

The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle A Christmas Tale by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

By Vincent Potman

When it comes to short Christmas stories there is an absolute abundance of them, from How the Grinch Stole Christmas to The Fir Tree, but I chose The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle. It is, as you guessed the moment you saw who wrote it, a Sherlock Holmes story. In the merriment of the season, however, what Sherlock and Watson set out to solve is, for once, not a heinous crime.

**“It is only a small mystery,
but the thrill is still definitely there.”**

It is only a small mystery, but the thrill is still definitely there, and just like Watson you try to follow, maybe even anticipate, the leaps in logic that the Detective makes. The specifics, as usual, eluded me, but the grand lines I got right. Yup, even I almost solved it when the story started off with only a left-over hat, a goose, and a precious stone. There are all these little hints about the festivities in the background, and it reminds you that Christmas is a thing that reaches pretty far back, and that overall the sentiment of the season hasn't changed a bit.

Indeed, there is, I find, something remarkably Christmas-like about the flowery and archaic language that is the 19th century novel, and I think I may have found a new Christmas tradition. Maybe



because it is a ghost of Christmases past? In any case the story is a mystery gift, wrapped up in a cute and seasonal message and I heartily recommend reading it in front of your hearth.

ALBUM

The Killers' Don't Waste Your Wishes A Year-Round Treat

By Inge van Nimwegen

If I were to mention The Killers, most of you would almost involuntarily burst out in singing “Mr Brightside”. After all, isn't that the one song everyone knows? Maybe “Human”, “Somebody Told Me”, or “All These Things That I've Done” make the cut as well. Have they got a surprise for you – The Killers just released the Christmas album of 2016.

For the past decade or so, The Killers have been writing and recording holiday-themed songs. This month the resulting eleven singles were released as Don't Waste Your Wishes. The proceeds go to Bono's anti-AIDS charity RED. In fact, the release coincides with the foundation's 10th anniversary.

Charity initiatives: honourable as may be, they don't automatically make for decent music. This one in particular, however, is decent to say the least. They've come up with original holiday songs that convey Christmas cheer as well as attest to their distinctive musical style and sound. A fun bonus are the numerous special guests, not in the least Elton John, Jimmy Kimmel, and frontman Brandon Flowers' 4th grade science teacher (Ned Humphrey Hansen).

Particularly Christmassy are songs like “Don't Shoot Me Santa”, a Christmas carol featuring a terrifying, killing Santa, the upbeat “The Cowboys' Christmas Ball” and “Dirt Sledding”, and “Joel the Lump of Coal”, which is simply funny and enjoyable – I do recommend you watch the accompanying video for this one.

More Christmas-themed, but not so silent night-sounding are the mariachi-styled “¡Happy Birthday Guadalupe!”, a song that never really takes off but nevertheless fills with joy. On the other side of the feelings spectrum are “Boots”, a song that could bring a tear to even Scrooge's eyes, and the chilling “Christmas in LA”, a song made beautiful by its melancholic simplicity. But the one song that deserves special attention is the absolute banger “Feel It In My Bones”. Its Michael Jackson meets The Killers sound is both interesting and terrifying at the same time – a song that deserves more attention than just in December.

Writing an album filled with unique holiday songs just waiting to be canonized in the Christmas songbook – it's a definite achievement, even for The Killers.

FILM

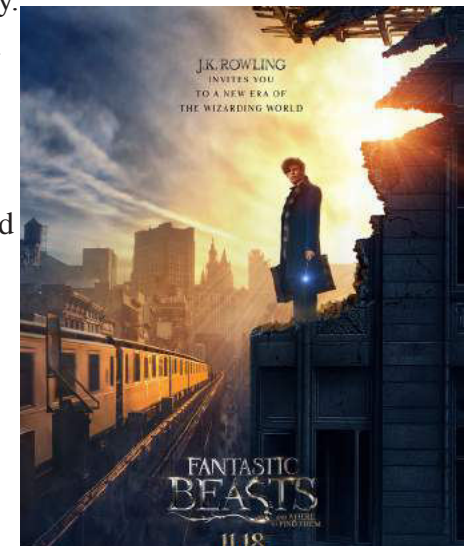
Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them

By Job Petersen

Finally it has arrived! What a year: a new Harry Potter play and a prequel. I have to admit, I had some mixed feelings about the movie beforehand, especially after reading the script of The Cursed Child. Never have I ever been so glad to be wrong. When the famous Harry Potter handwriting arrived at the beginning of the movie, it felt like coming home. The movie starts off with shots of newspapers to show what is happening in the wizarding world at the moment: a dark wizard is on the loose, amongst others. Then follows a shot of the protagonist, Newt Scamander, who enters New York for the first time.

After that, the main plot is quickly set. Newt has lost some of the fantastic beasts he is taking care of and has to find them again. On the background, however, there is another magical feature that leaves disaster, and the magical government is under threat of exposure to the muggle (called no-maj in America) world. Although I really enjoyed seeing the movie and being back in the world I grew up with, I do have some remarks. The special effects where truly amazing, as you would expect from Harry Potter, but at times it was a little too much. I mean, if some of these magical features were used a bit more in the original series, Voldemort could better just go and emigrate to somewhere else. Having the knowledge that there will be five films in total, I feel like they could have made two movies out of this one. The plots were tied together only at the end of the movie, but in the meantime were dealt with rather briefly.

For better understanding of the new series, I think they could have focused more on Newt and his beasts and bring up the darker problems later. Nevertheless, I loved it and I cannot wait for more!



FILM COMPARISON

Nazi Zombies or Cute Little Vampires?

Winter is coming, so it's time to curl up on the couch, turn on the TV and stay inside for as long as possible. But then you face a problem: what to watch? You already know the answer to that question: a good, scary horror movie. That's why I'm going to highlight two of my favourite horror movies for in the winter, created by Scandinavians. Because who knows the cold better than them? The two movies are quite different, so you can find out what suits you best.

By Jense van Kammen

Dead Snow (Død snø)

This glorious gorefest zomedy, directed by Tommy Wirkola, is absolutely ridiculous. When a group of friends stays in a cabin in the wild, an unexpected evil rises from the snow. Their vacation turns into a true nightmare when they are attacked by Nazi zombies. Yes, Nazi zombies. You might wonder how this storyline could be turned into a good movie in any way. Well, this movie shows you.

The first step is the fact that the movie doesn't take itself very seriously. Being a mix of comedy and horror, some scenes were so disgusting I was retching and laughing at the same time. A rather strange experience I must admit. The movie also doesn't hold back in any way and seems to be a middle finger in the face of political correctness, starting at the best tagline ever: "Ein, Zwei, Die!". But if you're not easily offended and like a good shock and laugh, this movie is perfect for you.

And the thing is, besides being gory and funny at the same time, the movie is actually good. The acting is not much special, but not bad either. It has good camerawork, great music and the make-up... Nazi zombies have never looked so good.



The great thing is, this movie even has a sequel called Dead Snow: Red vs. Dead, which is even better and more ridiculous. Part two is about one of the survivors of the slaughter in part one trying to find out how the hell to fight the Nazi zombie rampage. He eventually does so by resurrecting a, you guessed it, army of Russian communist soldiers.

Let the Right One In (Låt den Rätte Komma In)

This movie is different from Dead Snow in almost all aspects. It is a quiet, serious, creepy and at times even cute movie, about a bullied little boy called Oskar. He finds love and safety in a beautiful but strange girl who moves in next door. At first she seems normal, but when Oskar finds out she can't stand sunlight and has to drink blood to survive, things change. She gives him strength to stand up for himself, but how can two people this different be together?

I'd rather categorize this movie as a drama/romance than a horror movie. Sure, it is about a kid drinking blood and is quite often very spooky, but those parts are not what make this movie so great. This movie is much more than just a vampire movie. It is a truly profound and thought-provoking movie about good and evil, and how those two opposites can live side by side.

Let the Right One In is scarier, but at the same time smarter and more interesting than most horror movies. It doesn't really feel like just a thriller but more like a good book, a good piece of literature in the coming-of-age genre if you will. The cinematography is amazing and the acting is at least on the same level.

This movie had a remake in 2010 (starring Chloë Moretz) which is not bad to be honest, but doesn't do justice to this Swedish gem.

So, two completely different movies. If you are already a big horror fan and enjoy a completely over-the-top gorefest mixed with great comedy, I'd recommend you to watch Dead Snow, preferably with a few mates and a few beers. On the other hand, if you're not a big fan of the horror genre you might prefer Let the Right One In, which is much more serious and carries a lot more weight. Scary Christmas!



INTERNATIONAL FILM

Rare Exports: A Christmas Tale

By Lucinia Philip

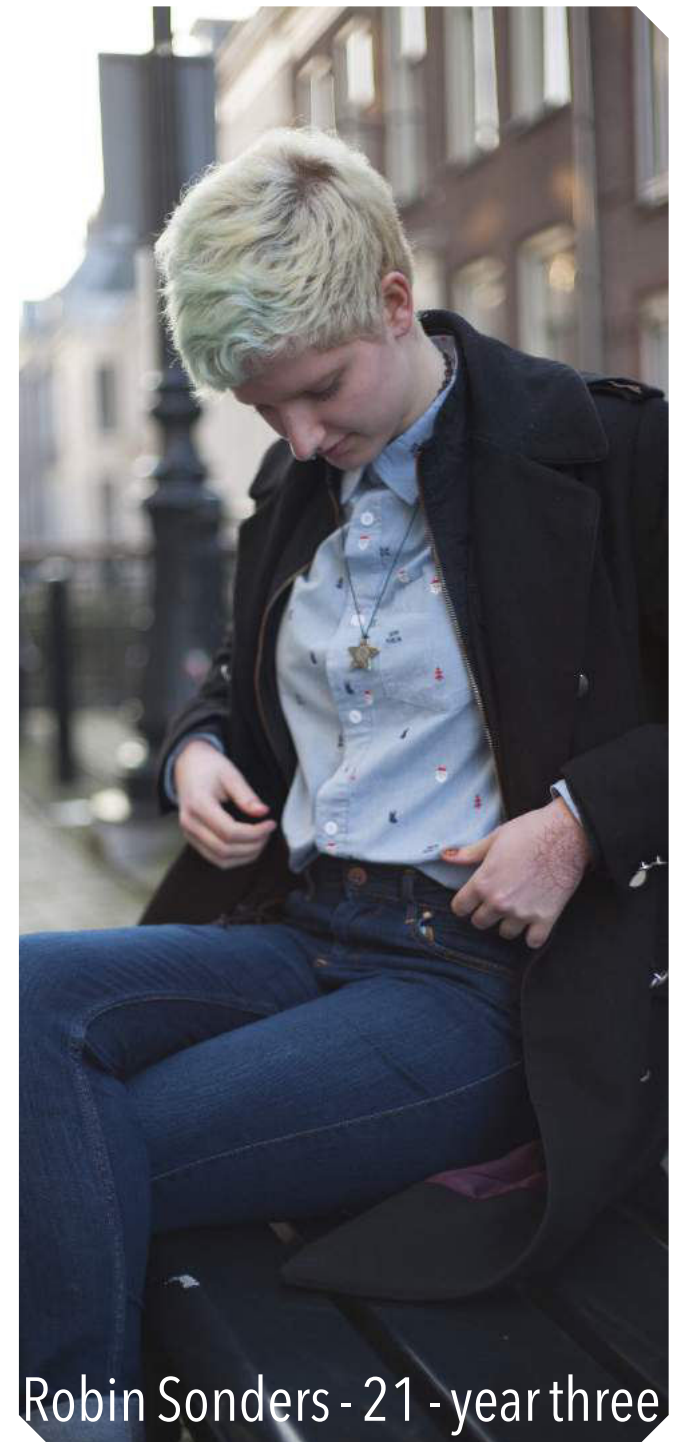


Over the years, I've gotten tired of Christmas films based on consumerism, broken families brought back together through Christmas and the Home Alone series. Aside from The Grinch, I don't have any Christmas film I enjoy watching every year. Luckily, it has become a trend to (re)turn fairy tales and folklore into horror stories and thrillers for adults. So, when I was searching for a Scandinavian Christmas film, I was reminded of a Finnish horror film I had seen last year: Rare Exports: A Christmas Tale (2010).

Rare Exports is based on the short film Rare Exports Inc. (2003) and takes place on and around the fell Korvatunturi which, in Finnish folklore, is the real home of Santa Claus. On top of the mountain, at the border between Finland and Russia, an American archaeologist and his team discover a prison underneath the ice. This prison was created centuries ago to protect the people from a species called "Santus Clausium". The young boy Pietari finds out about the plans of the Americans to blow up the ice to dig up Santa Claus and tries to convince the men in his town that they are in danger. However, as Santa Claus is believed to be nothing more than a fictional character, Pietari's discoveries are ignored. It isn't until reindeers are getting slaughtered and they catch their first Santus Clausium that they start to believe Pietari. Unfortunately, they soon realise that the man in their possession is one of many and thus their mission to protect their town continues.

Before Rare Exports, I had never seen a Finnish film and I was pleasantly surprised by how good it was. I'm the type of person who has to get used to a language before I can enjoy a film, but as the film starts in English and has a couple of American characters, you are eased into it. Aside from being a horror film, the film also addresses the Americanisation of Christmas by mentioning and making fun of the "Coca-Cola Santa" and comparing it to Norse mythology / Scandinavian folklore with references to Krampus. As expected it is not a film you would watch every Christmas with your family, but if you want to see a holiday thriller I would strongly recommend *Rare Exports: A Christmas Tale*.

HUMANS OF ALBION



Robin Sonders - 21 - year three

"It may have something to do with the fact that we're all students of English, but my roommates and I don't care much for Sinterklaas. Christmas is where it's at. We usually start decorating our living room in October, but some Christmas decorations stay up all year. In November and December all the ugly Christmas sweaters come out of our closets and they tend to be the only things we wear for months."

Phoenix Serves

Appetizer

Beet Carpaccio with Goat's Cheese and Honey Dressing

By Inge van Nimwegen

Ingredients:

2 cooked & peeled beets
2tbsp pine nuts (or walnuts)
1,5tbsp extra virgin olive oil
1tbsp white wine vinegar
1/2tbsp honey
75g soft goat's cheese
1tbsp fresh thyme leaves

Slice the beets into as-thin-as-possible slices. Arrange them on the plates in a circle. Roast the pine nuts or walnuts in a dry frying pan until golden brown and let them cool off on a plate. Whip the olive oil, white wine vinegar and honey together into a dressing, add salt and pepper to taste. Crumble the goat's cheese on top of the carpaccio and drizzle with the dressing. Add the pine nuts or walnuts and thyme leaves and you're good to go - healthy, refreshing, and a great opener for any meal.



Main Course

Tofucken: The Vegan Turducken

By Minthe Woudstra

Ingredients:

375gr tofu (solid block)
250 gr tempeh
370 gr seitan
150 gr cashew nuts
Soy sauce
Ketjap manis
Olive oil
2 cloves of garlic

This is the vegan alternative for a Turducken, which is a chicken stuffed inside a duck, stuffed inside a turkey. A Tofucken is tempeh, stuffed inside tofu, wrapped in seitan. "A perk of this recipe is that you don't have to eat body parts and shit." First cut up the tempeh in small pieces and sauté it in some olive oil mixed with soy sauce and black pepper. Next stuff the tofu block with the sautéed tempeh. Meanwhile, prepare your favorite marinade to lay the tofu in. I made a marinade which consisted of olive oil, ketjap and garlic. Place your tempeh stuffed tofu block in this marinade and let it soak up the marinade for at least an hour, whilst occasionally turning it over. When this is done wrap it in seitan, add some cashews on top and put it in the oven at 200°C for at least 30 minutes, check on it to make sure! Serving tip: pair with some mashed potatoes and green beans.



Dessert

Glühwein Tiramisu

By Lola van Scharrenburg

Ingredients:

500g mascarpone
5 eggs
5tbs sugar
1 orange
½ lemon
2 packets of ladyfingers
200ml glühwein

Split the eggs. In a large bowl, whisk together the sugar and the egg yolks with an electric mixer until the mixture turns white. Add the mascarpone and whisk until smooth. Juice the orange and the lemon. Add the orange juice, lemon juice and lemon zest to the mascarpone mixture and stir in. In a second large bowl, whisk the egg whites on high until stiff. Add the egg whites to the mascarpone mixture and carefully fold into the mascarpone mixture until all lumps are gone. Quickly dip the ladyfingers in the glühwein one by one and arrange them in a large oven dish (or in dessert glasses for individual portions) until the bottom is covered. Add a layer of the mascarpone mixture. Keep altering the layers and end with a mascarpone layer. Cover the dish and cool in the fridge for at least 6 hours.



After Dessert

Hot Chocolate Delights

By Vincent Potman

Ingredients for one cup:

200ml milk
Nesquik, Blooker Cacao, chocolate mocha beans or pure chocolate with orange peel
Optional:
Mint leaves
Chili flakes
Whiskey

What is a winter, a Christmas, without some hot chocolate? Not much, if we're being honest here, but which kind do you go for? Sick of the mundane variety, and ready to try something new? Well, I felt like that too, and experimented a bit! On this journey to a good 'cuppa I tried out four different products: Nesquik, Blooker Cacao, chocolate mocha beans, and a bar of Pure Chocolate with a tinge of orange. 800ml of hot milk later and I had four steaming cups of drink, and started to taste. Nesquik was, in this case, the base line. Blooker Cacao, as it turns out, is a lot stronger so do go with the advised 1 teaspoon of the stuff (I added a table spoon). Melting the mocha beans produces a surprisingly delicious brew, which is a very, very light variant of coffee, as far as my taste buds are concerned. By far the best of the bunch, in my opinion, is achieved when you mix in some of that orange peel chocolate: the flavor retained in the result. The one that needs the most help, is thus Blooker, and adding some mint helps freshen it up, whilst adding some chili flakes adds a certain zing. If you want to really feel that Yule Tide Joy, though, add some whiskey, and get warm on those cold winter nights!



Bon Appetite!



“The two most
joyous times
of the year are
Christmas
morning and the
end of school”

~ Alice Cooper



Colofon

This issue of Phoenix was made possible because of:

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