

## How to Snap The Ideal Mugshot

by Sacha Jeanmaire

Remember that catchy tune “*But mama, I’m in love with a criminal*”? Well, replace the crook in that song with none other than Donald Trump, the former President of the United States, and his iconic venture into the world of mugshots.

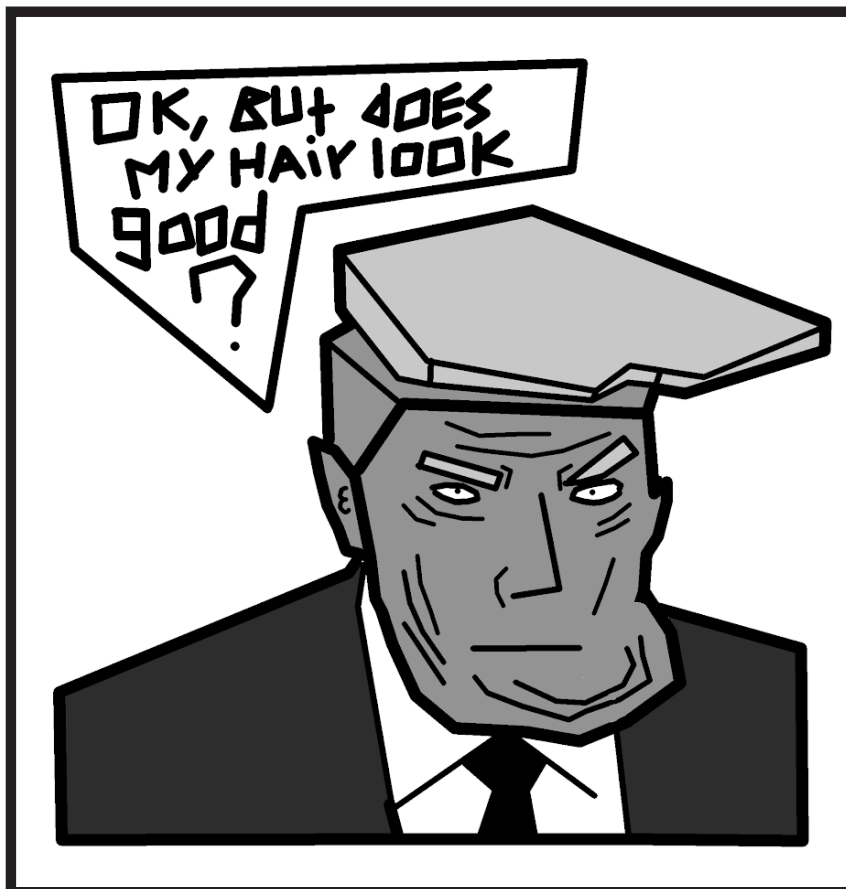
You’ve probably come across Trump’s unexpected mugshot, taken in Atlanta, Georgia, where he’s currently being accused of tampering with the 2020 election results which ended up in favor of Joe Biden. According to the state attorney’s indictment, he’s charged with participating in a conspiracy to unlawfully alter the election’s outcome, alongside a cast of other characters who engaged in writing false statements, forgery, computer theft, perjury, and filing false documents – just to name a few.

“For anyone contemplating their own mugshot moment in the future: consider hiring a personal advisor with Trump’s knack for turning a mugshot into a money-making opportunity.

Shortly after this unusual portrait made its debut on the internet, Trump decided to cash in on its unexpected fame. He began marketing his own mugshot on merchandise: a t-shirt with “Never Surrender!” printed on it, priced at a mere \$29.98; mugs, posters, bumper stickers, and even beverage coolers ranging from \$12 to \$34. You might think this is your usual, innocuous Trump shenanigans; but he’s managed to raise a shocking \$7.1 million since his registration at the Atlanta prison. His mugshot merch sales are now directly funding his 2024 campaign.

The notoriety of Trump’s mugshot can be traced back to the huge 2020 TikTok trend known as the “mugshot challenge”, which amassed over 3 billion viewers on the main hashtags (#mugshot, #mugshotchallenge). This peculiar trend saw individuals dolled up

in makeup to create their sexiest incarcerated looks, posing to the iconic beat of Britney Spears’ song mentioned earlier. Initially, it revolved around rating the most attractive mugshots, with folks crushing over conventionally good-looking criminals. However, it didn’t take long for makeup to enter the equation, elevating the allure of these mugshots with smudged eyeliner, faux tattoos, artificial bruises, bleeding noses, intentionally “messy” hair, and, most importantly, a seductive, enigmatic gaze right into the camera.



In Trump’s case, he seems to embrace this last part of the mugshot challenge wholeheartedly. He gazed directly into the camera, sporting a menacing expression reminiscent of a classic movie villain. His face is bathed in a harsh, blinding white light that gives his ash-blond hair an almost spotlight-like glow. He scowls from beneath furrowed brows, refusing to crack a smile, with his eyes appearing oddly blood-shot. With his chin tucked in, it seems as if he were preparing to head-butt the camera. While some of his criminal associates facing similar charges may have opted for a smile – much like

Paris Hilton in 2007 going for a sly smirk (a possession case involving marijuana and cocaine) – Trump instead chose to embody the image of a *bona fide* tough guy.

It’s very likely that Trump had a strategic discussion with his advisors before his mugshot was taken. As someone whose electoral popularity largely hinges on his TV and social media presence, he understands the enduring impact of images and their role in shaping perceptions. And in this regard, we can deem his mugshot quite an impressive

success. It swiftly achieved global recognition through the Internet, and he’s now reaping multimillion-dollar profits from the very same image. He and his team accurately grasped the power of photographs – especially mugshots – in molding public perception, effectively integrating it into his public persona.

“He’s managed to raise a shocking \$7.1 million since his registration at the Atlanta prison. His mugshot merch sales are now directly funding his 2024 campaign.

So, here’s a takeaway for anyone contemplating their own mugshot moment in the future: consider hiring a personal advisor with Trump’s knack for turning a mugshot into a money-making opportunity. They’ll guide you through the steps to maximize

the potential of your visage. Whether you opt for a flirtatious smirk or a menacing glare directly into the camera, both to intimidate and entice your audience, remember that this unconventional path might just make Britney Spears fall in love with you (provided you have her name “*tattooed on your arm, your lucky charm*”), or generate a cool \$7 million in funding for your tuition fees!

Illustration © Yoan Panev

A Glimpse into Ukraine  
Poland's Abortion Laws  
Alice Aces Algebra

|   |                                   |    |
|---|-----------------------------------|----|
| 2 | What is 'Latin American Spanish'? | 8  |
| 4 | The Enigma of Serial Killers      | 10 |
| 5 | Queer World of Moominvalley       | 11 |

# 2 WORLD

## It's Been a Year and a Half: A Glimpse into the Situation in Ukraine

by Anonymous

Photograph © Konrad Kosinski



My experience during summer could not have been further apart from the peaceful and calm life I returned to here on campus. For one month, I went to Kyiv to work with an NGO called “Gurtum”, which can be translated as “Together”. Oleksandr, the director of Gurtum, alongside his wife Katya and many other volunteers, are helping rebuild the liberated areas around Kyiv. During my time there, we renovated a school that got damaged and built a bunker for a kindergarten. I vividly remember the first time I saw the destruction left behind by the invading Russian army. It was my third day in Ukraine when we drove to Hostomel and Irpin, two towns just north of Kyiv where the Ukrainian army had managed to stop the Russian advance on Kyiv. I saw destroyed buildings left and right. We continued on our way and passed over an improvised bridge to cross the Irpin River. The original one was blown up to stop the Russian troops, Oleksandr explained.

“A new kind of ‘normal’ has been forced onto Ukrainian society; one regularly interrupted by air raid alarms.

Both towns experienced heavy fighting during the first month of the war. Seeing the destruction of war with my own eyes left me shaken that day. As Oleksandr explained to me what had happened, I was utterly lost for words. I mostly just uttered “that’s so fucked up”, or something along those lines. But even with all the devastation around us, Oleksandr made sure to stress that this wasn’t nearly the worst of it. The situation in and around Kyiv is not all that bad, as evidenced by the many freshly rebuilt buildings. True desolation lies in the southern and eastern parts of Ukraine, where entire cities have been razed to the ground.

Back in Kyiv, I reflected on what I’d seen. On how much suffering and death has been brought upon these people by Russia. On how the lives of those people have been turned around completely since last February. As Katya put it, a new kind of ‘normal’ life resumed after fighting in Kyiv faded away last April. A new kind of ‘normal’ has been forced onto Ukrainian society; one regularly interrupted by air raid alarms; one

where many neighbours were still living in container houses; one of stories about husbands, brothers, and cousins serving in the army, and about brave heroes giving their lives for their country and community.

“Without our support, more civilians will die, and the trauma and scars of war will pierce even deeper into Ukrainian society.

This leads me to the other part of the story: a story of a people of enormous courage, resilience, and dedication. Oleksandr and Katya had normal jobs before the war. They led normal lives, just how people in other European capitals do. On the first day of the war, Oleksandr enlisted with the territorial defence forces, ready to protect his home and his family if the Russians made it into Kyiv. After the areas north of Kyiv were liberated, both felt the urge to do something. And ever since, both have been working on reconstruction projects – from sunrise until sunset, for one and a half years, without a break, and while working their normal jobs.

I met many other people during my stay in Kyiv. Baku is a small but strong-looking guy in his early 50s, who served in the army in his youth, and who was on vacation abroad when he heard of the Russian invasion. He immediately packed his things and rejoined the army to protect his country. Over the phone, I got the opportunity to speak to someone whose family escaped from the occupied territories. They told me about a friend of theirs who’d been abducted and threatened with death for engaging in “pro-Ukrainian” activities. Her dad and brother had to stay behind, as they could be conscripted into the Russian army if they got held up at a Russian checkpoint. They told me about how drunk Russian soldiers loot

and humiliate Ukrainians on a daily basis.

One and a half years into Russia’s full-scale invasion, the war in Ukraine is becoming less of an issue for us – but not for Ukrainians. While I was finishing this article, a rocket destroyed a supermarket a fifteen-minute walk away from where I stayed. Russia continues to occupy roughly 20% of Ukraine’s territory – areas now turned into a land of lawlessness, torture chambers, and mass graves. More than 6 million Ukrainians have fled the country, another 8 million have been internally displaced, and more than 20 thousand children have been abducted by Russia.

I could go on forever with similar stories, but I’ll end on a positive note. Even while having to withstand such adversity, everyone I talked to was optimistic about Ukraine coming out victorious. And I hope they’re right. However, for this to happen, we have to support and provide Ukraine with everything it needs. Therefore, I’d like to relay a message that Katya told me on my last evening in Kyiv: *Don’t forget about Ukraine!* Without our support, more civilians will die, and the trauma and scars of war will pierce even deeper into Ukrainian society. The Ukrainian government is overwhelmed by the sheer scale of the war effort, and cannot adequately provide for its people. Organisations like Gurtum are indispensable to ensure that those most in need get some relief. If you wish to support the reconstruction of Ukraine, consider donating to Gurtum through <https://www.gurtum.org>, or follow them on Instagram at @Gurtum.cf to learn more about their work.



Photograph © Konrad Kosinski

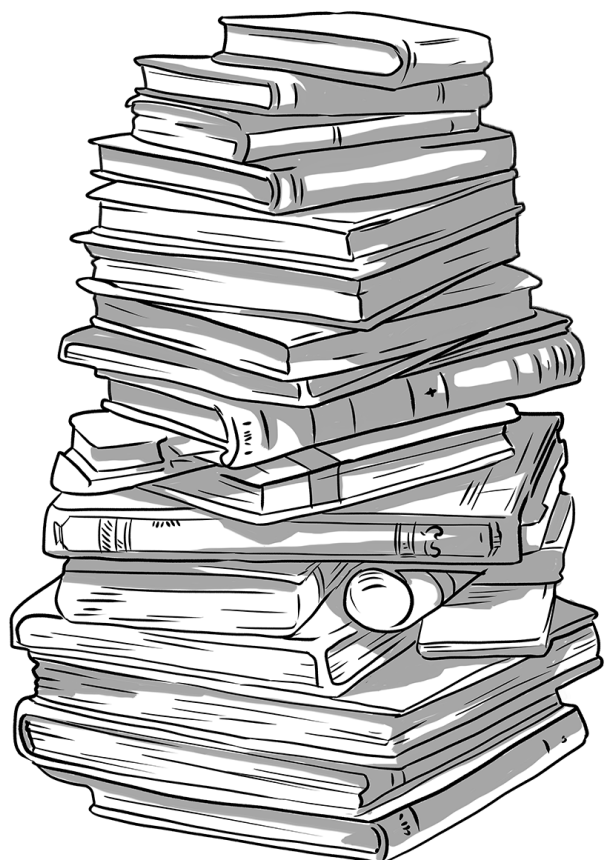
# How to Read Like Rory Gilmore

by Jasmine Yi Carder

Reading has been one of the greatest joys in my life since I was a shrimp who could barely string a sentence together. I read consistently, and I read a lot. I've read most pieces from most genres in literature, from short stories, to novels and plays. I don't just *\_read\_* these texts, I enjoy them, I love them. I feel incomplete without a consistent presence of them in my life. This might sound like I'm just bragging about a beloved hobby, but trust me, I'm going somewhere else with this.

Over the years, many friends have asked me for advice on how to enjoy reading more. Most of them were able to finish a couple books that suited their taste but struggled to sustain the habit of reading in the long run, or had difficulty branching out into different genres. When the books weren't a perfect fit, they were unable to engage with the text. I don't believe reading has to be this way. Everyone can love the process of reading almost any book they can imagine. Some of that enjoyment can come from finding a book or author that's just right for you, but all books have something to offer, and most books can be enjoyable to read. The difference between enjoying the ideal books and enjoying reading in general exists in *how* one reads.

Reading is more than just seeing words or having a deep understanding of the structure and symbolism in narrative. The reason I enjoy reading is because I treat it as forming an emotional relationship between the characters/authors and myself. Stories have been my friends, my family, and even my therapists in the times where I probably should have seen one that is made of flesh instead of paper. Just like with real people, building a fulfilling relationship with a book is a two way street. I can't just show up and expect the story to build a meaningful relationship for me. Connecting with books is a decision, it's an effort, and it's much more rewarding because of it. My advice to those who want to get the most out of reading is to treat narratives with the same care, love, and attention that you would a potential friend. With that being said, here are my 4 tips to truly fall in love with reading.



## Consistency

My first, and most technical, tip is to read with consistency. When you are reading a book try to read at a steady pace, whatever works best for you. The goal should be to never have a period in which you don't pick up your book for more than a week. If you think about building relationships, it's hard to build a meaningful connection with someone you only see every couple of months. Generally, momentum helps with emotional attachment. To get the most out of a book, try to read at a pace that will keep momentum. It will help you stay immersed in it.

## Forget what you learned in literature class

*Note: I'm not a literature major, so take this advice with a tablespoon of salt.*

My next point is probably the most contentious: when you read for enjoyment, forget about literature class. Try not to hyper-analyze the syntactic choices, possible metaphors, or foreshadowing that the author employs. In my personal experience, reading like you're in class can decrease the emotional payoff of the book. First of all, it's tiring. If you consider every comma placement you'll burn out fast. More importantly, it distracts from building an emotional relationship with the book. Imagine if every time you were with a friend you analyzed their clothing choices or hand gestures. Those things are meaningful, but you'd end up experiencing the person in their smallest parts, not as a whole. Fixation on the little things dries out the process of getting to know a book. Don't think too much about how the author speaks, focus on what they are trying to say.

**“ I promise you will enjoy books so much more if you treat authors like what they are: humans trying their best.**

Don't feel like you'll miss out on something crucial by not analyzing the text. Literary tools are just that, *tools*. They can be beautiful and worthy of attention, but at the end of the day, they are meant to subtly communicate ideas and emotions. Like the cues we use in conversation, literary cues are intuitive. Most people do not need to consciously track an allegory through a text to feel its impact, just like we don't need to consciously track someone's posture throughout a night in the bar. Unless you're bad at picking up on cues or the author is bad at conveying them, you should naturally pick up most of what is being communicated.

## Bring your life into the book

This advice is simple but crucial. Make the connection between the book and your own life. Try to find ways in which the struggles of the char-

acters are reflected in your own struggles. See the people you love in the characters you hate. Understand that even in fiction, a character's emotions are representative of real-life experiences. The beautiful thing about books is that you can connect with people from every time and place imaginable. Let them spark thoughts that go beyond the text. I've had 18th century Chinese novelists inform my career goals, and 21st century American playwrights teach me how to be a better daughter. Writers reach into the depths of their souls in order to reach out to us, the least we can do is meet them halfway. Put some emotional stake in what they have to say. Let them engage with your life.

**“ Just like with real people, building a fulfilling relationship with a book is a two way street.**

## Read with good faith

I cannot stress enough the importance of my last tip. In order to get the most out of every book you read, you *have* to “read in good faith”.

I see a lot of people talk about books, authors, or genres with mild to strong contempt. They see the authors as bad people for having written bad characters. They see certain genres as being inherently stuck up or frivolous. They believe that authors with different morals have nothing of importance to say. This is not a productive way to engage with books. Just like when you engage with people in real life, if you view them as inherently bad, stupid, or below you, you will never be able to see what they have to offer. Everyone has something to offer. When an author writes a monstrous character they are still sharing something about what it means to be human. When someone writes in a blatantly pretentious style they are still opening their emotional life to the world. When a terrible person writes a book, they are still a human being with whom we share more qualities than we would like to admit. If you know you won't like a book, don't read it, but try to be as generous as possible when you do choose to flip the page.

When I say ‘read in good faith’ what I mean is that when you read, give people the benefit of the doubt and set aside your prejudices when you can. Don't jump to conclusions about books being meanspirited or worthless. Assume that the author has something to say and acknowledge how much it took for them to say it to *you*. When people communicate, in any form, they are being vulnerable so that everyone on the other side of the message might feel a little less alone. Dismissing people as boring, stupid or generally bad is a great disservice. Be the compassionate and open minded listener that you would like to have when you choose to speak. I promise you will enjoy books so much more if you treat authors like what they are: humans trying their best.

## 4 WORLD

# Poland's Pro-Life Laws are Killing Women

by Alicja Anna Chojnacka

I think that most people, even if they know nothing about the political climate in Poland, are aware that it's not a progressive country. And there's many instances that can easily prove this point: the weirdly cult-like nationalists; the complete lack of secularism in any area of life; the fact that Poland is the most homophobic country in all of the EU – the list goes on. Needless to say, summarising all the ridiculous things about Polish politics would take about seven articles. Therefore, I want to focus on just one: abortion laws. A new law restricting abortion (even more than before) was passed by the government in the depths of the COVID lockdown – a “pro-life” law that's literally killing women. It really struck me when many international media outlets phrase this as “Poland's silent war on women”. There is nothing silent about women having to constantly take to the streets in hopes of gaining control over their bodies. There is nothing silent about the complete disregard displayed by the Polish government towards women's lives. The only silent aspect is the crippling fear that now comes with a positive pregnancy test.

**“** *I will endlessly fail to understand how women's bodily autonomy was ever a topic to be discussed in a cabinet.*

Before 2020, termination of pregnancies was allowed in three cases: if the pregnancy was a result of a violent crime, such as rape; if the mother's life and health were in danger; or if prenatal tests showed that the foetus was non-viable and would be born dead or die soon after birth. Currently, however, performing an abortion in Poland is only legal if the first two criteria are met; otherwise, abortion is illegal and punishable with jail. In October of 2020, when Poland was on strict lockdown, the law was deemed “unconstitutional” by the Constitutional Tribunal. It is worth mentioning that the judges who make up the Tribunal were hand-picked by the ruling party. Two of them were MPs for the ruling conservative party before being appointed.

The implications of this law are that women have to carry a child for 9 months and give birth to it, even if it's certain that they will not survive the birth, or die soon after. Women will have approximately 3 days to grow attached to their child, whom they know doesn't have a single chance of survival. I don't think there are words that can describe the degree of cruelty and pain that this law inflicts.

**“** *And to anyone who argues for enforcing their own moral beliefs and conservative religious doctrine on other people, I ask you: what's so pro-life about killing women?*

Aside from turning women's bodies into morgues – which would be reason enough to completely dismiss these abortion laws



– doctors are now hesitant to perform abortions even if the legal requirements are met. The first reason is that they fear being prosecuted, because even if a pregnancy is deemed a threat to the mother's life by a doctor, let's not put it past the Polish “pro-life” authorities to question their medical assessment.

**“** *Women have to carry a child for 9 months and give birth to it, even if it's certain that they will not survive the birth, or die soon after.*

The second reason is that due to the new narrative surrounding abortion, some doctors now think that it's okay for them to drag their personal moral beliefs into their workplace and into other people's lives.

As far as we know, three women have already died since the abortion ban was put in place, all because doctors waited too long to terminate the pregnancy. Even when it was clear that the woman's health and life was in danger, the doctors waited for the foetus to be fully dead. Any sane person should fail to see what's “pro-life” about these lost lives.

One thing worth mentioning is that it is *technically* legal to terminate a pregnancy by yourself if you purchase an abortion pill by yourself, without anybody's help and take it alone. Seemingly, it should offer at least a way out for women in Poland. But as always, Polish women cannot even have the bare minimum without the government making it a literal circus. This was illustrated not long ago after a woman named Joanna called the emergency number seeking some psychological support. She informed the dispatcher that she'd taken an abortion pill, which she bought and took alone, and she just needed someone to talk to. She highlighted *numerous* times that she felt fine physically, and she wasn't a danger towards herself or anyone else. Once again, she just needed someone to talk to. The doctor who was supposed to help her then proceeded to call the police. The police arrived at her house, escorted her into the hospital, confiscated her phone and laptop, and claimed that she'd committed a crime. They barged into the doctor's office and waited for the woman to strip down naked, threatening to arrest her and the doctors present (who asked the police to leave several times).

I will endlessly fail to understand how women's bodily autonomy was ever a topic to be discussed in a cabinet. Despite whether you personally would ever decide to have an abortion or not – which shouldn't be anyone else's business – I think it's clear that Poland's abortion laws go beyond the imaginable scope of cruelty. It's not only cruel towards women who don't want to become mothers, but also towards women who have awaited this moment for a long time. A pregnancy should not be a matter of putting your life on the line just because a foetus' life is deemed more important than yours. And to anyone who argues for putting women's lives in danger, for making them watch their newly born child die, for forcing them into motherhood, for enforcing their own moral beliefs and conservative religious doctrine on other people, I ask you: what's so pro-life about killing women?

# Alice Aces Algebra

## The Mathematics Behind Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

by Alejandra Monerri Revuelta

Legend has it that Queen Victoria felt such adoration for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* that she insisted Carroll send her his next work. You can imagine her surprise while reading the title of the book sent to her: *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants*.

**“**By itself, the story is “non-sensical” and “bizarre”, yet its ideas are less confusing when explained through the lens of mathematics.

Lewis Carroll wrote *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* for the entertainment of the three little daughters of his close friend, one of whom was called Alice. Known as “nonsensical” and “bizarre”, the novel follows a young girl's trip down the rabbit hole and into a world with strange rules, where she shrinks and grows, meets weird characters, some kind and some cruel, all of which confront and baffle her perception of reality. It was primarily written to represent the confusion of children as they make their way into the world of adults. Carroll's intentions behind *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* have been argued to include political critiques of the Victorian Era, sending messages about the absurdity of life, or expressing themes of death as a constant threat. What is rarely recognized, however, and what caught Queen Victoria so off guard in 1897, is that Lewis Carroll, pen name for Charles L. Dodgson, is actually a mathematician. His wild stories stem from his own confusion by the emerging mathematical concepts of the late 19th century, more precisely non-Euclidean algebra, a world just as crazy, and perspective-challenging to him as the world of adults for a child. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* linked the girls' experiences in the transition to adulthood to his own transition into abstract mathematics.

Carroll introduces maths in the story in several ways. An example of this can be found in chapter six, during Alice's second encounter with

the Cheshire cat. It ends with the cat [vanishing] quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone,” which in the normal world, the one Alice comes from, would never occur. “I've often seen a cat without a grin,” Alice thinks. “But a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!” The cat is meant to represent the application of mathematics, whilst the grin is the abstract and pure aspect of it. In other words, Alice has heard of a cat with no grin, so she has heard about the applications of mathematics existing without its abstract counterpart in the familiar world of Euclidean mathematics. However, in Wonderland, or the non-Euclidean world, a grin can exist even when there isn't a cat anymore. And, why do this if it's useless for real life? For joy. That is why the Cheshire Cat smiles.

**“**In Wonderland, or the non-Euclidean world, a grin can exist even when there isn't a cat anymore. And, why do this if it's useless for real life? For joy. That is why the Cheshire Cat smiles.

If you like the Humanities, you'll appreciate his more literary approach. But perhaps you prefer the Sciences, in which case you will love Carroll's more metaphoric approach. For example, in chapter seven, Alice, who finds herself at tea time, meets the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse. She soon finds that a fourth guest is meant to be at the party, but is absent due to a falling out with the Mad Hatter. That guest is Time. With Time absent, all of the other guests at the tea party are stuck at tea time forever. Alice takes notice of this when remarking on the Mad Hatter's clock, which mentions the day of the month, rather than the hour and minutes they are in; that is because the hour is always 18:00, tea-time (I know you Dutchies think that's dinner but it's not). It never changes, and so such a clock would be useless. But, because the time is always stuck at 18:00, it means that the three characters are endlessly sipping tea, never having time to wash their tea cups, so they move around in circles, pointlessly. The mathematical concept explained here had been introduced shortly before the publication of the book by mathematician William Hamilton, and is called quaternions. Hamilton proposed a number system within symbolic algebra that is based on four terms,  $i$ ,  $j$ ,  $k$  and time, through which three-dimensional rotations can be explained in this equation:

$$i = j = k = 1$$

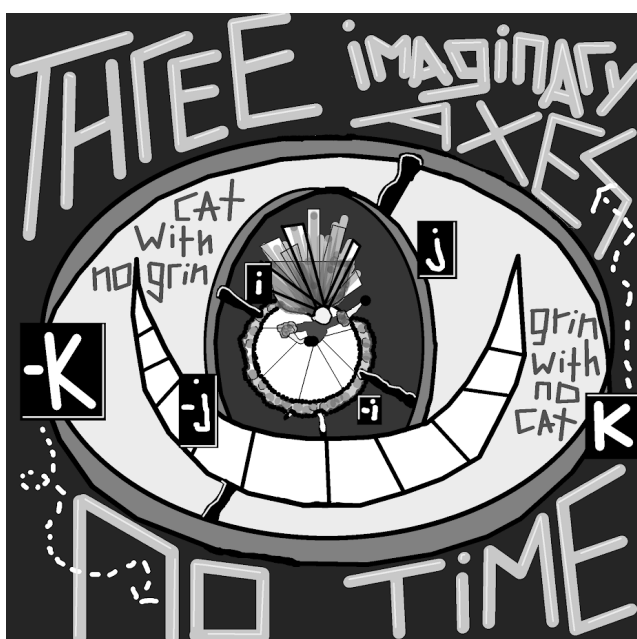
$i$ ,  $j$ , and  $k$  are three imaginary planes, whilst time, a real spatial plane, is expressed by the 1. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dor-

mouse each represent one of the imaginary planes, whilst Time, surprisingly, represents time. Looking at the equation, you might notice that, without the 1, the equation would be pointless, which is the case at the tea-party, as Time is absent. This explanation is enhanced through the conversation between the Mad Hatter and Alice. Discussing a riddle, the March Hare tells Alice to “say what [she] means,” to which Alice replies, “I do, [...] at least – at least I mean – I mean what I say – that's the same thing, you know,” arguing that changing the order of a sentence does not change the meaning. The Mad Hatter angrily counters her claim, bellowing, “not the same thing a bit! [...] You might just as well say that ‘I see what I eat’ is the same thing as ‘I eat what I see’,” expressing that for him order does matter. In terms of maths, Alice, who comes from the world above, a world governed by Euclidean geometry, is referring to multiplications such as  $2 \times 3$  and  $3 \times 2$ , which both equal 6 because order does not matter. For the Mad Hatter, who is from a world of symbolic algebra, and follows the rules for multiplying quaternions, order does matter. That is because the product of two numbers is not the same if the order is changed: whilst  $i \times j = k$ ,  $j \times i = -k$ .

| $\times$ | 1   | $i$  | $j$  | $k$  |
|----------|-----|------|------|------|
| 1        | 1   | $i$  | $j$  | $k$  |
| $i$      | $i$ | -1   | $k$  | $-j$ |
| $j$      | $j$ | $-k$ | -1   | $i$  |
| $k$      | $k$ | $j$  | $-i$ | -1   |

These were just two examples of the maths behind *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but there are more. By itself, the story is “non-sensical” and “bizarre”, yet its ideas are less confusing when explained through the lens of mathematics. Similarly, it is difficult to wrap one's head around abstract concepts in mathematics, yet storytelling makes it easier to understand. One cannot exist peacefully in your mind without the other, and together they make seemingly illogical ideas make sense.

Maybe Queen Victoria was not very keen on determinants, but I'm sure that, if she had known about Alice's mad algebra skills, she would have found maths more entertaining.



## 6 WORLD

# He's Our Man: An Interview With Journalist and Documentary-Maker Thomas Erdbrink

by Nina Alberti

The retreat of the Americans, the return of the Taliban, and the undoing of all progressive policies. For several months, Afghanistan was all we could talk about. But now the topic seems to have faded from our daily conversations. Nevertheless, Thomas Erdbrink's new documentary series "Our Man with the Taliban," in which he interviews Afghan terrorists and civilians alike, drew over one million viewers per episode.

**“** When you're young, you're forced in so many ways to choose a path, but it's the spontaneous decisions that take you somewhere. I feel like I made the right decision because I listened to myself.

Erdbrink, a Dutch journalist who has been published both nationally and internationally, has built a life for himself in Iran — the subject of his previous docuseries "Our Man in Tehran" — where he worked as bureau chief for the New York Times from 2012 to 2019. Between 2019 and 2022 he was active as the New York Times Northern Europe bureau chief, before resigning to focus on his new series. Our interviewer Nina Alberti had the opportunity to connect with Thomas over Zoom, while he was at his home in the Iranian mountains, and delve into the feats and failures of his remarkable career.

\*\*\*

**You have been a journalist for most of your adult life, can you still remember your very first interview?**

Perhaps not the first interview, but I do remember working at a bar in Leiden and one night a man came in who was clearly drunk. I knew he was going to be a problem so I tried distracting him. I was talking to him and I gave him another drink, which probably wasn't a great idea, but it went quite well and he became friendly with me. Then, right around closing time, another man entered. He was also drunk and started yelling at me, upon which my new friend drew a massive dive knife. I called the police and they took him away, but two days later I went to visit him. I wanted to know his story, I wanted to know why someone would do something like that. What made him tick? I never published the interview, but I was quite serious about it for a while.

**What was your first job in journalism?**

I started at the *Leidsch Dagblad*, a local newspaper. There was an ad for employees in the paper, pretty old-fashioned. I was enrolled at the Utrecht School for Journalism at the time,

which didn't amount to much, and I really wanted to start working. Today, everyone thinks "oh no, a local paper," but it was a great learning experience since you tend to run into your subjects at the supermarket or the pub, so you know that you can't publish any fake news. Otherwise, you might get smacked with a courgette while you're out getting groceries! It was also just fun because you know the place you're writing about well and you know the stories.

**What kind of pieces did you write there?**

A bit of everything. I was quite the busy bee and I loved getting to the bottom of things. One day I was at the office and a man called about parking meters; he was putting in quarters but was only getting a dime's worth of time. He had tried the other meters as well but none of them worked. So I got on my bike, got a roll of quarters at the bank, and went to check the meters, which were all defective. I wrote a piece about it, and it turned out the municipality had spent four million guilders on these faulty meters, which all had to be replaced. The counselor even had to resign. So by working at the local level, you quickly figure out how much impact you can have as a journalist if you uncover something problematic.

**“** Number one: you need time. Three months in Afghanistan is different from two weeks in Afghanistan. Your stories will be more profound if you have more time.

**So how did you ultimately end up in Iran?**

What I had always struggled with in the Netherlands was the routine of life. You get up, you go to work, you go home again. You even get to know the people on the train because they all have the same routine. I found it very restrictive and I really wanted to go abroad. I had already met some Iranians and, coincidentally, a friend of mine had just come back from Tehran, so for my final project at the School for Journalism I decided to go to Iran. I knew that seventy percent of Iranians were under twenty-five, which I assumed would become a problem for the Ayatollahs and was worth checking out.

And it feels like I won the lottery because I'm happier here

in Iran than I could have been anywhere else. When you're young, you're forced in so many ways to choose a path, but it's the spontaneous decisions that take you somewhere. I feel like I made the right decision because I listened to myself, that's the last cliché I will bore you with!

**Did you already have work as a journalist there?**

I went to Iran for the first time in 1999 and went back a few times afterwards. One day, when I called the *Volkskrant* to propose a piece, the editor picked up and stammered: "World Trade Center... New York... turn on the TV." And from that moment on my life changed, and I knew I needed to go back to Iran. So I went, and in six weeks I visited Afghanistan and Northern Iraq, then I called my parents to tell them that I was coming home to pick up my stuff.

I decided to do freelance journalism. I got a retainer from the *Telegraaf*, where I worked for a year, before getting a call from *NRC* with a job offer just as the Iraq War was starting. In Iraq, I often hung out with Americans, which led to the *Washington Post* asking me to work for them in Iran. Then, after four years, there was the *New York Times*. So it didn't all happen overnight, that's important to stress. But if what you're doing feels right, it won't feel like it's taking that long, it's just happening.



Illustration © Clara Mikellides De Chirano

**As of recently, you're not working as a correspondent anymore, so what kind of journalism are you interested in at the moment?**

News has changed. AI can now write a news item, so why would I still bother? Yet it's through writing all these news items and hearing all these stories that I was able to create a series like "Our Man in Tehran". I got to know all my subjects through these short pieces. But if I could work in Iran today, I would love to start my own YouTube channel or a podcast. I wouldn't want to work for the *New York Times* anymore. It's an excellent paper, but I know more than they want to publish. Because their format is very global, they don't want the nuances and prefer a Western angle. They have a formula and some things, which are key to understanding the story, just don't fit it. But if you create your own platform, you're less visible...

**Are there any journalists that you currently look up to?**

As I grow older, I have fewer examples. But I did look up to people such as Noam Chomsky, Robert Kaplan, V.S. Naipaul, and Christiane Amanpour. They're great examples, but I don't want to be exactly like them. They in-

spire me because they go places and they stimulate readers to think. All of them value work *and* depth, and that's what I like best.

**“** *If what you're doing feels right, it won't feel like it's taking that long, it's just happening.*

**What other qualities make for a good correspondent?**

Number one: you need time. Three months in Afghanistan is different from two weeks in Afghanistan. Your stories will be more profound if you have more time. So a correspondent's success is also dependent on the available budget. Number two: you need to be genuinely interested. You shouldn't foreground yourself, because your role is to be an intermediate for the stories of the Other.

And number three: you need to learn the cultural language. Although my Farsi isn't a hundred percent, it did add a deeper layer to my reporting. Still, you can know a language, but you also have to learn why people do and say certain things. I know foreigners who have only spent one or two months in Iran that have learned Farsi, but they sound like toppled bookcases and they don't know the cultural sensitivities.

You don't learn those things just from speaking the language, you learn them by being in Iran.

**Lastly, what is it like for an outsider, a white European, to be a correspondent in the Middle East?**

A lot of people confuse journalism with activism. I don't especially care what kind of effect my writing has, I write something for others to take up. If I'm writing about an oil spill, for example, I'm not the one who wants to lead the cleanup. You might have a better understanding as an insider, but you will also see things less clearly. So a journalist is an outsider. And if that's your starting point it doesn't matter what you look like or where you're from. You just have to make sure you're grasping the facts.

\* \* \*

Having grasped the nuances of Erdbrink's impressive career, I leave him to enjoy the home he has built together with his wife Newsha, surrounded by the Iranian mountains and wild cats that climb up your legs. Despite the hardships and sacrifices, he seems to have won life's lottery.

## Today I Went to the River

by Violeta Bagazgoitia

Today I went to the river. The Krommerijn. What an ugly name for such a beautiful place. I drop my bag on the wild grass. Long wildflowers away between my feet and, as I lay down, warm sunlight shines on my face. I feel a bit safer. At peace.

**“** *The river presents itself like a secret garden, one you can find in the pages of a children's book.*



Going to the river is something one needs to discover. Like a ritual that sooner or later, every student in this place experiences. I am sure that every person experiences it differently, but there's something so comforting in this patch of grass that makes everyone come back. Let me paint it for you; the way I live it:

It is a warm Wednesday afternoon; your classes are done for the day. With a nicely wrapped sandwich, a water bottle, and a book in your bag, you set off, away from campus. Tall trees woosh past you, as the horizon gets greener, and more picturesque. You continue biking through a movie-like rock path, as the trees tower over you, looking wiser than they did on campus. And, before you know it, you've arrived. The cold current before you carries leaves towards a different person further down the riverside.

Green water and blue skies: bright colors out of a Dr. Seuss book. The river presents itself like a secret garden, one you can find in the pages of a children's book. Maybe that's why I love it. In a place as hectic as UCU, the Krommerijn feels like a safe haven. A place to lay down and breathe. Time seems to slow down a bit and something in the trees makes the place feel like you are in a studio Ghibli movie. Protected by the little fairies that live in them.

The river carries the laughter of exhilarated kids who jump from trees into the water. It carries the screams of young stu-

dents diving into its stream at six AM after a night out; the petals of flowers of a couple in love on the riverbed, and a piece of bread that someone threw in a failed attempt to feed the ducks. It probably carries many disgusting things too, but since you can't see them, it's as if they don't exist.

**“** *This is what it feels like to be young.*

A tiny bug lands on the page of your book and, as you blow it away, you realize how late it is: the sun is setting and you have class tomorrow. Before you leave, one last dip. As your feet touch the muddy first steps of the river, someone's guitar starts playing behind you. In a group of friends some sing, others sway as they follow the smooth gestures of the guitarist's hands. This is what it feels like to be young.

**“** *Going to the river is something one needs to discover. Like a ritual that sooner or later, every student in this place experiences.*

The bike ride back feels like slowly coming out of a trance. As the sky turns from orange, to pink, to dark blue, and as the wise trees are left behind and the grass turns into pavement, you are back on campus. Back to reality. The magic of the river is left behind.

# 8 WORLD

## What on Earth is ‘Latin American Spanish’?

by Pablo Ruiz Delgado

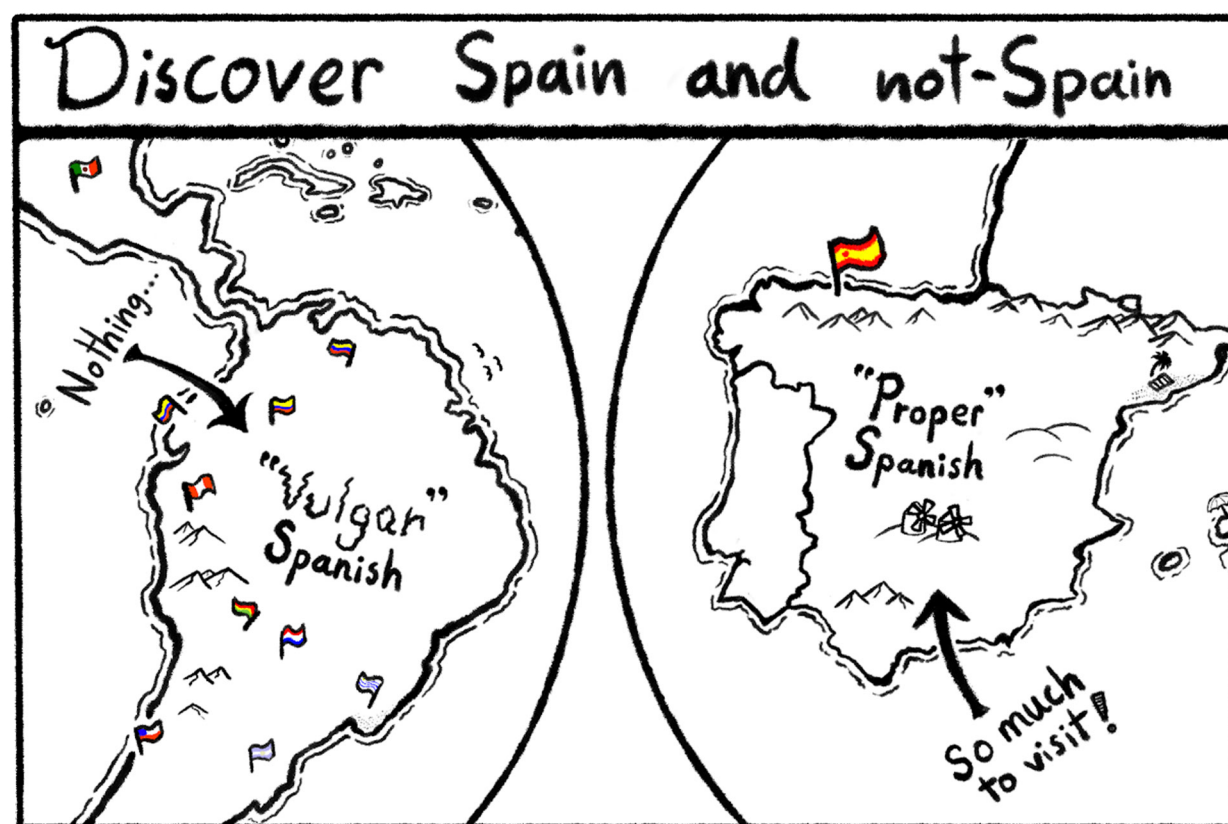
When I’m home during break, my parents and I have a tradition of watching a film or two every night with some popcorn. Neither of them speaks English and neither of them can be bothered to read subtitles, so we always dub whatever we’re watching. Be it Netflix, HBO, Hulu, or pirated movies, we’re always presented with two dubbing choices: either *Español [España]* (i.e., Spain Spanish) or *Español [Latinoamérica]* (i.e., Latin American Spanish).

“Even though Spain lost the last remnants of its empire in 1898, it has tried to hold on to its imperial glory by exerting its linguistic hegemony over its former colonies.

Anyone who’s even remotely familiar with the Spanish language should be baffled by this distinction. What on earth is ‘Latin American Spanish’ supposed to mean? Spanish is an official language in 22 countries, one of them located in Europe, another one in Africa, and twenty in America (which account for 82% of Spanish speakers worldwide). Each of these countries have their own distinct dialects of Spanish. Mexican Spanish has about as much in common with the Spanish spoken in Spain, Uruguay, or Equatorial Guinea – close to nothing. And yet Spain, a country of 50 million people, gets its own category in dubbing and subtitles, while the second category is meant to represent an entire continent of over 500 million people.

To be fair, one reason why Spain gets its own dubbing option is that Spaniards watch almost everything dubbed in Spanish, while (as far as I know) most people in Latin America are used to watching original versions with subtitles. However, the problem is that if you do actually select *Español [Latinoamérica]* on your streaming platform, 9 out of 10 times it’s literally just Mexican Spanish. I believe this speaks to a greater trend of generalising the Spanish-speaking world into two camps, which explicitly places Spain above a homogeneous (and often stereotypically Mexican) Latin America.

If you need further evidence of this, you only need to peek inside the Spanish L&C classroom in Voltaire. On the wall you’ll spot a poster map of important monuments and landmarks in the Spanish-speaking world. What absolutely perplexes me is that it’s titled ‘Discover Spain and Latin America’, with Spain taking up one half of the poster and Latin America taking up the other half.



The poster shows at least 30 ‘places to visit’ in Spain, with at least one in every major city, but the other half of the map only shows one monument or landmark in each large country of Latin America (there must be nothing to visit in Panama or El Salvador, I guess). The map could’ve been titled ‘Visit Spain and not-as-civilised-Spain’ and at least it’d be more honest. What I find most worrying is that this map comes from a textbook publisher – presumably the same one used in Spanish L&C courses – which gives me very little hope that the linguistic and cultural syllabus being taught to UCU students isn’t Spain-centric as fuck.

“A greater trend of generalising the Spanish-speaking world into two camps, which explicitly places Spain above a homogeneous (and often stereotypically Mexican) Latin America.

In general, it shouldn’t come as a surprise that people (especially in Europe) are often taught a very standard version of Spain Spanish. The main institution that promotes the learning of Spanish worldwide – which basically has a monopoly over exams, syllabi, and teaching centres – is the *Instituto Cervantes* (‘Cervantes Institute’, named after the author of *Don Quijote*), a public company of the Spanish government. Furthermore, the institution that regulates the Spanish dictionary worldwide is the *Real Academia Española* (‘Royal Spanish Academy’, or RAE), also a public company of the Spanish government, made even worse by the fact

that it’s nominally headed by his most excellent and virtuous majesty the king of Spain.

The RAE has jurisdiction over the dictionaries of every Spanish-speaking country, meaning that a group of old white men led by a rich guy with a funny hat get to determine what ‘proper Spanish’ is. There have been several moments of tension between the RAE and Spanish speakers outside of Spain, where it refused to officially catalogue certain words, expressions, or conjugations commonly used in Latin American countries – and even when it did, they were categorised as ‘vulgar’.

What all this is meant to illustrate is that we have a problem in the Spanish-speaking world. Even though Spain lost the last remnants of its empire in 1898, it has tried to hold on to its imperial glory by exerting its linguistic hegemony over its former colonies. And all this is happening while most Spaniards are not even well educated about their own country’s colonial past. The Spanish empire is taught in schools with a certain air of nostalgia, the atrocities committed by the *conquistadores* are brushed over, and Columbus is lauded as the heroic genius who ‘discovered’ America – for which he has countless statues, streets, and public squares named after him. If we can’t even reconcile with our past, how will we ever see the repercussions it has on our present?

For the time being, at least, someone please contact whoever names the dubbing options on Netflix, and please tell them to change the ‘Latin American Spanish’ option to *Español [México]* if the dubbing is just Mexican.

# Sleep Deprivation is a Form of Art

by Bence Bognár

It is four in the morning as I'm writing this, despite the fact that I have class, one that I actually like, at 11 a.m. But my mind was set on doing this - one can do a little gonzo, as a treat. So I downed half a mug of middle-shelf white wine that's been a resident of my fridge for a while, like some ancient artifact. At the same time I'm fully aware that I would end up staying awake anyway, which is something that I feel should be examined. Especially after about two weeks of this pattern repeating itself. Why does one stay up, and why do I?

“A messed up sleep schedule is just as much of a pattern as anything else. Something momentarily inherent, but a bit terrifying if one were to start truly thinking about it.

I found that my habit of taking a nap between 8 and 10PM, hoping that my impending flu-esque illness won't have an effect on my life, raises a lot of eyebrows. Especially since I still managed to finish an Earth & Environment tutorial in the remaining two hours before the midnight deadline.

“My guess is that with severe enough anxiety issues, stress simply becomes one of the many constants in one's life.

Why do we have the need to subject ourselves to the purest forms of brain-rot? Be it the addictive casual video game with comedy podcasts in the background, Twitch highlights on YouTube, re-watching a series for the third time, Twitter (in general), or trashy romance fanfiction: is it only these, or is there more to it? After all, I have friends, I'm extroverted, I actually enjoy making plans, yet I avoid these things after a certain, unidentifiable point of no return.

One of the possible explanations is the relatively well-known theory of revenge bedtime procrastination. It functions as a response to a lack of time to do what one truly wants,

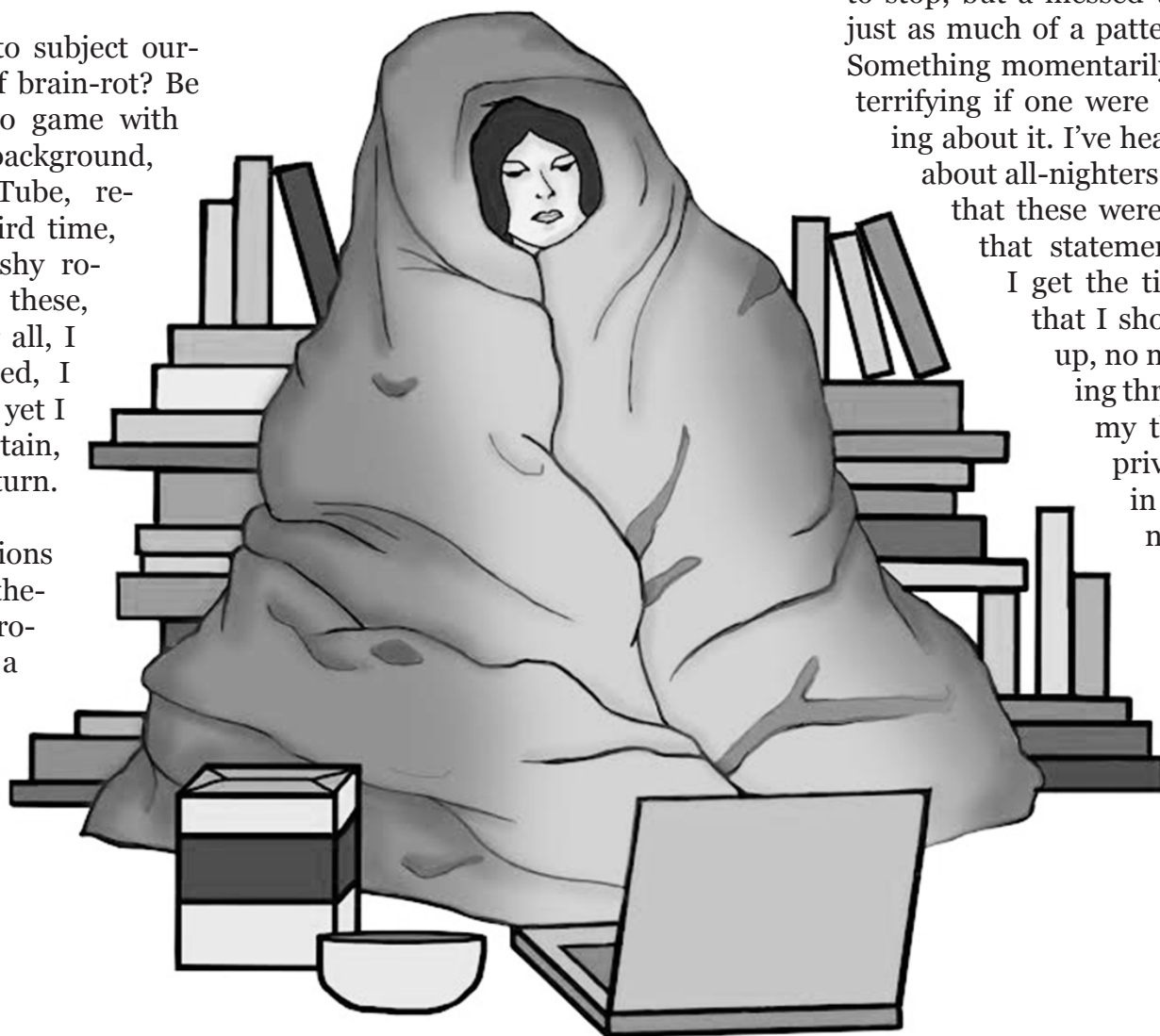
an overload of stress, both of which are famously *a thing* in everyone's first semester. With that being said, I don't remember it being different back in high school. My guess is that with severe enough anxiety issues, stress simply becomes one of the many constants in one's life. Something we do not even consider while making important life choices or any other plans. Still, if (as it is commonly known) most people feel unsatisfied with the *kinds* of things they do as their procrastination revenge, why does nobody seek out help? Or, rather, do some actual quality work or just do something genuinely fun?

The answer is generally one, or both, of the following things. Firstly, people procrastinate when they feel as if they lack the energy to do something worthwhile. Yet, by treating it as nothing-time, one fills their free time with draining activities instead of getting some well-deserved and needed rest. The phenomenon of doom-scrolling is the perfect example of mentioned draining activities. Secondly, people who procrastinate in the nighttime, or any other time in general, often report not feeling like they *deserve* to do something that actually serves a purpose, be it rest or anything else, until they complete the activity they're avoiding. In this case, it is a way of punishing oneself, ripping out time from one of their hands with the other.

A bone-chilling thought to consider: it is 4:26 AM as I am starting to write this section. I am fully aware of the consequences of this choice, as well as the pointlessness of finishing it now rather than in the morning after a good night's sleep. And yet, I still choose to do it. Is this a form of self-harm? Because I know it's bad for me in every imaginable way, but I can find no way of stopping. Maybe besides putting all my physical and mental efforts to stop myself from doing so. But then all that lingers at the end is an overarching sense of emptiness, something being cut short, incomplete: a half-finished novel, an early death.

“People who procrastinate in the nighttime report not feeling like they deserve to do something that actually serves a purpose. In this case, it is a way of punishing oneself, ripping out time from one of their hands with the other.

I have never been a person of fortitude, and it honestly shows. The conclusions are the same: this is bad for me, and it's bad for anyone else that stays up until this late on a regular basis. It has a negative effect on everything from mental health, to academic performance and physical health. There are a multitude of reasons why it's hard to stop, but a messed up sleep schedule is just as much of a pattern as anything else. Something momentarily inherent, but a bit terrifying if one were to start truly thinking about it. I've heard that college is all about all-nighters, but I didn't assume that these were the implications of that statement. Still, every day, I get the tingling, faint feeling that I should maybe just stay up, no matter what. My aching throat, my closing eyes, my thoroughly sleep-deprived mind all scream in unison. One of these nights. But not tonight, probably not.



# The Enigma of Serial Killers: Unraveling Motives

by Sarah Peterson

Serial killers have long captured the public's morbid fascination, with infamous names like Jack the Ripper, Ted Bundy, Pedro Lopez, John Wayne Gacy, and Jeffrey Dahmer haunting our collective memory. But what drives individuals to become these monsters, and leave a trail of horrifying crimes in their wake?

Before diving into the minds of serial killers, it's essential to understand what constitutes one. It seems like a simple question, but there isn't a universal definition. For instance, the FBI defines a serial killer as someone who has murdered three or more people over a period of a month or longer, but the National Institute of Justice says that a serial killer is a person who murdered at least two people, motivated by the need for psychological gratification, usually with the acts having sadistic sexual overtones.

**“** *It's important to note that not everyone with a troubled upbringing turns to violence; individual personality traits play a significant role.*

For the public, the best known serial killer is Ted Bundy, despite the fact that he did not commit the largest number of crimes. Ted Bundy admitted to attacking, raping and killing 30 women, but the real number of his victims is unknown. He was incredibly barbarous in his crimes - Bundy beheaded some of his victims, and then proceeded to keep their heads as souvenirs. He also let wild animals eat some of his victims.

A look at Bundy's family might shed some light on the circumstances in which this bloodthirsty killer was created. Growing up, Bundy never had a father - he was told that his grandparents were his parents and his mother was his sister, something that he eventually figured out on his own. Bundy always spoke warmly of his grandparents, but in reality, his grandfather was a tyrannical bully who beat his wife and swung neighborhood cats by their tails. He also terrorized his wife by threatening her with knives, even when the three-year-old Bundy was watching. This is theorized to be the reason behind Bundy beheading his victims. Bundy also displayed antisocial tendencies and high intelligence, which only exacerbated his potential for violence, ultimately creating a lethal cocktail of factors that led to his horrific crimes.

Jeffrey Dahmer, responsible for 17 known crimes, provides another harrowing case study. Dahmer killed 17 young men over a thirteen year period. He was diagnosed with border-

line personality disorder, schizotypal personality disorder and a psychotic disorder. Despite it all, he was found legally sane at his trial.

Dahmer was a notorious killer - he strangled most of his victims after drugging them, and the victims' skulls had holes bored into them. Besides humans, Dahmer also killed his neighbors' animals, and impaled an animal's head on a stick. His inhumane crimes didn't stop there, because famously, Dahmer consumed some of his victims' bodies. Dahmer's case reveals how incompetent our social system is. The psychological struggles from his earlier life went unaddressed,

first knocking out his victims with the sheer force of his fists, and then strangling them to death.

Samuel Little's mother was a sex worker and he was raised by his grandmother. He had problems with maintaining discipline and finding meaning in life. The frustration led to him having sexual fantasies about strangling women. As a child, he fantasized about strangling his kindergarten teacher. Starting at a young age he was accused of many crimes: driving under the influence, shoplifting, armed robbery - the list goes on. This behavioral tendency reflects the pattern that can be observed in all of the mentioned serial killers' lives. All of them came from broken families and started showing signs of deviant behavior at a young age.

Three stories showcase that serial killers want gratification to replace the love not received in their childhood. They strive to be the center of attention - the records show us that most of the serial killers want to be caught, and sometimes even have given themselves up by leaving clues. Many of the killers choose their victims based on the similarity they display to their parents or abusers, which shows us again the crucial role of childhood experiences. It's important to note that not everyone with a troubled upbringing turns to violence; individual personality traits play a significant role. Some individuals, when faced with adversity and introversion, seek external gratification through criminal acts such as robbery and murder.

**“** *While more developed countries offer some support for struggling families, there's certainly room for improvement everywhere. Early interventions and psychological assistance during childhood could potentially prevent these gruesome acts.*

These cases show that social systems need to be fixed. While more developed countries offer some support for struggling families, there's certainly room for improvement everywhere. Early interventions and psychological assistance during childhood could potentially prevent these gruesome acts. Serial killers also do need more psychological help after their arrests - they could be placed in a closed unit instead of putting them with the rest of the inmates or executing them. Understanding and dealing with killers may be challenging, given their heinous crimes, but addressing these issues is essential to building a safer and more compassionate society.

compounded by a hypochondriac mother who had little time for him. Dahmer's case highlights the dire need for a system that provides assistance to the families of mentally ill individuals.

**“** *Understanding and dealing with killers may be challenging, given their heinous crimes, but addressing these issues is essential to building a safer and more compassionate society.*

The third serial killer is not that well-known and often talked about. Samuel Little has confessed to murdering 93 people, making him the largest-scale serial killer in American history. Being a former boxer, he targeted vulnerable women by



# The Queer Universe of Moominvalley

by Suvi McMenamin

Growing up half-Finnish meant that I would inevitably become acquainted with the country's most cherished family – the wonderfully whimsical Moomins. For those of you unfamiliar with them (shame!), Moomins are the protagonists in a series of books and comics by the renowned Finnish author and illustrator Tove Jansson. Gaining a dedicated fan base both at home and overseas, Moomins are a major source of national pride, and it's not uncommon for a Finn to amass a conspicuous amount of Moomin paraphernalia during their lifetime. This was certainly the case in my family.

**“** *The Hemulens of Moominvalley wore dresses despite their male pronouns, decades before Mr. Styles wore one on the cover of Vogue.*

Jansson's characters permeated my day-to-day life: I devoured my morning cereal while staring into Snorkmaiden's eyes, Hattifatteners swayed back and forth on my schoolbag, and my packed lunch was eaten using a spoon with Little My on the handle. My childhood best friend teased me for being a virtual Moomin brand ambassador, and got a real kick out of discovering the cherry on top – that not even my underwear escaped those strange Finnish creatures. Moomins became all the more central during my summers in Finland, where they invaded not only the crockery but also the food itself through my heavy consumption of sodas and candy imprinted with their oh-so-familiar faces.

My family settled down on the faraway Green Isle, as my father was Irish, and Dublin offered my parents attractive career opportunities. Having to raise her children somewhere so distant from her homeland, my mother saw it as her duty to instil a sense of Finnishness in my sister and I for fear that we would forget the other half of our heritage. And what better way to foster a positive Finnish identity than by surrounding us with the country's national treasures? Along with the dawn of my teenage years came the desire to cultivate a personal identity bringing about a

change in my relationship with the Moomins. They were no longer a mere backdrop to my life, a coincidental pattern of my possessions, but rather became my emblems of honour.

Within the first few hours of arriving at UCU, I stuck Moomin postcards over the peeling paint of my Kromhout walls. Not only did I tack up these postcards as symbols of my heritage, but because I had discovered that Moomins represented something else dear to me: queer culture. Those of you familiar with the franchise will probably know that carrying a Moomin tote bag basically equates to wearing a rainbow flag around your shoulders. Thus, the Moomins proposed a perfect fusion of two parts of my identity which I felt were often overlooked – my Finnishness and my queerness.

Tove Jansson's relationships with women undoubtedly provided inspiration for the charming queer subtexts in Moominvalley. Her first sapphic love affair with Vivica Bandler, a theatre director and agronomist, inspired an inseparable duo from the Moomin books named Thingumy and Bob. Jansson and Bandler wrote in a mumble-jumble version of Swedish in their letters, which was replicated by this pair. Thingumy and Bob's special way of communicating is described as somewhat incomprehensible to the other characters, "but the main thing is that they understand each other". The real-life relationship ended due to Bandler's reluctance to leave her husband, but, in the typical lesbian spirit, the two remained close friends and collaborators.

Tuulikki Pietilä, a graphic artist who became her life partner, also acted as a great inspiration to Jansson. She was cast in Jansson's imaginary world

to play the role of Too-ticky, with whom Tuulikki also shared a nick-name. The couple lived out the lesbian cottagecore dream together for many years on a remote island in the Gulf of Finland. And, much like the calming effect Too-ticky had on Moominvalley, Pietilä brought wisdom and peace to Jansson's world. As Jansson wrote to her; "I love you as if bewitched, yet at the same time with profound calm".

Too-ticky sports an androgynous style, as do many other Moomin characters, in what can be read as a deliberate rebellion against the gender binary. The Hemulens of Moominvalley wore dresses despite their male pronouns, decades before Mr. Styles wore one on the cover of Vogue. Jansson addresses this candidly and matter-of-factly; "Hemulens wear dresses. It seems strange, but there you are".

**“** *Those of you familiar with the franchise will probably know that carrying a Moomin tote bag basically equates to wearing a rainbow flag around your shoulders.*

It is unsurprising that the only character who could understand Thingumy and Bob's special language when they first arrived in Moominvalley was a Hemulen. Their language is inaccessible to the other characters, reminiscent of the manifold ways in which queer people throughout history have discretely communicated their identities.

This type of secret language was undoubtedly familiar to Jansson herself, as she brazenly moved through the underground lesbian cabarets of 1940s Paris and breathed queer themes into her art, despite the challenges faced by queer folk at the time. This is one of the many reasons why Moomins have gained a well-deserved place on the shelf of queer symbols among Doc Martens, carabiners, and flannels. The Moomins are a secret language in and of themselves.



## INTROWEEK

by our lov

*by Sarah Peterson*

A lot of us have thought that most criminals must be mentally ill: they have had childhood trauma, they have diagnosed schizophrenia, have PTSD, and so on. But how many criminals have a diagnosed psychological disorder? The short answer would be that over half of the prison population usually has a diagnosed mental disorder - addiction, schizophrenia, anxiety disorders, etc... The longer answer would be that it really depends on the country and their legal system. Some countries, usually the developing ones, do not focus on the mental wellbeing of the criminals, and that makes the studies of this topic harder.

*by Neil Goldberg*

During the long purgatory period between acceptance and arrival to UCU, I found solace in the class of 2026 instagram, which allowed a small window into the world that I would soon join. Among those posts of fellow classmates, a pattern soon emerged. "I speak Dutch, French, German, and am slightly fluent in Mandarin", or some variant of this, would appear in the description of nearly every student on this account. Personally, I only speak English. All my friends at home only speak English.

While this was originally a point of pure excitement, imagining all the languages I could partially learn in proximity to these linguistically talented people, I arrived at campus and realized how this multilingual skill can fundamentally change the way you communicate with yourself and others. A connection to a culture beyond your own, the ability to think in a way foreign to your community and surroundings, allows you to humanize and relate to others. The lines drawn between peer and stranger blur as you learn to communicate beyond your own people.

Back home, the world is reduced to the size of the country. For many, leaving the world of the United States is to blast beyond the earth's atmosphere, hoisting a large American flag along every street or restaurant we visit and refusing to communicate without our safe, home language. But we are all human, our languages serve mostly the same purpose, and our differences are far fewer than our similarities.

*by Anonymous*

I have realized that it has become a habit of mine to compare and categorize art before enjoying it. Whether discussing or analyzing literature, film, music, or other forms of creativity, at some point I realized this was causing me to overthink the significance of pieces, and was making it difficult for me to relish them with an open mind. I began to contemplate whether a certain book should be able to mean something to me, even though I had already been moved by so many other books, films, or pieces of music in the past. I am trying to learn to solely appreciate art and let it move me before considering its place in the larger scheme of things. I think UCU is a place where I can do so.



# WORKSHOP

ely firsties



by Anna Wood

Female friendships are some of the most complex relationships that any person can experience in their life. Often, a relationship with a woman requires more emotional depth and vulnerability than friendships with men. This can make friendships with women more complicated, as they call upon a person's emotional maturity in a way that other relationships don't. Yet, I think this complexity is what makes female friendships so worthwhile. Female friendships provide a person with a safe space for their soul. They allow a person to not only connect with another person in a beautifully intricate way, but also figure out their own identity within their vulnerability. I think that the current trend of bashing people who praise male friendships for being "less drama" calls upon a universal truth that friendship is not meant to be easy. It's supposed to be challenging and difficult. A friendship is a relationship that must be fed and nurtured, which is not necessarily a factor in male friendships. I think our generation is shifting the focus of feminism towards nurturing female relationships, as seen in recent productions such as Greta Gerwig's *Barbie*, which focuses heavily on the art and necessity of female friendships.

by Anonymous

UCU is an ECHOCHAMBER!

The foundation of every healthy and liberated society inherently begins with freedom of thought, ideas and most importantly the conflict thereof. Though I think UCU as an institution genuinely believes in such ideals, I find it fails to execute them. Though UCU is a diverse place in many aspects, like culture and nationality, something that I greatly appreciate, I fear that when it comes to ideas it is rather homogenous. This has the adverse effect of preemptively silencing those who seek to break the mold.

Those who seek the truth and want to change the status quo are the foundation of every healthy institution. The campus environment makes it harder for such people to voice their opinion as it deprives them of anonymity and distance with others. If one were to raise a potentially controversial thought, who is to say that others would treat them with the same dignity and respect they treat others with? I want to believe that most people on campus would be respectful when interacting with ideas contrary to theirs, but such a thought is naive and flawed in its conception. In reality, the "counter-thinker" has a difficult choice to make: peace of mind at home by not voicing their thoughts, or gravely upsetting those who they live with by speaking out the ideas they believe in?

by Isabel van Oerle

When is it okay to wear what your heart desires? And what do those choices say about you? Clothing can be a manner of exteriorizing your proficiency in the area of expertise of your work, something rather important for a police officer or a lawyer. If they were to disregard societal conventions, you would likely misjudge them, would you not? As visual creatures, humans rely heavily on the outwards of everything to form opinions. Most of us have to follow some social conventions at least once in a while, either to appeal to a potential client, attain an objective, or influence someone's perspective of us. Fashion is a weapon, don't let it own you, wield it to your favor.

# 14 CULTURE

## Jasmine's Book Nook The Secret Garden

by Jasmine Yi Carder



The most eloquent way to describe my summer would be to say that the vibes were off. That being the case, I turned to books as a constructive way to bury my head in the sand and wait for summer to pass. The highlight of my reading turned out not to be any of the amazing new books I discovered, but a comforting childhood favorite. *The Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson is a classic that my dad read to me as a little girl.

“Just because we might look like a tangle of gnarled weeds, doesn’t mean that with time, care, and some tough love, we can’t shape ourselves into kinder, happier people.”

The book follows Mary Lennox as she moves from India to her uncle’s manor in the moors of England after the death of her

parents. The reader watches Mary change from a grumpy, spoiled brat into a happy kid with lovely friends. Mary’s metamorphosis takes place alongside several other charming (and not so charming) characters as they discover and fix up a secret garden. The book has been beloved by all ages and genders for more than a century.

I think the reason that the book has endured the test of time is because it’s hopeful. It sends the message that things and people can be better. Most people can relate it to a time in their life where they were “quite contrary,” whether that be meanspirited, sluggish, pessimistic, unhealthy, or in Mary’s case, all of the above. The book tells us, decidedly, that we are all capable of bettering ourselves.

While the book is named after a garden, the story is really about how to tend to human

beings. Just because we might look like a tangle of gnarled weeds, doesn’t mean that with time, care, and some tough love, we can’t shape ourselves into kinder, happier people. At its sweetest, it gently encourages you to explore nature. At its bluntest, it tells you to get your ass off your high horse and go touch some grass (something everyone should be told at least once in their life).

On top of the deeper messages, the description of flora and fauna alone is worth the read. A beautiful book all around. *The Secret Garden* is a perfect book for the times when you don’t like the world and you don’t like yourself. The only caveat is that you have to put up with snotty characters, at least for a little while. But hey, it’s good to try to empathize with the truly unpleasant every now and again.

## Movie Monster Barbie

by Alejandra Monerri Revuelta



The Barbie movie was not all that it could have been. Going into the cinema, I expected a great film. And, in some ways, it was. But was I disappointed when I stepped back out of the building? Yes.

*Barbie*, directed by the talented Greta Gerwig, is about the life of one of the many Barbies in Barbieland. Played by Margot Robbie, who is also the film’s producer, Stereotypical Barbie introduces us to her world and its politics: a world run by the Barbies, in which they all play a different role. There’s President Barbie, Lawyer Barbie, Doctor Barbie, and so on. The Kens, on the other hand, just hang out by the beach and wait for Barbie’s attention. But once Barbie starts having strange, existential thoughts, she is forced to travel into our world, the human world. Regrettably, Ken joins her, and discovers the patriarchy (and horses), with which he poisons Barbieland upon his return. Barbie, with the help of other Barbies and two humans, a mother and her daughter, go on a quest to set things right. And then, the

Kens have a battle at the beach with the best song ever playing in the background.

“Simply put, I missed feminism in this supposedly feminist film.”

Gerwig’s comedic approach to the themes presented in the movie is fantastic. The set design was genius at capturing the plastic world of Barbie and remaining true to her style; the pink, the empty plastic drinking cups, Barbie’s ability to float down from the top floor of her house into her car. The same can be said about the costume design and all of the types of Barbies present. But, my favorite part of the film has to be the start, the shoutout to the beginning of 2001: A Space Odyssey. Brilliant. So what went wrong?

Firstly, the screenwriting was a mess. Personally, I found the plot too simplistic, and yet it managed to be confusing and just straight up boring. The message was lost in a sea of superficially addressed themes.

When I asked her about her thoughts on the movie, my friend said, “everything there is to say *about* the movie has already been said *in* the movie.” It also didn’t pull me in. Especially not during America Ferrera’s monologue on the struggles of being a woman when Barbie was face down on the floor, depressed. Some of the points, such as the one about body size, are not exclusive to women. Other points were poorly formulated, like the one about motherhood. And some prevalent feminist points were not even made, such as sexual assault or abortion.

In conclusion, I was disappointed by the Barbie movie because I expected better. I liked the general idea and execution, but the plot needed revamping. I was missing Raquel, Barbie’s frenemy. She would have been a great character to represent the problem of women pressuring each other to conform to patriarchal standards. The movie lacked depth and an educational dimension. Simply put, I missed feminism in this supposedly feminist film.

## Loco LogiCo Escher's Infinity

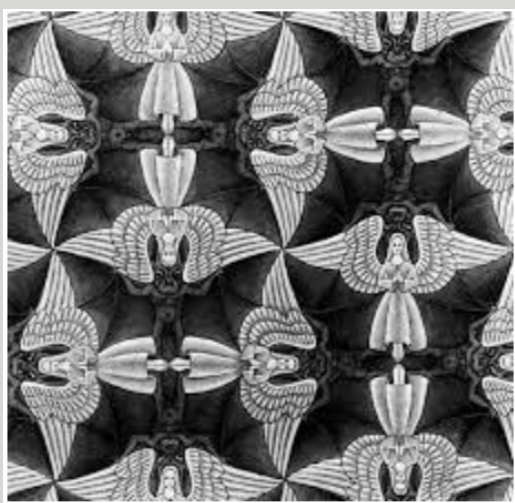
By Alejandra Monerri Revuelta on behalf of LogiCo



A lot of artists dislike maths. But M.C. Escher was not one of them.

Escher was a Dutch graphic artist who used mathematics as an inspiration. He saw an artistic beauty in maths that not everybody is able to appreciate. His art helped mathematicians visually explain their new theorems and even inspired new ones. Although there is a lot to be said, the word limit for this column allows only for the explanation of one of his discoveries. However, if you are interested in more, LogiCo is organizing a trip to the Escher museum in The Hague, so stay tuned for more information!

Escher was obsessed with the concept of infinity. After all, it is both poetic and mathematical. Who isn't obsessed with it? But Escher took his obsession to new heights. His earlier work started with the tessellations of regular polygons (a tessellation is the repetition of a pattern leaving no gaps in between). In the first version of his work *Angels and Devils*, for example, he uses the base tessellation of rectangles, later re-shaping them into angels and devils. Unfortunately, or fortunately, he was soon disappointed by them; there were only so many base shapes he could use (namely equilateral triangles, rectangles, and hexagons) for a regular tiling. A regular tiling uses one shape of tile and the same number of tiles meet at each point. But Escher strived for infinity.



Version 1 of *Angels and Devils*

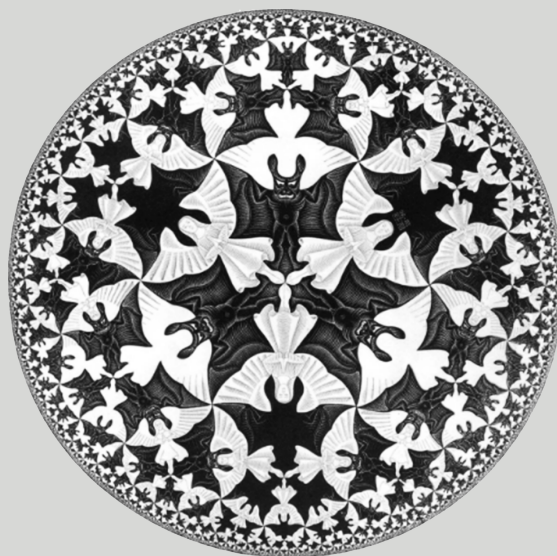
The first version of *Angels and Devils* was drawn on a piece of paper. This inevitably made the tessellation finite, so Escher considered another surface: a sphere. The second version of *Angels and Devils* was a spherical woodcut of the same pattern. While developing it, Escher realized that shapes on a flat surface appeared differently than on a spherical one. Eventually, he discovered that, on a spherical surface, the number of regular tilings increased in comparison to a flat surface. Instead of three regular polygons, he could use five! This was

still far from infinity, but it gave him hope.



Version 2 of *Angels and Devils*

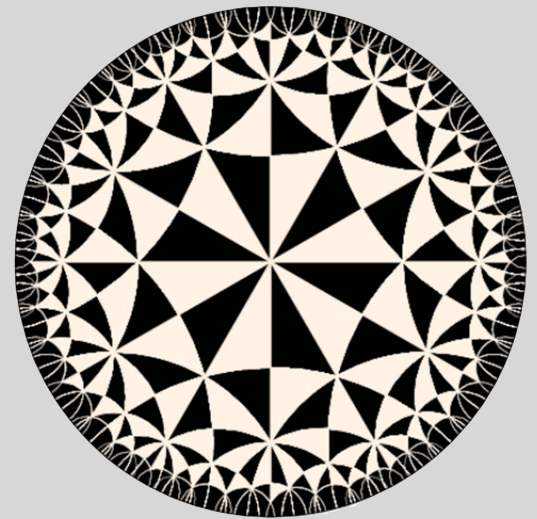
At this point in his life, Escher met mathematician Harold Scott McDonald Coxeter. Inspired by Escher, Coxeter came up with a diagram that showed a tiling of triangles within a circular border. This, in turn, inspired Escher to come up with similar prints, including the third and final version of *Angels and Devils*, which he titled *Circle Limit VI*. Another one of his works, *Circle Limit III*, he sent back to Coxeter for him to explain what was going on in terms of maths.



*Circle Limit IV* (version 3 of *Angels and Devils*)

It turns out Escher had been exploring different worlds of geometry. With the first version of *Angels and Devils*, he was in the familiar world of Euclidean geometry, the geometry we all study at school. Do you remember learning about how the internal angles of a triangle add up to 180 degrees? It so happens that that is not necessarily true. With the second

version, Escher stepped into the field of spherical geometry, where he found out (although mathematicians already knew this) that the internal angle of triangles here adds up to more than 180 degrees. And, with his third version, he found hyperbolic geometry, where the angles of a triangle add up to less than 180 degrees, as you can see in Coxeter's diagram.



Coxeter's Diagram



*Circle Limit III*

Escher finally got what he had always dreamed of. Through hyperbolic geometry, he was able to find a space with an infinite number of possible regular tilings, and his collection of *Circle Limits* was able to represent infinity in a finite space: the circumferences of the circles in which he drew, a concept he got from hyperbolic geometry, represent infinity, and the tessellations of shapes get smaller and smaller as the circumference, or infinity, is approached but never reached. Escher also helped Coxeter discover equidistant lines, or the "parallel lines" of hyperbolic geometry in *Circle Limit III*, the white lines traveling through the fish.

# Settling it over a cup of tea

by Pieter Dolmans



*Content warning: racism, bigotry in general.*

Once you've had enough discussions about politics, you quickly start to recognise certain patterns. When a racist's inappropriate joke is pointed out, they'll fall back on "free speech" as a way out. A libertarian will always trust the "invisible hand of the market" to tie their shoes and prepare their lunchbox. It's remarkable to see a kind pattern that anyone can fall into, regardless of political or moral conviction. I call this pattern the "wall term".

A wall term is a word or phrase that makes your discussion run into a wall. Some of you know that if you hear a Dutch conservative start talking about "Moroccans", you're better off moving away calmly but quickly. When you read something on the internet about the "JQ", you *run* ('JQ' stands for 'Jewish Question', by the way. If you don't know what that is, read up on Nazi Germany). In these environments you won't hear anything new, and certainly not anything valuable. The wall term is a reflex signal

telling you to go into verbal fight or flight mode. A discorsal defense mechanism.

This wall pattern is convenient as a filter for a lot of nonsense arguments. That's why I won't argue that wall terms are inherently bad. But it is precisely for that reason that wall terms can get in the way. When, in a conversation with my parents, I posited that "all men have some responsibility to better a sexist culture, and that in fact all members of any social majority have this responsibility towards their corresponding minority", they stumbled over the wall term "all". To their well-meaning minds, this signaled that I was making a generalization, so I got the instant counterargument: "That is a generalization". The conciseness of this response implied two assumptions: one, that I hadn't already known that it was a generalization, and two, that I, a fellow progressive, would spontaneously change my opinion upon hearing a wall term like "generalization."

I understand that there is more political and philosophical context behind these reactions than just the recognition of a sin-

gle term, but it is still interesting how one word can provoke such an immediate, reflexive, almost emotional response. In this case, that response obstructed the way to a productive conversation about feminism. Similarly, many conversations with conservatives (as well as with well-meaning but uninformed progressives) can fall flat when you call out a certain behavior for being, for example, "homophobic". Without any critical thought, they'll dismiss the claim because "I'm not homophobic". After hearing the wall term, they'll stop listening and the discussion is ruined.

This is not to say that we should abstain from certain terms entirely. A racist is a racist, a homophobe is a homophobe. We shouldn't be afraid to express things the way they are, even if that way makes others feel uncomfortable. But awareness of the emotional weight these wall terms carry, when to and when not to use them, could give you a rhetorical advantage that may yield more productive conversations.

## EDITORIAL

Dear everyone,

*It's weird to be back, right? Summer break always gets me back into my spoiled only-child persona, waking up every morning to cuddles from my mom and my cats and doing absolutely nothing except playing Mario Kart all-day-long. Now the weather is forcing me to do laundry regularly, and midterms are coming for my ass like a pack of bloodthirsty hounds. At least I have The Boomerang to procrastinate all my responsibilities with.*

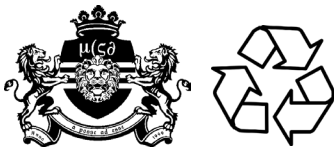
*This edition is brought to you after many weeks of hard work and dedication from the board, whom I love to no end. I especially want to thank everyone who submitted an article or an illustration, our work would be for naught without yours. And before I leave you to enjoy the rest of the newspaper, I want to briefly engage in some self-promotion and point out the QR codes on the next page.*

*You can follow us on Facebook and Instagram or join our Writers and Illustrators WhatsApp groups to stay updated about upcoming editions and events, and you can go to our Issuu page to find all our previous editions online! Or you could be lame and do none of that, your choice.*

*Kind regards, and good luck with exams,  
Pablo*

## THE BOOMERANG BOARD

- Pablo Ruiz Delgado | *Editor-in-Chief*
- Katrina Joy Funk | *Editor*
- Alicja Anna Chojnacka | *Editor & Secretary*
- Mila Maria Grazia Frattini | *Editor & Treasurer*
- Alejandra Monerri Revuelta | *Art & PR Manager*
- Jasmine Yi Carder | *Layout Manager*



*The Boomerang uses wind energy printers  
The Boomerang is a periodical newspaper  
This is the first edition.*

# Katrina's Playlist

by Katrina Joy Funk



Let's face it: country music is polarizing. Some hear the first few twangy chords of a Willie Nelson song and are instantly transported to a great camping trip or a favorite dive-bar. Others find the sound practically nauseating. Maybe Willie Nelson is a poor example, however, he seems to be universally accepted as everyone's joint-slinging, cool grandpa. I must admit, as your humble author, I am, of course, biased. But my journey to loving country has been a long and gradual one. My early experiences with the genre consisted of auto-tuned misogyny blasting from the windows of giant Ram pickup trucks, spewing black smoke as they raced by. Due to encounters like these, I, like many others, associated the genre with white, toxic masculinity, sexism, the American political right, and a general disregard for taste or style of any kind.

**“**Country music has always been, and continues to be, rebellious and subversive in all the right ways (you just have to know where and to which artists to look), it is too often co-opted by those who sport Blue Lives Matter stickers on their cars and play the “Devil’s Advocate”, if you know what I’m saying.

It wasn't until I was in my early 20s when I discovered classic country and its mystic cousin - Americana, that I began to appreciate and understand the mythical quality of this music and how it had, sadly, been bastardized over the years. I fell in love with newer artists such as queer crooner Orville Peck and his ballads about truck drivers in love. I also began to explore the work of the genre's pioneering forefathers and mothers such as Gram Parsons, Emmylou Harris and Patsy Cline and became enthralled by their gifts for storytelling and conveying soul-altering emotion. In my second year at UCU, I wrote an article that explored the origins and new emergence of queer country. Though, at that point, I was already a walking Encyclopedia on the genre (it had been a Covid-era fixation), my research unveiled a timeline of events in the genre's genesis that had been seemingly obscured by time.

For decades, the narrative that country music is exclusively white, straight, and conservative in nature, has been perpetuated in the mainstream. However, this is far from the truth. The irony of this is perhaps most pronounced in the genre's origins. The early roots of country music as we know it today can be found in the form of slave spirituals and field hymns, which were appropriated by performers in the 1920s and 30s. The 1960s and 70s saw the rise of outlaw country brought about by the likes of Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson and Townes Van Zandt, artists who flipped the musical bird to the establishment. Perhaps the most famous example of this outlaw nature is exemplified in Johnny Cash's 1968 recording of “Folsom Prison Blues” at Folsom Prison, where the line “I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die” famously elicited cheers from the inmates.

**“**I would encourage those hesitant to explore the “roots” of the genre and discover artists who they feel align with... There are many pleasant surprises in store.

Though I believe that country music has always been, and continues to be, rebellious and subversive in all the right ways (you just have to know where and to which artists to look), it is too often co-opted by those who sport Blue Lives Matter stickers on their cars and play the “Devil’s Advocate”, if you know what I’m saying. Most recently, in 2023, musician Jason Aldean released his now infamous “Try That In A Small Town” which many saw as a racist dog whistle, a vigilante call to arms, and a glorification of gun violence. Following the video's release, internet sleuths discovered that it had been filmed primarily at the Maury County Courthouse in Columbia, Tennessee, which had been the site of a lynching of a young black man during the 1924 and race riots during the 1940s. Aldean defended the song, saying it represented an “unspoken rule” for those living in small towns. “We all have each other's backs and we look out for each other.” However, the lyrics seem to threaten “outsiders” (it is implied that Aldean is referring to those from cities)

with lines such as “well, that shit might fly in the city” and then listing a series of crimes that supposedly take place only in urban settings.

Following hot on the heels of but in stark contrast to “Try That in a Small Town” came Appalachian bard Tyler Childers’ “In Your Love”, accompanied by a video depicting the story of two gay coal miners in love in rural Appalachia in the 1950s. In an interview with NPR, Childers commented that he wanted his family members to be represented in country music, citing his gay uncle as an early major creative support. Tennessee poet and writer for the music video, Silas House, further elaborated on Childers’ comments, saying “he wants to tell a story like this because he has friends and family who are members of the LGBT community, and they are part of the story of Appalachia too.” “These are human stories, not political stories,” House continued. Childers’ release of “In Your Love” seemed to serve as an answer to “Try That In A Small Town.” The YouTube comment sections of both videos showed a country fanbase divided with comments claiming a “betrayal” by both Aldean and Childers with others praising them for “taking a stand.”

**“**Let's face it: country music is polarizing. Some hear the first few twangy chords of a Willie Nelson song and are instantly transported to a great camping trip or a favorite dive-bar. Others find the sound practically nauseating.

While the linking of country music and politics is not new, these latest events represent a fascinating chapter in the genre's modern transformation. It not only highlights the current political divide in the United States, but also demonstrates how music can be used as a powerful tool to create solidarity. I know that many people shy away from country music in part because of the politics often associated with it. But I would encourage those hesitant to explore the “roots” of the genre and discover artists who they feel align with their own political affiliations and champion what they stand for. There are many pleasant surprises in store.

## Keep Up with The Boomerang



FACEBOOK



WRITERS  
GROUP CHAT



ISSUU PAGE



ILLUSTRATORS  
GROUP CHAT



INSTAGRAM

SUMMER SOLUTIONS

GUIDEBOOK AND DAY  
WNAEVELGFIPOT  
JZALHOTAREMACC  
KLQANHESCADRRRO  
EMTYOINERHOTST  
CSLSMRBIURPMHT  
FITINERARYGERA  
NEXOCTOETIANDG  
LIRSPRBYNLRRTKE  
ANIRUOBYRENECS  
FSGCYPVROTEUA  
RUSEUSEEOIPCSC  
DRACTSOPRCDIKT  
EATLNATCTKHSCI  
MNURIPWDEEVUU  
GCNELCIAMTRDRS  
HEJOURNEYSAKIE

APARTMENT

BEACH

BROCHURE

CAMERA

COTTAGE

CUSTOMS

DELAY

FERRY

GETAWAY

GUIDEBOOK

HOSTEL

INSURANCE

ITINERARY

JOURNEY

PASSPORT

POSTCARD

RUCKSACK

SCENERY

STOPOVER

SUITCASE

TICKETS

TRAIN

WORD SEARCH

SUDOKU

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 5 | 9 | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 |
| 1 | 9 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 2 | 8 |
| 2 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 7 | 1 | 9 | 6 | 5 |
| 9 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 7 | 8 | 4 | 2 |
| 7 | 8 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 9 | 1 |
| 4 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 6 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 1 | 8 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 3 | 1 | 9 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 |
| 8 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 9 |

|                            |                   |                        |         |                          |                    |                              |                           |   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|------------------------|---------|--------------------------|--------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Fools                      | I                 | James Cameron film     | A       | Lady - Poker Face singer | G                  | Lose water                   | L                         |   |
| Wander, digress            | D                 | E                      | V       | I                        | A                  | T                            | E                         |   |
| Date stamp on a letter     | I                 | Avoids                 | A       | Annoy                    | G                  | Puerto ---, Caribbean island | A                         |   |
|                            | P                 | O                      | S       | T                        | M                  | A                            | R                         | K |
| Language spoken in Bangkok | T                 | H                      | A       | I                        | Hard to accomplish | I                            | Radiated                  |   |
| Area                       | S                 | U                      | R       | F                        | A                  | C                            | E                         |   |
| Hyphen                     | Hawaiian greeting | T                      | Sent by | F                        | R                  | O                            | M                         |   |
|                            | D                 | A                      | S       | H                        | Leans              | D                            | Ballroom dance, --- doble | I |
| Be gloomy                  | L                 | Explode like a volcano | E       | R                        | U                  | P                            | T                         |   |
|                            | L                 | O                      | N       | E                        | Cereal grass       | O                            | A                         | T |
| Barks                      | H                 | Blood-sucking insect   | L       | O                        | U                  | S                            | E                         |   |
|                            | Y                 | A                      | P       | S                        | Piece of turf      | S                            | O                         | D |

SWEDISH CROSSWORD



# 20 QUAD QUERIES

## Fuck, Marry, Kill: The Buildings on Campus

