

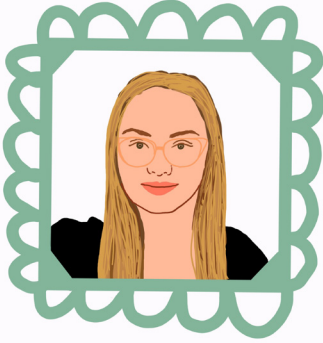


University of
St Andrews

St Leonard's College Magazine 2023

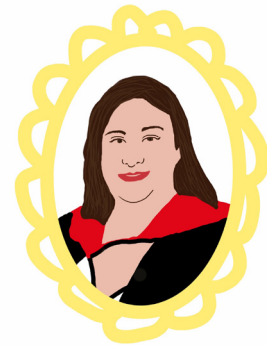


About the Editors



Originally from Prince Edward Island, Canada, Emma Campanaro is a postgraduate student at the University of St Andrews studying for an MLitt in Romantic & Victorian literature. She is incredibly excited to be one of the co-editors for the St Leonard's College Magazine this year!

Hailing from Falkland in Fife, Victoria is a postgraduate student at St Andrews who is studying for an MLitt in Creative Writing. She is delighted to help co-edit for the St Leonard's College Magazine this year in any way she can.



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Cover Image by Anna Marchand.

Colour Illustrations by Victoria Brown.

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The Old Burgh School: Home of St Leonard's College

With our revival of the St Leonard's College Magazine, we wanted to reaffirm and explain just what St Leonard's College is and what it does as well as its relation to the Old Burgh School.

St Leonard's Postgraduate College was originally founded in 1512 as a college for poor clerks of the Church of St Andrews. In 1972, a new St Leonard's College was established as a non-statutory college exclusively for postgraduates, postdoctoral fellows, and research staff.

After matriculation, all postgraduates – Master's students and doctoral students – are de facto members of the College upon their arrival at St Andrews. As such, St Leonard's maintains itself as the collective for the postgraduate community. However, the Old Burgh School (OBS) acts as St Leonard's physical space within the University.



The Old Burgh School was built in 1872 as part of Madras College. In 1928, it was taken over by Fife Council and was a high school until 1967, when Greyfriars Roman Catholic Primary School moved into the building. The building remained Greyfriars School until 2007 when the University acquired it.

The building was then home to professional services staff from Registry, Finance and Human Resources until July 2021, when the Old Burgh School became the home of St Leonard's Postgraduate College and the Graduate School for Interdisciplinary Studies.

The Old Burgh School has office, teaching, and study space for the Graduate School and is also home to the University's postgraduate study centre. It holds many facilities for postgraduate students such as a drop-in study space and postgraduate research allocated rooms. Additionally, the Old Burgh School offers:

- Vending machines, coffee, and snacks
- Outside seating in the OBS gardens
- A dedicated social area in the building (in progress)
- Dedicated drop-in study space for all postgraduate students
- Professional development opportunities – Careers and CEED attendance at PG cafe and inclusion in PG newsletter

The role of St Leonard's Postgraduate College is to create a bustling postgraduate community focusing on excellence both inside and outside of academic work and fostering new connections between postgraduate students. The College also works with partners across the University to provide services and support for postgraduate students.

Editor's Note

When we met in November of 2022, we felt it necessary to reimagine what the St Leonard's College Magazine could look like, especially after the magazine's hiatus following the 2018 edition. We both envisioned the St Leonard's College Magazine as a space where postgraduate students were able to share reflections on their experience of academia at St Andrews, as well as their writing on topics that weren't necessarily 'academic' but nevertheless impacted their lives, and therefore, their studies as well. We decided that the best place for us to start would be to come up with a mission statement that would help us construct a vision for the 2023 revival of the magazine.

Our starting promise looked a bit like this:

'The St Leonard's College Magazine is a student-led publication at the University of St Andrews which encompasses all aspects of a student's postgraduate life. With our revival of this publication we aim to showcase the academic and creative writing of postgraduate students and to provide a space where students can share news from the University's postgraduate community.'

We also felt it was important to promote the magazine as a space where postgraduates could express any fears and anxieties relating to postgraduate learning. We wanted to acknowledge the successes of our fellow students, offer hope for the weary, and provide advice for the worried. We understood the true importance of a place, where sensitive topics – feelings of isolation, degree-related concerns, or the broader political conflicts and situations occurring in the world – could be discussed openly and with compassion.

With our revitalised edition of the St Leonard's College Magazine we hope to celebrate and amplify the diverse range of student voices present at St Andrews; we trust that, following well beyond our studies at St Andrews, the next editors of this magazine will continue to use this space to support the postgraduate voice. Having spent most of the spring semester working together, we could not be more grateful for this opportunity, the chance to have learnt from each other, and the freedom to reimagine what this magazine could look like. We would like to extend a thank you to Hazel Grapes, Dr Kostas Zafeiris, and Paul Gorby; thank you for giving us the opportunity to reimagine the magazine and for trusting our judgement. Finally, a resounding thank you goes to all of our contributors for their interest and their exceptionally talented submissions.

We have learnt a lot and grown together while taking on this project. We heartily wish that you will enjoy reading the 2023 edition of the St Leonard's College Magazine just as much as we have enjoyed cultivating it.

All the best,

Emma Campanaro and Victoria Brown

Editors of the St Leonard's College Magazine



Provost of St Leonard's College

Portrait of Frank by the University of St Andrews.

The current Assistant Vice-Principal (Dean of Learning and Teaching) and Provost is Frank Lorenz Müller. He has held this role since February 2021. We asked Professor Frank Lorenz Müller some questions about his role and his tips for being a postgraduate.



Can you tell us a bit about your roles as AVP Dean of Teaching and Learning and Provost of St Leonard's College? What motivated you to apply?

As Dean of Learning & Teaching I work with the Proctor to lead on all aspects of the delivery of education to undergraduate students in the University. My colleague Ros Claase – the Director of Student Experience – is in charge of the wider provision of services and resources that shape our extra- and co-curricular offering, whereas the Associate Deans and I look after the strictly academic side of things: modules, credits, exams, coursework, lectures, labs, appeals, quality monitoring and a million other things.

Last year, I also assumed the responsibilities of the role of “Provost of St Leonard's College”. This is a typically St Andrews title – really old and a bit quirky. It goes back to one of the late-medieval colleges of the University which was revived in the 1970s to provide targeted support for our postgraduate students. As “Provost” I have the same responsibilities for our postgraduates as I have for our undergraduates as “Dean of Learning and Teaching”: together with two Associate Provosts I have overall responsibility for the successful delivery of our academic postgraduate programmes – from PG Certificates, via MLitts, MScs and MPhils to PhDs and EngDs. I also have oversight of the Graduate School, which delivers a suite of postgraduate programmes characterised by their interdisciplinary approach, and of St Leonard's College at the Old Burgh School in Abbey Walk – which is a building dedicated to supporting postgraduate students.

When Professor Monique Mackenzie, my predecessor as Provost, moved to a different position in the University's Senior Management Team, the Principal asked me if I could look after the postgraduates in the same way as I was already supporting the undergraduates, and I could not resist the temptation to work with such an amazing body of young scholars. My aim – and the aim of the entire postgraduate team – is to make sure that the student experience of our 2000 postgraduates should be every bit as excellent and world-leading as that enjoyed by our 8000 undergraduates.

What did you study as a postgraduate student? Can you tell us a bit about your experience as a postgrad?

I was awarded my first degree from the Free University of Berlin in 1996. At that time, German degree programmes were still pretty lengthy undertakings which combined what we would now call a B.A. and an M.A. I studied History, English, Philosophy and Teacher Training – with a research dissertation in Modern History – and graduated with the “Staatsexamen” degree. During the PGT-part of the programme, I also had a job as a research and teaching assistant at the Chair of Contemporary History, which paid enough to live on. It was a really exciting time in Berlin – just after the fall of the wall, as the city was beginning to grow together again. In 1996, I moved to Oxford for my doctorate on Anglo-German relations in the mid-19th century. I mainly went to England so that I could be with a girl I had met during a study-abroad year in 1992/93, but I managed to persuade a funder that there were also good academic reasons for this move. I was very lucky that – as a Rhodes Scholar – I had no financial worries and could concentrate on getting my D.Phil. done in three years. I also did a bit of teaching then. I really enjoyed my time in Oxford and have stayed with the UK – and the girl – ever since.

Do you have any advice for postgraduate students?

I would say three things: First, protect yourself against impostor syndrome! PGTs and PGRs are highly trained, successful people – with years of study and strong results under their respective belts. It’s perfectly normal to find one’s work challenging; we all do! That’s the sign that one has set oneself appropriately ambitious targets. Have confidence in your own track record, ability and grit!

Secondly, eat a varied diet – not just food-wise but also in terms of your activities. Academics should be at the centre but complement that with lots of other enriching and enjoyable things to do: friends, music, sports, charity, art, the occasional pyjama day and so on. It’s all about a healthy mix!

Thirdly, don’t be alone but build up a network of different people with whom you can communicate freely and confidently. This should range from flatmates and office mates to your families and your teachers. Make sure these trusted people know you and know about you – and get to know them. Supporting each other, getting problems out into the open quickly and sharing both good news and disappointments are really important when it comes to setting up a resilient, positive and happy mode of living and studying.

What have you most enjoyed about your role(s) so far?

I have to say that the best thing about working in my roles at College Gate is the amazing team there: I work with a wonderful gang of talented, committed, knowledgeable and kind colleagues – and we are all dedicated to offering our students the very best student experience possible. I keep being impressed by their professionalism and patience. They are also great company and always up for a good laugh. Even when times were really rough – in the middle of the first lock-down, for instance – we could always rely on each other. And there is another special treat: calling students across the stage during Graduation. There is a real magic to that ceremony, to these hundreds of little moments of achievement, pride and happiness. To see our students parade into the Quad, hugging their families and their friends, ready to go out into the world with confidence – it gets me every time. Maybe it’s middle age, but these graduation days now make me feel increasingly soppy.

Interview conducted by Emma Campanaro.



Postgraduate Academic Convenor



Portrait of Sandro by the University of St Andrews.

Sandro Eich (he/him) is the Postgraduate Academic Convenor for the academic year 2022/23. He manages the postgraduate representation system with over 70 student representatives and sits on university-level committees such as the Learning and Teaching Committee, Postgraduate Research Committee, Academic Monitoring Group, and the Senate. During his time as Postgraduate Academic Convenor, he has collaborated with the University to mitigate negative impacts on the postgraduate study experience as a result of the cost-of-living crisis and other, long-term challenges due to the COVID pandemic. He is also a PhD researcher in the School of English where he researches representations of whistleblowing in fiction and non-fiction and is a research assistant for the Centre for Research into Information, Surveillance and Privacy (CRISP).

A Look to the Future of Postgraduate Study in St Andrews

By Sandro Eich

As the Postgraduate Academic Convenor, I am in the privileged position of being a part of many conversations about postgraduate study at the university-level as well as within Students' Association committees and working groups. These conversations show that both the University and the Students' Association are invested in substantial changes to developing and supporting postgraduate study programmes and the postgraduate study experience. With St Andrews' special position as one of the oldest institutions in the UK's university landscape, the University is facing challenges while accommodating the changing needs and requirements of students in the 21st century. One of these is the changing nature of postgraduate study, particularly the push to the digital provision of postgraduate taught programs and the expansion of doctoral education beyond the creation of knowledge for primarily academic purposes.¹ However, as St Andrews students will know, the University has a history of focusing its energies and resources on the undergraduate experience. Therefore, I want to discuss here what the future of postgraduate study in St Andrews might hold and how St Andrews is presented with a unique opportunity to explore its own identity against the changing tides of Higher Education (HE) policy.

1 cf. Tim Fawns, Gill Aitken, and Derek Jones (eds.), *Online Postgraduate Education in a Postdigital World*. Postdigital Science and Education (Cham: Springer, 2021), <https://doi.org/10.1007/978-3-030-77673-2> and Cláudia S. Sarrico, 'The expansion of doctoral education and the changing nature and purpose of the doctorate', *Higher Education* 84, 2022, pp. 1299-1315, <https://doi.org/10.1007/s10734-022-00946-1>.

Not only do we have many undergraduate students who choose to resume their studies in St Andrews at the postgraduate level after they graduate, but we also attract students who might have studied their first degree at other institutions, be that either within the UK or abroad. St Andrews, as a brand, sells and continues to attract some of the most interesting and creative research in the world. As much as this allows us to bring an incredible pool of talented students and researchers together in St Andrews, it also means having to cater to a variety of different expectations as to what postgraduate study should be. These expectations often need to be managed against the background of the HE reality: the lack of commitment of long-term and sustainable governmental funding, the task of walking the fine line between education quality and student satisfaction, the quantification of academic performance as a measure of academic success, and the changed learning and working environment because of the COVID-19 pandemic. Naturally, it would be unfair, and frankly indicative of privilege, to argue that all universities are facing the same challenges (for example, consider the continuing efforts to downsize arts and humanities departments at post-92 institutions).² Nevertheless, the point still stands: at the University of St Andrews, like most other universities, we are challenged to consider how to mitigate the changing landscape of HE and how these changes might impact individual study experience.

One of the ways in which the University has pledged to face those challenges is through “empower[ing] our staff and students to lead in the development of knowledge and education, maximising opportunities for innovation in the service of future generations”.³ The recent round of UCU (University and College Union) strikes displays, however, that the University has yet to find ways to translate such strategic empowerment into action: University staff, including postgraduates in teaching positions, find themselves challenged with ever-increasing workloads in a world where inflation has long outrun staff’s real-term wages. All of this amounts to more work and less pay, meaning less time for research and the other important work done by postgraduates. The pressure that such working and studying conditions produce is immeasurable and naturally affects postgraduates’ experience of St Andrews. It is fair to say that the situation is a little bit different between postgraduate taught and postgraduate research students, but the bottom line is that the working conditions of this sector dictate the amount of energy that staff and students can bring to the classroom.

In addition, my work as Postgraduate Academic Convenor has led me to have many meetings about the increased workload at the postgraduate taught level. In such meetings, discussions were focussed on how St Andrews’ rent prices and the cost-of-living crisis have created immense financial pressure on postgraduate students, which has understandably had negative effects on their mental and physical wellbeing. Any attempt to face the challenges ahead needs to consider that everyone is to some extent affected and implicated by these challenges. Regardless of whether these individuals are students, academic staff, professional service staff, senior management, or casual workers: we are equal stakeholders in facing these challenges.

For the postgraduate students in this town, this means that the University should strongly consider and take into account the fact that a substantial amount of creative and intellectual energy transpires from the postgraduate community which can, and should be, embraced and celebrated. To be world-leading here means to recognise the postgraduate community as a driving force behind the managerial decisions which are to be made in the coming years. Important decisions should not be brought down single handedly; they are to be communally discussed, dissected, refined, and decided.⁴

2 For example, compare the plans of the University of Sunderland, London South Bank University, Kingston University, and Aston University to end their offering of history programmes. Aston University is the only non-post-92 institution out of these universities and has since the announcement changed their plans to keep the course, see ‘Royal Historical Society statement on the recent closure of UK History departments’, royalhistsoc.org, 24 May 2021, <https://royalhistsoc.org/rhs-statement-on-recent-closure-of-uk-history-departments/>, accessed 22 April 2023.

3 ‘World-leading’ University of St Andrews Strategy 2022-2027. <https://www.st-andrews.ac.uk/about/governance/university-strategy/world-leading/>, accessed 13 March 2023.

4 A quick personal swipe here that the mailing list and emails, as communicative mediums, are dead. No one reads emails from mailing lists. Particularly in the long (long-)term transition out of the pandemic

A particular strength of St Andrews is its staff-student ratio which can be usefully harnessed to include every staff member and every postgraduate student in the shaping of the research and learning culture. Taking postgraduates seriously, not only as paying consumers (who might end-up complaining if not held at bay), but as an essential part of the workforce, and as researchers, will enable us to become 'world-leading' in terms of St Andrews postgraduate experience. Not acknowledging the fact that the separation into staff and students might not be as clear-cut as it used to be will inevitably drive postgraduates away in the future. A large number of postgraduates (taught and research) represent an essential part of the labour force at universities, whether that be as research assistants, Graduate Teaching Assistants, lab demonstrators, or in academic-related professional services roles. Even if postgraduates are not always the most engaged of student groups – due to busy schedules or their Master's programmes being only a year long, perhaps – there needs to be an effort on the institution's part to find creative ways of engaging with them. As such, the flow of communication between University management and postgraduates needs to change. It is here where the University's strategic movement is most reliant on how it has historically catered to an undergraduate audience. In-line with my earlier suggestion about considering postgraduates as equal stakeholders, I would also like to suggest that the personal relationship between study advisors (i.e., advisors at PGT [postgraduate taught] level and supervisors at PGR [postgraduate research] level can and should be used to reach out to postgraduate students).

The postgraduate study experience is primarily marked through individual decision-making: about a particular course, a particular location, a particular time to embark on postgraduate study. While these decisions are also important ones at the undergraduate level, the stakes at the postgraduate level are conceivably higher as the financial implications of postgraduate study in the UK often do not allow for trial and error concerning career planning. Once set on a particular programme, the implications are that this will be the 'final' degree before venturing into the world outside of academia (or, in many cases, the path of becoming a full-time academic). To stay in conversations with those students, and support their individual plans, is what can transform St Andrews into a hub of postgraduate experience. This includes instances in which the University not only acts as a HE institution, but also as a business. In the past two years, we have seen instances in which prior student consultation regarding substantial decisions that affect the postgraduate community has been virtually absent (introducing open-plan PGR office spaces at Old Burgh School or the introduction of a new Business School are only two such examples). The increasing commercialisation of higher education does not leave St Andrews untouched. Where the University acts as a business, it needs to involve the postgraduate community in these decisions, prior to the decisions being made. If this university continues to advertise itself with generating successful graduates and extraordinary thinkers, it needs to start recognising that such decisions must be made together with the students.

Above all, such student involvement includes the development of postgraduate-related business interests such as the new digital and flexible postgraduate programmes. As long as the University has a financial and logistical interest in these programmes (for example, relieving the physical space pressures on the town), the business interest of these programmes cannot outweigh the student experience interest. As such, it is up to the students of these newly running programmes to contribute to the shaping of the identity of their programme. Ideally, the next few years will show how the interest of the institution aligns powerfully to that of students, and how students can generate impactful feedback that holds the University accountable to offering a first-class postgraduate study experience.

The future of postgraduate study in St Andrews presents us with a wide field of possibilities to acknowledge the intellectual and professional labour that postgraduates choose to offer as part of their membership to this University. Overall, we have the wonderful advantage that postgraduate courses are one of the drivers of economic growth in the HE sector. As such, it is in the institution's interest that the courses on offer, as well as the extracurricular environment, are attractive to postgraduate students, before, during, and after their studies. To cater to postgraduate students in the future, the University needs to become more comfortable with making bolder decisions about how it will cope with the future challenges it finds itself presented with. Looking left and right to what Edinburgh, Cambridge, Oxford, or Glasgow are doing will no longer

years, communication should be personal, wherever possible.

suffice. Instead, the energies which are invested into benchmarking our performance against what other institutions in the UK are offering needs to be invested into genuine, individual engagement with postgraduates at all levels and programmes of study. The size of this university allows this to be a unique opportunity to include postgraduate students as key stakeholders in managerial decisions. Above anything, in my term as Postgraduate Academic Convenor, I have learnt that the individuals working to improve the postgraduate study experience in St Andrews are incredibly hard-working and passionate.⁵ Speaking to them about academic representation and postgraduate study has enriched the way I perceive of my own skill set and I would encourage anyone with an interest in the shaping of the future of HE in the UK to engage with such opportunities of academic representation in St Andrews.

5 My sincerest thanks to the Education Executive team at the Students Association: Noah Schott, Francesca Lavelle, Martyna Kemeklyte, Chase Greenfield, and Toni Andres, the Provost's office: Assistant Vice-Principal and Provost Professor Frank Müller, the Associate Provosts Dr Jacqueline Rose and Dr Charles Warren, the Education and Student Experience team Ros Claase, Nicola Milton, Emmy Feamster, Ros Campbell, and Karen Murphy, and the St Leonard's Postgraduate College team Dr Kostas Zafeiris, Hazel Grapes, and Paul Gorby.

The St Andrews Women at the Old Burgh School



*Images by the University of St Andrews.
Information from St Andrews' Special Collections.*

Elizabeth Garrett, matriculated 1862. Photograph by John Adamson.

The role of St Leonard's Postgraduate College is to create a bustling postgraduate community focusing on excellence inside and outside academic work; its aim is to foster new connections between postgrad students. St Leonard's also works with partners across the University to strengthen the services and support available for postgraduates.

Following the renovation of the Old Burgh School in January 2022, the students decided to rename the rooms after various famous women of St Andrews. We would like to share the stories of some of these women with you.

The first cohort of women to enter the University in 1892 graduated between 1895-97. Their graduations are listed in the University Calendars and they feature in the Biographical Register of the University of St Andrews.



University of
St Andrews

The very first woman to attend the University of St Andrews was Elizabeth Garrett (1836-1917), who matriculated in 1862.

In November 1862, she had the support of some of the medical professors and the Vice-Chancellor (Principal John Tulloch of St Mary's) but the Senatus prohibited her entrance on grounds of legality. She had also tried to enrol at the Universities of Edinburgh and London as well as several London teaching hospitals without success. She persisted in her ambition to become a doctor and passed the exams of the Society of Apothecaries in 1865 and for a Paris MD in 1870. She was the first female member of the British Medical Association from 1873.

Her determination paved the way for other women, although in some instances her success in entering a previously all-male institution provoked it formally to exclude any women following her. As Elizabeth Garrett Anderson she was a pioneering physician, first Englishwoman to qualify as a physician and surgeon in Britain, co-founder of the first hospital staffed by women, first Dean of a British Medical School, first woman in Britain to be elected to a School Board – and in retirement at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, she became the first female mayor in England. She was sponsor and mentor to most of the British women who qualified in medicine in the last quarter of the 19th century. She returned to St Andrews in 1911 as an honoured guest at the University's Quincentenary celebrations.



Ettie Steele, MA 1912, BSc 1914, PhD 1919. Taken from the group photograph of the residents of McIntosh Hall, 1932-33 by kind permission of the Residence Manager.

The Steele Room 107 at the OBS has been named after Ettie Steward Steele (1891-1983).

Ettie Stewart Steele obtained her MA from St Andrews in 1912 and a BSc in 1914. She was the first female University Assistant, being appointed in Chemistry in 1916 and was the first candidate to submit a thesis for the degree of PhD, in 1919. She graduated with Dr Grace Cumming Leitch as the earliest PhDs in 1920.

Her research was carried out in the Chemical Research Laboratory under the direction of James C Irvine and took 19 terms (1914-19). She was the first female lecturer in Chemistry in 1920, and was warden of Chatten House and later McIntosh Hall from 1930-59. She also worked closely with Principal Irvine acting as his secretary in research and administration. In her retirement she became 'Bursar of Residences'.

Louisa Lumsden, LLD 1911. Photograph from the album presented to her on her retirement in 1900.

The Lumsden Room 108 is a Seminar Room at the OBS named after Louisa Innes Lumsden (1840-1935).

Louisa Innes Lumsden was a pioneer in women's education, headmistress and suffragist. One of the first students of Girton College Cambridge she became the leader of the 'Girton pioneers' and was founding headmistress of St Leonards School, the first school for girls in Scotland; modelled on English public schools. She left in 1882 to look after her invalid mother, travelling widely after her death and returning to St Andrews in 1895 as founder and first warden of University Hall, the first purpose-built hall of residence for women in Scotland.

Her vision was for a 'Scottish Girton', where a woman had a better chance of meeting her full potential while at university by residing with other students who had the same goals of 'self-development'. She met formidable opposition, and retired in 1900. She then travelled widely, settling in Aberdeen in 1908 where she became active in the suffragist campaign for women's votes. She was awarded an LLD by the University in 1911 at the Quincentenary celebrations. Her robes were bought for her by former pupils from St Leonards. She chose to interpret the honorary degree as amends for the University's past treatment. She was made a Dame of the British Empire for her services to education in 1925.



Margaret Fairlie, MBChB 1915 and Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology from 1940. Image by the University of St Andrews.

The Fairlie Room was named after Margaret Fairlie (1891-1963).

Margaret Fairlie was the first female professor in Scotland, appointed to the Chair of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at University College Dundee, then part of the University of St Andrews, in 1940. She had been a student there herself from 1910, graduating MBChB in 1915 after which she held various medical posts before returning to Dundee in 1919 to run a consultant practice. She began teaching at Dundee Medical School in 1920 and joined the staff at Dundee Royal Infirmary.



The Fairlie Room by Hazel Grapes, St Leonard's College.

Other rooms named after St Andrews' Famous Women include:

The Muir Seminar Room which is named after Willa Muir (1890-1970).

The Docherty Room 103 which has been named after Mary Docherty (1908-2000).



GSIS by Hazel Grapes, St Leonard's College.

Since 2021, the Graduate School for Interdisciplinary Studies has also been based in the Old Burgh School. The Graduate School for Interdisciplinary Studies welcomed its first students in 2018. The Graduate School now welcomes students from around the world. The Graduate School uses ideas from different disciplines to give students a more rounded understanding of their subject while they complete their degree. It offers a selection of Master's courses that are not bound by subject boundaries such as:

Energy Ethics MSc

Gender Studies MLitt

Global Social and Political Thought MLitt

Health Data Science MSc

Museum and Heritage Studies MLitt

Sustainable Development MSc

In 2020, more than 90 students joined Graduate School MSc and MLitt degrees; the School hopes to gain many more!

Images and information taken from the Special Collections Article "Trailblazing Women at the University of St Andrews: A Celebration for International Women's Day" by the University of St Andrews, 2017.

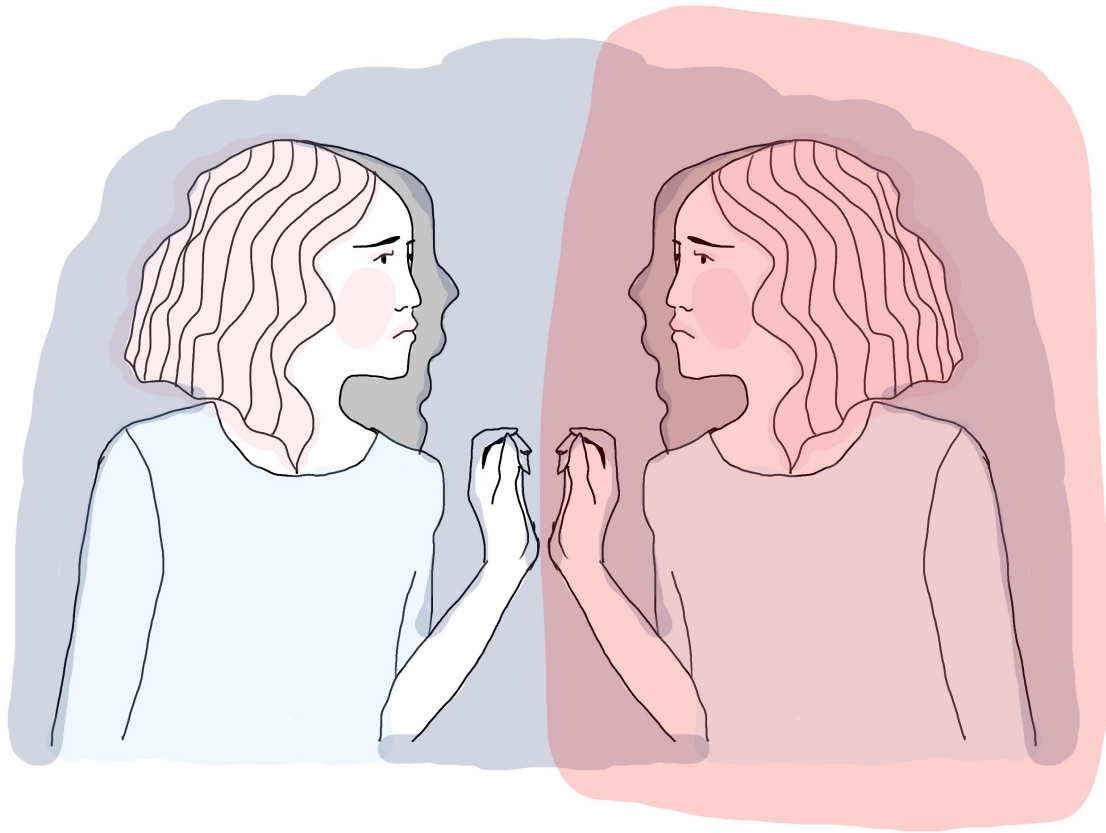
[<https://special-collections.wp.st-andrews.ac.uk/2017/03/07/trailblazing-women-at-the-university-of-st-andrews-a-celebration-for-international-womens-day/>]

[<https://special-collections.wp.st-andrews.ac.uk/2017/03/07/trailblazing-women-at-the-university-of-st-andrews-a-celebration-for-international-womens-day/>]



Managing Imposter Syndrome

by Emma Campanaro and Victoria Brown



So what is Imposter Syndrome?

Imposter syndrome is something that most of us will experience at university. It often comes with feelings of inadequacy or guilt as people start to doubt their abilities and feel like a fraud. Many people start to question if they deserve the accolades they have worked so hard to achieve.

We say: refuse to let it hold you back!

One of the most enlightening experiences we had was when a class of students was asked if they felt like they had imposter syndrome. Reader, the whole room had their hands up!

It is comforting to know that most of us are in the same boat; by talking about it and sharing the problem it lessens feelings of isolation. So please don't be afraid to talk to your fellow students as it is very likely that they are experiencing many of the same things.

What advice do we have for postgrads that are struggling with imposter syndrome?

1. It is hard to be creative. Work with your creativity, not against it. This is the key - first working out how you work, and then adapting your practice and schedule to suit your needs.
2. Don't be apologetic about yourself. You like what you like. It helps to find creative fuel so read, watch, sleep! Be playful and experiment. Work out who you are and do it on purpose!

3. Sometimes too much time is a bad thing. Some people respond well to a deadline and it can be quite helpful. Alternately, scheduling times dedicated for working can be beneficial.
4. There's no such thing as luck. You make your own opportunities. So don't be envious when you can seek out new opportunities - but remember to leave time dedicated to sharpening your craft.
5. Routine is good for most people. Try to have a daily commitment to writing such as setting aside time each morning to just empty your thoughts onto a blank page. You don't have to be neurotic or a perfectionist to create something you can work with.
6. Reach out to other people and ask if a project is working. Sometimes you need to see it with new eyes to judge how it's going.
7. You must advocate for yourself. You shouldn't necessarily change your work just to please someone else.
8. Handle critics by staying alive to the truth and its usefulness. Be open, as feedback is not a personal critique about you. However, ignore advice if the intent is destructive. Listen to those you trust. There is no point in taking advice from someone whose opinion you don't value.

Take care and keep at it! You've got this ;)



Image by the University of St Andrews.

The Six Best Places to Study in St Andrews by Emma Campanaro and Victoria Brown

We thought we would share our favourite underrated places to study in St Andrews.

In reverse order we start with the...

6. Lower Floor of the Main Library - A silent study spot with a zone dedicated for just postgraduates. Great for getting those assessments done.



Postgraduate Zone of the Main Library by Emma Campanaro.

5. Library at The Gateway – With natural light and lots of ceiling space, this library remains a favourite as it's very modern and spacious.



Image by the University of St Andrews.



4. The Byre Theatre, Brewco and Study Space - The Byre has lots of room and light and isn't always thought of. The cafe is a great place to meet up with other students and has amazing food.



3. Martyrs Kirk, Thomson Reading Room – This space is for postgrads only with access to special archives through advanced bookings. Sitting on North Street, it has cafés easily at hand for a coffee break.



Image by the University of St Andrews.

2. Butts Wynd, Postgraduate Lounge and Study Rooms.





This cosy space near the main library has a fridge, microwave, plug sockets, lockers, and taps as well as white boards and comfortable seats.



Postgraduate Lounge Seating, Desk and Kitchen Areas by Victoria Brown.

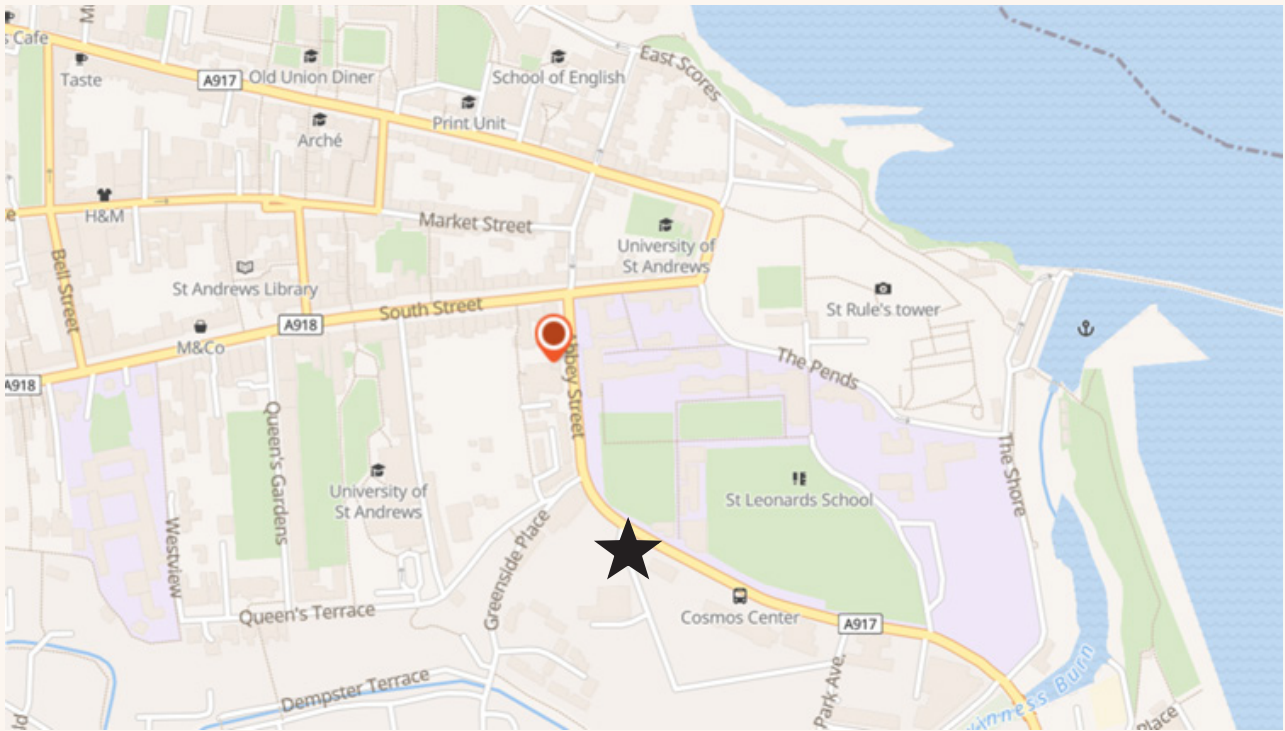
1. St Leonard's College, Study and Meeting Rooms -

St Leonard's is a cosy community hub exclusive to Postgraduates.

Here, you'll find a kettle and microwave as well as free tea and coffee and vending machines. There are multiple quiet study spaces and also bookable rooms available for independent and group study sessions, practising presentations, and holding meetings and workshops. The college also has informal group spaces where postgraduate students can relax and socialise with colleagues.



Communal Space and Kitchen
by Hazel Grapes, St Leonard's
College.



The Old Burgh School can be found on Abbey Walk next to the Cosmos Centre, St Andrews KY16 9LB.

The easiest way to get there is to walk past the Byre Theatre and down Abbey Walk.

[On this Map the red mark represents the Byre Theatre. The black star represents the OBS.]

There are also available bus services nearby the OBS.



The Fairlie Room by Hazel Grapes, St Leonard's College.



Becoming Animal But Staying Human: Questioning Dualisms in the Light of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* by Evke Bakker

Franz Kafka's *Die Verwandlung* – An Anthropological Approach

Gregor Samsa wakes up and finds himself turned into an insect – the plot of Kafka's novella *Die Verwandlung* (1950) sounds simple enough, although admittedly peculiar. However, it raises complex anthropological issues: is the man in the animal body still to be considered a man? Or, on the basis of his body, is he considered to be an animal? Striking a compromise, it was the poet Friedrich Schiller who once marked out the human species as an “unfortunate cross between beast and angel.” This might not sound like a very flattering description of humankind, but Schiller indeed responds to an anthropological issue with this; what exactly is humanity and where are we positioned in the world? Working both with the field of literary studies and anthropology, the interdisciplinary approach of Literary Anthropology concerns itself with these questions. Coined by Wolfgang Riedel and Alexander Košenina, this term captures the idea of literature being both a document of and a commentary on human history, offering an elaborate insight into the values and development of human cultures and societies. In this regard, the literary era of the Enlightenment marks a turning point of anthropology as it put the focus lay on humankind itself and acknowledged the emotional and affectionate side. For the first time, the ‘entire human’ was

being considered as “untrennbare Einheit von Empfindungen und Erkennen, Leib und Seele, Sinnlichkeit und Vernunft, Natur und Kultur, Determination und Freiheit.” The radical dualistic separation of mind and body, *res cogitans* and *res extensa*, as established by French philosopher René Descartes in 17th century, was thus contradicted as scholars assumed the material and immaterial entities to be intertwined. Exploring this further, Friedrich Schiller presumed that the entities of body and mind function in an ambivalent interrelationship with one another, as he writes in his doctoral dissertation.

It is exactly this issue of body and mind, nature and culture, and lastly humanity and animality, that is situated at the heart of Franz Kafka's well-known novella *Die Verwandlung*. While most research literature interprets Gregor's transformation as “Ausdruck des Ausgestoßenseins”, as “Manifestation des masochistischen Selbsthasse” or as “unbewusste Selbstbestrafung” – interpretations which against the background of the ubiquitous sense of inferiority in Kafka's works are indeed justifiable – I argue, without disputing the interpretations listed above, that in *Die Verwandlung*, Kafka also uses the transformation to raise anthropological issues. In this essay I will investigate if and how *Die Verwandlung* negates the Cartesian dualism of body and mind by analysing the aspect of corporeality and the changing relationship between human and animal. As a theoret-

ical background this analysis will draw on the works of Alexander Košenina and Wolfgang Riedel. Considering the nature of human life, the latter states:

“The [...] ‘conditions’ or ‘prerequisites’ of human life included, in addition to the historical ones (political, social, etc.), above all the natural ones. Even more, this ‘nature’ aspect of our existence (determination of the body and drives, physical need, affectivity, changing ages, health/illness, imbecillitas animi, finiteness/mortality, etc.) was primarily set against the rapidly changing historical conditions.”

Expanding on the connection of literature and anthropology, Riedel furthermore notes:

“Proximity to experience, aisthesis and emotion is therefore characterized by a specific bodily affinity. Love and death, lust and horror, ‘dream and intoxication’, temps perdues and senility – literature and poetry cannot and does not intend to abstract at all from the ‘physiological’ or ‘nature’ aspects of the condition humaine [...]”

Physicality and the ‘human condition’, are hence vital issues to be regarded when approaching literary works from an anthropological angle, as they provide insights on the relationship of body and mind as well as on the human self-image. Building on this, they furthermore illustrate how humanity considers its relationship with nature and non-humans.

In this context of the human/nature relationship, Heinz Schott clearly interprets the animalisation of Kafka’s protagonist Gregor as a form of regression – due to his transformed animal body, Gregor becomes a ‘Menschentier’, which, according to Schott, refers to “die Idee eines Rückschritts, einer [...] Verfehlung des Menschseins.” Relating back to Košenina, it becomes obvious that animals are hierarchically considered to be below humans. As will be shown below, Gregor experiences a gradual demotion, not only in regard to his physicality but also in his social relationships.

Before diving into the analytical part of this essay, it is perhaps useful to first take a more detailed look at the plot of Kafka’s novella, which was written in 1912 and published three years later. Waking up one morning, the protagonist Gregor Samsa discovers that he has been transformed into a ‘horrible vermin’. This human-to-animal transformation, whose detailed process or reason are never explained, has however only changed Gregor’s physical form – his inner life remains unchanged. Gregor’s metamorphosis prevents him from working, which causes financial difficulties for his family. As time goes by, his family, who first continue to treat him as a human, start to neglect him as Gregor gets more ac-

customed to his new body and starts to lose his human characteristics. The conflict between him and his family tapers and when he dies eventually, injured and malnourished, his family start a new life.

Physicality and corporeality obviously play central roles in Kafka’s novella as the protagonist experiences a complete transformation of his body, causing a sudden estrangement between his humanity and his animal body. The first moment of this estrangement is clearly portrayed in the way that Gregor beholds his new form after waking up:

“One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and when lifting his head a little he could see his bulging, brown belly, at the height of which the bedclothes, ready to slide off completely, could hardly be maintained. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, flickered helplessly before his eyes. [...]”

The description of the insect’s body vividly portrays its distance and foreignness to Gregor, which is further enhanced by the fact that Gregor admittedly has no control over his multiple ‘jittering legs’:

“He would have needed arms and hands to push himself up; instead, he only had all those little legs, which were constantly in the most varied of movements and which, moreover, he was unable to control. If he ever wanted to bend one of them, it was the first one to stretch itself out; and when he finally managed to do what he wanted with this leg, all the others worked in the meantime, as if released, in the greatest, painful excitement.”

Gregor’s first attempts to move in his new body, as Greve notes, gives the impression of the animal body “having a life of its own”. The fact that his new body is never identified to belong to a certain species but is throughout the novel referred to only as ‘vermin’ or ‘bug’ underlines the otherness of the body further: the narrator as well as the family or Gregor himself refuse to classify his new physicality in more detail. One could argue that this foreshadows Gregor’s social demotion and physical regression that takes place in the course of the novella.

At the same time, Gregor’s mentality, as has been noted before, remains unchanged. His first reaction to his metamorphosis is the thought: “What has happened to me?”, followed by a long contemplation about his professional life. Body and mind, at least in the first chapter of the novel hence seem to be separated in a Cartesian fashion, which will be analysed further later on. The feeling of this separation is underlined when Gregor ex-

periences peculiar new sensations in his animal body; such as the feeling of a 'cool chill' that 'blows around him' when he scratches an itch on his stomach, which, to his surprise, is covered "with a lot of little white spots which he did not know what to make of." The fact that Gregor does not have any knowledge of or control over his animal body becomes evident by him failing to accomplish the easiest parts of his everyday routine. After waking up, Gregor tries to go back to sleep in order to forget "all foolishness", but he realises that his body will not allow him to turn to his regular sleeping position on the side:

"in his current condition, he could not bring himself in that position. No matter how forcefully he threw himself onto his right side, he always rolled back onto his back. He must have tried a hundred times, closed his eyes so he would not have to see his wriggling legs and only stopped when he started to feel slight, dull pain in his side that he had never felt before."

Even the easiest and most passive physical tasks – such as scratching an itch or going to sleep – cannot be accomplished at all or without causing him immense discomfort. When later in the morning Gregor's manager appears to enquire about his absence from work and Gregor decides to show himself in his animal form, his struggle from leaving the bed to opening the door resembles an extensive obstacle course. He manages to leave the bed after several failed attempts but hurts himself in the process: "Only he had not held his head carefully enough and hit it; he turned it and rubbed it against the carpet in anger and pain." His pain and injuries grow more severe when he reaches the door and attempts to open the door using his mouth:

"he set himself to the task of turning the key in the lock with his mouth. Unfortunately, it seemed that he did not have actual teeth – how, then, was he going to grab the key? – but his jaws were certainly strong; he managed to get the key into motion and did not attention to the fact that he was undoubtedly doing himself damage in some way, because a brown liquid came out of his mouth, flowing over the key and dripping onto the floor."

The portrayal of the new animal body as foreign and 'other' is highlighted further by the unidentified liquid that runs from Gregor's mouth, which induces disgust in the reader and once again underlines the aspect of corporeality. Injuries and pain, which, according to Riedel, are part of the natural aspects of the human condition, repeatedly surface in *Die Verwandlung* and seem to be a direct consequence of Gregor's pro-

nounced physicality. As Gregor as a human person is reduced to his animal physicality, "corporeality in its pure gravity becomes obtrusive", as is shown by his struggle to complete the easiest tasks. In the light of his struggles and injuries that he brings upon himself, Greve notes that "he has to learn to use his body in the way that one has to learn to handle a tool." But not only does he inflict wounds upon himself, he is repeatedly injured by his father. When he first escapes his room, his father drives him back in immediately, but in the hasty process Gregor gets wounded once again:

"one of his flanks was completely rubbed sore, and ugly stains remained on the white door. Soon he was stuck and could not have moved on his own, the little legs on one side hung trembling in the air, the ones on the other were painful pressed to the ground, when his father gave him a truly liberating strong push from behind, and he flew, bleeding intensely, far into his room." This passage underlines the great detail in which Gregor's physicality is depicted as well as the helplessness that he experiences due to his new body; ironically, it is his body that restricts him completely from any kind of movement. Gregor is indeed in so much despair that even the painful kick that his father gives him seems 'truly liberating', though it causes him to 'bleed intensely'.

As has been shown, Gregor's struggle with his physicality hence stands in the very focus of Kafka's novella, as does the concomitant conflict of his body and mind. Given the fact that in the beginning of the novel Gregor is trapped in and "all but paralyzed by his new body", unable to communicate with his family, Sepp argues that such a metamorphosis "characterizes a radical break in one's bodily and corporeal relationship to the world." While Gregor quickly accepts that his human body has been replaced by the one of a bug he has more difficulty understanding that this means the loss of other human features as well. For instance, Gregor refuses to admit the loss of his human voice at first:

"Gregor was startled when he heard his answering voice, which was unmistakably his own former one, but which, as if from below, was mixed with an uncontrollable painful cheeping sound that only left the words sounding clear for the first moment but then destroyed them with a reverberant echo in such a way that one did not know whether one had heard correctly."

While he realises that neither his family nor his manager can fully understand his transformed voice, he convinces himself that a cold must be the reason for this change. For the humans, however, his voice has clearly turned into an 'animal voice', an assembly of "clicks and scratches." On the other hand, Gregor seems

to still have other human features, such as the capability to smile, which contradicts the idea of his vermin body but also points out a certain ambivalence of Gregor's humanity and newfound animality since he is performing something unquestionably human with his animal body. Greve concludes: "[T]he transformation seems to have severed the logical connection between Gregor's inner life and his body. Even if his inner life has survived his metamorphosis, the characteristic way in which the inner human life is related to the human body has not."

So, does this mean that *Die Verwandlung* confirms the Cartesian mind vs. body dualism? Considering the first chapter that has been the matter of the analysis above, it becomes clear that "Gregor does experience his body as external to his humanity", which seems to verify the Cartesian dualism of mind and body in Kafka's novella. Body and mind, at least in the first chapter, are clearly separated from one another. Looking at the development of the story however, the clear distinction between human mind and animal body becomes increasingly blurred. While at the very start of the novella Gregor still thinks and behaves like a human despite his verminous body, he starts to gradually grow accustomed to his new form and consequently loses particular human traits. A turning point in this regard is when Gregor discovers his ability to crawl over the walls and ceiling and grows to enjoy this. "And so, to distract himself, he took on the habit of crawling across the walls and the ceiling. He especially liked to hang on the ceiling; it was completely different from lying on the floor; he breathed more freely, a light vibration went through his body; and in an almost blissful absent-mindedness in which Gregor found himself up there, it could happen that, to his own surprise he would let go and slapped the ground." In the context of Gregor's continuing process of becoming animal, one might argue that his actual metamorphosis happens within the course of the novella; the transformation of his body is just the tip of the iceberg. Not only does he get enjoyment out of this newfound



Metamorphosis, Illustration by Rich Johnson 2013.

activity, he also gains more control over his body: "But, naturally, he now [had] far better control of his body than before and did not hurt himself even when he fell from such a great height [...] when crawled about he left behind traces of the adhesive on his feet here and there."

Merging human mind with animal body and describing a converging process of the two, Kafka thus raises a distinctly anthropological question: can Gregor still be considered human? Or does his form make him an animal? Alluding to these issues, Dirk Oschmann asserts that *Die Verwandlung* as well as many others of Kafka's works (i.e. *Ein Hungerkünstler*, *Ein Bericht für eine Akademie*) can be related to the notion of 'sceptical anthropology', which in reference to Kant critically poses the question: what is humanity? According to Oschmann, Kafka perceives humanity as "das noch nicht festgestellte Tier." In his letters to Felice Bauer and Max Brod, Kafka writes:

"When I examine my ultimate goal, it turns out that I am not actually striving to become a good person and to comply with a highest court, but, very contrary, to understand the entire human and animal community, their basic preferences, desires to recognize moral ideals."

Kafka is hence of the opinion that there is neither an actual hierarchy nor a clear, visible border between different species, leading to Oschmann's following conclusion: "Die Achtung vor der Kreatur gleichsam als ethische Aufgabe ins Bild zu setzen, zählt deshalb zu den wichtigsten Anliegen von Kafkas Werk." The transformation and fate of Gregor Samsa critically points out that there is indeed a hierarchy between humans and animal, as becomes visible in his family's attitude towards him, although the inner life of animals might be similar or even equal to the one of a human. His family first continue to treat him as a human, but after a time begin to comprehend the dimension and durability of the metamorphosis. In an attempt to give Gregor more space to move around in his "Menschenzimmer", his mother and sister decide to clear out his room. Gregor however is "frightened by the loss of the things that remind him of his former existence", as becomes visible in the following passage:

"Did he really want to have the warm room, which was so comfortably furnished with inherited furniture, turned into a cave in which he could of course crawl in all directions without being disturbed, but at the same time he would quickly and completely forget his human past? He was already close to forgetting [...]. Nothing should be removed; everything had to remain; in his condition he could not do without the good effects of the furniture; and if the furniture prevented him from practicing the senseless crawling about, it was no harm but a great advantage."

Here it becomes evident that Gregor is aware of his deterioration and wants to avoid a further animalisation of himself, which is why he refuses to give up a picture hanging on his wall. As it is the last remaining piece of furniture or decoration in his room, the picture can be interpreted as a symbolic remaining piece of his human life. Gregor's family ironically perceive his attempt to save the picture as a sign of his increasing animalisation rather than one of his remaining humanity. In order to protect the picture on the wall, he decides to demonstratively crawl over it, but when in this moment his mother sees him, she is so shocked that she faints:

"she stepped aside, saw the huge brown stain on the floral wallpaper and before she even realised it was Gregor that she saw screamed: 'Oh god, oh god!' and fell with her arms stretched out, as if she had given up everything, across the couch, and lay there unmoving."

The fainting of the mother and the aggressive response of Grete and the father mark a turning point in the

novella, after which Gregor's social status seems to deteriorate further: the father misinterprets Gregor's behaviour as a malevolent act and bombards him with apples, one of which gets stuck in Gregor's shell and severely wounds him. Once again, Gregor's animal body prevents him from properly communicating with the world around him and, similar to Schott's interpretation of Gregor's metamorphosis as a form of regression, the family seem to overlook the remaining human in him more and more. His body, despite his attempts to avoid this, leads to his exclusion from the human sphere, respectively 'menschlichen Kreis', as Gregor himself calls it. Nevertheless, a certain ambivalence and uncertainty about Gregor's remaining humanity becomes evident as the father still recognises him still being a part of the family:

"Gregor's severe injuries, that he suffered from for over a month – the apple, that, as a visible souvenir, remained stuck in his flesh as nobody dared to remove it, seemed to remind even the father of the fact, that Gregor, despite his current sad and disgusting shape was part of the family."

As this passage shows, the family harbour the hope that Gregor's 'present sad and disgusting body' is only temporary. At least in the first few weeks after the metamorphosis nobody, including Gregor himself, seems to understand the permanence of the transformation. Following this train of thought, one could even argue that the family only keep regarding Gregor as a family member for a short period of time after the metamorphosis because they assume that his animal body is temporary. When they realise that it is indeed permanent, they fail to still perceive him as a human person and forget about the possibility that his human mind might be completely separate from his body. As Schott claims, the protagonist crosses the line between humanity and animality and, consequently, "Gregor darf kein Mensch bleiben." Though Gregor manages to retain some of his human features, his family are not willing or able to regard him as a human person anymore. This is highlighted when Gregor hears his sister play the violin in the living room and is so moved by the music that leaves his room to watch her play: "Was he an animal when music affected him so? It seemed to him that he was shown the way to the unknown nourishment that he had longed for."

His animal body and human mind seem to oscillate – similarly to the ambivalent interrelationship between natural and psychological parts of the human which Schiller identifies in his works. This ambivalence does

not allow for a clear distinction of body and mind, practically making a Cartesian distinction of body and mind, *res cogitans* and *res extensa* impossible. Heinz Schott underlines this issue further when he labels Gregor as a “Doppelwesen”, a hybrid creature that is half human, half vermin – a term which evokes associations with Schiller terming human kind as “Mischwesen”. Expanding on this, Schott argues that Kafka’s novella is indeed more about Gregor’s inner life than about corporeality: “Denn tatsächlich geht es Kafka um das Innenleben [...] eines Menschentieres [...], um die jeweilige Empfindung, welche die verwandelten Wesen, die zu Doppelwesen geworden sind, quält.” In this regard, one could argue that the great detail in which Kafka depicts the struggle of corporeality in *Die Verwandlung* acts as a mirror of Gregor’s inner life, in which he struggles to show and retain his humanity. Though Gregor’s behaviour, especially the desire to listen to music in the company of people, could be indeed regarded as a very human thing to do, his family once again perceive it rather as a violation of the established rules. Gregor scares the tenants that the family have had to bring into the household and causes a scene, which ultimately leads to the escalation of the conflict between him and his family:

“‘Dear parents’, said the sister, slapping her hand on the table as an introduction ‘we cannot carry on like this [...] I do not want to say my brother’s name in front of this beast, so I say: we have to try to get rid of it. We have done all that is humanly possible to look after it and tolerate it, I believe that nobody can accuse us of doing anything wrong.’”

This paragraph distinctly illustrates the change the sister’s attitude has undergone. Gregor is no longer referred to as ‘Gregor’, but instead as ‘monster’ and ‘it’. Once again, Gregor’s metamorphosis acts as a regression – indeed one on multiple levels, affecting his social value even more than his physicality. As his sister’s speech continues, Gregor is completely denied his remaining humanity. The family’s first impression that Gregor was still human despite his bodily changes is declared to be wrong:

“‘It has got to go’, screamed the sister, ‘that is the only way, father. You only have to try to get rid of the idea that this is Gregor. Believing this has been our real misfortune. But how can it be Gregor? If it were Gregor, he would have long since realised that it is not possible for people and such an animal to live together, and he would have left voluntarily. We wouldn’t have a brother then, but we could go on living and honor his memory.

But as it is, this animal is persecuting us, driving out the tenants, apparently it wants to take over the whole apartment and let us spend the night in the street.’” The sister’s speech gives the reader an insight into the family’s one-sided perspective who are seemingly oblivious to Gregor’s attempts to stay human. In the light of the unfortunate and recurring misunderstandings between Gregor and his family, it becomes obvious that “he is an animal only for others.” To himself and to the reader, Gregor’s ambivalence is visible, and he remains a hybrid being that combines animal body with human mind. Both, however, are not statically human or statically animal, but indeed fluid.

As the analysis above has established, Gregor indeed regresses and slips further into his animal form, yet he still retains a part of his humanity until his death, which makes him an ambivalent creature. With Gregor, Kafka hence creates a figure that embodies the issues of sceptical anthropology. Referring back to Schiller, one can state that the natural and the psychological sides of human nature oscillate within Gregor as a hybrid ‘Mischwesen’. This ambivalence is however only perceivable for the reader and Gregor himself; his family cannot recognize his remaining humanity – or perhaps simply decide to overlook it. Once they understand the permanence of the transformation, Gregor is stripped of his humanity entirely and in their eyes fully becomes an animal. Against the backdrop of the body vs. mind dualism that in the course of the novella is first confirmed and then once again negated, one can also distinguish a nature vs. culture dualism, which is visible in the deteriorating relationship between Gregor and his family. While the Cartesian body vs. mind dualism increasingly unravels and is finally negated in the light of Gregor’s process of adapting to his new animality, the anthropological nature vs. culture dualism in the novella comes forward. As I hope to have shown, both dualisms are the object of criticism to Kafka: Drawing on Oschmann’s claim that Kafka’s intention is to plead for a more ethical interaction with nonhumans, I argue that *Die Verwandlung* subversively points out the superior attitude that humanity displays in its interactions with nature. Perhaps, *Die Verwandlung* is supposed to remind us that humans are in fact nothing else but ‘das noch nicht festgestellte Tier’, and the creational hierarchy at whose top we have placed ourselves, is indeed illusionary. After all, literature certainly acts as an anthropological mirror and can teach us about ourselves, as Noam Chomsky asserts: “It is quite possible – overwhelmingly probable, one might guess – that we will always learn more about human life and personality from novels than from scientific psychology.”

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Kyiv, Not Kiev: Translating from War

The life of a Ukrainian PhD student doing cultural studies at St Andrews, like anywhere abroad, is complicated, complex, and nuanced. My first MA is the English and German languages and translation. I have now become a translator from the language of war.

A couple of times every week I get to write or say one of the following phrases:

“It’s Kyiv, not Kiev.”

“It’s Ukraine, not The Ukraine.”

“It’s European, not post-Soviet.”

I say these words with a mixture of gratitude - for people have started to listen to Ukrainians - and sadness - for if it were public knowledge, I could have used my time better, explaining how Ukrainian culture has become like a rhizome - a network of horizontal connections that could never be fully destroyed or uprooted. About the last Yiddish writer Joseph Burg from Chernivtsi, or Bruno Schultz from Drohobych, or about Mykola Khvylovy, Ukrainian Joyce.

“Kyiv not Kiev” is about the language. In Ukrainian it’s “Київ”, making it “Kyiv” in Latin letters. Until 1991 we did not have our own state, but were a colony of the Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires, and then of the Soviet Union. We were described by the languages of these empires. Between 1939 and 1991 our entire territory was part of the Soviet Union, and so our cities were written in Russian - Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Lvov. Our language did not have the right to international representation.

The Ukrainian language is a survivor, however. It survived more than 150 bans in the Russian empire alone. Ukrainian typeface was prohibited. Papers, theatres, and universities would be closed for using Ukrainian. Poets like Taras Shevchenko or Vasyl Stus were imprisoned, others like Vasyl Symonenko killed. Yet others like Mykola Gogol or Anton Chekhov changed their identities as a survival strategy, and were appropriated by the empire. Like Malevich, Vertov, and many more.

Ukrainian culture grew in the cracks between the concrete of Russian and Soviet domination. Whis-

pered, not shouted; revolutionary songs sung behind the closed doors, while Big Brother wasn’t listening. Like it was in my family and my friends’ families with the songs of the anarchist Batko Makhno.

“Where are you now, the torturers of my people?” - Vasyl Symonenko asked this before being killed in the 1970s in Kyiv. I often cite his poem in my head. Symonenko writes about a Ukrainian’s “sharp and tender soul”, hardened by centuries of fighting. And now, my soul is sharp and complicated. One part is constantly in Ukraine, reading news, calling loved ones after every bomb dropped on my city of Kharkiv. St Andrews can’t see me as a whole personality, because half is always not here. Being only half of my usual self complicates building friendships, and I feel much lonelier than I did during my Master’s here in 2019-2020. At the same time, I feel part of the bigger heroic society, tragic and fascinating.

When you don’t have your own state, a poem, a song, and an image become the saviours of your people. Such was “the Ukraine”, a piece of land between the empires, a stateless nation that survived by hiding its treasures or presenting them jokingly as a shield. The first lecture in Ukrainian was presented at the Kharkiv University as a “joke, a bet to prove that serious things can be said in Ukrainian”. Hryhory Kvitka wrote his romantic novel *Marusia* in 1834 also as a bet to prove to a Russian acquaintance that dramatic texts can be written in “the low people’s” language. A story familiar to Mary Shelley, whose *Frankenstein* was also born in a light-hearted betting against the ruling sex. Indeed, Ukrainian literature has been very open to women writers of various ethnicities. From German-speaking Olha Kobylyanska – our main feminist from the early 20th century – author of the novel *Lyudyna* (“A Human” - in Ukrainian this word is feminine), to an ethnic Russian, Maria Vilinska, who in a very George Sand sort of way became a Ukrainian male writer Marko Vovchok (Marco the Wolf). Ivan Franko used to say that Lesia Ukrainka was the only real man in the entirety of Ukrainian literature.

Post-Soviet? Imagine calling German people post-Nazi in everyday conversations. The Soviet rule killed more Ukrainians than the Nazi one, granted the Soviets had more time. European? Nuanced? Complex? Counterintuitively, Ukrainian culture is fundamentally different from that of its Eastern neighbour. Russian literature is blunt, in your face,

filled with epic panoramas. Tolstoy's Europe consists of three states - Russia, Germany and France - which is how the Russian army travels in *War and Peace*, ending up at a ball in a provincial Russian town of Vilno (Lithuanian Vilnius), celebrated as liberators (Lithuanians left a very different account of the Russian army, of course). Ukrainian Europe consists of a myriad of ethnicities, minorities, neighbours and opponents, local dialects and tastes, where Hungarians were called "Madiary", because that is how they call themselves, where Lemkos were an important part of culture even before one of them became Andy Warhol. Ivan Kotsiubynsky travelled to the Carpathians to learn about Hutsuls - the mountain folk - and write a tragic love story of a Hutsul boy and girl. Fifty years later an Armenian-Ukrainian director, Serhii Paradjanov, travelled the same route to make a poetically beautiful film adaptation of the story, *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*. This mutual interest in differences and details differentiate Ukrainian literature and film.



Photograph of Kharkiv, House of Actor: Війна/Вільна (War/Free) Mural by Viktoriia Grivina.

Ivan Franko wrote a poem, "Kamenyary" – which translates to "Stonemasons" – where a group of unknown heroes chisel a path through the mountain so that "the future free generations could walk upon our bones along the road that we make", "even if we ourselves are forgotten by everyone". It is true; Europe forgot Ivan Franko, and Lesya Ukrainka. Walking into a bookshop at St Andrews you won't find the books by Vasyl Symonenko, Vasyl Stus, Mykola Khvylyovy, Mike Johanssen, Mikhaïlo Semenko, Pavlo Tychyna, Volodymyr Sosyura, Taras Shevchenko or Panas Myrny, Ivan Bahrany, and many more. But there is me, a person for whom Ivan Franko wrote his "Stonemasons". The first generation of the free people. I think of Ivan Franko often, I think that he wrote these lines to me. I walk the road that he and other forgotten heroes chiselled in the concrete mountain of the Russian empire. I walk upon the bones of the brave unrecognised giants.

And this is why I will never get tired of saying:

It's Kyiv, the capital of free people.

It's Ukraine, the biggest free state of Europe.

It's European. It's complex, complicated, and nuanced.

You will grow to know and love this culture like I did.

By Viktoriia Grivina
PhD Candidate
School of Modern Languages



COMING
4 MAY 2023

Digging for Victory - An Interview with Cathy Faulkner

Emma Campanaro

Welcome! Thanks for meeting with us. So firstly, what inspired you to write *Digging for Victory*?

Cathy Faulkner

Ok, so I used to teach at primary school and I was teaching a year five class at the time. I had invited a lady from the community who had grown up during World War II to come and speak to my class. We'd already been to the Steam Museum in Swindon, where the children had just dressed up as evacuees and they had sat in an air raid shelter and listened to bombs falling. And so it was a very hands-on experience for them.

So I thought slightly like, Oh, I wonder how she's going to engage them. I was working at a very rural school and so I wondered what she could say that would interest them—you know, a lot of the children were really interested in fighting on the front line and that kind of stuff.

But then she visited, and she told us about an aspect of World War II that the children didn't have any idea about and I had very little knowledge about. It's not in many of the children's history books; I was listening and I thought, Oh my goodness, this will make the most wonderful story.

And so, yeah, that evening I went to the cinema. I was watching *1917*, actually. I mean the wrong war completely, but we had gotten there early and this idea just came to me while I was waiting for the film to start. And yeah, I just wrote it.

Victoria Brown

I think it's my turn now, let me see. How would you summarize what *Digging for Victory* is about?

Cathy Faulkner

Well, it's a book which explores what it means to be a hero. I would say it's quite an empowering book. It has a 12-year-old female protagonist who feels very, very helpless because her brother has gone off to fight in the war and she's left behind. And she really can't do a lot and in her eyes she doesn't really play a part in the war effort at all. So it's quite empowering in that she discovers that there are ways in which we can all be heroes. Also, a very important aspect of the book is that it, I hope, encourages girls to explore the possibilities that STEM subjects have to offer – particularly physics.

Emma Campanaro

That's great. So, as your book is a historical verse novel, what kinds of research did you undertake while writing it? And did you find anything that surprised you while researching?

Cathy Faulkner

Yes, I mean fortunately I was already teaching about World War II, so I was kind of in that zone. I've always been quite interested in that era of the 1940s. But yes, I absolutely discovered a whole load of new things that I just didn't know about.

The aspect I chose to focus on is not very commonly written about. In fact, it wasn't written about at all until the 1970s because I believe it was still quite top secret. I don't want to give away what that is because you have to read the book to find out! But yes, I did discover all sorts of fascinating things that I just didn't know about. And how much research did I do?

A lot of the stuff I was already exploring with the children at school, but I launched into writing it quite quickly because I had the idea and thought: I just want to write it. So then I found myself doing this strange thing that writers often do of researching the most random things while you're writing. I won't give them away, but sometimes you find yourself thinking if someone could look at my Google search history, they'd wonder just what is this person doing?

Victoria Brown

I think we've all been there. Ha ha. Like what murderer is on the rampage?

Cathy Faulkner

Exactly. And you do begin to worry. You think looking back on it they would be quite concerned! But there's no murder in *Digging for Victory*.

But back to Emma's question about verse novels...

Verse novels for the age group that I've written for (9 to 12 year olds) are not very common in this country. I know they're much more common in the States. But actually, before this Master's, I did a Master's in writing for young people at Bath Spa University.

Quite different from St Andrews, but an excellent course and I learnt loads there. And whilst I was on the course I was reading a lot of verse novels, mainly for young adults, but also some of the middle grade verse novels that are more common in the States. And I just thought, why are we not writing more in this country? Because actually, primary school teachers often want to get through a book alongside the topic that they're teaching. However, there's not always time to do that. And I couldn't ever bear as a teacher not to finish a book. But sometimes with the demands of SATs and everything else, I found you just couldn't get through them.

So I just thought if we had more verse novels then they would be a bit quicker to read. They can be really accessible for children. I had a lot of reluctant readers—just opening a book of really dense text just turned many of them off straight away. And I just thought we're missing a trick. Really! We should have more novels which children open and think, Oh, yeah, I can manage that page. And then before they know it, they have read a whole novel.

So I suppose my research involved reading a lot of different verse novels and learning from meeting other writers. And yeah, just having a go. I'm pleased to see there are more middle grade verse novels coming out. So that's really cool.

Victoria Brown

I did notice in some of your pages how they were shaped very interestingly. I thought that was brilliant and would be great for young readers.

Cathy Faulkner

It's very playful and I wanted it to be like that because I was keen for it to be accessible. I wanted to make it fun to read. And yeah, it's just a little bit different, something different, so that reluctant readers could have that sense of achievement of reading a whole novel without it being a chore. I mean reading's not a chore for me, but for many children it can be. So yeah, it's quite experimental.

Victoria Brown

And I was wondering how it was trying to balance your distanced learning with your teaching now?

Cathy Faulkner

Yeah, it's tricky. I mean the first draft of *Digging for Victory* was finished before I started at St Andrews. However, I've had all the editing process to do as well as writing a second book, working full time, and studying. It's been quite a difficult balancing act, what with my family as well – I've got three children.

So yeah, it's been busy, but I suppose I couldn't not do it. I mean, if you're offered a publishing deal and you've always wanted to write ... you can't not do it, can you? You just have to make it work somehow and fit it in.

And I've got a brilliant editor and brilliant agents who have been really supportive and very patient. It can be a lot, but you know—what can you do?

Victoria Brown

I think a lot of us writers think editing something is almost worse than writing it.

Cathy Faulkner

Yeah, fortunately with *Digging for Victory*, it wasn't so bad. I was expecting it to be worse, but I know for my second one it's going to be harder. I think the second book is probably always harder.

Emma Campanaro

How long would you say it took you to write the first draft of your novel? And before this novel, had you worked much with writing in verse?

Cathy Faulkner

Well, I was very fortunate, I suppose, with the timing. I started writing *Digging for Victory* three years ago in February, so that was just before lockdown. And I had quite a lot more time than I normally would have at home. And so I actually wrote the first draft in six weeks.

Yeah, I know that really annoys people, but I tend to write quite quickly. I usually think about things for a long time first—I certainly thought about the second book for like well over a year. And then again I wrote it in a space of maybe eight weeks. So, yes, I tend to write quite quickly, but I think you can do that with verse because it's not so many words. You've got these ideas going through your mind and you can write down notes and then bring it all together in a short space of time. I suppose that's the beauty of verse for me as well. It's possible for me to write while doing other things.

I think the other thing is that I can do a lot of the first drafting, I suppose, not at a computer screen – because for me that kind of kills creativity. And so it's usually when I'm outside walking or gardening and just noticing things and sort of drafting poems in my head. And of course, you can keep poems in your head if they're short. So I would sort of go outside and do something, come back, write down a poem, and go outside again. And for me, that really, really works. It keeps the creativity going because, for me, sitting in front of a computer all day just doesn't!

Emma Campanaro

Yeah, that's great! That's super impressive.

Cathy Faulkner

Yeah, but you did ask something else, because you asked if I'd written much in verse before.

So, no, well a little bit. I did my Master's in creative writing for young people at Bath Spa, and I did that part time over two years whilst I was teaching. For the first year, I had absolutely no idea of what I was doing, what genre I wanted to write, what age I wanted to write for. Maybe picture books, maybe YA? I just didn't know. So I was trying lots of things, which was great. I think I needed that time just to explore different things. And then my wonderful tutor, Elen Caldecott, who writes for young people said, have you ever considered writing in verse? And my first thought was that I can't do that. No way. No. I studied poetry at university. That's like... no. I can read it. But I can't write it. That's not me. But then she said I just want you to go away and try it. And I did. And that changed everything. Yeah. I just found my voice that way. So I am eternally grateful to Elen for putting that idea in my head, sowing that seed.

I found it so liberating because, you know, when you're writing a page of prose, there's so much extra stuff there. And actually, if you just strip it back to what you really want to say – to the essence of what's important

– it's so liberating. I'd recommend it if you haven't tried it.

Victoria Brown

The next thing I was going to ask was what's been the biggest challenge that you've encountered while writing your novel? What would you say has been the most rewarding part of your process?

Cathy Faulkner

The challenge is definitely time. Definitely. It's really frustrating. I have an idea and I just want to sit down and write, but then I've got to write an assignment for my Master's or I've got to prepare my lessons or mark essays. So yeah, it's just juggling and trying to fit it all in. But, on the other hand, it is really rewarding when I think back on what I've actually achieved this semester. So I suppose time management is just something that I've had to work on.

Now, the most rewarding thing. Well, I've always wanted to write and be published so I think the most rewarding moment was when I got my proofs, which I did two weeks ago now. I opened up the parcel and actually saw my work as a physical book. It just felt real then.

Victoria Brown

That's so exciting!

Cathy Faulkner

It's a wonderful feeling. Worth all the pain and the late nights.

Emma Campanaro

Do you have any advice that you would give to anyone who wants to take on a creative writing project while studying at the postgraduate level?

Cathy Faulkner

Yeah, go for it. Absolutely go for it.

I often think being short of time makes you use it more wisely. Certainly in my case, and I know from past experience, when you have all the time in the world and think,

Oh yeah, I can do so much stuff, it just doesn't happen. But when you've got to do your job, and you've got to do your Master's, and you've got deadlines from your publisher, then you somehow just dig deep and find the time. So yeah, I think it can really help creativity up to a point.

It's a really fine balance though because there are times when you just need to take a break. So for example, I've taken a break from this module for various reasons. I just had so much going on. But yeah, I think just telling yourself that it's okay to take a break and to talk to your course leaders about it. They've been brilliant. I mean I don't know how the other Master's programmes are, but certainly the TESOL distance learning programme is very, very flexible. So I guess my advice is to make use of that, talk to course leaders, and tell them how you're finding it. You can make it work if you sort of share what's going on because at times it can be really tricky.

Victoria Brown

Thanks so much. Is there anything else that you would like to say to fellow students or just to get out there?

Cathy Faulkner

Yeah, I mean I suppose I really suffer from imposter syndrome like many writers do. Even now, even when I've seen my book actually in print, it's difficult to believe that you can actually achieve something like that. I think for me it was just not being afraid to try lots and lots of different things.

I've tried writing all sorts of other stuff which really is quite rubbish, but unless I tried it, I wouldn't step



forward. Writing can be really daunting, as we know that looking at a blank page is just the most terrifying thing. It really is.

I'm going through that at the moment with my third book because I've only gotten like 300 words into it and it's really, really terrifying. But unless you put something down to play with, the ideas don't come. It can be so easy to just put it off and put it off – which is what I'm guilty of.

The longer you leave it, the more terrifying it can become. And then you start to think you can't do it or that it's sort of a mistake. But yeah, just just having a go, being playful – just try different things out. I mean, as you've noticed already, the format of *Digging for Victory* is quite odd. But I only got to that point by playing and trying different things to see what worked and what didn't.

And yes, not being afraid to play and experiment and making time to do that, especially when you're really busy with things. You just think right, now I've got to write this book. But actually all the practice, and the experimentation, and the play is so important because otherwise you can't end up with the product.

Victoria Brown

I definitely relate to some of these.

Emma Campanaro

Yeah, same here.

Cathy Faulkner

So you both do creative writing, do you?

Victoria Brown

I do.

Emma Campanaro

I do a little bit on my own, but my Master's is in Romantic and Victorian literature, so just lots of writing in general.

Victoria Brown

I have actually tried my hand slightly at children's works, but they need much more reworking before I can do anything with them.

Cathy Faulkner

Yeah. Well, like anything I think.

Victoria Brown

Indeed.

Cathy Faulkner

It's fun writing for children. I like writing for children because I think it's essential that there's an element of hope in everything you do. So you know, even if you're writing about something quite dark and upsetting, there's always that element of hope. I think that's so, so important. And it's also nice for me, as a writer, to have that hope.

Emma Campanaro

Yes, for sure.

Portrait of Cathy taken by Charlie Tyler.

Digging for Victory Cover Illustrations by Harry Goldhawk.



Eulogy for Albany

A Photo Essay by Benjamin Ong, February 2023



Today if you walked along East Sands, between the Scottish Oceans Institute, and the East Sands Leisure Centre, you would notice a large swathe of barricaded, barren land. This was, and is, Albany Park – once home to one of the University’s most populous student accommodations. It was the place I called home during my Master’s six years ago.

Albany Park was always somewhat of a mixed bag. It bore none of the elegance of many of the University’s other halls of residence – in fact, quite the opposite. Its boxy, brutalist blocks were an eyesore by even the most industrial Glaswegian or Dundonian standards. A self-catering property, it would have nearly no reason to exist apart from two convincing claims to fame. It was arguably the most breathtaking location of any hall of residence at the edge of East Sands. And its price point as one of the cheapest halls (I’m looking at you, DRA).



In this photo, here I am in Albany’s edible garden (one of the finest in St Andrews at the time) back in December 2016. That’s my house on the far left, one of two postgraduate-only blocks in Albany Park, and those are my kitchen windows that you can see through the branches. The mighty sycamore in the centre of this image, barren but nevertheless regal in winter, still stands today.

And here's the view from inside my kitchen/lounge:



The solitude of the postgraduate house, the sycamore outside the window... I told myself that I would not trade this for any other part of the campus.

But even then, change was in the air.

In February 2017, six years ago, the surveyors were busy at work taking measurements and leaving marks all over the estate. The residence as we knew it was drawn up for reconstruction although the timelines for it happening had not yet been made known.

Many people rallied against the 'Albany redevelopment' as it had come to be known. As one of the most densely populated, yet spacious, residences, Albany was one-of-a-kind. Its low price point and spartan (yet, in many ways, sufficient) facilities had made it very attractive to students all these years. One debate then was whether or not students really wanted fancy trimmings like en-suite rooms, double beds, dishwashers and TVs (all of which were present in DRA but absent in Albany). The handful of people I spoke to stood on the side of a cost-effective accommodation that didn't necessarily need to have all the bells and whistles.



Albany Park was not the only property along East Sands that would soon see change. The Scottish Oceans Institute (SOI) was also due for a facelift. Here, Transition St Andrews' edible garden worker, Helena Simmons, and I are uprooting some of the Transition-planted seedlings at the SOI for replanting at the Albany garden. We worked even as Storm Doris raged around us – as you can see from the choppy waves and the angle of the tree in the background.

As of this writing, the fate of Albany Park hangs in the balance. But I will always remember its sights, sounds, smells... and tastes.



In full summer swing, the Albany garden brought forth strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, blackcurrants and various peas and beans. I also had the pleasure of having my 30th birthday cake—made by my mother and air-flown by my wife—decorated with nasturtium flowers from the garden.



With my coursemates on the MSc in Sustainable Development, it was my most international birthday celebration to date! Here's a sampler of the variations of "Happy Birthday!"

Tamil: Piranthanaal vaazhthukkal

Essex: Happy burfday mate

Afrikaans: Veels geluk

Polish: Wszystkiego najlepszego

German: Herzlichen Glückwunsch

Swedish: Grattis på födelsedagen

Russian: S dnem rozhdeniya (С Днём Рождения)

Italian: Tanti auguri

Belarusian: Usiaho najliepšaha! Žadaju plionu! (Усяго найлепшага! Жадаю плёну!)

Scottish Gaelic: Co-latha breith sona

Malay: Selamat hari jadi

Goodbye, Albany Park. You were fantastic, and will always be.





Market Street

by Laura Muetzelfeldt, Creative Writing PhD student.

New trainers and shiny boots walked past. Only the fact that the feet moved away as they got nearer proved he wasn't invisible. He pushed his cup a bit further onto the pavement.

They didn't get it, the other folk at the hostel.

"What're they gonna do, buy you a book?" one of them asked, then cackled with laughter. No one could understand why he wanted the spot outside the bookshop. Everyone else wanted Greggs, Sainsburys, Pret, but he didn't mind being hungry.

The skin on his hands, his wrists itched. It was alive, insects crawling all over him till he gave in, itched it. Bright red marks from how hard he dug in his fingernails.

A clatter. Someone had dropped in some change.

"Thanks," he mumbled, but they were already walking away. He bent forward to look into the cup. Some coppers and twenty pence. It was the new coat his key worker gave him, made him look too warm.

Footsteps slowing. He looked up.

"Ben, isn't it?"

He didn't say anything. She smiled.

"It's Elizabeth. Spoke to you last week. How are you?"

He pulled his sleeves down over his wrists, paused, then said, "Okay."

"Cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey as me gran would say."

Ben breathed out through his nose. Not quite a laugh.

The skin on his hands burned. He pulled his sleeves down further, then looked up at her for the first time.

The woman probably couldn't tell, but they were probably the same age. Could've been at uni together. She probably stayed on to do a postgrad.

"So, you're a reader?" she asked.

He shrugged.

"Only you always sit here," she nodded at the bookshop.

He followed her eyes to the window. On the right side, near him, a new book of poetry by his old uni tutor that he was curious to read. His eyes read the name of the book, scanned the arty cover.

“What about you, Ben, do you think we can take the moral at the end of the poem at face value?” his tutor had asked. Was that first year? He knew what he wanted to say, but just couldn’t get it out.

“Cat got your tongue?” the woman asked.

He shrugged, maintaining eye contact.

The itch was all he could think about. It couldn’t wait till she went. The release when he did was perfect.

She watched him with interest, and asked, “Eczema?”

He nodded.

“Me too.” She pulled down the neck of her polo-neck and he saw angry blotches splattered with dark-red spots of broken skin. The next time he looked at her, her face coloured. He looked away. Change jingled in his cup – he didn’t check how much – then she disappeared into the bookshop.

Ben watched the door, looking for her. When she finally came out, she’d bought something for him. He stared at it in her outstretched hand. His old tutor’s book.

“Here,” she said. “For you.”

“Already read it,” he said.





A Moment in Eternity

by Ajay Pradeep Mahadeven, MSc Software Engineering.

Midterms were done. After an exhausting semester, Noah was all ready to go home. As he sat on the bus – the window seat – he plugged in his earphones and was lost in a mix of imagination, music, and a touch of scenery. The bus had started to move when it suddenly came to a halt – jolting him back into reality. He glanced around to see what had caused the commotion and gazed across at a beautiful woman who was walking towards him after boarding the bus.

She stopped and then took the empty seat in front of him. She turned to look at him, and Noah was struck by her hazel eyes. She smiled. His heart skipped a beat as he returned the smile. The bus started moving again. As the journey progressed he noticed the woman was falling asleep. Noah's hand sturdily gripped onto the back of her seat next to where her head was resting on the window. Just as he was admiring her peaceful demeanour the bus hit a speed bump; she was jolted from her spot.

The back of her head tilted and landed on the back of her seat, pinning his hand to the bars.

The sudden contact between them sent a jolt through Noah's body and his fight-or-flight instinct kicked in. As he felt the warmth of her face against his hand a million questions raced through his mind:

Should he remove his hand or not?

Did she know that she was resting on his hand?

She wakes up!

As fate would have it, the woman started chatting with Noah and before he knew it the two of them were deep in conversation talking about anything and everything. He could feel his cheeks heat, but the awkwardness between the two quickly dissipated as they started to talk more and more.

Noah found out that she was a writer travelling to collect inspiration for her next novel. And Noah – who was a software engineer – was headed home after his exams. The two bonded over their shared love of books and technology and as the hours flew by Noah felt as if they had known each other for years.

As the journey began to end, Noah and the woman exchanged numbers and made plans to go on a date. But that first date turned into many more.

Under the bedsheets they touched, no clothes, as nobody else did. They knew they were meant to be together. They got married and started a family, grew old together, and lived a life filled with love and happiness. As death neared them, Noah sat with her, hand in hand, looking out the window. They couldn't believe how far they had come.

But just then, the bus came to a stop, and reality snapped back into place. Noah realised that he had just dreamed of a life with the woman whose head was resting on his hand.

Despite the chaos in his head, one thing was clear: he didn't want this journey to end.

Noah wanted to savour this moment, to feel her skin against his for as long as he could.

The journey was at an end; the bus had pulled into the destination. As Noah felt the woman begin to stir he quickly withdrew his hand, acting as if nothing had happened. When they both got off the bus their eyes locked and Noah got his answer. At that moment he knew that the connection between them was real.

She started to walk away and gradually disappeared into the crowd. The bus drove off into the distance. Noah, however, stood still and was filled with a feeling of hope that perhaps he would see her again someday. The journey had ended, but the memory stayed with him forever.

It was his moment in eternity.





Oyster Frequencies

by Bella Pelster, MLitt Post-Colonial and World Literature.

0:55am, Thursday

White light speeds across the night sky. Like a streak of milk in espresso. Or a paragraph break in a sea of ink.

The Rest of the Day

She was always wild-looking. The whites of her eyes far too big for her face. A coffee-stained toothy grin. Hair still drying from last night's shower. Always far too much energy for the last five minutes before morning register. A shrill yell over the din of chatter. A waving hand breaking the surface of a sea of the backs of people's heads.

She had mostly been like that at the beginning of Thursday last week when she waved me over to the corner of the room. I told her to give me one minute before I took my coat and bag off. She told me not to bother. I didn't.

I asked what was up, and she shushed me and had me huddle over her bag with her. Our arms were around one another's shoulders and the side of her head was pressing against mine when she finally unzipped her bag.

First my eyes stung, because whatever was in there was large and emitting bright white light. I could feel a piercing pain thundering through my head and a thudding in my ears and a beating in my chest and I clasped a hand over my eyelids in fear of being blinded. The light snuck through the crevices of my fingers so I scrunched my eyes up until the pain eased into a dull ache behind my eyes. When I was quite sure that I was adjusted, I gingerly lifted my hand and gazed downwards at the pale, circular object nestled among the chewing gum wrappers and hair ties. Now that the glare had dulled, or my eyes had adjusted enough, I could get closer to the orb and lean down toward it so the ends of my hair settled on its pearly surface. I felt a second panic arise as the realization of what exactly this was set in, and I turned toward her.

"Don't worry, no-one will notice. It's not night-time yet."

I supposed that was true, and tried not to let it bother me, but it did, and as I watched Miss go through our names and gesture toward the board, I imagined a large pearl forming on the wall behind her. In my mind,

and I suppose in my eyes, the white sphere was growing in size until it stretched from where the wall reached the ceiling to the very top of the fibers of the carpet. Of course, this image was completely fabricated and simply a product of my own delusions as I reminded myself. Any of my doubts as to whether this was true was extinguished as the image disappeared when I heard my own name called and had to retreat from the depths of my consciousness in order to say “Yes, Miss”.



At lunch break she kissed a boy behind the shed while I kept guard, my back turned to them. I had tried to focus on the grey sky ahead but it became too blurry to make out any shapes in the low-hanging clouds. I turned my head towards the concrete floor and felt very sorry for myself as great fat tears fell to the ground. I wanted to pretend it was rain and excuse myself but I felt too worried that the two would get caught, and she'd look at me differently. Anyway, she'd said that she wanted me to look after her bag. I protested at first, not just because I was scared of being discovered with it, but also because I was frightened of what was inside. My eyes fixated on the glow emanating from between the teeth of the zipper. I wanted to look away. I wanted to look in. I wanted the pink of my eyelids to become the inside of an oyster. So there I was, curled up in my brain in the shell of the oyster. A realm detached from behind the shed, and the school, and the boy. Only the echo of my breath. Instead of a grey sky, nothing but the pearly white sheen of the shell was surrounding me. A hand shaking my shoulder brought me back to reality. It was her, telling me that lunch was over, and we needed to go back inside. During afternoon lessons, when the heating was on too high – and I was beginning to doze off – I found myself returning to that shell in my head and working on severing any link I had to the outside world. It almost worked because at four o'clock my own little shell was forced open by the teacher's shrill voice informing me of the lesson plans for this afternoon.

She'd gotten one of the older boys to use his provisional license to get us some cheap alcohol. He'd tried to join us on our park excursion but something else had popped up – something at his mate's house. We could come if we wanted, he'd offered. We said we'd see how we felt. Echo Falls, one for the each of us, her favourite flavour. And whatever the boy had decided would go with it. We had put them into my school bag to hide them. The heavy glass bottles smacked at my hip as we headed to the park.

She slumped down next to me with her back to the trees. I rolled onto my side and stared at her. We were close enough that I could count the pores on the slope of her forehead or point out the hair on the top of her lip that she'd forgotten to pluck. The sky reflected in her eyes; she could probably smell my breath from where she was but she didn't comment on it. She wasn't drunk even if she wanted me to think she was. I knew she was pretending. In that moment, when all I could see was her face and all I could hear was her breathing, we might've been completely alone. No one but us across the whole planet, nothing but two bodies, and two glass bottles as far as the eye could see. The only two living beings laid out on a smooth, empty surface. An entire

history of humanity consisting of one single Thursday. A culture of nothing but two girls and some booze and a park.

And the connection between them.

And the boy who bought them the booze I suppose, because I could still hear the random pings that his text messages were making on her phone.

Message pop-ups and an incoming call bleeding into the image of what was nothing but her face. I turned to face the grey sky once more. It was pale enough to be the inside of our oyster.

“I think I’ll pop by Liam’s. Are you coming?” she asked me.

He didn’t want me there.

“I’ve got to finish some stuff for tomorrow.”

“But his mate wants you there. It won’t be just us.”

That was the problem.

I asked her to give me what was in her bag. She giggled and said she wanted to show it to Liam and his mate. She only really meant Liam but I didn’t tease her about it. I said that they wouldn’t get it, and that they’d be weird about it, and try to take photos and send it to their mates, and I said that I was prepared to kick up a fuss if she didn’t hand it over. She didn’t seem to care enough to argue. Part of me was relieved but most of me wished she’d at least given some fight. It should’ve meant more than that to her. In my mind it was. It was worth the fight. In my oyster.

She didn’t want to carry her whole bag to Liam’s, so she’d tasked me with taking care of it for the evening. When we reached the park gates she’d taken out her phone and her keys and a stick of gum and handed me the bag. My arms wrapped around it. I held it very close as I walked. No one could’ve known the value of what was inside. But as we went our separate ways, I vividly pictured a detached pair of arms reaching out and snatching it from me. They were tearing open the bag, turning it upside down and shaking it so that its contents fell out and shattered. A million pearly pieces spread across the pavement and reflected the light of the sun. Shattered lines reached out from their places around the pearly pieces and extended onto the pavement. Cracks forming across a ceiling and down the wall and onto the floor beneath me. I quickened my pace.

That evening, I’d gathered the courage to hold the backpack in my hands and so I sat there cross-legged on the floor of my bedroom, cradling it. I wanted to hold it and stare at it and be consumed by it forever, even if it strained my eyes. Even if. Even if every couple of minutes I had to look up toward the pitch black outside my window for a break from the searing pain.

In the night sky there was nothing but the things my mind was trying to conjure up to make sense of the darkness. The branch of a tree batting against the window. An owl swooping to the ground. Two figures on a hill. Fragments conjured in the face of nothing. Like the whirring in my ears in the sound of silence.

I looked down at what was in my arms once more. It had felt nice to be connected by something, even if that connection was only in the inside of an oyster’s shell. Even if it was a blank landscape inhabited by only two people or a looming bulb affixed to a wall. More comforting nothingness, only in another colour.

Something was bound to disturb that comforting nothingness once again. It may as well have been what was briefly only ours. I felt a pang as the star floated up out of my outstretched fingers and into the night sky. Back into the night.



Poems



Something Funny

by Richard Bolisay

Upon arrival I acquire a new name:
Person of colour.
Like calling a slab of stone a building.
The border is an electric chair.
Imagine your worth
depends solely on a piece of paper:
visa, diploma, land title, ID card,
flammable certificates,
three pages of bank statements.
What else do you have?
Dust can leave.
Old notebooks, candy wrappers,
tote bags can cross.
Bodies must first lose dignity.
I must weep to be heard.
Does my colour reveal my lack of destiny?
When you scratch my skin and I feel it
it means you will die.
Half of this life is spent looking down,
half is measured in deep breaths.

Accident

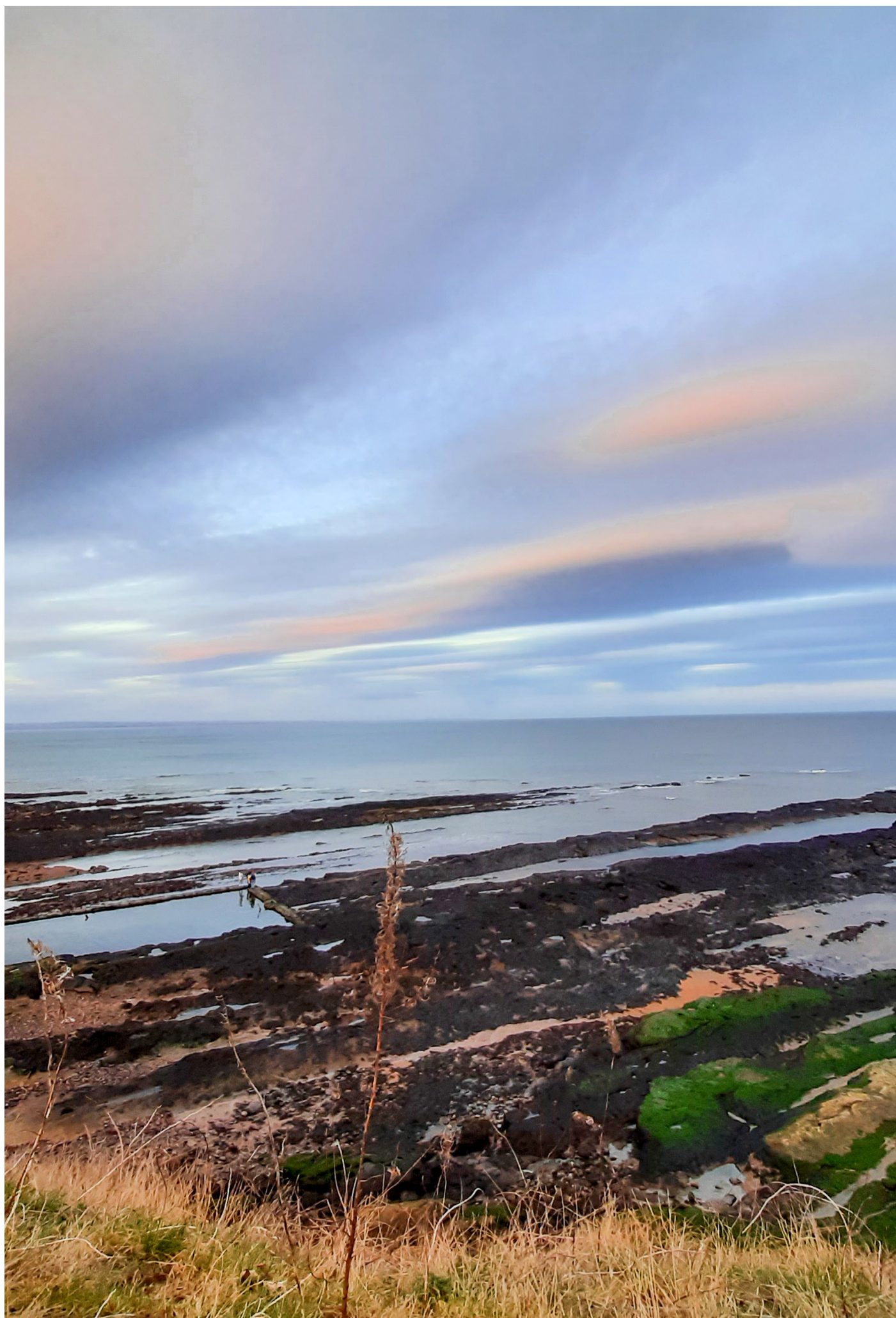
by Richard Bolisay

Being asked about your first memory is tricky.
They look at you hoping to hear something
nice. But my first memory is waking up
screaming, water spilling over my body,
from shoulder to back.

Boiling water, fresh from the kettle
left next to my cot by my mother's sister.
Was it a cry of pain? Or because I was
expected to cry? My sister,
she took a beating. The wood had a nail on it.
We were singing the same tune all night.

The person who asked said sorry.
I said no. Where I come from
everywhere you look is a reminder of violence.
One cannot tell the truth and expect peace.
I stroke the scar, like a secret code. No pain.
Just a bump of flesh.
Thirty-two years ago? I could hear her
say. I feel responsible for your scar.
What scar? It is not her first memory,
so she is free from having to remember.





Asleep

by Richard Bolisay

When your eyes close
and something carries you away
How do you know you're coming back
to the same world?
How do you know you're coming back?

No two whispers are the same
because you get lost in infinite ways.
How can darkness be an old friend
to a beaten child?
How can darkness be an old friend?

Leave the tap running
and leave slowly.
You won't always know the words
but you will know the tune.



Anatomy

by Louis Edmanson

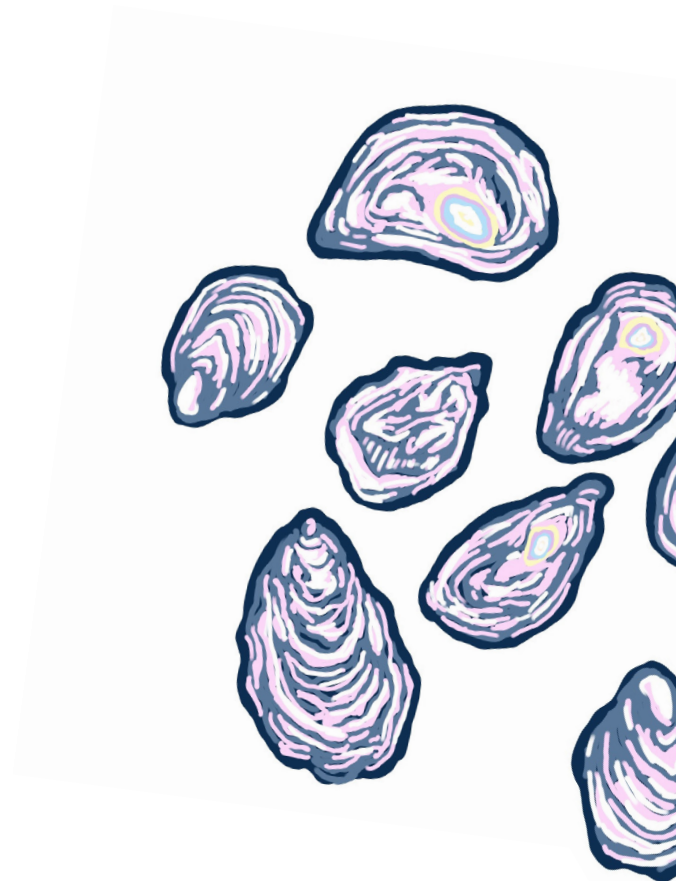
Bramble-blood through briar-veins,
Every pulse a budding rose that blooms
And falls in a shower of petals and breath.
My spider-heart, webbed lightning expands
In every cell, every atom, every beating beast.

Always watching, flinching at the thought
That I too am living, that I too will die,
That the pulse in my wrist thuds my fingers
Into space as I check the tempo, counting life.
Tall as a bedside table, brave as a feather,
I could not stand the idea of blood coursing
Like a dirty river through channels that crossed
Sinew, pale brain-matter, fleshy, quivering viscera.

A thorn of blood may curl from a cut,
Bead it's way from a grazed knee,
But the prick of a needle, the tug of blood
From the side of my arm, that extracting
Action appalled all existence.

I lie awake at times, terrified of the judder
I expect to effect when I turn on my side
And lurch all my organs to the sway of gravity.
I think of my veins like strawberry strings,
Just waiting for a hook to...
It's not a thought I ask for, not one I choose
To make, but one that creeps in the dark,
Licks its lips and sinks its teeth in with a laugh.

I would like it to leave, I would like to find
The holy water that will cure me of my phobia
Of life. I will play music, I will turn the volume
High enough to drown my heartbeat,
I will sing above the fear and join pure sound.
I will march to my own beat, not my heart's.
I'm not afraid of living, psychologically. This is
No existentialism, more a horrified attitude toward
The biological object of life, of walking sacks
Of body, blood and the rest.





In Between

by Louis Edmanson

Filing out of offices and into the evening,
From strip-lit corridors we spill from the doors
And melt into anonymity like black ants
Into ink. Just another pair of headphones,
Another buttoned coat for another cold night.
The occasional catch of another's eyes,
The fumbled shuffle as two bodies misstep opposites.
We do not exist between places, we are ghosts
Until we are home.

Clouds bubbled in the crucible-sky,
Swirling and spilling over hills like waves.
A solid, sky-borne shadow, a torso of storm
Dimpled, dappled by glinting chinks, subtle ribs of light.
The gleam that fell through the hedgerows and onto the road,
Deep bronze that pooled among mud and mulch and asphalt.
At sea in the fields, landscape butchered and beatified
By the storm-torn, heaven-sent, bright-dark blue.



The American novelist Mark Twain saw the Silver Swan at the exhibition in 1867 and described it in his book *The Innocents Abroad*.

“I watched the Silver Swan, which had a living grace about his movement and a living intelligence in his eyes - watched him swimming about as comfortably and unconcernedly as it he had been born in a morass instead of a jeweller’s shop - watched him seize a silver fish from under the water and hold up his head and go through the customary and elaborate motions of swallowing it...”





Swan Song

by Victoria Brown

Past oaken doors there one swims
a silver swan with sculpted wings.
On rods of glass conducting light,
her feathers ripple, starking, bright.
The pool itself is full of fry,
they jump and swirl with ruby eye.
A tinkling sound betrays our ears
both pealing laugh and full of tears
her gilded beak is full and open
and crooning neck can't be forgotten.
Fear had never struck her masters,
they remain her skilful crafters.
A curse the swan before its end
sings threnody it can't again.



Winner of the Art Competition
St Salvator's Sunset by Islay Shelbourne



St Salvator's, St Andrews

St Leonard's Photography Competition

We hosted a very popular photo competition this year and were blown away by the sheer talent and creativity of our entries. Thank you for taking part and showing us what a beautiful place St Andrews is.

Winner: St Andrews From the Fife Coastal Path by Anna Marchand, MSc Comparative, Evolutionary, and Developmental Psychology.

“I’ve been enjoying taking photos in and around St Andrews on my great-grandfather’s old film camera.”



Comment from the Editors: We loved the composition and lightness of the winning photo. It conveys just the right amount of detail to capture the breathlessness of such a beautiful landscape.



Runner Up: Sunset on West Sands by Manon Williams. PhD, School of History.

Comment from the Editors: We marvelled at the skill of the runner up in managing to capture such a unique moment with beautiful colours and artful mirrored composition.

Some of our other favourites...











Back Cover: St Andrews From the Dunes by Manon Williams