October 2026 | Issue 002

A'DAM



FROM RAGS TO RICHES
A hostel horror story and a five-star escape

HOME SWEET HOME
The trials and tribulations of finding an Amsterdam apartment

TAYLOR GETZ

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FROM *THE* EDITOR



"NOTHING IS INDICATIVE OF ANYTHING. NEVER MAKE ASSUMPTIONS— LIFE CAN GIVE AND TAKE JUST AS FAST."

Don't let me fool you, moving to a new city is hard. Moving to a new city in a new country is even harder. Even I, the great Taylor Getz, am not immune to these trials and tribulations.

And sometimes, the only solution to your problems is having a wine on the terrace, eating pizza you know is going to hurt your stomach later, and watching Sex and the City on the couch with your friends.

After all, we're just girls.

Taylor Getz
Editor-in-Chief

THE TAY TAY DIARIES

In this month's issue, come with me as I traverse the highs and lows of starting over in a new country: from a fun weekend with my mom to finally getting my new apartment, more matcha ratings, and ADE with my brother in town. Who'd want to miss out on all that?









It's crazy how you can go from practically staying in a box with frat house lights to the canal suite in a 5-star hotel in a single day.

So before you ask, "Taylor, what were you thinking?" — Hear me out.

At the end of September, I had a beautiful apartment sent to me by a realtor. The timing was auspicious, and I was convinced that this was *the apartment*. Especially when I went to view it and it already had the exact color scheme I wanted, with the bedroom painted a beautiful shade of plum.

Alas, the Dutch never make anything easy, do they?

The apartment was for working professionals only, and even though I was about to start my new job in 3 weeks, the bureaucratic rules of Dutch renting got in the way and the apartment slipped my grasp. But I didn't find out until about 2 days before my current sublease was ending. Having seen this hostel before—on the same street as my first sublease—I thought, why not give it a go?
I got over that fun idea very quickly.

Luckily, I have this amazing woman in my life called my mother, who was coming to visit in 3 days.

Naturally, this hotel room was more my style. Very "Taylor Getz," if I do say so myself.





MOM VISIT

A SHORT LONG WEEKEND
WITH NANC AS WE WINE
AND DINE AROUND A'DAM

STEADY



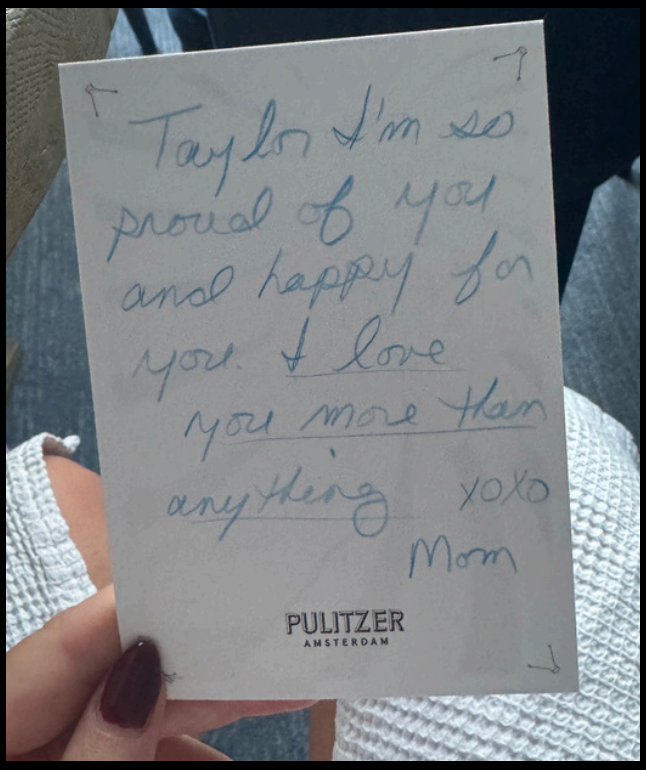
De Poezenboot — The Cat Boat in Amsterdam



Don’t get in between Nancy and her caviar, you might lose a finger.

AS SHE

GOES



She doesn’t know this, but I started crying—several times—after I found this note she left me the morning of her flight. I was sad that whole day.

TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK



THAT IS THE QUESTION.
OBVIOUSLY THERE IS ONLY ONE RIGHT ANSWER.

MATCHA RATINGS

A NEW MONTH A NEW LIST OF MATCHA RATINGS

3RD PLACE:



Coming in 3rd is Crema. Now I have to give props, this is more of a dessert place that just started serving matcha this past March. The quality of the matcha itself was really good but didn't quite stand out from the crowd. Therefore, I'm going to have to go with - **6.4/10**

2ND PLACE:



In 2nd place we have Ochaya. Now this one can only do so poorly— I bought a tin from the Albert Cuyp Market and made it myself. Also really good quality and the owner goes to Japan to source the matcha herself. This now resides as my morning staple. Slightly biased, but I'll give it a - **7/10**

1ST PLACE:



And this month's top spot goes to Footnote! When I first walked in, I was greeted by the owner, who was also working as the barista and couldn't have been nicer. He could probably tell how hungover I was, but he asked if he could make my morning better and he absolutely did. This little coffee shop sits at the corner right by my apartment and I will definitely become a regular. I'm also OBSESSED with the fact that they put little ghosts on their drinks for spooky season. With a few bonus points for Halloween spirit I'm giving it a - **7.6/10**






PZ-DH-52






YOU'RE the PLOT, do it for the PLOT, do it for YOU
Coffee Boutique





HOME SWEET HOME (FINALLY)

Getting jilted by the apartment I thought was the one is how I imagine it feels to meet the man of your dreams, only to realize he's in a long-term relationship and she's actually pretty.

I genuinely went into shock when I found out I wasn't getting that apartment. Like seriously, I had to go for a long walk and eat a stroopwafel just to regain my senses... and then maybe go to the movies, get drinks, and go out clubbing until 6 a.m. (It was a rough day, okay?)

But when I finally got my bearings together, I booked a brief stint at a hostel, followed by a luxurious week with my mother, and then yet another week of temporary hotel living. By that last week, I truly felt like I was on my 13th reason.

However, after hitting up practically every realtor in Amsterdam, I finally found one willing to work with me who also specialized in expats (score). I went from having absolutely nothing at the beginning of the week to viewing an apartment on Tuesday and moving in that very Friday. A turnaround that is practically unheard of in the Dutch rental market.

Of course, nothing is ever as simple as I would hope. There were multiple miscommunications and mishaps, and I could quite literally feel my cortisol levels spiking. But come Friday morning—or should I say, two hours before I was due to check in—the lease was signed, the money was transferred, and the keys were finally mine.

Because if there's one thing about me, it's that when I want something done, you can be damn sure it's going to happen.

BEFORE

I'm not gonna lie, for how great an apartment this is, there was some pretty tragic-looking decor waiting for me. I mean, can you imagine me sleeping in a bed that looks like a California hippie threw up all over it?

Absolutely not.

And the peacock? He was one of the first to go. Him and his little owl friend. I did, however, keep a figurine of their other friend the chicken. He was pleasing enough to the eye.

Of course, I had to add my own touches. Being that the apartment ended up coming furnished, I wasn't able to get any of the furniture I had originally envisioned.

But with a pretty good foundation to work with, I had a few ideas of what I could add to make the place feel a little more like home sweet home.









AFTER

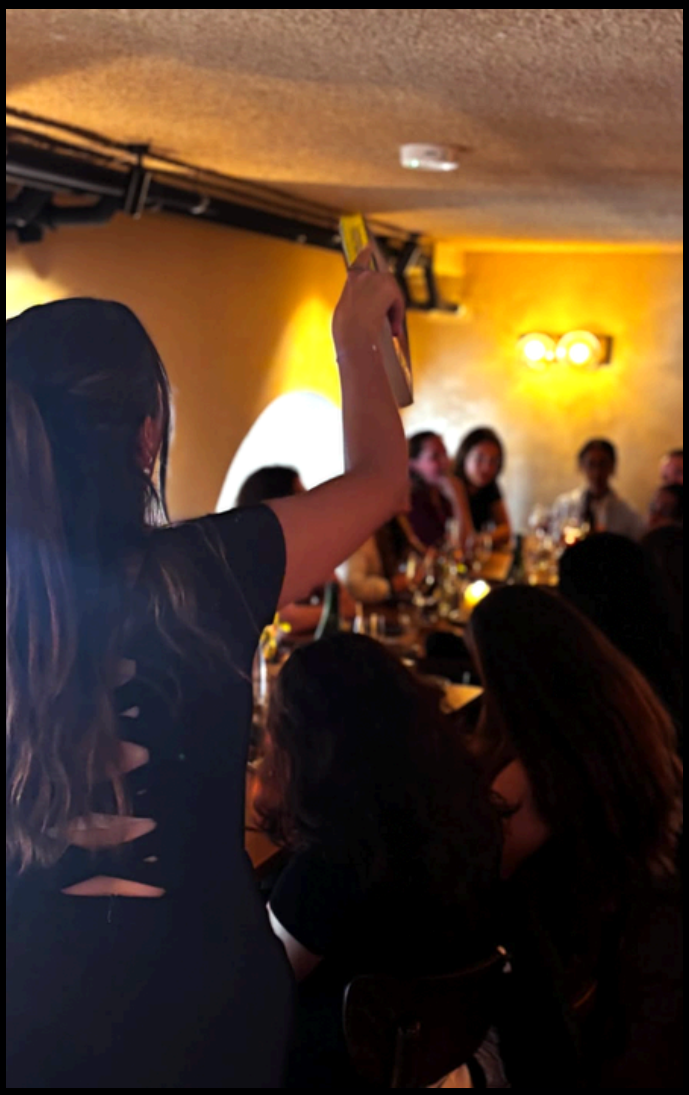


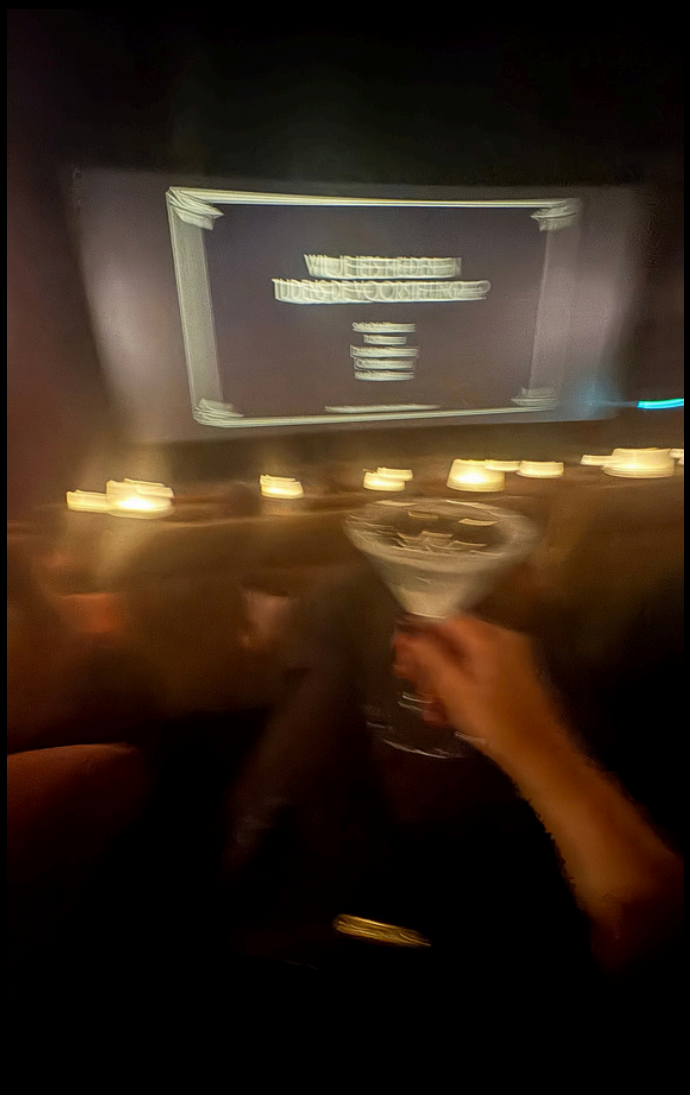




Thank God for Zara Home <3

BOOK CLUB AND MOVIES





Over the last couple of months, I've had the honor and privilege of joining a book club and meeting some pretty cool people.

DAM Good Books was founded this past August, and I can happily say I'm one of its founding members.

What started as me stumbling across a random Facebook post has now turned into three months of monthly meetings, a book swap, a movie night with some of the girls, and even a literary event at Westerkerk.

Not too shabby for a random Facebook find, if you ask me.

ADE (AMSTERDAM DANCE EVENT)



GASHOUDER

AMSTERDAM DANCE EVENT • 2026









My brother finally made it out to see me and not the event (obviously).

Security mistook his ibuprofen for drugs. Which is funny, because those were actually the least suspicious pills he had on him.

For legal reasons, this is a joke.



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