



A Dartmouth Class of 2011 Publication

Year One - Issue One

October 2012

Letter from the Editors

Hello '11s,

Happy 12F!

Now that the 12s have entered the real world, it is amazing to see just how much 'wisdom' we've gained in the past year. We've learned how to do this thing called 'email,' that skipping work has far different consequences than sleeping through class, and going on dates is a thing. Look at us, all grown up!



Photo Credit: Eli Burakian '00

Right now, we are in the process of planning out the work-appropriate Halloween costume and are happy/sad/alarmed/indifferent to see Andrew Lohse made the cut for culturally-relevant costumes. I guess that makes us all culturally relevant in a way? We digress...

Many of us have already transitioned to new jobs, graduate programs, and countries post year one and it's always a delight to run into an old friend where you least expect it! We hope you enjoy all of the stories in this issue. We've tried to capture the vast array of things you are out there accomplishing – including, but not limited to, getting married!

We are anxiously awaiting Homecoming! We hope to see you there! And if anyone managed to get a room at Six South, we'll totes pay you lots of money for it because as an 'adult' crashing on a floor suddenly seems daunting.

As always, we are looking forward to hearing from you!

Catie Burkhard, Emily Broas, and Neil Basu
Class of 2011 Newsletter Editors
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Dartmouth Homecoming Schedule

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
CLASS OF 2011

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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Martha Gillon
Vice-President

Drew Joseph
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Kimberly Waters
Project Chairs

Joseph Coleman
Yosha Gargeya
Bequest Chairs

Brandon Aiono
Cyrus Akrami
Christopher Fletcher
SEC Members



Courtesy of Joseph Mehling '69

Friday, October 26

3pm: Class of 1953 Commons Tour
Lobby, Class of 1953 Commons

4 - 5pm: Lecture - "Global Warming and the Fate of
the Land Carbon Sink"
Oopik Auditorium, Class of 1978 Life Sciences Center
*By Stephen W. Pacala '78

5pm: Alumni and Student Pre-Parade Gathering
Tent, Alumni Gym Lawn

7pm: Alumni and Students Gather for Parade
Corner of Crosby and Lebanon Streets

7:30 - 8pm: Dartmouth Night Parade
Along Lebanon and Main Streets and around the
Dartmouth Green

8pm: Dartmouth Night Ceremonies
Steps of Dartmouth Hall
*Speakers include: Carol Folt '78a, Martha Beattie
'76, Marty Lempres '84, Patrick Lahey '12, Maya
Herm '13, and Harry Sheehy '55a

8:30pm: Bonfire on the Green

After Bonfire: Gathering for Alumni and Friends
Tent, Blunt Alumni Center



Photo Credit: Bonnie Barber



Courtesy of Joseph Mehling '69

Saturday, October 27

10 - 11am: Faculty Chalk Talk Lecture -
"Indigenous Ways of Knowing"
Auditorium, Hood Museum of Art
*By Stephen Gilchrist, curator of indigenous Aus-
tralian art at the Hood

11am: Black Family Visual Arts Center Tour
Lobby, Black Family Visual Arts Center

11am: Class of 1953 Commons Tour
Lobby, Class of 1953 Commons

Ivy North Men's 7s Rugby Tournament
Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse, 9 Reservoir Road

1pm: Varsity Field Hockey vs. Harvard
Chase AstroTurf Field

1:30 - 2:15pm: Tour of the Class of 1978 Life
Sciences Center and Greenhouse
*Meet in front of the building

2:30 - 4pm: "Hometown Heroes: Perspectives on the
American Military Experience"
Oopik Auditorium, Class of 1978 Life Sciences Center
*Speakers: President emeritus James Wright and
Nathaniel Fick '99, moderated by Andrew Samwick

2:30 - 4pm: Dartmouth Theater Department presents
"Angels in America": Behind-the-Scenes Rehearsal
Moore Theater, Hopkins Center

3pm: Men's Varsity Soccer vs. Harvard
Burnham Field

3:30 - 5pm: Pregame Young Alumni and BADA
Tailgate
Tent, Alumni Gym Lawn

5pm: Varsity Football vs. Harvard
Memorial Field

7pm: 2012 & 2011 Reunion
Tent, Alumni Gym Lawn

'11s Wedding Announcements

More '11s are happily tying the knot. Hear about three of those happy couples below!



Photos courtesy of Sarah Clark '11

Sarah White '11 & Charlie Clark '11

were married on June 14, 2011 in Rollins Chapel, with a reception following at the Hanover Inn. The attendants included Grace Nauman '11, Lexi Heywood '11, and Peter Blair '12.

The Clarks now reside in Knoxville, TN, where Charlie is a member of the University of Tennessee School of Law class of 2014 and Sarah works as an editor of Cityview magazine .



Cody Riggers '11 & Stefan Uddenberg '11

were married on July 30, 2012 while on vacation in Tampa, FL with Stefan's mother, sister and grandparents.

The Uddenbergs now reside in Hanover, NH, where Stefan serves as a lab manager in the Psychological & Brain Sciences Department.



Photo courtesy of Vienna Glenn Photography



Photo courtesy of Grace Dowd '11

Courtney Hammond '11

was married to her awesome friend and adventure buddy, Middlebury alum **Andrew Wagner** on September 22nd with forest fires and Washington's Cascade Mountains setting the scene. They had a fantastic time celebrating with friends and family, and Courtney thanks all the '11s who "made it out to boogie down with us!"

After spending most of the last year apart (Courtney in Alaska and Hanover, Andrew in Utah), and spending most of their 8-year relationship in different places, they are extremely excited to just be together!



Photos courtesy of Stefan Uddenberg '11

Dartmouth's Year of the Arts

Read up about Dartmouth's Year of the Arts, as well as accounts from fellow '11 artists!

Arts Highlights for the 2012-2013 Year

[Excerpts from the
Alumni Connections press release].

This celebration of the arts will begin in September 2012 with the inauguration of Dartmouth's new Arts District, comprising the recently completed Black Family Visual Arts Center, as well as the Hood Museum of Art, and the Hopkins Center for the Arts ("the Hop")... [Remaining highlights] from Dartmouth's year of artistic programming include the following:

- **Crossing Cultures at the Hood Museum (September 15, 2012-March 10, 2013):** The Hood Museum's groundbreaking fall/winter exhibition explores five decades of Aboriginal Australian art, comprising the work of more than 100 artists from outback communities to major metropolitan centers.

- **Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater (March 1-2, 2013):** A defining force in American dance for 55 years, the Ailey company will be performing a program at the Hopkins Center that includes a new work, created with commissioning funds from the Hop, that innovatively fuses the many dynamic facets of American dance, from ballet to hip hop, and showcases the artistry and versatility of the Ailey dancers.

- **Tesla: An Opera by Jim Jarmusch & Phil Kline (April 5-6, 2013):** A Hop-commissioned collaboration between American film auteur Jim Jarmusch and composer Phil Kline, *Tesla* is a work-in-progress "modern baroque opera" that explores the life of Nikola Tesla (1856-1943).

- **Public Art Installations (Ongoing):** Reaffirming its longstanding tradition of enriching its campus landscape with publicly accessible art installations, Dartmouth will install several works by internationally established artists in the newly created Arts District, including a commissioned wall sculpture by Ellsworth Kelly; a commissioned site-specific video projection, encompassing both archival and crowd-sourced images, by Ross Ashton; and a



Photo Credit: Eli Burak '00

temporary installation of one of the iconic spider sculptures of Louise Bourgeois.

- **Festival of Film Festivals (Ongoing):** Building on the perennial popularity of its Telluride at Dartmouth series—which screens a curated selection of films from the Telluride Film Festival each year—the Hopkins Center Film Department will supplement its regular programming with a yearlong series of screenings that comprise the best of the international film festival circuit. The Festival of Film Festivals will include recent entries from a diverse range of events, ranging from high-powered industry galas like the New York Film Festival to boutique regional festivals in Europe, Africa, and Asia.

- **Cross-Disciplinary Arts Programs**



Photo Credit: Eli Burakian '00

(Ongoing): As part of Dartmouth's campus-wide focus on the arts in 2012-13, academic departments including mathematics, engineering, and neuroscience will integrate arts activities into their regular programming to an unprecedented degree, with more than a dozen new interdisciplinary courses offered. In addition, a groundbreaking collaboration between Dartmouth's music and neuroscience departments will enable students to generate sounds and images based on brain activity.

The newly formed Arts District on the campus' southern border encompasses the school's new and expanding arts facilities... Opening in September 2012, the Black Family Visual Arts Center is a 105,000-square-foot facility designed by Machado and Silvetti Associates to nurture interdisciplinary innovation among students and faculty alike. The Center will feature a state-of-the-art digital humanities media laboratory, as well as a three-story atrium designed to allow for the presentation of electronic media. Reflecting the continued growth of Dartmouth's nationally renowned arts departments, the Center will also include new classrooms, faculty offices, and spaces for creative exploration and collaboration. The Arts Center was made possible by a \$48 million gift from Leon Black '73 and his wife Debra.

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Photo Credit: Eli Burak '00

Louise Josephine Bourgeois' spider sculpture at the Visual Art Center.



Courtesy of Ross Ashton

Ross Ashton's projection piece, "Five Windows," at the Hopkins Center.

I'm Not Finished

by Logan De La Cruz (Ron Chavarria '11)

Peg Boggs: Why are you hiding back there? You don't have to hide from me - I'm Peg Boggs, your local Avon representative and I'm as harmless as cherry pie...

[sees Edward come toward her]

Peg Boggs: Oh - I can see that I've disturbed you. I'll just be going now...

Edward: Don't go.

Peg Boggs: *[sees his scissor hands]* Oh, my. What happened to you?

Edward: I'm not finished.

-from Edward Scissorhands, 1990

"I'm not finished." Such frankness, such honesty. It's one of those scenes that just levels you.

Am I the only one who thinks Edward isn't just referring to his hands, (or lack thereof), when he says, "I'm not finished?" I think he is referring more to his psychology and his well-being. With just a few words, we get a glimpse of the hope he still has, in spite of his shortcomings.

I see a lot of myself in Edward (minus the leather fetish and the scissors for hands).

My failures after graduation have left me feeling incomplete and unfinished.

Just a few days after graduation, I jumped on a plane and moved to Munich, Germany. For the first time, I honestly thought I had found someone that I could love and be loved by. At the same time, I



Courtesy of Logan De La Cruz

Edward, 2011. See more work at logandelacruz.com.

was equally invested in a career in art and, like many others, believed that I would be rich and famous within the year— or at least I hoped so. Of course, fame and fortune, along with the Munich art community, overlooked me. I was rejected left and right and I began doubting myself, wondering why the hell I chose to pursue a career in art. As the year progressed, I collided with one wall after another. I began to see my hopes, and then my

relationship, crumble before my eyes. Don't get me wrong— I was able to love and be loved, but somewhere along the way, I lost myself.

I reached for the stars, but ended up face-planting, badly.

Flash-forward to today; I find myself in the midst of the mayhem we know as New York City, painting, single, and still dreaming of fame and fortune. If I wanted to, I could choose a nine-to-five and give up my dreams, but I can't; painting is more than a passion, it's an addiction I can't help, and I will never stop. I may not have the job I want and I miss him every waking moment, but I am grateful for the experiences thus far, and even grateful for all the rejections. One question though: how many "no's" does it take to get to a "yes?" Anyone?

We often read about success stories, but I would like to think reading about failures is just as rewarding. I wanted to share my story with you so you know you're not alone.

Edward, I too am not finished— far from it. But I am not giving up hope.

I hope that you don't give up either. Keep dreaming and I'll read about your success story soon in this column.

P.S. if this article did nothing for you, at least be grateful you don't have scissors for hands. Imagine the difficulty of trying to wipe your ass.

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Confessions of a Studio Art Intern

by Max Van Pelt '11

Perhaps atypically, I didn't head out right after graduation into the elusive but exciting new territory beyond Hanover. Instead, I remained in town this past year to find a familiar but refreshed topography of academics, things to do near Hanover, more personal interactions with professors, outdoor adventures, and a new set of peaked interests. I worked in a wonderful and spontaneous team of four '11 I-Peeps: Caroline Moore, Natalia Wrobel, Grace Dowd, and myself, all post-graduate interns with the Department of Studio Art. We relished our year as heavy-box lifters, late night eyes and ears for the SART department, assistants to professors, studio monitors, tool-reorganizers, filter-changers, sometimes law-layer-downers, "no you can't cut that precarious aggregation of wood on the table saw"-ers, cross-town rolling wall shlepers, semi-professional exhibition installers, critical feedback givers, drawing marathon facilitators, html website code updaters, patient sawdust sweepers, and even jet-pack vacuumers.... Now, emerging from the dust-cloud of yet another unbelievably messy final term clean-up, I am astonished by how much self-discovery went on during this very unusual but exciting year. As interns, we were endowed with an immense responsibility to be versatile and to think on our feet. Our growing department spread itself out across multiple buildings while the mirage of the Black Family Visual Arts Center remained surrounded by cranes and construction crews. Our daily regimen constituted such a broad and unpredictable range that whenever someone would ask me "so, what do you do as a Studio Art intern?" I'd usually come up gasping for air.

There was also the added excitement and stress of preparing for a few larger exhibition opportunities: all Studio Art interns are given a solo show in the barrows "rotunda" at the front of the Hopkins center, I had found a show at the Chelsea VT public library, and there was the looming POD show, an even larger exhibition with my fellow '11 major Logan De La Cruz. Loosely calculated, whenever I wasn't working for the department I elected to be self-employed in a second full-time job of creative endeavors.

Perhaps most startlingly, I did not drive myself into artistic madness; I failed to even touch boredom. During the few times when I was edging on the side of crazy, it was much more of an exciting feeling than an adverse one. In fact, I quite loved what I was doing. In my studio, I realized that I could begin with the most basic set of lines on paper, or a couple scrap pieces of steel, and find myself working without abatement for days. For the first time since my ten pre-collegiate years as a target archer, I was sincerely invested and deeply hooked on something. Concurrently



Courtesy of Max Van Pelt

Van Pelt's *Ritual Archer, fling em again*, 2012.

with the large and intricately welded steel sculptures that I was producing, I discovered fresh new spaces in my mixed-media paintings on paper. Where I had imagined potential anguish in working without assignments or deadlines, I was happy and totally engrossed. For the moment, these mediums and my growing interest in abstraction seemed to facilitate just the kind of passion I was looking for, and I did not expect it.

Would it be appropriate resound an exhilarated WOOT? Did I finally answer that truly awful question of what I really want to do with my life? I'd prefer to delay that one, preferably for as long as possible. I'm nowhere near that certain. I don't even know if I want to go to graduate school, in fine art, or something else entirely. In my opinion, most of us have had far too little experience to realistically target the complexity of these questions. Nevertheless, we do the best we

can. It's exciting to realize when we at least have some bearing, a magnetism in the direction of understanding our own passions. Even if I have no idea what I want to do in the next ten years, or even three, I now have some sense of where I want to begin. It might just be a scrap of steel, or a few lines intersecting on paper. If there's something really salient that I've absorbed over this past year, it's just how intelligent your gut can be, sometimes even more so than your brain. I'm opting to go with it.

Starting this fall, I'm packing up my 5 years of crap and heading out into a city. My girlfriend is starting at RISD for her masters in architecture, and Providence feels like a great starting point for us. I've found an inexpensive studio space, a simple urge to make work, and a desire to apply for artist residencies, approach galleries, seek out shows, and look for funded chances to travel. It's what I'd call a plan to not really have a plan, and I couldn't be more thrilled about it. Of course it comes with a side-car of incredible insecurities: what if I can't make any money out of this work, what if I take on a dispassionate office-job out of necessity, and what on earth am I going to tell people when they ask what I'm doing these days? Happily, I'm starting to turn the corner as I realize just how absolutely okay it is.

Going with my instincts rather than playing it safe, and electing to work with what I love seems, somehow, very appropriate. In the studio, you start to get comfortable with taking big risks and having things turn out well, even if they require long periods of resuscitation prior to getting there. I figure that there's no better time to be self-employed without a steady income, opening ourselves up to something different every day, and taking cues from our own emerging interests. With any luck, our quiver of appealing attributes as smart, adaptable, and committed Dartmouth graduates will pan out in our favor. Plus, there's always painting, spackling, and the ability to shuffle 300lb rolling walls out in Hanover traffic....

To see more from my work in the studio, please visit www.maxvanpelt.com.

Bound South

by *Isaiah Berg '11*



Courtesy of Isaiah Berg

These newsletters aren't about news for me. I've read every letter since graduation and what has struck me, more than the news-worthy accomplishments of our classmates, has been the reflection and growth that accompanies them. As Kashay Sanders described in her last letter from India, "real confidence" was not to be found in labels, activities, and doings but in the convictions that undergird them.

A conviction that I want to share with you is the beautiful impracticality of education. I grew up on a family farm in North Dakota, learning lots of practical things like how to plant, how to harvest, how to weld, how to pour concrete, how to build fences, how to deliver baby cows. For the past year, my two brothers and myself left the practical conventions of our family farm to ride our bi-

cycles across the Americas. We started in Alaska in August and finished in Tierra del Fuego in May, the southern tip of Argentina. In between was over 15,000 miles of bicycle-riding, tent-camping, MSR-stove-cooking adventure like I had never seen before. We called it Bound South.

Some might see such an impractical endeavor as riding a bicycle across the Americas as being unsuitable to a prestigious university graduate. I do not doubt that many of you have endured some discomfort when describing how your Dartmouth degree has led you away from traditional corporate fast tracks or acclaimed graduate schools. Many see Dartmouth and its peers as practical militaries of prestige, think tanks with their guns aimed squarely at the world's problems.

Take it from me: I didn't solve any of the world's problems in this past year. I'm broke and the only souvenirs that I have brought home from Ushuaia are some tan lines and my bicycle named Angus. Yet here I sit, happy and pondering all of the mighty things wrought in my life through Bound South. I camped out with Alaskan mountaineers, Canadian lumberjacks, Mexican pastors, Colombian firefighters, and Argentine



Courtesy of Isaiah Berg

business moguls. I rode across tundra, desert, mountains, tropics, and snowy Andean dirt roads at 15,500 feet. I almost died a few times. And I finally read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which was perhaps a greater feat of endurance than the bicycling.

You will all find your own adventures, surrounded by people and places that herald challenges far beyond your capabilities. Hard skills won't help you there. So as you advance your careers and develop practical tools for the workplace, I exhort you to also treasure and steward the examined life that Dartmouth instilled in you. Take some time away from the world's problems and try to consider problems of virtue, truth, beauty, and justice. Ride your bicycle. Do something impractical if only to remind yourself that truly great things never are.

Dartmouth on Instagram

Check out this sample of pictures, and see more online at: www.flickr.com/photos/dartmouthflickr



Photo Credits: Martin Grant

Joining the Peace Corps

by Sarah Seng '11

I am about a year into my service as a Community Health Volunteer in Peace Corps Cameroon. I left to begin my next adventure in September 2011 bound for Cameroon for 27-months. I didn't know what to expect except to not have expectations, one of the reasons that gets me through the days. I learned quickly that the Peace Corps wasn't lying when they said, "This is the hardest job you'll ever love."



Courtesy of Sarah Seng

What most people envision when they hear of Peace Corps are volunteers on the ground "saving the world." I'm not saying that what we're doing is not contributing to that in any way but accepting the smaller victories is what makes it all worthwhile, especially on the toughest of days. Even if it's one kid whom you've taught to properly wash his hands with soap, it's one less child that might fall ill to cholera, a significantly preventable disease. You can only hope that he's paid it forward and taught his siblings or even a friend. Nothing ever works out exactly the way you want it to, no matter how much you plan ahead with obstacles in mind and even the unwanted disasters will occur. You just have to accept that those things are inevitable and, "C'est la vie." Else, you will be continually discouraged. This life we've chosen is a rollercoaster and we knew what we were getting ourselves into. Some of the best advice I received from a seasoned volunteer was, "There will always be ups and downs...sometimes, in the same week, sometimes in the same day, or sometimes in the same hour! There's nothing wrong with this, it's normal." Truer words could never have been spoken about this experience.

One thing I love most about my job is how flexible it is. I get to pick and choose the work based on the needs in the community

and what interests me. The following are examples to give you a more tangible idea of what a Peace Corps' Volunteer's life is like. One day, I'll wake up at 6am to exercise with my "brothers" from my village host-family and weigh cute babies and observe their vaccinations within the next hour at the local hospital. Around 4pm, I'll make my way to a primary school where I hold health classes for my youth boys' group, whose members have discontinued their education. The next day, if I don't feel like working, I can sleep in and read books— you will learn to love reading if you haven't before— especially if you only have electricity from 6:30PM until 11:30PM...on a good night and go to the river behind my house to wash my clothes by hand and hitting it on rocks, you'd be surprised how much this technique helps! Cell phone service and electricity provided by a community generator for 5 hours a night (at most) are the recent luxuries in village. My main source of water is a well in my host-family's compound 30 feet away, which makes me luckier than most, I'd say. I joke with my neighbors that I'm exercising when I'm fetching water and make several trips to fill my water buckets. I bucket bath and have a pit latrine for a toilet, a two-in-one bath you might call it. I've never appreciated my pit latrine more than those times when I have typhoid, five times now, and malaria, four times now, quickly earning me the nickname "Trifecta." Things will be slow-paced and there's no way around it. You'd be surprised by how patient you become and how much you stare at walls or just reflect on everything you can think of to reflect on...twice or more. It's all part of the experience.

Another part of the experience is absorbing the culture. I live in a predominately Muslim village made up of about 20,000 residents. My village is a cultural hub of cross-cultural languages and culture. I am at a crossroads from the north and northwest of Cameroon and about 15 miles from the border to Nigeria. Residents speak French, Pidgin, "special English," and Fulfulde, the language of the Muslim tribes who live here. I consider my post lucky because I get to speak all of these languages interchangeably every day, another one of the many indications as to why Cameroon is frequently called "Africa in miniature." It keeps things interesting and you on your feet.

Some of my best nights are going over to my host-family's compound to hang out and be fed and participate in jubilant discus-

sions, which might sound like a brewing fight to the untrained ear. Other nights, it's the opposite. There's something to be said about the people you can sit in a room with in utter silence—they are ones you are most comfortable with. And I do consider them my family away from home in every which way. There are never two of the same nights or days, another of my favorite things about the Peace Corps life



Courtesy of Sarah Seng

and the fact that my host-dad has four wives and 29 children might have something to do with that...

As of right now, it's Ramadan and those celebrating are fasting between 5:00AM and 6:30PM. I was intrigued and challenged by this and wanted to try to join in as well to try to better understand my friends and host-family and saw this as another way to bond. For the next month, I am waking up at 4:00AM to stuff my face until 5:00AM, when the fast begins.. I can say it's been a fun and enjoyable experience thus far but the first two days were the hardest. They think it's incredibly brave of me to even try or even last as long as I have. Again, it's partly because of this challenge that gets me through. One of things my post-mate and I struggle with the most is the gender inequality in the culture. We like to prove that women aren't as feeble as they think and we try to disprove them every chance we get.

I hope this article has given some insight into the life of a Peace Corps Volunteer. It may not be as happy-go-lucky as many envisioned but it truly is worthwhile. All the ups and downs, however frequent they may be, make this experience life-changing. What we didn't predict was how much and fast we would change in these 27-months. Now, a year into my service, I could say that I wouldn't recognize myself if I returned home now.

Summer in the (Olympic) City

by Emily Baxter '11

Editor's Note: This piece was originally written in July, before the start of the London Olympics 2012.

I have wanted to live in London since I was ten years old and first fell in love with George Harrison, *The Quiet Beatle of My Heart*. Samuel Johnson was right; when a (wo)man is tired of London (s)he is tired of life. I love the opening lines of the musical *Sweeney Todd*; to paraphrase, it is smelly and people – especially waiters and bank tellers – are mean but there is no place like London. Take what Gertrude Stein said about Paris and trade in London: “America is my country and London is my hometown.” (No offense, Erie, Pa. Just taking some poetic license). Basically, for me, for as long as I can remember, London has, in fact, been calling.

I will not say I chose London before I chose my masters program, but it wasn't far off.

In the year I have been here, I have barely left: I've gotten cheap tickets to see Antony Sher at the National Theater, I've seen the sarcophagus on the candlelight tour of the Sr. John Soane House Museum (colonial thievery at its finest!), I've gone down to the real Electric Avenue, I've eaten three a.m. bagels from the all-night Jewish deli crowded with drunken hipsters on Brick Lane, I've made the acquaintance of the Cuban upright bass player who owns Buena Vista, the revolution-fomenting-good-times-bar around the corner from my house and his 5-foot, suspenders-wearing, Freddy Mercury-look-alike bartender who makes the best mojitos in city (obviously I dream I'll marry Luis and my life will be one long episode of *I Love Lucy*). I've stood two feet from the Queen and I have “mudlarked” – beachcombed – on the banks of the Thames (I grew up on Lake Erie, see above, it's an old habit).

The point of this rather long introductory self-call is to point out that I have been lucky enough to have done some and seen many amazing things in London. Yet, in the last couple of weeks, the landscape of the city has been changing – sort of. There are big pink stickers all over town directing people to the nearest Olympic venue or royal palace. There are signs in the Tube asking you if you really need to use public transport during the Games; they query, in a polite Britishy way, wouldn't you rah-tha work from home today, dahling? Or my personal favorite: for the Olympics, traf-

fic will be such a disaster that even Grannies will be riding bikes instead of taking buses! Like this one:



Courtesy of Emily Baxter

There are Union Jacks everywhere, gigantic Olympic rings on London Bridge and my friends scour return-ticket websites to get a cheap ticket to women's weight lifting, or whatever else has been given back. All year it has seemed far off, but now Olympics anticipation is in full swing here in my foggy London-town.

Yet my reaction and that of many of my friends has mostly been relegated to “I hope the traffic is not too bad and I can still get to the library to work on my dissertation.” Don't get me wrong, I like the Olympics very much – I even worked at the Vancouver Olympics – but to real, British Londoners, as well as myself, the Olympics invoke ambivalent and simultaneous feelings of pride, apathy, and a fear of traffic. It is going to be tons of fun, but it is hard to believe that the Games are only two weeks away.

It is starting to feel very real; suddenly all of the strange things about living in a wealthy, modern city, all the geopolitical and socioeconomic tropes are intensified. For example, the other day, I convinced the girl who works the front desk at the gym to turn on the news – nothing goes with gym-radio-electro-pop-euro-trance music like the BBC News at 6! – and most of the stories were about the Olympics. The first segment was so apocalyptic and apoplectic about the expected state of traffic in central London that I began wondering if it was worth getting over my fear of riding a bike in

town. Then, there was a story about how the Royal Airforce has been trained to shoot down unidentified planes in London airspace. I found the report creepy on so many political levels that I reconsidered going into central London at all during Olympics time.

Post-gym, I met a friend in Hackney Wick to see a play/performance art, a love letter in poetry, dialogue, improvised beatboxing and projected street art to that part of East London which used to be known only for its junkies, bohemian warehouse-squatters, and having more artists in one square mile than anywhere else in Europe, but now also has one of the fastest rising housing costs in London due to an influx of the young, hip, and moderately moneyed. The big Olympic stadium was built nearby, not without controversy, to this mostly poor and run-down part of London, displacing people and businesses but also regenerating the area. The play I saw was written about the neighborhood because the usual arts festival that takes place in local warehouses was cancelled this year due to lack of funding and support from local police, but also because of the Olympics – the age-old sports vs. arts conundrum that always makes the actor inside of me mad and sad.

In a few weeks, all the preparation for both the best things and the worst things about the Olympics and Paralympics will come to a head – the transportation planning, the crisis shelters preparing for an influx of prostitutes, the international rivalries and camaraderie, the remarkable amount of money spent, the show-cases of British art and culture (from Shakespeare's plays in 30 languages to a first-of-its-kind concert of homeless musicians at the Royal Opera Hall), the environmentally harmful methods used to procure the metal for the Olympic medals, the plans for Paul McCartney to headline the Opening ceremonies and the amazing feats of athleticism that re-inspire me to get to gym – all of these things have been part of preparing for the Games. The Olympics, not unlike my dear city, are full of contradiction, whether it is snooty waiters juxtaposed with a wonderfully cheery miniature bartender or the ring of rockets surrounding London to fend off terrorists alongside the Olympic mission of international, interstate harmony. The Olympics are going to be great, overwhelming, and unbelievable; I cannot wait. But I am also not too sad that I am going on vacation with my family halfway through the Games and escaping the stress...and traffic.

Two Months Off

by Drew Joseph '11



Courtesy of Drew Joseph

Because I am a planning genius, or because I just got really lucky, I found a new job in May that wasn't going to start until August in San Francisco. So instead of slogging through my then-current job in Washington, D.C. until right before switching, I made the responsible choice and quit in June. And I would highly recommend doing something similar if you have the chance. My two months off was, it's scary to say, probably the last time I'll

have that much time off from work for many years and also actually made me excited to get back to working.

Plus, I got to spend some quality time with our fellow '11s. First up was a week in Turkey with Eric Durell, Eric Tanner, Tom Mandel, Mike Bush, Jared Bookman, Joe Coleman and Meredith Greenberg. We started with a couple days in Istanbul and then went to Cappadocia where we did some hiking, hot air ballooning and lots of eating. Then it was off to Croatia for a week with Genevieve O'Mara. We were on the move pretty much every day but still found lots of time to swim along the coast, bike and, again, eat a ton.

After a quick few days in DC, it was time for a road trip out west. Chris Whitehead '12 came along for the ride and as California and Massachusetts natives, we decided to take a route through the south. From DC, we went to Charleston; Montgomery; Gulf Shores, Alabama (where the sign at the camp-

ground tells you not to "feed or aggravate the alligators"); New Orleans; Santa Fe; the Grand Canyon; and LA.

I've been back in the real world for about two months now and my two months off from work seems really far away at this point, so far that I think it's almost time for another couple months off.



Courtesy of Drew Joseph

A Career on Ice

by Danny Markowitz '11

The fall of October 2011 marked the beginning of my career. Like many other recent graduates of Dartmouth College, I was venturing into a unique and personally unexplored area; for me, this was the business of professional sports, or more specifically, professional hockey.

In early July 2011, roughly one month after graduation, I signed in the Central Hockey League with the Rio Grande Valley Killer Bees. Three months later, training camp began in the team's home of McAllen, Texas, a boarder town just five miles north of Mexico. I did not stay in McAllen very long, but rather began my first professional season with a different team based in North Carolina. After a successful start of nine games with the Fayetteville Fireantz, I earned my first "call-up" to the next level as the newest member of the Alaska Aces of the ECHL.

As with any call-up in professional sports, the future is very uncertain. One may stay with the team for a day, a



Courtesy of Danny Markowitz

Danny Markowitz '11 embarks on a career in pro hockey as a member of the Alaska Aces.

few weeks, maybe a month, or perhaps the whole season. Fortunately, with a more than fair opportunity from Alaska's coaching staff, I played with the Aces for the entire regular season plus playoffs. As a team we traveled all around the western half of the United States playing in Stockton, CA, Bakersfield, CA, Ontario, CA,

Las Vegas, NV, Salt Lake City, UT, Boise, ID, and Ft. Collins, CO. Of course, I also encountered and lived through an Alaskan winter, and as to be expected, the days were short and temperature was low, but it was beautiful. Perhaps the most exciting games were the ones in which I played against my former Dartmouth hockey teammates and while we battled against each other on the ice, we would always find time to grab dinner or at least have a good conversation immediately following the game.

After playing nearly 60 games, taking 42 flights, and attending daily practice sessions, I boarded my last plane and headed directly across the country, back to home. I was exhausted and ready for a warm summer, but the experience of my first year of professional hockey was a thrilling one.

I re-signed with the Alaska Aces in early June, pleased with the previous season, but excited for an even more successful second one.

Dartmouth on Instagram

More scenes from Hanover! See even more online at: www.flickr.com/photos/dartmouthflickr



Photo Credit: Martin Grant



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