Well, we made it after all, despite the curfew and news of political unrest. We came one week later than expected and much to the dismay (at least initially) of family, friends and random strangers at the supermarket. But as we’ve learned, you can’t judge the situation inside a country from the alarmist reports published outside of it, and we have yet to find reason to regret coming.

Except, maybe, for the price of peanut butter (we’ve all succumbed and bought some anyway). And the mosquitos.

As the 2013-2014 intern cohort, we’re setting a number of firsts: the first interns to live in New Cairo, the first intern in the Office of Sustainability, the first intern to compete alongside AUC’s Ultimate Frisbee team.

But we’re also probably making a number of the same discoveries that the interns who’ve gone before us have made: that fresh strawberry juice really needs to be a thing in the U.S.; that koshari is so, so good, but probably shouldn’t be eaten every day; that Egypt’s natural landscapes are even more impressive than its ancient monuments and temples.

Mainly, we’re just happy to be here, in Egypt, at AUC, working, studying and exploring.
No Easy Answers
Katie Bentivoglio

“Are you still going?”
“They’ll kill you, you know.”
“If anything, think of your parents…”

A half-packed suitcase lay on my bedroom floor, piles of long skirts and flowing scarves strewn around it. Like me, it seemed undecided between staying and going.

The week before our anticipated arrival, the Egyptian military descended onto Raba’a Al-Adawiya Square. Call it a massacre, a dispersal, a disproportionate use of force; there is no neutral term to describe it, no word that does not betray one’s political leanings. Regardless of one’s politics, however, there was no denying that many people died. Far more were injured. Seemingly overnight, the entire political situation in Egypt had changed.

And then there was me, selfishly wondering if I still had a job.

I would bolt awake at 3 am, squinting at my phone for updates on Egypt. I would spend hours glued to my computer screen, hitting “refresh” on Twitter, over and over again. Nonetheless, my information was spotty at best. Most of the time, no news was good news.

Yet strangely enough, the most difficult thing was not the uncertainty of my impending departure. Nor was it the barrage of bloodied images flooding out of Cairo. Rather, it was simply trying to talk about Egypt.

“It’s just fighting over religion, right?”

“Are Muslims even ready for democracy?”
“Can’t you just give me a simple answer?!?”

My life became all Egypt, all the time. As my family and friends’ go-to authority on the matter, the questions seemed endless. But as the inquiries poured in, I knew less and less what to say. I wanted to answer their questions with ease: to be eloquent, informative and insightful. Instead, I was none of these things. My reactions oscillated between personal anxiety and academic fascination. I leapt at the chance to engage, only to change my mind a few moments later. Despite my best efforts, I routinely failed to produce the cocktail party answers they wanted.

So I canceled my goodbye party. Ignored countless emails. Refused to pick up my phone.

“A lot of people have been calling,” my mother told me one day, graciously playing buffer. “If anything, it’s been nice catching up with them.”

I felt myself going slightly insane, transforming into a recluse. Yes, my thirty minute answer to “What does the Muslim Brotherhood want?” was unquestionably excessive. Recommending that the person asking read a pile of academic articles was also ill-advised. At the same time, I felt disappointed by many people close to me. I had expected more from people than simply falling back on stereotypes or sweeping generalizations, something that happened far more than I had anticipated.

But as I packed and repacked, I realized that my expectations were out of line. My friends and family were simply trying to understand what was happening in Egypt as best as they possibly could. They weren’t trying to write a PhD dissertation or become Obama’s next foreign policy adviser. They just wanted to know a bit more about where I was going, what was happening there and whether or not I would be safe. Obviously, this is no excuse for ignorance or reliance on stereotypes. But my tendency to always say, “Well, it’s complicated…” wasn’t much help either.

So yes, this is partially a story of post-graduation blues: my failure to reintegrate into the real world, where people do not reference Foucault in casual conversation. Be that as it may, there is still no silver bullet: no easy answer that magically explains anything, be it Egypt’s political transition or a different question entirely. In fact, the more I learn about Egypt, the less confident I am in my conclusions. It seems that I can always find an exception or some complicating factor, something that makes me start all over and feel even more confused than before.

In the meantime, there must be some middle ground between flashing headlines and submerging myself in a dusty archive for the next two decades. I can’t only talk to regional specialists about Egypt, though complete oversimplifications don’t accomplish much either.

Where that balance exactly lies, I’ve yet to entirely find. A year in Cairo, though, isn’t a bad place to start.

Katie graduated from Columbia with a double major in political science and Middle Eastern, South Asian and African studies. She interns in the Office of the President.
The two Americans behind me in line for free burritos were angry. “Look at her,” the first said, loudly. “We asked her to move, and she’s still there.” “I hate this about Egypt,” the second woman said.

I was annoyed, too. The line was long and slow, as only one burrito was being made at a time, and I had to get back to work soon. The situation was made worse by the fact that students arriving late were joining their friends in the front of the line; I had gone from being about tenth in line to being maybe twentieth. But it was the Egypt comment that annoyed me most. I recognized several of the people who had cut in front of us in line as international students, including Americans. Less than a semester had passed since I had graduated from college in Pennsylvania, and the line cutting—annoying, rude, frustrating, especially if you had arrived early or been waiting a while—was exactly the type of thing I saw at school events or in Swarthmore’s dining hall. It wasn’t an Egypt-specific problem, much as the women behind me in line seemed to determine to make it one.

I hate this about expats, I thought. A semester ago, I was discussing Said, Orientalism and colonialism in classrooms filled with students as liberal and idealistic as I am. I was acutely aware that colonialist attitudes are not dead, and came into Egypt worried about my own participation in imperialistic power structures. I had read every post of the Tumblr Gurl Goes to Africa, which mocked students on semesters abroad in Africa and their paternalist attitudes and savior complexes, and was anxious not to be like that.

Most of this year’s group of interns had lived or studied abroad, even if only for a month, before coming to Egypt, and at the end of our first week in Cairo—well, New Cairo—we sat around and shared stories—well, complaints—about other Westerners working or studying abroad. They were entitled, they kept themselves sheltered, they were prone to making sweeping unfair generalizations.

I recognize the irony. I was constructing a model for myself about the type of expat I didn’t want to be. I didn’t want to live somewhere and not try to learn the language. I didn’t want to only visit neighborhoods and restaurants that catered to foreigners. I didn’t want to only talk to other Americans. I didn’t want to avoid public transportation. I didn’t want to go to extremes to avoid any of the discomfort that’s part and parcel of living in another country. I didn’t want to hold Egypt to some Western standard that even Western countries don’t live up to, not really. Why should I compare Egypt, scornfully, to America, when America couldn’t even keep it’s government open in October?

I still don’t want those things— for myself. But I’m learning to cut other expats some slack. I do want to learn Arabic. I do want to ride the metro—and even the occasional microbus. I do want to drink coffee and tea in cafes in downtown Cairo. I do want to have friends who aren’t expats. I do want to sometimes go to restaurants, even if I’m not fully confident that eating in them won’t make me sick. I do want to push myself, if ever-so-slightly, past my comfort zone.

I do want to be here.

Miriam graduated from Swarthmore College with a major in English literature and a minor in Islamic studies. She interns in the Office of Sustainability.
Think back to the first time you ever felt condescension. It was probably around 4th or 5th grade, when you answered the call to pick up everyone’s homework and bring it to the front of the class, or when you assisted in taking homeroom attendance — a brand new experience filling some sort of junior disciplinarian role. It’s the kind of “teacher’s pet” pride that swells when you volunteer — or, even better, you’re chosen — to stand at the right hand of the authority figure, staring down your nose at your erstwhile peers. It’s an ugly halo of snobbery that you happen to think looks amazing on you. And it’s easier to abuse than a younger sibling.

So, 15 years later, at 1:30 pm in a conference room in the Administration Building at AUC of all places, why is that childish haughtiness creeping up my spine, pausing only to cock my neck unnaturally as it makes its way to my face to take the shape of pursed lips and what may be the most dramatically furrowed brow I’ve ever made? The answer is clear: this is the monthly Transportation Committee meeting, in which students negotiate with the administration about bus prices, parking policies and the like. And I, Paul M. DiFiore, am an administrator. At just 22 years old, eager, American, and proud Bachelor of Arts in political science, I’m here to administrate, so, yes, a little respect would be nice. In fact, please do keep calling me Mr. Paul (“Dr.” is fine, too); I could get used to this.

Funny how quickly things can change. Just six months ago, I stood in front of hundreds of parents, students, and faculty at Davidson’s graduation to deliver a short speech on behalf of my peers as the president of the Class of 2013. At that time I could have waxed poetic on the myriad issues we students faced under the oppressive college administration, the seemingly heartless and intractable men and women who were out to restrict our freedom and foil our ambitions at every turn. Surely they must have gotten a perverse pleasure out of limiting the number of places we could drink alcohol on campus or gotten high on wielding the power to disallow receiving course credit for internships.

Call it a sense of “perspective” or “taking the long view” or “the big picture” — whatever the missing piece is that drags us all kicking and screaming into the complexities of adult life, I and other student leaders on campus were sadly lacking it. That “aha!” moment — the one in which you realize that there are many more stakeholders in a college community than its students, that the university deals daily with the headaches of external contractors, and that precise and diligent budgeting and planning is a 100 percent necessary evil — should perhaps not logically result in the sheer disdain I am emanating in Administration Building room #1057 as I listen to an AUC student argue to the bitter end against increased (yet still highly subsidized) bus fees, with his notes and constant interruptions and smirking appeals to “justice”. But it is this exact lack of sympathy, despite having sat in his place on the other side of the table so very recently, that has led me to reflect on the consciousness of being co-opted.

In the end, however, I don’t find anything desirable about regressing to the pompousness of 4th grade, so I snap out of it. This moment is an opportunity to learn, to grow and to take advantage of my position as a young member of the administration to better understand and connect to students. Because at the end of the meeting — which closes in compromise, by the way — I’m still a mutadarrab (a “trainee,” the closest word to “intern” Arabic can muster), and actually just “Paul” will be fine, thanks.

Paul graduated from Davidson College with a major in political science and a minor in Arab studies. He interns in the Office of the Executive Vice President for Administration and Finance.
My first trip to the Desert Development Center oases came hours after a particularly brutal case of food poisoning. The drive to Bahariya Oasis was all I was granted to overcome my fear of eating before being peer-pressured into consuming a pickled lemon and breaking my two-and-a-half year vegetarianism thanks to an aggressively generous man with a duck. Post-poultry, we travelled through the Black Desert (imagine Tolkien’s Mordor) before arriving at El-Heiz Oasis.

El-Heiz is a cluster of small villages, and travel between them can only be done via 4x4s. While the adrenaline junkie in me was euphoric, the aforementioned pickled lemon had the rest of me keeled over in the back seat. As I began to map the irrigation canals for future lining projects, I had an epiphany that I was, both physically and mentally, exactly where I needed to be in life. I attribute this to a beautiful sunset over the Sahara and my first interaction with the Nubian Sandstone Aquifer System, something I had read countless articles about but never thought I would actually see. Everything I had dreamed about post-graduate life six months earlier was right at my fingertips. This inner tranquility may have just been my mind going into shock from intestinal pain, but I reflect on the moment fondly.

That night, my team and I joined the farmers for “desert-camping style” tea. The men played the drums while they built a bonfire and brewed tea, then coffee, then tea, then coffee, then tea under a sky with more stars than darkness. When I thought we had reached an appropriate hour for sleeping, I mentally recited phrases such as “shukran” and “ashoofak bokra” over and over again with the expectation of utilizing them soon thereafter — seeing as I have since been served dinner at 1:30 AM, this was a rookie move. I was taken to a farmer’s house for an elaborate meal and hours of National Geographic Abu Dhabi viewing, whereupon I became an expert on modern planes modeled after predatory birds.

The next morning, after a breakfast in which, I later learned, a giant tarantula was only a few feet above my head, the team set out for Abu Minqar Oasis. Two of our projects, the playground and the sheep shearing station, were almost complete. We worked long after the sun had set, helping with the final stage of the playground, laying down the sod, with the moon and a single cell-phone acting as our only sources of light. It is a rarity to see a woman outside of her house in rural Egypt, let alone interacting with men, sweating, covered in dirt and picking up heavy things. It is safe to say our team of four females and two males successfully punched that gender norm in the face that first night.

Later in the week, our driver screeched to a stop outside our house and began frantically honking. Our conversation went as follows: “Colleen! GPS!?” “I have it! It’s right here!” “Yalla! The mayor needs you!”

We sped off. He pointed to a wasteland of a field: “Hennek!”

“I see them!” I run.

The mayor needed me to map a sewage lake and tell him its distance to a certain well. I have never felt so important in my life. It was a very high-pressured mapping environment. How did it go? Veni. Vidi. Vicci.

That night I introduced the game of MASH to the people of rural Egypt. It is looking like I will be married to an Egyptian street singer and living in Malawi as a bus driver, which is preferable to my colleague’s fate as our next-door neighbor’s fourth wife.

Colleen graduated from the College of William & Mary with dual degrees in public policy and environmental science and policy, with a hydrology concentration. She interns with the Research Institute for a Sustainable Environment (RISE) (formerly the Desert Development Center).

Sand Dunes and Bedouin Tunes: Field Work in the Western Desert

Colleen Devlin
It was 7 am on a Friday and instead of sleeping in, I was running through the streets of Cairo, dodging heaps of garbage, aggressive taxis and stray cats. I was ready to call it quits after almost being hit by a microbus, when I turned a corner and saw ahead of me hundreds of other jogging Cairenes weaving through the traffic. We were all running on a Friday morning as part of a new initiative in Egypt called Cairo Runners. The organization plans runs throughout the capital every weekend in order to promote a culture of fitness and encourage running in public spaces.

A friend of mine from AUC invited me to the first Cairo Runners event after I had told her that I occasionally go to the gym so I would feel less guilty about eating copious amounts of basboosa and syrupy Egyptian pastries. Cairo Runners announces a location and distance for its runs at the beginning of the week and the first route was a beautiful 4k along the Nile around Zamalek island. My second run was a bit more authentically Cairo. Our route took us on an 8k journey through Korba, dodging traffic and fighting car fumes, but also relishing the unexpected experience of running underneath the eaves of a mosque at the halfway point and crossing the finish line at a church.

What struck me most about these runs is the sheer number of people that were in attendance. I was told that running in the streets of Cairo at 7 am on a weekend is not exactly a pastime of choice for most Egyptians. However, the Zamalek run attracted around 100 people and Korba had more than 300 attendees. The energy and excitement of the crowd is palpable and the runners come from every demographic — young and old, men and women, fit and “working on it.”

The friend who invited me on these runs noted that Cairo Runners, which was launched in 2012, is a perfect representation of post-revolution Egypt. Before the January revolution, she said, you would never find an opportunity for a huge mob of people to take to the streets for a morning run because, put simply, the Mubarak regime limited these public gatherings. The regime had initiated laws that constricted the ability of citizens to congregate and interact. She had told me that it was only after the January 2011 revolution that citizens were able to use public spaces for art, sports and meetings.

These runs throughout Cairo were more than just a morning workout, but a way for Cairenes to reclaim public space. Perhaps this is why the energy and enthusiasm during these runs were so much more tangible than any run I had been on in the United States; for the first time, Cairenes were making the city their own.

However, recent events have made me wonder how long initiatives like Cairo Runners would last. With a new protest law, blocked roads and more checkpoints, would Egyptians still be able to have the opportunities to take control of public space in the same way that they had right after the January revolution? Given recent crackdowns on demonstrations held in downtown Cairo and several universities, prospects do seem a bit bleaker, yet it may be too soon to tell.

But these runs made me realize how much I take for granted my own access to public spaces and also allowed me to have a small glimpse into a transforming Egypt. Running in Egypt and stumbling over rocks and cracked pavements at 7 am has taken on a whole new meaning.

Marjon graduated from the University of California — Berkeley with a major in political science. She interns in the Office of Communications.
Descending from the magnificent Cairo skyline, my plane finally lands, and I breathe a heavy sigh of relief. As I enter the airport, I see the man sent by AUC to greet me, standing to the side with a sign that says my name. I walk to him, put out my hand and greet him. Instinctively, he replies, “SabaaH il-kheyr,” and proceeds to speak to me in Arabic. I soon interject, explaining to him that I do not speak Arabic. He then looks at me with a raised brow, responding, “Oh, I’m sorry, your name is Arabic, so I thought you spoke the language.” Little would I know that this would be a common occurrence during my adventure here in Egypt.

It is difficult going to a foreign country and not being able to speak the language. Not only does it make simple transactions and getting around more difficult, but the social barrier it imposes is frustrating, and obstructs one’s ability to effectively interact or bond with the people of the country. Having a name originating from that language, however, changes the nature of the game. Though my full name is Michael Hassan Memari, through the years I have grown accustomed to people addressing me by my middle name. As I am half Iranian, I speak Farsi, which is similar to Arabic in some respects, but still a completely different language. Here in Egypt, as I introduce myself to more and more people, I run into the same situation as I experienced in the airport.

Every time I explain I do not speak Arabic, people give me a confused expression until I finally explain my situation. At a basic level, it provides for a semi-humorous interaction. When I tell people I do not speak Arabic, they ask me, “But do you know your name is Arabic, right?” as if to imply that 1) I do not know anything about my name and 2) if I have an Arabic name, logically I should speak Arabic. However, along with my namesake come other implications. Even after Egyptians become aware that I do not speak the language, from time to time they will address me in Arabic. On one hand this can be quite frustrating. Not only do I not understand what they tell me, but also I feel that burden and obligation, that because I have an Arabic name, I should speak Arabic. I begin to feel guilty and infuriated at myself for not being able to converse with them, and that not being able to do so is a failure on my part.

Despite this frustration, I have recently become aware of a silver lining. When Egyptians speak to me in Arabic, that in of itself is a sign of familiarity. Because my name is Hassan, and they think I speak Arabic, they are including me in their world, in their circle. I have noticed, especially here at AUC, that if an Egyptian speaks with a foreigner, they will automatically begin to speak with them in English. Even if that foreigner begins to speak Arabic, Egyptians will be hesitant to continue to engage in Arabic. On one hand, this is a sign of respect, of Egyptians not forcing others to talk in a language with which they are not comfortable. On the other hand, it marks a certain social divide, even if said foreigner and Egyptian are very close friends. Because of my name, I have noticed the lack of this particular divide between me and Egyptians. It is not as if I am a foreigner; instead, it is just as if I am an Egyptian who is slow or merely ignorant of his own language. Though one can point out the negative side of this, as I gradually work on my Arabic, I feel this paradigm increasingly rewarding. Living abroad, one definitely discovers the importance of language. I have also learned the power of a name.

Hassan graduated from Georgetown University with a major in Middle Eastern Studies and foreign affairs. He interns in the Office of the Provost.
Lesley Tweddle, librarian emerita, former associate dean of library administration and former director of technical services, passed away earlier this year. One of her former interns, Sarah Albee (1985 – 1986, AUC Press), remembers the mark Lesley left on her.

When I applied for my internship with the AUC Press in 1985, I had a vague notion that I wanted to pursue a career in publishing. So I was thrilled to land the position, and showed up for my first day of work brimming with enthusiasm. And then I was introduced to my immediate supervisor, an English woman named Lesley Tweddle.

Lesley looked me over with, in the words of PG Wodehouse, “one of those cold, clammy, accusing sort of eyes — the kind that makes you reach up to see if your tie is straight.” My enthusiasm ebbing, I sized her up as someone who would be a nonsense, exacting boss. She looked like a librarian (she was a librarian). And I was pretty sure she’d taken an instant dislike to me.

Our first meaningful interaction, after she showed me to my little desk already stacked with manuscripts, was to give me a lesson on how to care for my own personal bottle of Liquid Paper. For those of you too young to remember typewriters, this was the white erasing stuff you painted over typos. Once it dried you could type over it. We went through the steps: I must be very careful to wipe the top before screwing the lid back on. If it should start to seem too thick and gummy, a few drops of this thinner — she produced another bottle — should make it right as rain again. I must be sure to shake the bottle before each use, not vigorously, but with gusto.

I nodded. Swallowed hard. A whole year of interaction. By then I knew just how precious Liquid Paper Lesson must have been for me. Although she didn’t come right out and say it, I’m pretty sure she’d sized me up as a know-it-all Harvard English major who thought the world owed me a publishing contract. It took only a little while to become fast friends. Her love of books and music, her love for her (then) little boy, Sam, her perfect Arabic that even I could detect was accented with a British inflection, her sense of humor — made her a joy to be with.

More than anything, I wanted to become a member of that precious group of people. It became my mission to get her to like me.

Later, Lesley and I talked about this first interaction. By then I knew just how precious Liquid Paper was (one had to ask travelers to bring it in their suitcase). I told her my first impressions of her and she guffawed with laughter over how frightening the Liquid Paper contract. It took only a little while to become fast friends. Her love of books and music, her love for her (then) little boy, Sam, her perfect Arabic that even I could detect was accented with a British inflection, her sense of humor — made her a joy to be with. Once she liked you, you were in. She was so quick to compliment you — “Oh, Sarah, how lovely your smile is!” — and so modest about herself.

Lesley taught me to love so many artists and writers, including Gerald Durrell, early composers like Tallis and Purcell, and most especially P.G. Wodehouse, whom we both adored. We would compare notes about passages we loved, his perfect prose, his spot-on comic timing.

After I left Cairo, I got a job at Sesame Street, where I worked for nine years and where I realized my real calling was writing for kids. Lesley and I continued to correspond regularly. I’ve saved, treasured, her letters and emails. She mentioned in one of these letters, several years ago, that she was ill, but she didn’t want to dwell on it, characteristically. I saw her once more, a few years ago. She came to D.C. for an American Library Association conference. We met for lunch, along with Mary Ann Fay (who had been a fellow intern and who had also remained close friends with Lesley). She ordered a dish of ice cream for lunch, and she enjoyed it with such childish glee.

I miss my old friend every day.

“Her love of books and music, her love for her (then) little boy, Sam, her perfect Arabic that even I could detect was accented with a British inflection, her sense of humor — made her a joy to be with.”
Alumni Updates

Moye Thompson (Public Relations, 1985 - 1986) is now a Santa Monica-based ceramic artist. She is also married with two children, Claire and Teddy, and frequently thinks back on her time in Cairo, which she refers to as “one of the pivotal experiences” of her life so far.

Charles Gnaedinger (Public Relations, 1987-1988) works as a team leader at the U.S. Internal Revenue Service. He’s assigned to a program that helps multinational companies to solve international tax disputes. He’s worked at the IRS since September 2011, and he’s worked in the tax field for 15 years.

Moye Thompson (Public Relations, 1985 - 1986) is now a Santa Monica-based ceramic artist. She is also married with two children, Claire and Teddy, and frequently thinks back on her time in Cairo, which she refers to as “one of the pivotal experiences” of her life so far.

Susan Arena (TV Center, 1988 - 1989) is a Los Angeles-based artist who works with many media, including paintings on bark paper, wooden blocks and ceramics. She cites the art and culture of Egypt as continual influences on her work, which can be seen on her website, susanarena.com.

Marcie Handler (Theban Mapping Project, 1997 - 1998) completed her PhD in Classic Archaeology at the University of Cincinnati in May 2012. She teaches high school Latin and ancient history, and lives with her husband, Mark, and two young sons, Norman and Charlie, in Cincinnati.

Larissa Lawrence (Communications and Marketing, 2006 - 2007) wrapped up her work in business development/strategy at the Washington Post over the summer, spent a month travelling in Vietnam and China and has now begun a two-year MBA program at Columbia University. She plans to focus her studies on general management and social enterprise.

Anders Blewett (Desert Development Center, 2003 - 2004) received his law degree with honors from the University of Montana School of Law in 2007. He currently practices civil litigation in Great Falls, Montana, where he specializes in representing injured individuals against insurance companies and other corporate tortfeasors. He was elected to the Montana House of Representatives in 2008 and to the Montana Senate in 2010.
Kristina Hallez (2007 - 2008, Social Research) graduated from John Hopkins University in May 2013 with a Masters of Public Policy and has started a full-time position as an academic program coordinator for the Fogarty African Bioethics Training Program at the Johns Hopkins Berman Institute of Bioethics. She stayed in Cairo for three years working at AUC’s Social Research Center after her internship ended, and has made it back to Cairo every January since returning to the US in 2011. She and a friend run a Tumblr devoted to Egyptian car art and stickers: hurthand.tumblr.com.

Ellen Brooks (President, 2009 - 2010) is in her second year at the School of International and Public Affairs at Columbia, where she is studying international finance and the Middle East. This past summer, she worked at the Private Bank at JPMorgan for the Europe, Middle East and Africa Team, and received a full-time offer as a banker associate, to begin in August 2014.

Megan Prier (DDC, 2011 - 2012) is currently in her second year of a double Masters degree in Norway in urban ecological planning.

Christine Clark (Provost, 2012 - 2013) is working at Foreign Affairs magazine as an editorial assistant in New York City. She primarily does research and fact-checking. Between the end of her Presidential Internship and the start of her new job, she spent some time travelling in Egypt and Istanbul and visited Disney World and Universal Studios in Florida.

Oh Former Interns, Where Art Thou?
Send your news, updated contact info and photos from now and back in the day to interns@aucegypt.edu.