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Editor's Note

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Editor's Note

"Time is a gift, given to you, given to give you the time you need, the time you need to have the time of your life."

--Norton Juster, *The Phantom Tollbooth*

I was abroad in the Spring term in Italy, studying art history and traveling through that amazing, rough edged country shot through with golden light. It is a country layered with histories of the ancients, of bloody medieval brawls, mythologized by the perception of genius. It is nice to be back in Hanover, nice to be back in the granite state, to breathe fresh air, to retreat to musty libraries instead of Rome's loud cafes.

There is a quiet that settles over Hanover in the summer. A quiet that I could not find abroad and that I missed in Italy. The sunlight is pale and forgiving, the library yawning with a dearth of three fourths of the student body, the nights longer and the mornings shorter and less hurried. It's been a wet summer, the rainy days are grey and thoughtful, and we draw closer to each other in these warmer months. This summer we have hit the halfway mark in our Dartmouth time together, and it makes us that much more thoughtful, that much more reckless, that much more sure of ourselves, that much more skittish of the world outside the bubble. But time, as Norton Juster so clearly states in Humbug's namesake, *The Phantom Tollbooth*, goes at its own constant pace, regardless of how strange it is to us that we should be halfway done with this place.

Humbug workshops are our proverbial night-cap to our week, our meetings the eleventh hour marker, a time to reflect on our week, our work mostly done for the weekend. A lull carved out for each of us to do something we enjoy together before the frantic nature of the next school week sets in. So each Sunday night, we draw close together and listen to each other's work in the silence of Hanover's summer night. We have not abandoned our usual post in the Sanborn poetry room, but we sometimes sit on the grass outside, reading our words to the stars as well as each other, or throw open the windows in the Medieval room in Sanborn and sit close to each other at the far end around the table and write.

This summer marks a new development for Humbug. This past year, Maddy and I have been working with the librarians (to whom we are so grateful – thank you especially to Barbara DeFelice) to establish an online presence for the magazine. This website will be launching at the end of this term as an internationally registered site. In other words, Humbug is growing along with us, venturing out of the Dartmouth bubble just as we are doing so, and we could not be more excited.

Yours, Isabelle Blank and Madeleine Waters