



010827 I have not even had the time yet to try a danish for breakfast!

Hello! I am writing to you from one of the campus internet bars after a mind numbing Danish class. All of the studying that I did helped a little, but alas, they pronounce everything differently from the tapes.

I am in the very start of my orientation week with more to come this evening, so this must be "brief" so that I can run to my next session.

I arrived safely on Friday afternoon. Thank you so much to everyone for all of your emails of support. I could not believe how quickly they started to pour in as soon as I sent off the email. Truly, thank you.

I was met at the airport by Tove who is my landlord for the next year. She is a 60 something year old woman with four children scattered about the island that Copenhagen is located on. She has a house in Lyngby which is actually a northern suburb of Copenhagen, but easily accessible by rail. The location of her flat is very advantageous in that it is only about 2km from my university, or about a 35 minute walk (hopefully a LOT closer by bike). Lyngby is a really nice town with shops, cafes and tree lined streets of cobblestones. Sigh. But everything closes so early. How do these people every get everything that they need?

Anyway, her flat is on the third floor of a building in a nice neighborhood of flats. I have a room to myself and a kitchenette which is set up in the outside hallway. In this way, she can close a door and our homes are completely separate which is really nice for space. She has her own kitchen, living room, etc. My room is small, but nice with a window/skylight that allows for sunlight to pour in. My room is straight out of an Ikea catalog (no really) with shelving, desks and everything in white except for the floor which is pine. Very cozy. The only exception is my bed which is a couch that I set up each night, but whatever. After having met some of the other students today, I realize that I live in a piece of heaven compared to others.

My school is immense. Not very pretty, but impressive. There are buildings scattered all over the wooded campus. Where are the sleek Scandinavian lines you ask? I am not quite sure as each building is yellow brick and three stories tall. I have actually only been in two of them that of course were exceptions to this generalization, but I am new here. The student center is immense which is good since there are 7000 students here. There are about 400 foreign students here this year with maybe 150 in the masters program. People are here from ALL OVER the world. Of course as I write, I am sitting next to two students from Chicago and NY, but they are the exception. Pakistan, Iraq, Belgium, China, Brazil, Argentina, Germany, France, Australia, Finland are just a few of the countries represented. It is a really neat opportunity to meet so many people with so little in common except that we all speak English and we are all studying engineering. Bonus. Everyone has come here either due to funding or because such specialized programs can not be found elsewhere in the world. My program in acoustics not being the exception. Introducing myself, I usually leave off that I am from the US until they ask not because I am embarrassed or ashamed, but because it carries so much baggage with it. (Hello my friend from Iraq, well yes we ARE at war with you right now, but want to get a beer?) But anyway, it is all very exciting.

What is not exciting is that the keyboards here are Danish keyboards, so a lot of the symbols and characters are in the wrong spaces so that they could fit the three letters that we do not have in

English: which are æ ø and å

I have gotten over my jet lag, but I am so worn out from being on go for the past several hours as I have met all of these people. Hence why I am heading out to grab a bite to eat before I must meet back here again for a course entitled How to get along with the Danes. Fun.

Oh, yes. On Saturday, Tove's daughter drove Tove and I up to Helsingør where Hamlet took place. Lyngby is only a stones throw from the coast from which you can see... Sweden. It had not yet set in that I was in Denmark, so looking across this narrow channel and realizing that the land mass that I saw was Sweden was rather mind boggling.

Take care and thank you again for the emails!

Jeff



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