

# Villa Rossa

Number 29 | fall 2013

## Voice

JUST  
GET

LOST





SUOS  
CULTOI  
SCIEN  
CORON

The **VILLA ROSSA VOICE** is a  
Syracuse University in Florence publication.  
We welcome your questions and comments.

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## Letter from the Director

*The cultural learning that takes place when someone studies abroad is a two-way street. Not only are students exposed to new customs and habits but teachers from the host country must also culturally adapt and tailor their approach to their foreign students. This presents a significant challenge for teachers unfamiliar with the US system of higher education or who have not experience in teaching in an international environment. Accommodating, understanding, interpreting and dealing with students with learning disabilities is one of the fields where the US and European systems differ in interesting and sometimes surprising ways.*

*This is where SUF Assistant Director for Health and Wellness Amy Kleine comes in. As the staff member who ensures such students have their needs met, Amy performs the vital role of cultural liaison between SUF students and teachers, helping members of both sides understand each other better. In fact, it's in tribute to Amy's incredibly important and sometimes unrecognized role that we have dedicated this issue to the services her office provides. While developing intercultural awareness is a life-changing and lifelong adventure, the process can also be rife with anxiety-inducing confusion and misunderstanding. While behind the scenes, Amy plays a very important role in helping students become aware of what this is all about and encourages everyone to approach the experience with an open mind and heart; that way, chances are that 'getting lost'—one of our inspiring themes—turns out to be one of the best things that's ever happened to you. It would have been impossible to dedicate an issue on health and wellness without talking about Amy. For more advice from her, see the interview on page five.*

*Sasha Perugini*



## Letter from the Editor

*Shortly before embarking on his study-abroad adventure in Florence in early September, Max Antonucci wrote a blog post for Syracuse University's The Daily Orange that was picked up by our Assistant Director for Academics, Camille Crites, and shared widely among the SUF staff and faculty. We all just loved it. In fact, it inspired the theme for the semester, "Just...Get Lost", which in turn inspired the theme for this issue. Find out what happened to Max after arriving in Florence on page 8.*

*Each semester the Villa Rossa Voice highlights one of SUF's programs or initiatives, and considering the theme in question, this time we're focusing on the staff member specially devoted to helping 'lost' students: Assistant Director for Health and Wellness, Amy Kleine. SUF is one of the only study-abroad programs in Italy to offer the kind of focused counselling Amy provides—a truly invaluable service for students adjusting to life abroad. Being removed from all your creature comforts and thrown into completely unfamiliar surroundings can throw off the most even-keeled among us. SUF students are incredibly lucky to have Amy to turn to during this exciting yet potentially anxiety-ridden time. To get a better sense of what Amy does, and why she agrees that 'getting lost' can have its benefits, see my interview with her on page 5.*

*This issue also spotlights creative writing, with SUF writing professor Baret Magarian taking an imaginative stab at our theme (page 7) and two students inspired by their studyabroad experience to write poetry (page 20). We've also got "Discovery Florence" freshmen letting their minds and pens wander as they ponder their own identity from this far-from-home context (page 10). Indeed, there's plenty in this issue for everyone. Enjoy 'getting lost' in it!*

*Michelle Tarnopolsky*



# The Office for

# Lost Souls

Health and Wellness

An Interview with  
SUF SAssistant Director  
for Health and Wellness

**Amy Kleine**

**VRV: What kinds of services do you offer SUF students?**

Amy: My role in health and wellness service to students is as a referral and emergency responder to medical/psychological concerns, and perhaps most importantly, a sounding board and listener for issues that come up for them including adjustment, anxiety, and relationships with peers and others.

**VRV: What is your typical day like?**

Amy: Along with other administrative

tasks, the time I dedicate to students each day includes meetings in person with them to discuss their personal concerns or medical needs and sometimes addressing these issues via phone/email. When not meeting with students, I am checking up on our medical/psychological professional referrals, making sure they are still offering the same services, if there are any changes or additions to their practice, etc. If I have time in the day, I research "the American college student" and their needs in various respects. For the "pro-

fessional" view point, I turn to the American College Counseling Association or NAFSA. For a more realistic, first-person perspective, I often stop students to ask questions, such as where are you traveling to next weekend, what do you like best so far about Italy...anything from who the "cool" actors/movies are now to where students are going out at night in Florence. I find that as long as I have a non-judgmental approach, students are quite willing to share information, and thankfully, keep me updated!



**VRV: What is the most common source of anxiety that students need your help with?**

Amy: Anxiety issues for students can present themselves in many forms, from worry about doing well on exams, to fear of not having anyone to travel with over break, not meeting Italians, to family issues back home, host family here and not being able to communicate with them, roommates and peers, break-ups, and I could go on. Over the years, however, there is an underlying theme that recurs consis-



tently: expectations. Expectations of having to make the most of the experience abroad, expectations of having lots of best friends on the program, expectations of being able to travel every weekend, get all A's, talk for hours to BF and BFF (or however these important people in our lives are called now - I may need to go wander the corridor and check this terminology again!) and parents back home on Skype and be fluent in Italian in three months. I'm kidding, but not. I think the most successful, least anxiety-ridden students create a balance, prioritizing their academics and cultural immersion; going on field trips that we offer—instead of "If it is Friday, it must be Amsterdam and Saturday, must be Prague"-type tours; finding the company of a few students with whom they enjoy being; putting a limit on daily contact with the States; learning to laugh when they make mistakes with the language, but trying nevertheless to communicate; and simply, as with our previous semester's slogan, learning to "be here now." That, in my mind, is making the most of this experience. And, still further...let's say a student doesn't find the group of people, or person well-suited to them, or maybe their budget is such that they cannot take a lot of trips or go out at night in an effort to make friends...to them I say, yes, being with just yourself is hard but, in the end, it is the one person you will be with every day of your life, so why

not take the opportunity to get to know that person well while in an unfamiliar setting, to take risks, to explore new interests, and to engage in some real personal growth? That also, to me, is making the most of this experience.

**VRV: Any advice for students mentally preparing to study abroad?**

Amy: I am full of advice for students! However, I will limit myself to my top three. One: Choose a country you really want to learn about, or some aspect of that culture! Don't choose based on someone else's experience or pressure. If your dream is to someday work in an Asian country and you are minoring in Chinese, Italy may be beautiful and your friends told you they had the best time of their lives, but it probably will not be the right choice for you...and

vice versa. Two: Keep an open mind, be realistic about your expectations and goals, and recognize that you are about to embark on one of the most enriching but challenging experiences you may have had in life thus far. Also, know that leaving your country for another is not a "Band-Aid" for any emotional/personal issues that could be happening in your life; they will still be there if unresolved. What going away can do is offer a different perspective, especially if you immerse yourself in the culture and your studies of that country. Three: Get

excited and get informed! Read the materials your study abroad office gives you pre-departure. Almost everything you need to know is there, and taking the time to read through the materials will save you so much time trying to figure things out once you are in the host country, i.e. less anxiety on arrival!

**VRV: Do you think there is any benefit to 'getting lost' physically and/or metaphorically?**

Amy: I am all for getting lost in both senses, as long as a person does it with safety in mind. Getting lost by taking a bus to the end of the line just to see where it goes in Florence and then turning back, getting lost by going to the train station on a Saturday morning and randomly taking a train to some unknown city in Italy, getting lost by wandering the streets of the centro of Florence, exploring tiny little side streets and finding hidden works of art embedded in the buildings... yes, that kind of getting lost is wonderful and can lead to so many new discoveries. Getting lost at 3:00 in the morning, while walking home alone from Space Electronic is absolutely not the kind of explorations of tiny side streets I am recommending, however! And...getting lost in a great book by an Italian author, getting completely lost in an Italian film where you barely understand what is going on, and there are no subtitles, getting lost in the beauty and wonder of a great work of art at a museum, (or even getting lost in the museum itself), yes: all great ways to lose oneself metaphorically. Getting lost by losing consciousness from too much alcohol so that you don't remember getting lost, for example, again, is not my recommendation!



Amy with former students on a visit to the home campus.



# Just... Get Lost

An SUF  
Writing  
Professor  
Reflects  
on this  
Semester's  
Theme

by **Baret Magarian**

**W**hat does getting lost mean? I suppose it is to do with memory, or rather the absence of memory. Or rather that blank slate that exists in one's mind before a place has had the chance to leave any marks, leave any signifiers, any pointers of orientation. We get lost in a city when we can't remember anything about its layout. When we can't remember that small church, that corner shop, that dangerous intersection. And when we start to remember little features of the city landscape, then we can start to find our way around, and we no longer get lost. So getting lost is like amnesia. Actually, not exactly. Because amnesia implies the forgetting of what was once there. I am going round in circles, I realise. Getting lost is like childhood, like the time before memories existed. I miss that innocence, that blank slate; I miss the innocence of not having a past to miss. Or maybe each

age of life has its own corresponding past, its nostalgia-soaked golden epoch when the champagne flowed more freely, when the grapes tasted sweeter and were fatter and were like great pearls and diamonds.

Some people never get lost, some people have it all mapped out. They surround themselves with maps, compasses, satellite navigators, guidebooks. They treat life as though it is a finely planned, meticulously sched-

“*I am always trying to steer my vessel towards uncharted lands, undiscovered territories. I would stumble into them, blinded by an unfamiliar sun, filled with the awareness of the exotic and unknown, and wake to find that all those I had mistakenly taken for strangers were my friends.*

”

uled, google earthed, zoomed-in-on, scrubbed and spun dry thing. I never understood them, these Protractor People, I never understood how they could regard life with such literal-minded reductiveness and sample its mysteries and wonders only via the agency of blunt and antiseptic utensils. Give me noise and chaos and life and dirt! Give me the trajectory of spontaneity! Allow my little Ven diagram circle to overlap with someone else's Ven diagram circle so that the hermetically sealed boxes of my life are unsealed and opened and I can finally live! I am always trying to steer my vessel towards uncharted lands, undiscovered territories. I would stumble into them, blinded by an unfamiliar sun, filled with the awareness of the exotic and unknown, and wake to find that all those I had mistakenly taken for strangers were my friends. That all my yesterdays were my tomorrows. And that the earth, no less, was my home.



A woman with long brown hair is sitting on a ledge by a large window, looking out at a panoramic view of Florence, Italy. The city's red-tiled roofs and historic architecture are visible in the background, with a green park area in the foreground. The title 'Facing your Fears' is overlaid on the right side of the image, with 'Facing' in white and 'your Fears' in red.

# Facing your Fears

The Anxieties and Adventures  
of Studying Abroad

by Max Antonucci

[Editor's Note: In August, Max Antonucci wrote a column for Syracuse University's The Daily Orange newspaper, "Student anxiously awaits studying abroad in Florence," which inspired the staff at SUF to dedicate the fall semester to the theme "Just...Get Lost". We asked Max to write a follow-up to that piece.]

In my first column, I wrote about feeling anxiety before studying abroad. Even though it focused on career anxiety, that wasn't my biggest worry. It was something else that had affected me for years, but I worried would get even worse while in Italy. It was the simple fear of being alone. That was definitely my biggest concern my freshman year: not making any friends and feeling like I was missing essential experiences. In my head, I thought living a relatively solo life meant living an unhappy one, that if I wasn't talking to someone, I was doing something wrong and didn't deserve to be happy.

Going abroad for a semester made these anxieties worse. I felt even more pressure not to miss out on anything during this once-in-a-lifetime chance in Europe. Letting these amazing experiences slip away because I feared having to do them alone would haunt me forever. I'd be throwing away a priceless opportunity and just have myself to blame.

Halfway through my time in Florence, away from so many distractions back home, I realized I had subconsciously already done so much to cure my anxiety.

That's because, while here, I've still managed to experience so many great things regardless of whether I was alone or not. I saw the beautiful Boboli Gardens, a simply breathtaking mix of nature and art that I could spend days exploring. I visited Chianti, a region known for its exquisite wine, and partook in one of the most memorable banquets of my life. The week before that, I had traveled to Perugia for its chocolate festival. I visited Cinque Terre, Rome, a host of other Italian cities, and spent a week traveling Eastern Europe doing everything from caving to riding my first cruise ship.

I visited parks and got lost on buses; I stopped to watch Italian children playing by a fountain and students protesting in

the streets. And many times I was alone. But regardless of whether someone was with me or not, I don't have a single regret, even when I think about all the things I could've done, but didn't.

Florence and all of Europe have so much to offer that it's almost impossible to not enjoy this experience regardless of the company you keep. So all my fears naturally got shattered along the way. Ironically enough, this has made it easier for me to connect with others, even casually, so I feel less lonely and am less alone. Instead of my life being lots of separate moments of happiness, now I've got a steady stream going. I almost feel like new, and I'm certain this wouldn't have happened if I had stayed in America.

So that's the lesson I found, and I hope everyone else who goes on a semester abroad finds something similar. Because along with all the memories, the lessons we learn are the real priceless benefits. I learned this one in Italy, so I'll always feel like part of me is still here, long after the journey ends. Part of me will always be traveling.

So thank you, Florence.

“*Halfway through my time in Florence, away from so many distractions back home, I realized I had subconsciously already done so much to cure my anxiety.*”



# Lost and Found

## Discovering One of Florence's "Secret Bakeries"

by Anne Slota

After a few minutes of this confused squabbling, one of the Italian boys held his phone up in the air and yelled triumphantly over the clamor, "Google maps!" to which we all responded in a joyful chorus of "Yay!"

The best experience I can say I have had here that concerns getting lost is the story that led me to the secret doughnut shop. It was my first night out on the town in Florence. We had a huge group to start with – almost everyone I knew. We had some trouble deciding on a place to go and even more trouble finding it. Eventually, a few of us split off from the main group and sat by the fake David statue just talking and having a good time. Then I got a text message that the main group had found their destination and the street where it was located.

We set off on a mission. We checked every street name we could find even though we knew we probably could not find the right one. Somehow, we found our way to Santa Croce, though I did not know it at the time. To be honest, I thought it was the Duomo at first. We decided to ask for directions because of how obviously futile our current course of action was. A group of four young Italians passed by and we asked them if they knew the city well.

We made hasty introductions, and the only one I remember is a boy named Marcus. There might have been a Matteo too. In total, there were three gay Italian boys and one straight Italian girl. Each one of them tried all at the same time to give us directions to the same place by taking different routes. After a few minutes of this confused squabbling, one of the Italian boys held his phone up in the air and yelled triumphantly over the clamor, "Google Maps!" to which we all responded in a joyful chorus of "Google Maps! Yay!"

In an instant, it seemed, we were all huddled around this boy's phone trying to decide where we were on the map and which way the red arrow was pointing. Then I pulled out my phone and took a picture of the Italian's phone and we set off.

I cut straight across the piazza and zig-zaged through any number of unfamiliar city blocks. However, my group kept noticing something strange: people with pastries that looked really good. We saw more and more of these strange 2am pastries the closer we thought we got to where the rest of our group was. And the closer we got, the less eaten the pastries were that we came upon. We all decided we wanted one because it was late, we were hungry, and they looked so good.

Then we turned a corner and it hit us. The smell. It was like a warm, sunny afternoon in the heart of Tuscany made just for you in the wee hours, and coated in sugar. It called to us and we could not say no. Our stomachs were grumbling, our mouths were watering, and visions of deliciousness danced before our eyes in the hands of every teenager we passed on the street. After a while, we just let our noses lead the way. By the time we got to within a block of the shop, we were running. I saw a group of boys sitting on bikes eating fresh doughnuts. I ran up and pointed at the doughnut. "Dove?!" They pointed using their whole torsos and with wide eyes shouted that it was very close. It was reassuring to see people as excited about the doughnuts as we were.

We walked up to the door and knocked loudly. A man slid back a window and shushed us. We apologized humbly and ordered all plain doughnuts. They came after a short but agonizing wait and, I am pleased to tell you, they were heavenly.





Throughout this revolutionary and fast-paced evolutionary moment, I have come to realize now more than ever that most university students want to find a meaning for their education – and meaning in their lives. As Nietzsche says, “He who has a meaning can survive any hell”, and for freshmen studying abroad, that fundamental root of security that keeps them grounded in a whirlwind of experience is to define their interests and to unveil an essential desire to discover one’s self. What follows is a selection of passages from my Discovery Florence writing class on “Discovering Identity.”

(Prof. Lily Prigioniero)

to see things on a global aspect. Florence has revealed to me that since I am not used to being away from home for more than three weeks, I begin to feel attached to the online world to stay in touch with friends back home. I am trying to break away from this trait by fully immersing myself more in the culture, people, and opportunities.

(Randy Delgadillo)

I have now traveled overseas three times in three consecutive years. I have seen myself grow from a sheltered girl from a small town to a worldwide traveler. My taste buds have lost the standard taste of steak every night and they have become accustomed to exotic varieties such as maggots, fried duck, churros, and endless mountains of gelato. I guess that these new acquired tastes have altered my identity to the crazy girl who eats bugs, but it also has shaped me into a girl more willing to partake in new experiences. I most definitely have a more global identity. I’m

walk to the center. Instead of eating \$2 pizza on a 15-minute break, I sit down with my host family and eat dinner for two hours. Instead of walking by myself, I am surrounded by friends. I traded in my New Yorker slang for Italian. I traded in my four-inch heels for a pair of moccasins.

(Alison Rivera)

America is obsessed with being diverse by calculation and individuality. We fill in bubbles on tests with our ethnic group...It’s ironic how we all strive to be different, but at the same time we are American. When I go to Trinidad although I claim to be Trinidadian I am not. I may look like one but I do not share the same sing-songy voice or ways of dressing. All I am to them is an American or a Yankee... it’s the same in Italy I suppose. I’ve never felt more American in my life...why can’t I just be myself in a different country? Is identity something you give yourself or is it given to you.

(Khadijah Farrell)



**B**ack home I have many identities. I am African American, and I am a Washingtonian with roots in many other places. Here, abroad in Italy, I am just an American. There have been many instances in which I told someone that I’m African American or simply that I’m from Washington, D.C and they respond “So, you are American”. Don’t get me wrong, I am proud to be an American! It’s the land of the free and the home of the brave! Nevertheless, I also have a lot of pride in my city and my ethnicity. The more people push me away from those identities of mine, the more I want to hold on to them. In other words, I feel like this experience in Florence has helped me to solidify my identity...

(Kemah Brock)

I am always finding my identity because it is always growing. To say you have found your identity as a freshman is preposterous because you have yet to experience so much. My identity is an acquired one through many different experiences. I believe it is a very global identity. I commonly think of things that represent it as a whole. Through my experiences in South Africa, Thailand and the Czech Republic, I have been able

a willing participate in travel and study abroad whilst learning a new language... I have become a more open person, where I am more comfortable meeting new people and sharing my past experiences.

(Danielle Hunt)

I am a New Yorker. I am the rush. I am the noise. I live for the yellow cabs, the skyscrapers, the stores in SoHo, the train rides, and the lights. The city emits independence, spontaneity, materialism, disconnection, commotion, impatience, Ebonics, and confidence to its residents. I am New York: the good and the bad. I am where I come from. I am that girl: the go-getter, a materialistic, feisty, and impatient New Yorker. This is my identity.

The deep roots of my identity are the roots of a Central Park tree. When I leave New York, I am no longer that girl. The surroundings change, and pieces of my identity begin to fall like leaves during autumn. It is fall again, and I am in Florence. The New Yorker in me vanishes, and I am left utterly empty in a new place. It is the immersion; as I pick up Italian values, I lose pieces of my New York identity. The materialism fades as I use less make-up and put on my grey dirty toms in the morning. Instead of jumping in a cab, I

I have Seattle memorized like a map in my mind. For me, getting lost isn’t an option...coming to Florence was a shock at first...I couldn’t tell which way was up or down. I was lost already, something I can’t stand. .... when my brother and I went to the Rose Garden on the other side of the Arno, we kept walking and walking, further and further away from the city. I was starting to wonder if we’d ever get there. Then, all of sudden we passed through the old gates on what was once the border of Florence. It got quiet, like we had left all of the tourists behind and escaped the bustle of the city. We came up on this hill in a matter of minutes and found ourselves definitely outside and elevated above the city center. I essentially saw the entire city, exactly what I wanted all along. I was supposed to be there for the roses, which indeed were beautiful, but I kept looking all over the city. I had to put things into perspective, but it was just too extravagant for me to grab ahold of. This really put a new idea in my head about exploring and understanding where I am in the world.

I would say get lost because it puts you out in the open. You can be scared at first, but you’ll gain an experience that is excellent in your development as a person. Get lost, to find yourself.

(Harrison Lee)



# Syracuse

## on the Rocks

Geology Students Visit Naples, Herculaneum, and Mt. Vesuvius

by Megan Donovan

Art History Teaching Assistant

“What’s it like to be inside a volcano? It stinks! Literally. Everywhere we turned vents in the ground were spewing steaming hot water vapors and sulfuric gases.”

”



The author in Herculaneum.



Prof. Conticelli with students in Herculaneum.



The author (far left) with students at Villa Oplontis, near Naples.

For many, the mention of Naples brings to mind a bevy of colorful, sensuous, often gritty street scenes. Yet for geology professor Sandro Conticelli, Naples, is all about the rocks.

This fall, as a part of SUF’s newly offered geology course, Prof. Conticelli led his students on a three-day trek through Naples to explore some of the region’s most astounding geological treasures, including Mt. Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and the currently active Phelgraean volcanic fields. Although our itinerary changed a bit due to severely inclement weather (let’s just say we all became very proud owners of oh-so-chic plastic rain ponchos), the trip was by and large a success for students, professor, and trip assistant (that’s me!) alike.

We kicked things off bright and early Friday morning with a train ride about 40 minutes south of Naples to the archeological site of Herculaneum. Just four miles west of the Vesuvian crater, ancient Herculaneum was a once-thriving and heavily populated Roman port town that was tragically buried under 65 feet of pyroclastic deposits following Mt. Vesuvius’ infamous and devastating eruption in 79 AD. The day’s less-than-ideal weather turned out to be a blessing, as we had the entire archeological site to ourselves!

Following a delicious picnic of prosciutto and buffalo mozzarella panini, the group headed back north to visit the volcano of Solfatara, located in the central sector of the Campi Flegrei caldera also known as the Plegraean Fields, an area lying mostly underwater that comprises 24 craters and volcanic edifices. Known as the mythological home of the Roman god of fire, Vulcan, the crater of Solfatara has been the site of frequent and intense hydrothermal activity since antiquity. Naturally, Prof. Conticelli, field scientist extraordinaire, led the group inside the crater for a better look. First impression on what it’s like to be inside a volcano? It stinks! Literally. Everywhere we turned large and small vents in the ground were spewing steaming hot (about 320° C) water vapors and sulfuric gases. It’s no wonder the crater’s name, Solfatara, means “sulfur place.”

The following day we wasted no time in reaching our next destination: Mount Vesuvius. Located about 6 miles east of Naples, Mt. Vesuvius is best known for its catastrophic eruption of 79 AD that led to the destruction of the Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. And although the 79 AD eruption is surely its most notorious, Prof. Conticelli also led the group through large areas around the volcano that were covered with deposits during its last major eruption in 1944.

Our Naples excursion also went far beyond that of a strict geological survey of the region. Having done years of graduate research at the city’s university and therefore exceedingly familiar with the area, Prof. Conticelli guided us through the dizzying, maze-like streets to find the best Christmas market (San Gregorio Armeno), sfogliatelle (Fratelli Attanasio), and, of course, pizza (Sorbillo) that Naples has to offer. Overall, I’d say the trip rocked.





# DISCONNECT TO CONNECT

## Experiencing Florence in a Real Way

by Rebecca J. Shafer

### “Is there WiFi here?”

**T**his is one of the first questions my friends and I ask once we've sat down at our destination—be it a bar, restaurant, or hostel. It seems to be the first thing on our minds. But lately I've been wondering: when should we put the gadgets away?

Technology is a wonderful thing. It's allowed me to stay in contact with people that I otherwise might not have gotten to talk to during my time abroad. Skype, FaceTime and SnapChat are all great technological advancements. But being in Italy has made me realize the importance of disconnecting from the Internet and having real, face-to-face experiences every once in a while.

The way I see it, we are in Florence for such a short amount of time that it would just be wrong to not “carpe diem” every once in a while, even if it means not knowing where we are because we don't have WiFi to look something up on Google Maps. Life is about getting out there and doing things. As long as I'm not alone, I shouldn't be afraid of getting a little lost and wandering around a beautiful city until I find a landmark that I recognize.

Admittedly, the act of “getting lost” has diminished as I've become more acclimated to the city of Florence, but the principle is still there. After we Google that song name we've been trying to figure out for hours, it might be nice to just sit around and enjoy each other's company. Or just get out there and challenge ourselves to find the next destination without using GPS. So what if we get a little lost? Relationships can be built through adventures like this.

Of course I still love my friends back home, but this is my time to experience a new city in a new country on a whole new continent. I think they'll understand why the daily text messages stopped. There are so many wonderful distractions in Florence — great food, new people, an interesting culture. I should be caught up in those things.

Being in Florence has given me the opportunity to have so many new experiences that I'm sure I'll remember for the rest of my life. And I'd prefer to have those be tangible memories rather than moments spent in front of a screen.

“ Life is about getting out there and doing things. As long as I'm not alone, I shouldn't be afraid of getting a little lost and wandering around a beautiful city until I find a landmark that I recognize. ”



# LIFE

## as a Fulbright Scholar

### Exploring Albanian Culture

by **Laura Marsolek**

I attended SU in Florence for the 2011-2012 academic year before graduating from Syracuse University 2013, and after graduation, I was named a Fulbright Scholar. The Fulbright Program, which sends U.S. citizens to other parts of the world to promote cultural understanding, sent me to Prizren, Kosovo where I currently teach and pursue other interests.

I applied for the grant because I wanted to spend my first year after college traveling, teaching, and being immersed in another culture. Teaching English as a second language has been truly rewarding so far. My students are in 7th and 8th grade and I enjoy motivating them to learn another language. Outside of my teaching commitment, I spend time at a local jewelry studio where the master craftsmen teach me traditional Albanian filigree techniques. I also take Albanian language classes and get involved in the local arts community whenever I can.

My reason for choosing to apply to teach in



The author in the filigree jewelry studio.

Kosovo is because it is a place in which many of my interests come together. At Syracuse, I was an Art History major with a Jewelry and Metal-smithing minor, and my thesis focused on Italian Renaissance jewelry, which I studied in Florence after exploring many jewelry making and artisan

elery, which I studied in Florence after exploring many jewelry making and artisan

“I am fortunate enough to be able to work at Filigrani studios in Prizren, one of the oldest workshops in Kosovo. It has taught me the precision and patience needed to make complex filigree patterns and has also given me insights on the cultural heritage of the region.”

studios. During my time abroad, I befriended two Kosovar Albanians. After I became aware of a large population of Albanians living and working in Italy, I became curious about a part of the world about which I had limited knowledge. I became even more interested in the country when I learned that Prizren is a hub for jewelry traditions in filigree.

I am fortunate enough to be able to work at Filigrani studios in Prizren, one of the oldest workshops in Kosovo. It has taught me the precision and patience needed to make complex filigree patterns and has also given me insights on the cul-

tural heritage of the region. Filigree is a connection to both Byzantine and Ottoman traditions from Constantinople in the 15th century that now holds central importance in Albanian weddings, dowries, and religious ceremonies. It is praised for its difficulty and the beauty of its Eastern European designs influenced by Istanbul, Turkey.



I am thoroughly enjoying every moment of my time as a member of the Fulbright Program. It has allowed me to integrate myself into the Albanian culture through my rewarding teaching work, my time spent in the jewelry studios, and my pursuits to learn about Kosovo's rich and intriguing history. I am not sure what the future holds for me, but I hope to eventually get a Ph.D. in Art History and to become a professor. This experience has helped me to discover that I really enjoy teaching, not only because I feel I am helping students reach goals but because it's such an enriching opportunity for me as well.



The author in Prizren.



# Girl Rising

## A Look at Female Education Around the World



by Shannon O'Connor

**G**etting on the bus for school never felt better than after watching *Girl Rising*, a captivating documentary with a spotlight on nine uplifting stories of girls attempting against all odds to receive an education. They are wives, servants, street kids, sisters, radio hosts, superheroes, and survivors. These nine girls from around the world were paired with professional writers from their own countries to write their inspiring stories that were narrated in the film by famous actors like Anne Hathaway, Cate Blanchett, Liam Neeson, Freida Pinto, Salma Hayek, Meryl Streep, Alicia Keys, and Kerry Washington. The documentary features girls from Sierra Leone, Haiti, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Peru, Egypt, Nepal, India, and Cambodia. The film was informative as well as entertaining and uplifting. The story of each girl is framed with facts and figures, like the ratio of girls to boys attending school around the world. The movie also explained how educating women is a great economic investment that is not recognized in many countries. The film was watched all around the world at the same time to promote international awareness about this problem. Sometimes it is easy to take for granted the great opportunities afforded to young women in the Western world. This movie reminded me how lucky I am to have the luxury of an education, because these girls would do anything for the same opportunity.



To mark the International Day of the Girl, Syracuse University in Florence hosted a screening of *Girl Rising* along with hundreds of other supporters around the world. The *Girl Rising* movement affirms that educating girls can transform societies and aims to change the way the world values the female gender. Educating girls can end poverty through encouraging them to know and stand up for their rights, to have children and marry later in life, and to contribute to their communities. Violence against women, sex trafficking, early marriage, and domestic slavery are major obstacles that impede these goals. Global awareness and action can help this movement – and subsequently girls everywhere – to achieve amazing things. To find out what you can do, go to [www.girlrising.com](http://www.girlrising.com).



Photos: Francesco Guazzelli



# A Widow's WORLD

A lecture by  
Dr. Isabelle Chabot

by Megan Fowle and Kyrstin Racine

**A**s part of SUF's all-school lecture series, Dr. Isabelle Chabot gave a talk about widows and dowry issues entitled "Money Matters and Familial Maneuvers in Early Renaissance Florence: Broken Hearts, Happy Endings and the Wisdom of Compromise." Dr. Chabot is a native of France but has lived and worked in Florence for many years, focusing her studies mainly on the history of women in the medieval period.

In order to highlight the inequalities in gender roles during this time, Dr. Chabot used a woman named Lena Davizzi as a case study to examine the fate of many widows in the early modern era. After the death of her husband, Davizzi entered a convent in order to pass on the remainder of her dowry to her children instead of her siblings or in-laws. This meant that by taking control of her own finances, she was both challenging the norms of the time and risking the subsequent wrath of her family who felt that the money belonged to them.

Unfortunately, most women in similar situations did not successfully thwart society's wishes and demands. Widows rarely had the opportunity to forge their own destiny as they had little autonomy in the eyes of the law. They were dependent on the goodwill of their families, both



Dr. Isabelle Chabot

that of their deceased husband and their family of origin. Often, their families would want to marry them off again as soon as possible, so as to keep control of the dowry. The practice of the *tornata* – a tradition in which a widow returned to her father's household upon the death of her husband – represented a reassertion of the patriarchal social apparatus and a denial of the woman's rights. For mothers, this was often a devastating practice because children were a husband's "property" and would be sent to live with the in-laws. This was, in effect, the forced separation of mother and child, an experience that was sadly all too common in Renaissance Florence.

Dr. Chabot claimed that men manipulated both maternity and the transmission of wealth. Fathers and husbands of Florentine women overwhelmingly monopolized social,



legal, and economic power to the extent that they could shape families without the consent of those who were most affected: women and children.

What can we learn from this? While women today have legal rights, we must understand that this is a relatively new concept in western history and those rights do not always translate into agency.

History shaped and continues to develop our conceptions of human rights. Learning our history gives us a chance to reflect on what people might think of us in the future, when they in turn look to the past for answers. Will they see a society that has moved beyond this, or will they look at a society that cannot eradicate the vestiges of the past?

“The forced separation of mother and child was sadly all too common in Renaissance Florence.”



Photos: Sylvia Hetzel



# And the Winner Is...

## Four SUF Students Serve on Film Festival Jury

by **Carlotta Fonzi Kliemann** Film Studies Professor

Last August I was contacted by the Festival dei Popoli—the oldest documentary film festival in Europe and among the best in the world—asking if Syracuse University in Florence would be interested in participating in the 54th edition with a jury of students and an award of 1000 euro in the university's name. Obviously I was thrilled, but only after our director Sasha Perugini gave her enthusiastic approval did the collaboration become a concrete fact. The fact that both the Festival and Syracuse University in Florence were founded in exactly the same year seemed a most promising sign.

The four jury members—Anna Behrens, Drayton Benedict, Shannon O' Connor, and Hannah Stanley, all students in my contemporary cinema class—began watching, discussing, and evaluating eight short documentary films with passion and commitment. We were able to watch about half of them at the beautiful Odeon Theater, where the festival takes place, and the rest at the Villa Rossa.

The mild anxiety among the jury members about their responsibility for nominating the winner was compensated by the pleasure of being exposed to a variety of short films from Europe, China, Mexico, and South America; by the novelty of relying on their emotional and intellectual reading of the films; and, finally, by the awareness that their judgment was highly valued by festival organizers themselves. "I did

“ *The mild anxiety among the jury members about their responsibility for nominating the winner was compensated by the pleasure of being exposed to a variety of short films from Europe, China, Mexico, and South America.* ”



Hannah.

The theater was packed for the awards ceremony, during which our “Fab Four Judges” were the first ones called on stage by the festival's director, Alberto Lastrucci. The students announced the winners and their reasons for choosing them, first in Italian and then in English, thus bravely overcoming their nervousness about speaking in front of such a large international audience. And they were great—at once serious and charming.



Prof. Kliemann (far left) with student jurors Drayton Benedict, Shannon O'Connor, Anna Behrens, and Hannah Stanley.

not expect such a variety of films,” said Drayton, “and the task to select a winner forced us to weigh the importance of different film components.” “Serving on the jury was an extremely rewarding experience,” enthused Anna, “and the fact that the community values our opinion is an honor.” “It was very interesting to take part in the process of narrowing the number of possible winners, forcing us to explore the documentary film genre from a new perspective,” commented

The SUF Award for Best Short Film was conferred to *Left Side of the Face* by Marcin Borkiewicz “for its excellent camerawork and montage and in support of a highly original photographic project which illuminates issues of time, ageing, and loneliness through a variety of individual accounts.” The director of the festival then read the message sent by the filmmaker, who had already returned to Poland: “I am very honored ... To be in competition at the Festival dei Popoli was for us really prestigious... I'd like to thank the festival's staff, so young, powerful and enthusiastic about non-fiction films!”



# Connecting Across the Language Barrier

An SUF Student  
Volunteers for  
Special Olympics Italia

The author (left) with fellow volunteer Beaux Wongwaisayawan in front of La Società Canottieri rowing club.

by Benjamin Lee

**S**pread the word to end the word” are imprinted on the red wristband that ornaments my right arm. A strong belief in this mantra has led me to become a part of the lives of many families and friends who are associated with the Special Olympics. My experiences have always come with a further understanding of what it means to accept people for who they are and have fostered friendships that last. Even in different parts of the world, I have still been able to find those who are making efforts to give the disabled an equal chance in having fun in the world of sports. After arriving in Florence, I was drawn to the volunteer program because I was interested in the prospect of being immersed into the Italian culture and improving the proficiency of my Italian language skills. When I saw that there was an option of joining the Special Olympics Italia branch, I jumped at the chance. Being able to share something that I am passionate about – sports – with those who are happy simply because they can play is a feeling that you cannot replicate anywhere else.

Since I joined the Special Olympics Rowing in Florence, I began volunteering with local Italians from La Società Canottieri on the Arno River. Alongside my friend Beaux and under the guidance of our supervisor Pietro, I immediately became familiar with the members of the club. On one occasion we were invited to take part in the qualification process for the rowing event of the Special Olympics – a new event for me. This took place in San Miniato, about a half-hour train ride outside of Florence. We were dressed in our red Unified Sports shirts and athletic gear, prepared for any activity. The job of the day was however simpler than we thought, though no less exciting.

“Being able to share something that I am passionate about – sports – with those who are happy simply because they can play is a feeling that you cannot imitate anywhere else.”

Taking pictures, watching the athletes, and supporting the team were our objectives while the sun shone through the windows of the complex. Back in my element, I was able to enjoy the spectacle despite the language barrier because it was just about pure emotion for the athletes competing. Once the qualifying was over our group headed for the train after the long day in the now setting sun, some murmuring about the preceding events while Beaux and I tagged along behind them.

‘The word’ that I opened with, that I am trying to end, is ‘retard.’ I only mention it to spread awareness of its meaning and what significance it holds for those to whom it is relevant. The kids that I have met throughout my time as a partner with Special Olympics USA in Washington and Special Olympics Italia in Florence are some of the most friendly and passionate people ever to share the world of sports with me. Despite their physical and mental disabilities, they are still people who have feelings and friendships and desires. Being active in this community has given me a better appreciation for my life and what I have; this is why I feel that it is important to share the story.



Benjamin and Beaux inside La Società Canottieri rowing club.



Reflecting  
on Florence

# The *Coluccio Salutati Award*



(From left) Coluccio Salutati Award Coordinator Prof. Matteo Duni with Fall 2013 winners Robert Moldafsky, Benjamin Lee, and Nathaniel Carlson.

**T**he Coluccio Salutati Award was instituted in 1999 by Prof. Alick McLean who was the director of SUF at the time. The award is named after a great 14th-century humanist and chancellor of the Florentine Republic whose pen the Duke of Milan called “deadlier than a band of mounted Florentine soldiers.” Because of Salutati’s written eloquence and rhetorical intellect, he mustered support in the wars that pit Florence against Milan, thus demonstrating that “the pen is mightier than the sword.” He was also a great proponent of the “vita activa”—the active life—as opposed to sedentary contemplation, hence a fit figure to bestow a reward to those who have been actively seeking to connect and understand the world around them during their current semester at Syracuse University Florence.

To participate in the award, a student must be nominated by one or more professors at SUF based on his or her performance in class. The awards committee evaluates the anonymous entries and chooses three to four winners per semester. Winning the Coluccio Salutati Award has come to be recognized as one of the highest academic achievements within the university’s Florence program. Below are excerpts from this semester’s winning entries.

**by Lily Prigioniero**

*Professor of Writing for the  
Discovery Florence Program*



Photos: Francesco Guazzelli



## Nathaniel Carlson

... in two month's time I was walking down a busy highway in Catania, Sicily, by myself with nothing but a bag of fruit, a bottle of water, and no idea where I was...

I was on my way to the beach that a couple locals had told me of earlier that day. It must have been 30c and there was no beach in sight, although we were beside a large shipping yard. I walked past a gas station and tried to ask the guy working there if those boats were all along the beach - but instead I ended up saying "do cars of the sea live at the beach?" He had no idea what I was talking about so I pressed on. Eventually I saw a giant sign that read "Moon Beach". I made my way through the gate and began searching for the water. All I saw were large trucks and I began to hear strange noises coming from the distance. As I approached I saw a herd of full-grown buffalo in this pathetic little pen. They could have stepped out if they so chose to. I was in shock:

I want to pet them, but I'm afraid they'll bite me. Instead I feed them straw. As I look around I notice an ostrich, at least five camels, and a single fully grown hippo; all of which are contained in the weak fences. As I walk towards the hippo, the male camel dismounts from his female friend and lumbers right over to me. He and I are inches apart as I try to maneuver through the narrow walkway. Thankfully the hippo wasn't as interested in me. Instead he seems depressed. I briefly entertain the thought of feeding the hippo my fruit, and then of taking him to the beach with me.

Before I could act on my poor judgment a man came up to me, curious of what I was doing there. After telling him I was looking for the beach he pointed me in the right direction and informed me that Moon Beach would be a circus for the next few weeks. The posters that came to coat the city for the remainder of my stay informed me of the less friendly animals I could have stumbled upon during my visit. I managed to escape without being eaten by a tiger in the petting zoo setting. After this program is over and we all return home to our families many of my friends will be able to show off the Italian they've learned. While they gloat in regards to their lingual skills, I take solace in the fact that should I ever again cross paths with such beasts I'll know exactly what to do.

## Robert Moldasfky

"The beauty of Florence cannot be appreciated unless seen from the inside...for behind the walls of buildings of Florence there are no fewer ornaments and no less magnificence than there is outside; nor is any street better decorated or more handsome than another, but every quarter shares in the beauty of the city." - Leonardo Bruni Panegyric to the City of Florence.

One of the first weeks here I visited Santo Spirito; a discrete church with no facade in a beautiful corner of the city across the Arno. I had carefully located myself within the city before walking in. I walked in the doors, and I am disoriented (or rather no longer concerned with orientation). I am lost in the beauty of the interior, surrounded in Corinthian columns, Brunelleschi's niches that surround the space, and the rays of light that highlight these details. I walk around the perimeter,

taking in every step.

This eagerness to experience a building and take it all in can be attributed to my architecture education. We learn the importance of not only the experience, but what defines that experience. When we enter a space we sense a feeling and immediately ask ourselves, why? And then how? What is it about this structure that makes me feel \_\_\_\_\_. It is this level of comprehension that allows me to get lost in the interior of Florence, and the architecture of Italy. I want to clarify that I am not lost in the details, but rather in the composition. When we come across a new building in the city it has a sense of belonging from the exterior, even though sometimes the architect completely disregarded the urban grid, there is a contextual identity there... This is when the building becomes an object all its own, hidden by the collective urban condition. These moments are completely unrelated to time and context, it simply exists and you are experiencing it. I am lost in the present. I approach the door through which I entered, and suddenly I am back in reality, no longer lost, but perhaps not necessarily found.

## Benjamin Lee

Living in Italy as a student, learning Italian and practicing with native speakers can be the most efficient way to grasp the language because it makes demands of a person. After just a few weeks into the semester, I found myself, quite unexpectedly, following the Italian instructions of the staff. Later, while volunteering for La Misericordia, the historical hospital in la Piazza del Duomo, I was not so fortunate. On my first day as a volunteer I was shipped out in the Ambulanza. I spoke little to no Italian as this was towards the beginning of the semester, and the accompanying supervisor did not speak the slightest bit of English. Along with my keys, orange jumpsuit, and friend Beaux, I set off for the countryside outside Florence. In fact, I have not the slightest knowledge as to where I was that day. I could only partially translate the job requirements from the description our supervisor gave us, which was to help with the care of patients in the rehabilitation center who had physical and mental disabilities. After discovering that we were sorely and inadequately qualified for the job, we also discovered that we had been left at the center by our "compagno", without a way back home. We tried to speak to the director of the facility in the miniscule amount of Italian we knew, in an attempt to find a solution, to no avail. We were somewhere in Tuscany, unable to communicate and, indeed, lost. Lost from civilization it seemed, the only hope of returning home would have been to back-track our journey, on foot.

Since experiencing that heart-pounding event, I have learned a lot. I understand there are more important things to worry about in life, and that being lost in Italy is not one of them. One is measured by their strength of character and their responses in high pressure situations. Being lost fosters self-knowledge. If you do not keep your feet, there is no knowing where the road might take you. It is imperative to have the mentality; that everything will be fine in the end, in order to gain the full experience of being lost.



# Waxing poetic

## Travel Inspires Two SUF Students to Pick up Their Pens

**T**hese two poems were developed in the ETS 410 course on travel writing, taught by Prof. Antonella Francini. Emily Francisco, a student from Gettysburg College, stands in front of a famous painting by the 17th-century Italian female painter Artemisia Gentileschi, and creates her own image with words. Katrina Sotiropoulos, from Syracuse University, works out her feelings as she approaches the port of Ancona on a crowded ferry on her way back from a vacation in Greece during Fall Break.

### THE PORT OF ANCONA

BY KATRINA SOTIROPOULOS

The heat and the bodies,  
overwhelming,  
with a strong odor  
of smoke  
hanging  
in the air.

The doorway;  
a finish line,  
a gate to freedom,  
cool air sprinkled with salt  
slips in.  
Feet moving,  
up and over the step,  
onto the deck.  
New air,  
moving under the threads  
of a sweatshirt,  
creeping into socks,  
tickling a scalp.  
Dry hands  
grip the railing,  
shoes wedged between  
the cracks  
along the edge.

And silence.

Orbs of light  
glitter on the edge  
of the horizon.  
Close,  
but far enough  
still.

There is still time,  
to watch  
and smell  
and taste  
the moisture,  
in the air,  
from the sea.

Still time,  
to close one's eyes  
and be  
in that moment.  
To look over the edge,  
to imagine  
jumping over  
the edge.  
It isn't far,  
not really,  
to dive  
into the water  
and feel it embrace  
every part of you.

It is tempting,  
to leave it all behind.

Swim;  
swim home,  
wherever that may be.  
One could swim  
that distance,  
surely.

The salt,  
again the salty moisture  
smell,  
sticking in one's lungs,  
embedded  
inside the nostrils,  
lingering  
on the tongue.  
It feels natural  
to want to jump,  
to want to swim  
away.  
That is home,  
the sea,  
forever it will be  
the sea,  
for me.

### ARTEMISIA IN ECSTASY

BY EMILY FRANCISCO

After Saint Mary Magdalene by Artemisia Gentileschi (b. Rome 1593-d. Naples 1652). The painting is currently exhibited in the Galleria Palatina of the Palazzo Pitti in Florence.

Is this she  
the woman of golden skirts  
one who clutches at her breast  
as if tormented by some  
innermost burst vein of longing  
black room lit from beyond the frame  
(because agony is best felt in the dark)—  
she who cut her long golden tresses  
in penitence

frayed ends threads of hair  
hanging like shredded sinews  
by the ears—

I can see her, gilded dress  
falling from her shoulder  
in an act of spiritual freeness

her bare collarbone blessed  
by the sacred unseen flickering flame  
and it is to me she glances empty

woman-hero of my Old Testament  
tortured paintress  
and humble barefoot Maddalena—

The lips part  
and in that singular silver  
breath of piety

(or perhaps it is regret)  
she becomes the afflicted  
no longer a face of fortitude

yielding instead  
to the aging of feminist progeny  
her story exhaled

before me and into my lungs  
with the sigh of longevity  
and it shimmers—

saturated with the thick  
iridescent narrative  
of one who has endured





by Rosa Mannino

# An **SUF** Journey

A Former Employee Reflects on her Experience

I followed my heart to Florence twice and twice Syracuse University scooped me up. The first time was as an eager student wanting to learn to speak Italian like a native. The second time was as a professional trying to begin a career in Study Abroad. My life just wouldn't be the same without SUF.

I met my wonderful husband here 8 years ago when I was a student at SUF and we are happily married. His wonderful family has taken me in as their own daughter and given me so much love and support. I met friends from all over the world through the Direct Placement program that

I'm still in very close touch with. I met my best friend here, the Italian version of me (but so much better). I've gotten to know Florence and its history better than I had ever dreamed of.

There were several people at SUF who impacted me both as a student and a professional whom I want to thank. Roberta for taking the time to not only help me, but also introduce me to a couple who has since become like family. Natalia for always cheering me on. The amazing Elia and Sergio for giving me a place where I could take a break to savor one of their sweet frothy cappuccinos. Lucia for making me laugh. Monica for always listening and making me feel right at home. Amy, my mentor, for always encouraging me to succeed. My supervisor Jim, for his constant support and positive outlook.

I'm so fortunate to have met so many amazing students and I was so proud to be their Student Life Advisor. Whether helping a student at the hospital, encouraging them to perform at the talent show, answering all of their questions, finding a way to get a student on the Cinque Terre trip, taking them to Chianti, or just listening to them share their experience with me. I was happy to help or support them in any way I could, just as was done for me as a student, to help them seek those precious study abroad moments where one can sit back, forget their trials, and absorb the beautiful life around them. The sunset strolls along the Arno river, shopping at the markets, eating for hours, staring at the David in awe, learning how to truly savor the present moment with the ones I love. I am fortunately forever connected to a country that the Italian director Paolo Sorrentino described as a "crazy country, but beautiful".

Although I no longer work or study at SUF, it will forever be a part of me. I'm back in the United States to embark on a new journey. As I look outside at the snow falling through my fogged up windows, I ponder the most recent chapter of my life and smile. To my friends, family, and all the amazing students I met at SUF who made this journey a life-changing one for me, thank you from the bottom of my heart! To my former colleagues who continue to touch so many students like me, thank you so much for the opportunities you have given me and for getting me started on this amazing journey.

“I'm so fortunate to have met so many amazing students and I was so proud to be their Student Life Advisor.”

”



The author Volunteering with students in the Cinque Terre.



With Assistant Director for Student Life Jim Kauffman.





SUF studio arts faculty with student award winners

**O**n Wednesday Dec 9th 2013, The Art and Architecture Departments at SUF celebrated the end of the semester with the the latest installment of their bi-annual student exhibition and juried competition of student art work. The Donatello 25 architecture studios opened their doors showing an extensive 'open studio' view of the architecture studio projects and as well as a stunning video of architecture students' on site sketches and visual research in Florence. In the Donatello 21 Art Studios the show included over one hundred works by students in Printmaking, Photography, Sculpture, Painting, Drawing, Restoration, Woven Design, Silkscreening, Batik, and Metalsmithing, highlighting the breadth and depth of creative work by SUF students.

At the end of every semester at SUF, The Studio Art and Architecture departments holds a joint student exhibition. It is a unique opportunity for SUF students to not only learn the important process of installing and exhibiting their works, but also a chance for them to share, celebrate, and communicate their thoughts and creative reflections with the greater Italian community.

The Studio Art Department also holds a juried competition of student art work and awards for works in each medium are given by a distinguished group of artists, curators, and critics active in the Florentine and international art communities. This year's jury consisted of Marco Lanza, photographer and cofounder of experimental music group Pastis as well as Sergio Tossi, former director of the EX3 center for contemporary art and an internationally known curator, gallerist, and writer.

## This year's winners are:

*Introduction to Sculpture:*

**Maya Mason**

*Batik 1 & 2*

**Denisse Reyes**

*Metalsmithing 1&2:*

**Bailey Pfohl**

*Silkscreen 1&2:*

**Jane McCurn**

*Introduction to Intaglio:*

**Valerie Herrera**

*Introductory Drawing:*

**Maya Mason**

*Intermediate and Advanced Drawing:*

**Rachel Haberstroh**

*New Approaches to Renaissance Painting Techniques and Conservation through Modern Technology:*

**Lauren Perrino**

*Introductory Painting:*

**Katherine McElhiney**

*Special Topics in Painting - Intermediate and Advanced Painting*

Intermediate: **Denisse Reyes**

Advanced: **Elizabeth Cox**

*Beginning Digital Photography:*

**Justin Rheingold**

*Advanced Photography/Intermediate*

**Vasu Leeaphon**

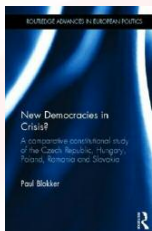
*Woven Design:*

**Mirabel Kermond**



### Paul Blokker

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In August Paul Blokker published his second monograph, in the Routledge Advances in European Politics series, entitled *New Democracies in Crisis? A Comparative Constitutional Study of the Czech Republic, Hungary, Poland, Romania and Slovakia*. The book received a dual review with author's response on I-CONnect, a prestigious blog of the site International Journal of Constitutional Law and Constitution Making. Prof. Blokker was recently invited to comment on Princeton scholar Kim Lane Scheppele's idea of an EU systemic infringement action on the prestigious Verfassungsblog. He was also invited to present at conferences in Budapest, Cardiff, Trento, Pilsen, Florence, and Turin. Finally, Prof. Blokker gave a lecture at the Fermo Summer School/Annual Meeting at the University of Macerata, Italy in August.

### Molly Bourne

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On November 30 Molly Bourne was inducted into the Accademia Nazionale Virgiliana. Named after the classical poet Virgil who was born in Mantua where the Accademia Virgiliana is located, this learned society was founded in the eighteenth century and is dedicated to the promotion of knowledge in science, literature, and the arts by organizing scholarly conferences and publishing books and the annual journal, *Atti e memorie Accademia Nazionale Virgiliana di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti*.

### Swietlan (Nick) Kraczyna

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On November 23 Swietlan (Nick) Kraczyna was celebrated at the 8th International Printmaking Biennale in Monsummano Terme (PT) as "Maestro Incisore" for his extensive printmaking career with an exhibition of his multi-plate color etchings spanning forty years of activity.

### Alick McLean

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On December 21 the Museo delle Terre Nuove in San Giovanni Valdarno opened to the public. Alick McLean has been working since early 2010 on this museum of historic new towns, together with David Friedman of MIT, Paolo Prillo of the University of Bologna, and Giulia Vertecchi of the Università IUAV di Venezia. The museum links the history of San Giovanni Valdarno to other new towns planned by the Florentines in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and draws parallels to other new towns in the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance across Italy and Europe.

### Sasha Perugini

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In October Sasha Perugini was interviewed on Stili di Vita, a TV talk show on RTV38. In November she started writing a regular blog for the Italian edition of The Huffington Post. In December Dr. Perugini published the book *La Leopolda che non hanno raccontato* with co-author Alessio Pecoraro. She has also had five more poems translated by Linda Kalaj and published in *The Doctor T.J. Eckleburg Review*, an online and print literary and arts journal housed at the Johns Hopkins University, M. A. in Writing Program.





## Money Matters and Marital Manoeuvres in early Renaissance Florence

Broken Hearts, Happy Endings and the Wisdom of Compromise

Dr. **Isabelle Chabot**

President of the Società Italiana delle Storiche

Wednesday, November 20  
6,20 pm - Room 13



## VENICE BIENNALE

Friday October 4

(optional trip)

Cost: 120.00 Euros

Price includes:  
Round trip transportation from Florence to Venice  
Vaporetto tickets in Venice  
Guided visit and entrance to the Biennale

### TRANSPORTATION

Meet at Florence Train station in front of the Pharmacy at 8.15  
Departure Florence SMN 8.30 on Eurostar 9420  
Arrive Venice Santa Lucia at 10.35  
Return Venice SL 18.35  
Arrive Florence at 20.30

N.B: If you plan to stay overnight in Venice,  
you may change your Eurostar ticket for a train the next day.

Please sign up in the Field trip office (bring your credit card)

Deadline for sign up is: Wednesday September 18



## Encountering the Other

Villa Rossa Lecture Series Fall 2012

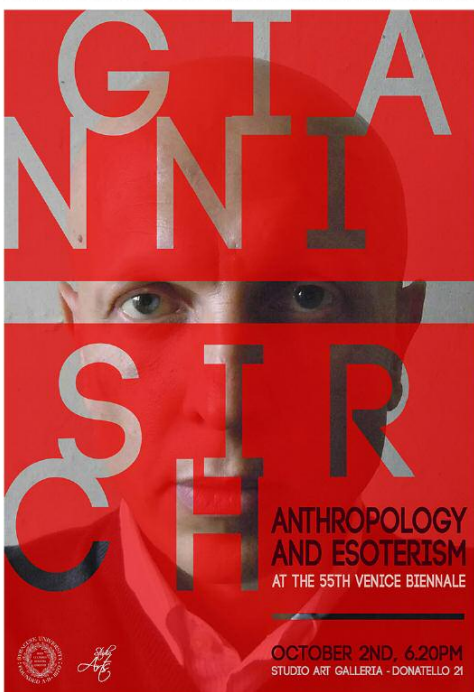
"Dreams of Arcadia  
and Victorian Fantasies:  
Italy as 'Other' in the  
American Imagination"

Mary Ann Calo

Professor of Art and Art History Colgate University

The Vespucci  
Anniversary  
Year 2012

Wednesday October 17  
at 6:20 pm - room 13  
refreshments to follow



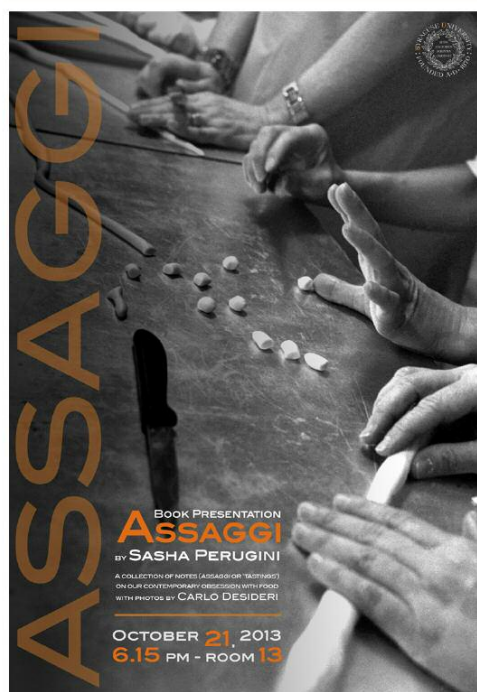
OCTOBER 2ND, 6:20PM  
STUDIO ART GALLERY - DONATELLO 21

# SUF

Syracuse University in Florence



## Lecture Series and Events

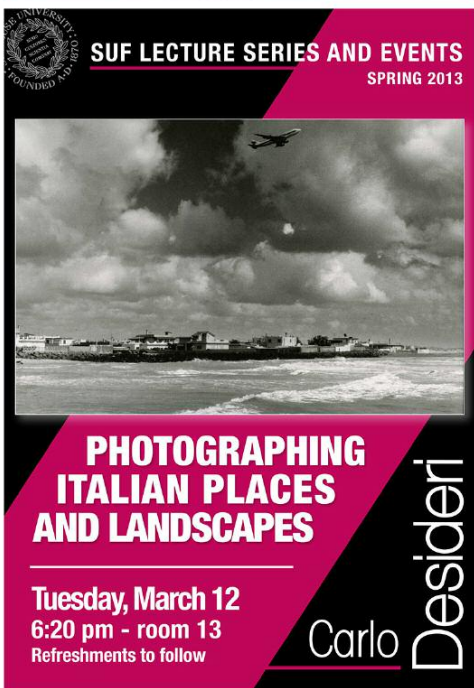


## BOOK PRESENTATION ASSAGGI

by SASHA PERUGINI

A COLLECTION OF NOTES (ASSAGGI OR "SKETCHES")  
ON OUR CONTEMPORARY OBSESSIONS WITH FOOD  
WITH PHOTOS BY CARLO DESIDERI

OCTOBER 21, 2013  
6.15 PM - ROOM 13

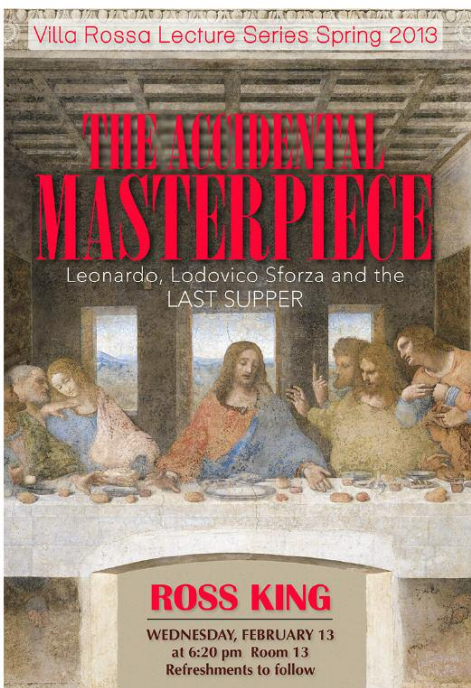


## SUF LECTURE SERIES AND EVENTS SPRING 2013

## PHOTOGRAPHING ITALIAN PLACES AND LANDSCAPES

Tuesday, March 12  
6:20 pm - room 13  
Refreshments to follow

Carlo Desideri



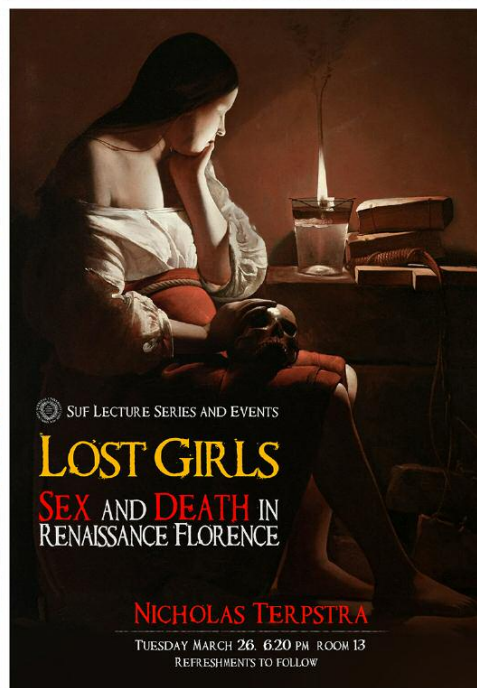
## Villa Rossa Lecture Series Spring 2013

## THE ACCIDENTAL MASTERPIECE

Leonardo, Lodovico Sforza and the  
LAST SUPPER

ROSS KING

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13  
at 6:20 pm Room 13  
Refreshments to follow



## SUF LECTURE SERIES AND EVENTS

## LOST GIRLS SEX AND DEATH IN RENAISSANCE FLORENCE

NICHOLAS TERPSTRA

TUESDAY MARCH 26, 6:20 PM ROOM 13  
REFRESHMENTS TO FOLLOW