

Walter Nugent, Associate Dean and Director, Overseas Study, Indiana University, 1967-1976
Tackes Professor of History (emeritus), University of Notre Dame

Congratulations to Indiana University and its partners on this splendid anniversary of the founding of the Bologna program. I am proud to have had a role in its early development, and I remember with great pleasure my visits in the late 1960s and the 1970s. May the next fifty years be productive and successful as well.

Louis Kibler, Indiana University, 1968-69

In late June 1968 my wife Ruth, our two children aged three and five, and I arrived in Genoa aboard the liner *Michelangelo*. Two days later we began to settle into our new-to-us apartment in via Caruso, the same residence that had housed Mariquita Noris, the previous director of Indiana University's Study Center in Bologna. That same week I entered for the first time the Center's office in Largo Trombetti. Somewhat apprehensive about what lay ahead of me in the coming year, I was greeted by Giulia Quagliano, the Center secretary appointed three years earlier when Mark Musa founded the new IU program. As we spoke about the operation of the program I relaxed considerably. Giulia's experience, her manner, and her knowledge of academic, social, and commercial life in Bologna were most reassuring. With growing appreciation for her many capabilities, I would come to rely on her extensively for the next six months.

The students for IU's study programs in Bologna and Strasbourg arrived in Paris in late August. Although the university had selected thirteen students for our program, two had decided not to join us. The remainder consisted of nine women and two men representing various institutions: four were from Indiana, two came from the University of Colorado, and there was one each from the University of Maryland, Middlebury, the University of Washington, Wells, and Vanderbilt. I met all but one of the students in Paris and we traveled to Bologna by overnight train. Giulia had arranged for taxis to be waiting when we arrived the next morning, and the group was sorted out and sent off to their various preselected *pensioni*.

At our first meeting I impressed upon the students two requirements—prohibitions, to be exact. They were not to use or possess any illegal drugs; I explained that neither our Center, IU, nor even their government would have any jurisdiction in Italy and conviction of a crime could easily land them in prison. The second warning originated from experiences during the previous year when some of our students had participated with their Italian counterparts in occupations of academic buildings and other revolutionary activities. These actions jeopardized not only their own position as students but even the continuation of our program in Bologna. Consequently, I told the group that they were not to engage in political activity in Italy, and, specifically, they were not to become involved in any of the student and worker protests that were sweeping through Europe in 1968, culminating most notably in the French riots of the previous May.

On the academic front, most of September was given over to an orientation session the aim of which was to provide the students with intensive language study and a cultural introduction to the University of Bologna and to life in Italy. The primary responsibility for this preliminary course fell to dott. Bruno Basile, who was our *assistente* not only for the orientation period but also for the rest of the academic year. He met weekly with the students and helped them with any questions they had about their studies.

Students chose their courses based on the recommendations of the Center and on those of faculty at their home institutions. In addition to Basile, Professors Ezio Raimondi and Mario Pazzaglia of the Facoltà di Magistero—always very helpful colleagues—also contributed to the selection. The students' personal goals and interests were considered, too, even when their choices lay outside the University proper. One of our students, for example, a talented musician as well as an Italian major had planned on continuing her studies in the cello. She was discouraged to learn that applied music instruction was not part of the university's curriculum: music performance was the province of the Conservatorio di Musica "Giovanni Battista Martini." With this institution as with the Facoltà di Magistero the staff was both helpful and accommodating, and it was arranged for our student to enroll in a *corso singolo*. At the end of the

academic year she gave an accomplished recital and received a certificate of achievement. I filled the few remaining curricular gaps by offering directed reading courses to individual students.

Although our group proved to be in general mature and responsible, I had no delusions that the year would pass smoothly and free of problems. Sure enough, difficulties did arise. Some of them were serious, others were in retrospect humorous. As late November approached, the initial euphoria of living in a foreign country was wearing thin, replaced perhaps by thoughts of Thanksgiving celebrations with the family. One early evening in mid-November three students appeared at our apartment and announced that they had decided to leave the program and to return home. I acknowledged that neither I nor anyone had the authority to hold them in Bologna against their will, but I pointed out that they would lose university credit for the work that they had already done and that they would have to arrange for their return passage completely by themselves. If, however, they would continue in the program until January and still wished to leave, then the Center would facilitate their re-entry and even try to salvage some partial credit for them. They reluctantly agreed to the compromise. In January one of the students still wished to leave and she did, but the other two stayed on. Ironically, one of these developed a life-long love for Italy and for things Italian; the other married a Bolognese and spent the next ten years in Emilia-Romagna.

My wife helped immensely with such problems. For the students she prepared a traditional Thanksgiving dinner complete with a turkey from Missouri so large that our neighborhood baker had to roast it in his outside oven. In addition, since the majority of our students were female, it often fell to Ruth to give counsel and a friendly woman's ear to many of them. Finally, she served as both hostess and chef to those whom we invited to our home.

Health problems were the students' most common complaint. One of the group arrived in Italy with a partial loss of hearing, another was anemic. Both had been treated with little success in the United States. After the beginning of regular classes at the university the first student, very unhappy, came to see me—she could not understand her professors' lectures. She assured me it was not due to a language problem but to her physical inability to hear. Giulia contacted the "center physician," dott. Monari, who recommended an otolaryngologist. The next time we saw the student was when she burst into the office, radiant and exploding with excitement. "I can hear! I can hear! Even the Vespas roaring through the streets are like music!" I do not remember what the specialist's diagnosis was nor what treatment was given our student, but Ruth and I consulted him later when our son was showing severe hearing loss. He performed surgery that permanently resolved the problem. As for our anemic student, her physician prescribed a diet of half a kilo of red meat and a liter of red wine daily. There were no further complaints of the anemia. Other illnesses, however, were less easily remedied. Two of the group fell sufficiently ill to require hospitalization for several days. Though both conditions were initially cause for much concern, each recovered completely, well before the end of the academic year.

The complications of one final "health" problem resulted not from disease but from bureaucracy. One of our students who owned a large dog came to the office one morning quite shaken and having difficulty restraining the animal—which, by the way, was foaming at the mouth. The dog had bitten its owner, who thought it had rabies. The secretary and I were about to recommend taking the dog to an animal hospital when the student reported having already done that. The veterinarian said that he was not permitted by law to treat suspected rabies cases unless its owner was already in possession of a document issued by the *Comune* to the effect that the animal was potentially rabid. Naturally, our student hurried to the *Municipio* only to be told there that the aforesaid document could be issued only upon receipt of a certificate signed by a licensed veterinarian and stating that the animal may possibly be infected with rabies. At that point Giulia and I understood fully the cause of our student's aggravated state of anxiety. The secretary picked up the telephone and began calling. Soon she hung up and told the student to return to the veterinarian: all should now be settled. We soon learned that the dog was not rabid but instead suffered from a neurosis brought on by being locked during the day in the cramped bathroom of the student's apartment. The veterinary recommendation was to exercise the animal more frequently and vigorously. The diagnosis and treatment must have been appropriate, for the problem did not recur—a great relief to our office.

The other major problem area stemmed from the political upheaval (or better, upheavals) in Europe during 1968. The Prague Spring had destabilized the Soviet-controlled government of what was then Czechoslovakia and by August the Soviet Union had determined to re-establish its dominion. On the 20th of that month, a day or two before I was to meet our students in Paris, Warsaw Pact tanks and troops invaded the country. In Bologna it was widely believed that this was the beginning of World War III and that Soviet troops would be on the march toward Italy within days. As we know now, of course, the invasion was confined to Czechoslovakia, but at the time there was considerable uncertainty within my mind: I was concerned for my wife and children and at the same time I feared that I might be bringing our students into harm's way. As it turned out, the risks in Bologna proved more substantial than those posed by the Eastern Bloc.

In 1968-69 American involvement in Vietnam was at its height and so was antiwar sentiment throughout much of the world. It was rife in Bologna. Walls throughout the city bore graffiti proclaiming "USA BOIA," "YANKEE GO HOME," and similar slogans. A block or two from our Center stood the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies; possibly because of Bologna's traditional leftist leanings, many of its citizens were convinced that the School was a branch of the CIA. Whatever the case, I witnessed overt violence only once during the year; several cars bearing American license plates were overturned near the Hopkins center. Other actions, though, were common. Across the street from our Center stood the Facoltà di Magistero which housed administrative offices as well as classrooms; it was a frequent target of students bent upon staging an occupation. They would enter the building, close the *portoni* to the front entrance, allow no one to enter or leave, and declare the building occupied by student forces. Since there was a centuries-old tradition that law enforcement units did not enter university grounds, there was no attempt to forcibly empty the building. The police were nevertheless highly visible. For much of the academic year a jeep bearing four *carabinieri* was parked in front of our Center; I could observe everything from my office window. When I arrived at the office at 9:00 a.m. the vehicle would be stationed there; at noon it would drive away. About 12:15 the *portoni* of the Facoltà would open and I would see many students file out quietly. They returned at about 2:45 and fifteen minutes later the jeep with its officers would pull to the curb in front. Police duties were taken seriously in those times as were student protests. But neither could ever match the gastronomic superiority of the Bolognese *pranzo*.

Despite my admonition not to engage in political action, some of our students still hovered around the margins of the student movement, and they were undoubtedly being pressured by their new Italian friends to help the student movement. (Scuttlebutt had it that our students were so valuable to the *contestatori* because the Americans knew how to type, a skill completely foreign to the *liceo* curriculum.) A small group of our students complained to me that they were unable to convince the Italian students that they were not allowed to join the movement. Since they thought that perhaps I would be more persuasive, I agreed to speak with their "contact," a young man who lived not far away from me and my family. We subsequently met on the neutral ground of a neighborhood bar. Our conversation was amicable and he seemed to accept the Center's view that participation in the student movement by members of our group would risk their expulsion from Italy. Perhaps our students did collaborate in some way with the *contestatori* but if so, they did it very discreetly, for I was never aware of it nor did any complaints from the university or elsewhere ever reach our office.

The Bologna Center's relations with IU's Foreign Study Office back in Bloomington were very good. Deans Walter Nugent and Nelda Crist were supportive and responsive to our needs and requests. I can recall only one directive from campus that bordered on the unreasonable—and that was not actually the fault of our deans. A newly appointed administrator in IU's Accounting Office was not satisfied with the Center's past bookkeeping methods. He insisted on written receipts for all expenditures. Although this is a standard requirement in the U.S., no Italian merchant in the 1960s willingly issued a receipt in writing—such a document could be examined by the government and result in tax liabilities. After much explanation I was usually able to acquire the desired receipts by convincing the vendor that the document would be sent out of Italy and used only in the United States for accounting purposes.

That problem was solved. But the Accounting Office—not content with the Center's enacting their new requirements in the current academic year—also wanted a similarly detailed accounting of the Center's finances since its beginning three years earlier! I spent many weeks delving into past ledger books and

trying to reconcile our expenditures with the amounts of money IU had sent to us. I finally succeeded in compiling a report that, though not perfect in every detail, was complete enough to satisfy the Accounting Office.

January brought a major change to our office. Giulia's fiancé, Marcello Andreini, had completed his engineering studies and they planned a February wedding after which they would move to Milan. Of those who applied for the vacancy, Nicoletta Bonafé was the strongest candidate. (For me, not the least of her qualities was her diploma in accounting.) She joined the Center in mid-month and quickly became familiar with the diverse requirements of the office. Her intelligence, friendly disposition, and willingness to be of service established strong relations with our university contacts and especially with our students; it helped, perhaps, that Nicoletta was only a couple of years older than they. Resident directors would come and go, but the *signorina* (later *signora* Mezzadri) would remain an invaluable asset to the Center for the next thirty years.

In early 1969 IU strengthened the Center's relations with our host institution by offering a scholarship for graduate study in Bloomington to a student from the University of Bologna. A graduating physics major, Riccardo Giovanelli, received not only the Indiana award but also a Fulbright grant. He entered IU, received a master's degree and doctorate in astronomy, and set out upon a distinguished career. In 1989 the National Academy of Sciences awarded him and his wife, Martha Haynes (also an IU Ph.D. in astronomy), the prestigious Henry Draper Medal for their work in cosmological physics. Both are at present professors of astronomy at Cornell.

The spring was notable for the visitors who came to our Center. Some were the parents of our students or the parents of a prospective student. Charles S. Singleton, the eminent medievalist of Johns Hopkins, dropped in one morning; two of our previous resident directors, Professors Musa and Richard Newton, had studied under him. Louis Tenenbaum visited his two students from Colorado. He later, in 1972-73, served as resident director. Walter Nugent included us in his spring tour of IU's European study programs, and he seemed pleased with the progress of our students and with the operation of the Center. Finally, in June Silvano Garofalo of Wisconsin arrived to take a preliminary view of the working of the program, of which he would become resident director later in the summer.

Final oral examinations for the students' courses began at the end of May and continued into early July. Since the examiners of these courses invited my participation, I had the opportunity to observe the performance of our students. It was encouraging and satisfying to watch and to hear them. Thinking back to September, I remembered how "lost" they had seemed during their early days in Bologna, how often they came to the office to ask for help or guidance, how little they knew of Italy and its culture. In the ensuing months, they began to come around less and less frequently—the bonds among them had strengthened and they had found new friends at the University. Now, as they were sitting for the most difficult examinations that they had ever encountered, they were doing admirably well and giving ample evidence of what they had learned in their ten months in Italy. As they completed their exams, they began to leave Bologna one by one, the last of them in July.

In early August my wife and I sailed from Genoa on the *Raffaello*, sister ship of the *Michelangelo*. As we left Italy we reflected on what we had experienced and accomplished. We had worked and played with a diverse and talented group of young people, some of whom became our lifelong friends. Everyday life in Bologna and frequent trips elsewhere in Europe had enlarged our view of the world and its rich variety of people and places. Our children now spoke a second language and had learned how to integrate themselves into a different culture. Ruth and I agreed then that our year in Bologna had been the most varied, interesting, and rewarding that we had known. Nearly fifty years later we are still of the same opinion.

Silvano Garofalo, University of Wisconsin, 1969-70 and 1977-78

After I joined the University of Wisconsin-Madison as an Assistant Professor of Italian in the fall of 1967, I found a large enrollment in Italian classes but with no study abroad program. I immediately embarked on the task of providing such an opportunity for our students and began a correspondence with faculty at the

University of Siena aimed at establishing a summer program. I worked assiduously with the Dean of International Studies and Programs, Henry Hill, to ascertain that all the documentations were in place for the establishment of such a program. Whenever I felt that we were ready to embark on this endeavor, Dean Hill found the need for additional information.

One day, in the fall of 1968, he called me into his office to tell me that there was a gentleman that I would be interested in meeting. I went to his office and there was Dean Walter Nugent. Dean Nugent explained that Indiana University had an excellent academic year program at the University of Bologna. At this particular time, however, all of their Italian faculty had served as directors and they were in need of combining with another university to share the burden of directorship and to increase the number of participating students.

I am not much of a believer in miracles, but if there is such a thing, that was definitely it. I served as director for the 1969-1970 academic year and five other UW-Madison professors of Italian served in that capacity for the succeeding years. Subsequently, I served for a second term as director for the 1977-78 academic year.

I served as faculty advisor for the Bologna program for many years after 1969. My endeavor and commitment to the Bologna Study Abroad Program did not go unnoticed by the Dean of the College of Letters and Science, E. David Cronon, and when a position became available in the fall of 1984, for the directorship of the College study abroad programs, I was selected to serve in that capacity. This position involved most of the study abroad programs offered by the UW-Madison. In 1989 I was appointed Associate Dean of International Studies and Programs, a position which I held until 1991.

My involvement with UW-Madison study abroad programs gave me the privilege of working with and profiting from the expertise of Walter Nugent, Richard Stryker, Rod Sangster and Kathleen Sidel. In Bologna, because of our affiliation with the university, I developed close working relationships with professors in general, but those in Italian in particular. The professional and mutual esteem with professors such as Ezio Raimondi, Mario Pazzaglia, Mario Saccenti, Bruno Basile and others have extended beyond my retirement.

Students who participated in the Bologna program whether through my directorships or that of others have expressed the view that their year at the University of Bologna was pivotal in their professional development and most of them ended up getting graduate degrees. Three of our four children who studied with the program fall under this category.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Indiana University administrators and faculty for developing such a rich academic program that served so well both students and professors.

Christopher Kleinhenz, University of Wisconsin, 1970-71

It probably goes without saying that every director's year in Bologna is both the same and different – same problems and concerns, same joys and rewards; different students, personalities, and historical circumstances. Each year is unique, and we all have stories to tell – or, perhaps, not to tell – and memories of that special time in that special place.

To us it seems like yesterday, but some forty-five years have passed since Marge and I and our sons, Steve (then age three and a half) and Michael (then six months) were living in Bologna (via Caruso 3) and getting ready to welcome our students for what would be a memorable year for most, even a game-changer for some. We watched our “kids” become assimilated in the *vita bolognese*, comfortable with the university and with their new accommodations and friends. With the invaluable assistance of Nicoletta Bonafé, we helped them deal with a wide range of issues and problems – with landladies, shopping, traveling, customs – and were glad and relieved when things turned out well, which was generally the case. We guided them in their studies and encouraged them to take full advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime experience. Everyone survived, as did we, and most flourished despite the ever-present specter of student protests, *scioperi*, and the like. Indeed, the general atmosphere of protests, for which Bologna

was a well-known focal point, raised awareness among our students and motivated them to begin questioning some of their preconceived ideas and attitudes, especially *vis-à-vis* the role and actions of their home country in world affairs.

Our older son went to a Montessori school, and after a couple of difficult months he was conversing in Italian and beginning to forget words in English. During the year our younger son learned to walk – the cold marble floors in our apartment deterred crawling – and accompanied us in his stroller to many restaurants, where apparently by osmosis he learned to love Italian cuisine. For Marge and me the gastronomical pleasures of a year in Bologna were many, as were the opportunities to forge lasting friendships, to add many volumes to my personal library, to make professional contacts (Raffaele Spongano, Ezio Raimondi, Mario Pazzaglia, Bruno Basile, and others), to work on some research projects (my first article was published there), to teach a course on Dante's *Divine Comedy* for some of our students, and to become familiar with northern Italy, since our previous experience living in Italy had been primarily in the area around Naples.

It was also most interesting and gratifying to see how our students adjusted to their life in Bologna and to their university classes, which they quickly admitted were far different from what they were used to on their own campus. It was a further unforeseen advantage to be not so far removed in age from our “kids” (however differently it may have appeared on each side then), for as we and they both have reached or approached retirement age, common to all now is a tendency to look back on our year in *La Dotta* as a magical, unrepeatable time. Indeed, five years ago we met for a glorious reunion in Bologna, and it seemed as though the years melted away as we talked and walked and ate our way through *La Grassa*. And now again, as the program turns fifty, we cherish the opportunity to recognize the great and lasting impression the city – its people, its places, its institutions, its food – made on us.

Edoardo A. Lebano, Indiana University, 1973-74 and 1978-79

I was Director of the Indiana University-University of Wisconsin Junior Year Abroad in Bologna during the academic year 1973-74 and again in 1978-79. I lived in Bologna as a child during the early years of WWII, and I always wanted to return and live in that city together with my wife and children for an extended stay. So when, after joining the Indiana University faculty in the fall of 1971 from UWM, I was asked by IU to move to Bologna for an entire academic year, I was more than happy to accept.

Participating in the program were 25 students, at that time a real record number, two thirds of them from IU and the rest from Wisconsin, with one or two from the University of Colorado. Most of the IU students were taking classes with me, so I got to know them quite well. We met also in my house over Italian food, and they also became acquainted with my wife Mary, and my two boys, Nick and Mario. One of the 25 was Edward Marguleas, from California, a beginning graduate student, who eventually earned a Master Degree in Italian from IU; Paula Marsili, from Chicago, who after graduation from the University of Wisconsin, came to IU to continue graduate studies in Italian, and is currently living in Florida as a prize-winning photographer; Anthony Lupica from New York, who after earning his MA in Italian at IU became a high school teacher of Italian back East.

I was most pleasantly surprised by the rapidity with which all the students, most of whom had never lived abroad, were able to adapt and conform to a different lifestyle, assimilating without any serious personal problems, all the various aspects of Italian life and culture. I still remember how amazed I was when one of our youngest students from Indiana, Elizabeth Burnman, who we all called Bettina, managing Bologna downtown traffic arrived to the Center on top of a motor scooter much bigger than herself! Another memorable event took place during a party in my Bologna apartment to which I had invited all the students. Towards the end of the evening Janis Russell started singing, delighting all with her beautiful and powerful voice. I like to think her singing career started that night. In fact Janis remained in Italy after the end of the program singing in several sea resorts along the Adriatic coast.

Not much different were the experiences and impressions I had during my second tenure as Director of the Bologna Program in 1978-79. The group was smaller, seventeen in all. I remember particularly Elisabeth Pasquinelli, Robin Rice, Deanna Shemek, now a College Professor of Italian Literature, Lillian

Sizemore and David Stockdale, a gifted musician and a dedicated teacher who has chosen Italy, and more precisely Emilia-Romagna, as his second home.

Many years have gone by, and I find it now difficult to associate a name with a face, since I have lost contact with many students in the intervening years. I hope, nevertheless that the memorable events the students experienced during their year of study in Bologna was the opportunity to meet and talk with the most distinguished Italian novelist, Giorgio Bassani, as well as of visiting his home in Ferrara, the city where the story told in his masterpiece *il giardino dei finzi contini* takes place.

Peter A Sehlinger, Associate Dean and Director, Overseas Study, Indiana University, 1976-79

The University of Bologna Then and Now: As a historian I was familiar with the fame of the medieval University of Bologna and its attraction for foreign students, thus the saying "Bononia docet mundum." As director of Overseas Study at IU, I also discovered that the university centuries later remained true to its educational mission and its interest in helping foreign students. When student strikes in the late 1970s prevented students from attending classes and taking examinations, this made the task of assigning credits and grades for participants on the Indiana-Wisconsin program seemingly impossible. However, with the help of our resident director, professors at the university went out of their way to assist our students, furnishing information on their course work and even managing to give some of them individual exams outside of the university. This courtesy allowed our students to receive credit and grades for their classes and demonstrated the university's continuing concern for the welfare of its students.

Gino Casagrande, University of Wisconsin, 1980-81

I arrived in Bologna by train on August 20, 1980, ready to direct the 16th academic year of the University of Indiana and University of Wisconsin "Bologna Program", and these were the first things I saw: the clock and the rubble of the station waiting room.

The rubble was soon cleaned up and the room slowly rebuilt. The clock still marks the 10:25 of that fatal Saturday morning of August 2, 1980 when a bomb exploded at the Central Railway Station of Bologna wounding more than 200 people and killing 85 – plus the station main clock which is forever stopped at the exact time of the explosion and which remains a tangible memory of that massacre attributed to a neo-fascist group of terrorists.



When in Bologna, if you have a few minutes to spare, please go inside the Station waiting room and glance over the list of the names of the 85 who perished there. It will help keep alive the collective memory that – as I have read recently – is sadly fading away.

During the ensuing 35 years since the massacre, the "Bologna Program" has survived brilliantly and has expanded in scope and area by including seven Midwest major universities as full members and half-a-score of associated member universities, giving students ample opportunity of choice. The BCSP academic program as it is set up at present is excellent and ideal for whoever desires to be involved in a real in-depth experience at the oldest university in the world, i. e. Bologna! I have a very long and solid experience as resident Director of programs in Italy (eight full academic years, plus ten summer terms) and can attest that the BCPS offers by far the best experience that a serious student should consider. I believe that this can be confirmed by the majority of students who spent with me a wonderful academic year in Bologna thirty-five years ago.

David Rosen, University of Wisconsin, 1985-86

I have many memories of the year I spent as Resident Director of the BCSP in the academic year 1985-86, but I'll limit myself to this one, given the security concerns it caused.

On 15 April 1986 the U.S. conducted airstrikes on Libya, on President Reagan's orders, in retaliation for the bombing of a Berlin night club frequented by Americans. I was concerned about the possibility that anti-American sentiment might result in action against the BCSP center, then in Largo Trombetti. I felt confident enough to take our group on our scheduled *gita scolastica* to Parma. I recall telling the students that we belong here in Italy and should feel comfortable here, but that we would not be carrying and waving American flags. The trip went well, without incident.

Thomas Cravens, University of Wisconsin, 1991-92

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of directing the program was being in a position to observe so many students undergo the accelerated growth-through-discovery that study in a land and language other than one's own brings. I had been a student in Bologna some years before, so to some extent I knew what to expect – pleasant surprises such as the first dream in Italian, the challenges of following no-holds-barred lectures that can be demanding even for Italian students, the joys and frustrations of daily life where not everything is as expected. Almost without exception the students proved to be resourceful and resilient, so that my plan to guide mostly at arm's length in order to nudge self-assurance seemed to be the appropriate choice – very much aided by Nicoletta's knowledge and wise counsel. Most students left Bologna for the holidays. When they returned, several reported feeling as though they had come home, the same sensation I had felt years before. Fast forward through exams, choosing new courses, excursions, eventually more exams... By the end of the academic year it seemed that every student had benefited immensely and Bologna Cooperative Studies Program had succeeded once again!

Michael Stoughton, University of Minnesota, 1994-95

Still today, over 20 years later, I think of the period in Bologna as a red-letter year in my life. For the first time in my academic career (which had begun 25 years earlier), I had a completely different job that I found I enjoyed very much. Curiously, I did not miss teaching formal classes in art history, a great love in my life; neither did I pursue further research on seventeenth-century painting in far-away Naples. Rather, I devoted myself to the management of an office helping students in their study abroad year, taking advantage of my extensive experience in advising undergraduates at Minnesota. It was gratifying to work with Dick Stryker and other colleagues at Indiana.

At the beginning of my year in Bologna, I promised myself that I would not let a weekend pass by without at least one day trip by train, taking advantage of Bologna's strategic location. I lived alone, but enjoyed the visits of no fewer than 54 house guests from Italy and the U. S. and I participated in the varied cultural life of the city.

The year was richly rewarding.

Elissa Weaver, University of Chicago, 1998-99

My time--17 years ago--as RD for the Indiana Consortium program in Bologna has left me with many pleasant memories.

We had an enthusiastic, happy (most of the time) and enterprising group of students who worked and played together well, and many, I believe, keep in touch still today on Facebook. Three of them kept in contact with me for a number of years, primarily because of our shared interest in Italian literature and culture, and one, on whose doctoral dissertation I later served, still does. It was wonderful to watch the students go from speaking Italian with hesitation at the beginning of the academic year to conversing confidently with their Italian friends by the spring, and taking oral exams in May and June. Most of them

spent the year well, taking a wide range of courses at the University of Bologna and in our quaint program office in the parking lot of two University *facoltà*. On weekends our students made the most of their opportunity to travel, exploring the entire Italian peninsula and much of Europe. We had one curious exception to the rule, but even that student took advantage of the time, successfully scouring the country for legos to add to his, apparently impressive, collection.

For me the year was also a welcome interlude between two terms chairing my department at the University of Chicago. On our long weekend breaks, Friday through Sunday, while the students explored the continent, I managed to finish writing a book I had been working on for several years, and that was just when I had begun to think that my collected works would inevitably be entitled *Memos to the Dean*.

My year in Bologna--1998-99 --seemed like yesterday until, rereading the reports I sent periodically to Indiana that year, I came across a reference to having for the first time to use a cell phone, so I could always be reached. I wrote that I would do my best to deal with this inconvenience!

I have a great debt of thanks to pay to Indiana University, the University of Chicago, and the University of Bologna for the privilege and pleasure of spending a year in such a beautiful city and extraordinary cultural center, among friends, old and new. *Grazie infinite* for that brief taste of academic paradise, sangiovese and lasagne alla bolognese

Stefania Buccini, University of Wisconsin, 1999-2000

Directing the Bologna Cooperative Studies Program in 1999-2000 offered me the opportunity to acquire greater understanding of the undergraduate experience. The close interaction with the students has been crucial to my development as a person and as an educator.

In my twenty-seven years at the University of Wisconsin-Madison I have taken part in several study abroad programs in the capacity of director and teacher, but the Bologna appointment has been unique for the quality, the cultural background and the motivation of each of the students.

As I indicated in my last report, it was a challenging year "with some wonderful moments" and I am still grateful to Richard Stryker, Kathy Sideli and Libby DeVoe for their constant support and for making this chapter of my life humanly and academically rewarding.

Stuart Curran, University of Pennsylvania, 2000-01

In the spring of 2001, as the pressures of the long school year intensified, Julie Wade, the program administrator, and I thought that it might be to the general good to use the small amount left in our budget for group excursions and spend a day in the country. We chose a Sunday, as a time when the students were least likely to have commitments, hired a small bus, and, with almost all the students joining in, drove out of Bologna to the great plain, or *pianura*, that stretches to the east of the city. It was a perfect spring day, clear and balmy. Our first stop was a venerable farmhouse that friends of Julie's had bought and were restoring. We wandered the grounds, were shown around the house, then had an ample buffet lunch that our hosts threw together. By the time we were done it was close to mid-afternoon and we headed off to an improbable museum I had heard of, located in Budrio, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants just nine miles east of Bologna.

Budrio is proud, perhaps inordinately, of the fact that sometime in the 1870s one of its citizens, named Giuseppe Donati, invented the ocarina, a wind instrument made of terra cotta and roughly triangular in shape, rather like the body of a small goose, which is its etymological meaning. When I was a boy, you could buy them as an alternative to the kazoo at the local five-and-ten and bother every adult in the vicinity with the raucous noise they made; but that fad went out, and I'm not sure that any of the students had ever experienced an ocarina. Budrio, though, is just the place for such an encounter, for it boasts a town orchestra composed only of ocarinas and a museum devoted to the instrument's history. To that august institution we resorted to gawk with some bemusement at tiny ocarinas and enormous ocarinas and the variety of shapes in between. This was as far distant from Italian art history, literature, and

sociology, I thought, as we could get, and I was content that we had found such an apt, even silly, means of ridding our collective minds of their academic burdens. Indeed, we were all in a rare good humor as we left the museum and decided to explore what we presumed would be a sleepy small town where there would be little to do but check out the gelato shop. On the contrary . . . Budrio had come to life.

There was a town *fiesta* in the square celebrating Budrio's happy existence, with a rock band on a wagon (not a single ocarina in sight) and a large assemblage of the local citizenry come to participate. It didn't take long before a good number of the students were up on the make-shift stage, playing air guitars and either singing or miming along with the band. As the round ended, they got down and happily mingled with the crowd, all talking excitedly with each other in Italian. After a half hour or so we had to leave, and the townspeople cheered us on our way, wholly unsurprised, it would appear, to have had a busload of American adolescents come to Budrio to help celebrate this singular town's existence with such enthusiasm and in such fluent Italian. Nine miles from Bologna -- and a world apart.

Wayne Storey, Indiana University, 2002-03

In 2002–2003, I served as the last rotating director of the Bologna Consortial Studies Program. In case anyone has forgotten, it was the year leading up to March 2003 invasion of Iraq. Tensions were high: students were on edge, Bologna was on edge. Inexplicably Brigade rosse slogans and emblems were spray-painted on the doors of some programs, including ours; nervous students began to see “suspicious characters” throughout the city. At the same time there was the program's usual business: out-of-town trips, meetings with our American and Bolognese partners and instructors, burst appendices, emergency trips to hospitals and police stations, and student conferences. It was also the year we set about the business of searching for a permanent director for the program, hosting the committee and some interviews.

We were in Via Val d'Aposa then (Marina, Loredana and I had tended to the move in a blazing August 2002) and the office was busy as we learned the new building and the new arrivals. Throughout it all, there was one staff member who met with the students on a daily basis, who solved their daily problems, listened to their daily concerns and became their reliable friend in all weather: Loredana D'Elia. To a student, there would be no disagreement with the phrase that it would be impossible to overestimate Loredana's central importance that year. While her main role was tending to the students' housing and all that entailed, it seemed as though she was ever-present in the office. I remember her always with a crowd of students around her, all happy and anxious to have her advice or to hear about her previous evening or to tell her about theirs. Hers was not only a role as confidant; she was a compassionate friend. That year she made their lives in Bologna infinitely better and she made my job infinitely easier and more enjoyable. We sometimes use the word “staff” to point generically to those who help us at work. After years of administrative work at Fordham University, before joining IU, I had come to understand the fundamental importance of their work and their insights. But that year Loredana taught me a new and more profound meaning to the word “staff”. She became the “staff” we all leaned on and walked with over rough and easy terrain alike. It is impossible for me to remember that year, via Val d'Aposa and BCSP without a sense of profound gratitude and admiration for Loredana D'Elia. She remains a friend, with the same winning personality, intellect, and sense of humor undiminished by years and distance.

In a bigger picture Loredana reminds us all that though programs are — by design — structures of buildings, agreements, courses and transfer credits, they are at their efficient and spiritual core the people who personally guide the students — sometimes it seems by the hand — day in and day out through daily life in a foreign country. We — students and administrators alike — owe them a profound debt of gratitude.

Richard E. Stryker, Associate Dean and Director, Office of Overseas Study, 1989-2003

I first visited Bologna in May 1990, at the end of a long tour of IU's programs in Europe during my first year as IU's Director of Overseas Study. Our Resident Director that year was the founder, Mark Musa. My last visit to Bologna was in May 2006, when Andrea Ricci was fully established as our Permanent Resident Director. I had retired in 2003, but continued as Managing Director of BCSP for four more years, for a total of 18 years and 21 site visits.

I came to love Bologna above all other programs in my charge during these years -- the city, with its beautiful porticos, its splendid Piazza Maggiore, and its glorious restaurants; the university, with its ancient dignity and continuing distinction; and the BCSP consortium, with its committed faculty and staff colleagues with whom I worked so closely for so long, and, of course, its outstanding students. There were continuing challenges to deal with, from the effort to install telephones in student apartments and to create housing arrangements that more fully integrated students into Italian life; to negotiations for exchanges with the University of Bologna; staffing and teaching issues; and the constant need to recruit enough students to keep the program solvent while maintaining its high academic integrity and cultural integration. During my 18 years, we expanded the consortium from 6 to 14 full and associate member institutions, legalized our status in Italy and that of our employees, and moved from a directorship with rotating faculty members to a continuing ("permanent") resident directorship, with Andrea Ricci at the helm, now in his 13th year.

In celebrating the 50th anniversary of BCSP, we are celebrating many people in Italy and in America. I am sorry not to attend the celebrations but extend my best wishes and gratitude to all who have contributed so much to make this an enduring and eminent institution.