

ISSUE I

ITALIANOLES

FLORENCE SUMMER 2018
FSU INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMS

La Dolce Vita



PHOTO BY MIA ERSOFF

EDITOR: Patrick Merle

EDITOR: Jacquelyn Lee

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Cassandra Nicolace

CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Emma Salters

LEAD PHOTOGRAPHER: Mia Ersoff

ASSISTANT DESIGNER: Sabrina Beall

ASSISTANT DESIGNER: Savannah Tindall

CONTENT CONTRIBUTORS:

- ✿ Alexandra Reece
- ✿ Angela Christiano
- ✿ Avery Centrella
- ✿ Grace Goebel
- ✿ Isabella Escobar
- ✿ Jessie Colegrove
- ✿ Karina Estrada
- ✿ Katelyn Kiselewski
- ✿ Kristen Rodriguez
- ✿ Kyle Hull
- ✿ Kyle Sacchetta
- ✿ Madison Hood
- ✿ Shana Janis
- ✿ Sofia Guisasola

3

Why Firenze

4-5

Excursions

6-9

Lifestyle

10-13

Food &
Wine

14

Georgette
Jupe

15

Projects



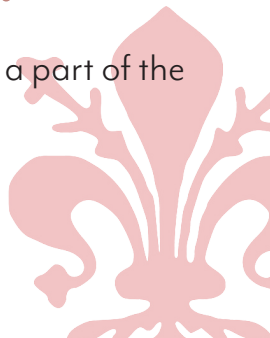
WHY FIRENZE?

“ Whatever path you choose to take, having an experience abroad will make you more prepared to tackle the issues that affect today’s world. ”

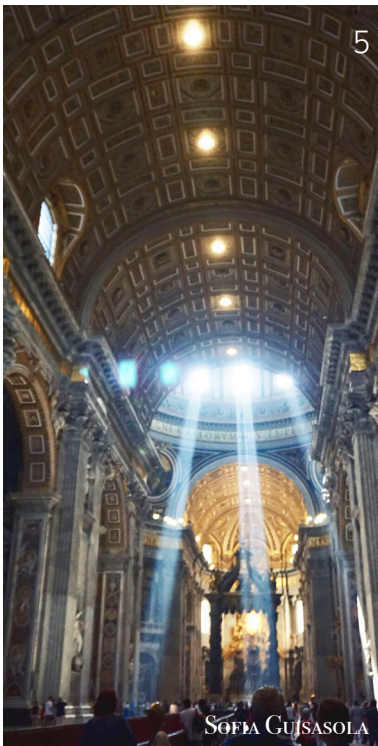
“Since this program was founded in 1966, it’s really sought to combat biases, combat provincialism, combat prejudices, and struggle against everything that might be harmful to a young person growing up in today’s society. I think coming abroad in an environment that’s educational prepares students to bring their new cultural experiences back home. Eventually, this experience gets embedded in their subconscious and they use it to make their school better, their work environments better, and their communities better.”-FRANK NERO, PROGRAM DIRECTOR

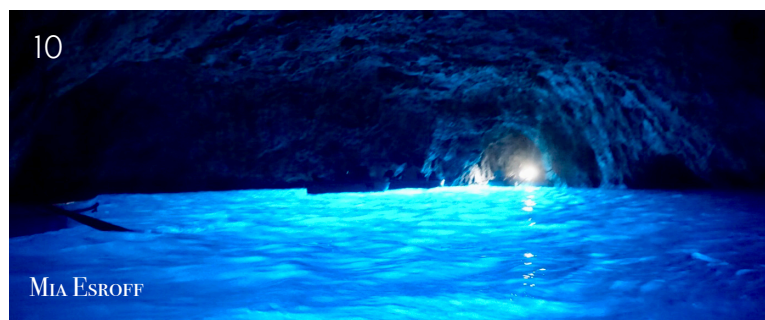
“ You will learn to appreciate just what you have. ”

“Students should choose Florence because after just one week, they already feel like they’re a part of the city. It doesn’t take months, but just a matter of days to feel at home here. Sometimes it’s nice to go out of your comfort zone to understand how lucky you are in your own position.”-LUCIA COSSARI, ASSISTANT PROGRAM DIRECTOR



EXCURSIONS





- 1: Fiesole
- 2, 3, 5: Rome
- 4: Fattoria Poggio Alloro
- 6: Verona
- 7, 8: Arno Sunset Tour
- 11: Cinque Terre
- 9: Lake Garda
- 10: Amalfi Coast
- 12: Fattoria Lavacchio
- 13: Pisa
- 14: Piazzale Michelangelo

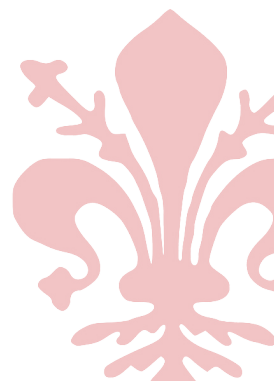




PHOTO BY MIA ERSOFF

RUNNING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

BY SOFIA GUIASOLA

There is what we know as the ‘Freshman 15’, but surely there must be a ‘Firenze 25’! “Enjoy the Italian food!” they said. “Experience the culture and the world-renowned cuisine!” they told me.

Although made with the most natural produce and unprocessed ingredients, the glorious diet of pasta after pizza after breads and more pizza and pasta followed by gelato made me switch from counting my total daily steps to tracking my total daily calories. The guilt of gluttony slowly took over and prompted me to resolve this inner conflict. Full disclosure, running remains as enticing to me as eating Lampredotto, a Florentine delicacy made from cow’s intestine - so not at all. Alas, this exercise felt necessary for me to enjoy my time abroad at its full potential.

Eating almost an entire pie of prosciutto ham and mushroom pizza paired

with a couple glasses of red wine left me feeling quite content at the time, but when I woke up the next day, I knew I’d feel even more satisfied if I engaged in some actual physical activity. With this sudden burst of motivation, I tied up my Nike shoes and my ponytail and set out for the midday summer heat.

With my (very willing) roommate leading the way, we began our course down habitual routes – passing the popular Lion’s Fountain pub, zigzagging around tourists in front of the Basilica di Santa Croce, and circling around the perimeter of the Duomo. As we passed quaint flower shops, bustling bakeries, and cruising bikers, the warm breeze on my skin gave me a sweet sense of fulfillment as I realized this was exactly what I needed. Continuing our walk/run through more rural parts of town populated by locals, we began to explore undiscovered streets, stores, and hidden

treasures that led us on a path we had not initially anticipated. Antique thrift stores with their vintage decor and Florentine pups caught our attention, pausing our trek intermittently.

After wandering in no set direction and getting practically lost in the city, we somehow made it to our destination: the iconic Arno River. There, a dirt track led us along its side, past countless rowboats and trendy cafés (which locations we made sure to mark for future late-night dinners). Soon after, this path returned us back to our familiar neighborhood.

Out of breath and as red as the fresh tomatoes sold in the Sant’Ambrogio Market, I couldn’t help but smile at the success of my 3-mile journey and wonder if I should treat myself to some sweet gelato... Self-satisfaction and a pat on the back sufficed this time.



PHOTO BY EMMA SALTERS

“COME VA?”

BY SABRINA BEALL

Setting foot into one of my favorite panini shops, Natalino, I was immediately greeted by the aroma of fresh focaccia and a smile from the familiar employee on shift. “Come va?” I ask, and receive a delighted “Bene! E tu?” before ordering a panini with crisp zucchini, salty prosciutto, and pecorino cheese. Recalling my home state from previous conversation, his eyes light up as he begins to tell me about his dream of traveling to Miami, and I gush over how I admire Firenze and wish my time in the Renaissance city were just a little longer.

“Come va?” Just two words, a simple Italian “how are you?” Something so normal may not seem of value. However, this gesture has proven to be worth more than it seems on the surface. Once you begin asking locals about their day in Italian, you start to get to know them and get a first-hand view of the city through their personal and experienced lens. You discover things you could not possibly recognize from the outside looking in. Sure, you could order your daily morning coffee in English without saying another word. However, asking “come va?” and getting to know the barista who makes your “caffè” will lead you to truly experience these everyday things not as just a tourist, but a temporary resident.

Whenever I paired a kind smile with “come va?,” the change in the demeanor of locals was immediate. Although many times I couldn’t understand, most warmly continued the conversation in their native tongue. The more I engaged in this practice, I noticed myself understanding more and on occasion, I surprised myself by finishing the interaction completely in Italian. Each time, it was obvious that locals were appreciative of my efforts rather than expecting them to default to English.

My journey to strike local conversations has been one of the most rewarding experiences while in Firenze. To anyone out there looking to study in Firenze, interacting with as many locals as possible would be my one recommendation. Ask

them questions, speak Italian whenever you can, and really get to know the owners and employees of the shops you frequent. This allows for so many opportunities to learn about Firenze and its citizens. You never know where one conversation may lead you.

CRY ME A RIVER

BY AVERY CENTRELLA

16:45. The sunlight is dimming from a brilliant yellow to a rich gold in the Florentine sky while hordes of tourists rove through the narrow streets. My roommates and I escape the streets to relax next to the Arno River in Chiosco Amici Della Zecca park for the next couple of hours.

Stretched out on a white terry cloth towel borrowed from my apartment, I watch in amusement as rowers glide away from my spot. Music softly plays from my roommate’s speaker and carries easily on the gentle summer breeze. The view of the river, glittering in the setting sun, could be a photo on a postcard. Many others, peppered across the park, peruse books, take photos, and admire the water. I wished that I had the option of visiting this river year-round.

The Arno, a historic river dotted with bridges, boasts the well-known Ponte Vecchio, and hosts many colorful row boats. In fact, this romantic landmark is a defining feature of the Tuscan capital. Historically, Firenze benefited from the river for trade and water. Today, the river has become one of the most photographed scenes in the city as sunsets over the Arno bathe Firenze in a golden glow, enchanting the town. After a minute of relaxing by the river, enthusiastic visitors ask me to take

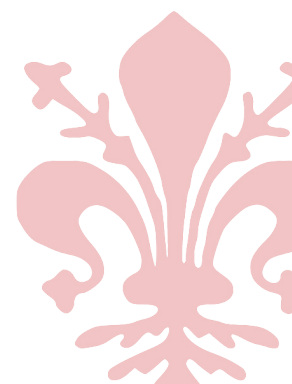
their picture. I politely oblige and walk through the scratchy grass, blind to the massive presence of ants, to take photos of tourists for a few minutes. I soon returned to my towel and to my peaceful cat nap. Painful welts from the ants materialize on my feet, as I try to unwind. The droning of the mosquitoes cause my eyes to snap open, and focus on an ominous black cloud of insects right above my face. I swatted away, as a bead of sweat trickled down my face

PHOTO BY AVERY CENTRELLA



due to the halting breeze. The summertime smell of sunscreen is rudely interrupted by the harsh smell of a burning cigarette, not too far away. We sit up in annoyance and quickly exit the river bank.

Although picturesque and rich with history, even the most ‘perfect’ of landmarks have downsides. In a way, getting eaten alive by mosquitoes reminds me that as much as I yearn to reside in somewhere as beautiful as Firenze, it is not a perfect place- nowhere is. I plan to return armed with bug spray and more patience in the future.



DROWNING IN ARTWORK (LITERALLY)

BY SAVANNAH TINDALL

A walk down the cobblestone streets in Italy means food. The plethora of cafes fill the roads with the sweet smell of pastries, inviting you to come in and chow down. As you look down different streets, your eyes feast on various artworks and they always want more. Living in a country with an abundance of artworks has left me feeling spoiled.

All the pieces I studied during my senior year in high school, such as the Sistine Chapel and Michelangelo's Pieta, climb out of the pages in my textbook and stand before me in their original places. Even the mundane task of walking home from class is filled with excitement as I gaze upon the beautiful architecture that lines the streets.

Coming to Italy, I had memorized what museums housed which iconic pieces. Going to places like the Uffizi gallery and seeing pieces like Venus of Urbino left my jaw on the ground each time. I was expected to be blown away by art like that, and over time I became used to that sense of awe. Even the Duomo, which lavish exterior stunned me the first time I saw it, slowly just became a marker of how to get home. I yearned for something to pull my interest but little did I know that it wouldn't be found in a museum. Instead, I just needed to take a stroll on the streets of Pisa. I was used to recognizable Christian iconography like the classic image of the Madonna and Child. What I wasn't used to was seeing them underwater.

Just a few blocks away from the train station stood the iconic religious symbols with goggles on. Shortly afterwards I began to see more iconic works underwater, not all of them being Christian Imagery. When I returned from Pisa, I started to notice more underwater art hanging up in the streets. It was different than the normal street art I had been seeing beforehand which was just graffiti. I did not appreciate the regular graffiti because it didn't seem to have a purpose and the spray paint that's used on the walls looked harmful to the ancient walls. But these underwater works seemed different for multiple reasons. For starters, spray cans did not look like they were used and they all seemed to have a message. So, this surprising collection begged the question, who was the artist and what inspired him/her?

The creator is a mysterious street artist going by the name Blub, whose identity is shrouded in secrecy. This series of underwater street art is called "L'arte sa nuotare" which translates to art can swim. The title to me felt ambiguous and almost multifaceted. Luckily, Blub actually spoke about this to a local online publication. He said that "L'arte sa nuotare is about two ways one can live life, like eros and love or life and death. We can choose to be stuck with fear due to the crisis or we can choose to take it as an opportunity to overcome our limitations while being confident in the future and in our potential. Renaissance art in Florence is still strong and hides today's art that is alive and contemporary, so by using icons of the past with diving masks the theme presents a mix between the past and the contemporary world. There is no need to deny the past in order to look at the present, but at least acknowledge it."

Another thing I learned about the L'arte sa nuotare pieces is that they are not harmful to the buildings here. Each of these pieces are created on posters and he also only puts them on glass boxes, ensuring no damages to the buildings. For more information on his pieces, you can follow his Instagram @lartesanuotare.

PHOTO BY SAVANNAH TINDALL



FSU IP FLORENCE 2019

COMMUNICATION PROGRAM

INTERESTED IN WORKING WITH LOCAL COMMUNICATION PROFESSIONALS, HELP THE CITY OF FLORENCE, AND PRODUCE ITALIANOLES MAGAZINE?

RESERVE YOUR SPOT FOR 2019.

CONTACT PATRICK MERLE FOR DETAILS

PMERLE@FSU.EDU

MY DAILY DOSE OF ITALIAN HOSPITALITY

BY SOFIA GUIASOLA

Every day since I can remember, I've enjoyed my morning 'cup of joe'. Immediately defeating my fatigue, coffee ignites me with a burst of energy, preparing me to take on the rest of the day. Drinking coffee also prompts countless outings with old friends as well as multiple random conversations with strangers in cafés. I look forward to my daily dose of caffeine and since my study abroad experience commenced, this tradition of mine has persisted.

On the search for my new go-to café, I meandered through the narrow streets of Firenze, past bustling bakeries and "ristorantes" that seemed to be a bit too populated by tourists for my liking. I yearned for a spot in the city that fostered a 'locals only' atmosphere where I could visit on the weekends for a quiet, enjoyable breakfast.

Finally, I stumbled upon it: La Loggia degli Albizi (or simply La Loggia as my classmates and I refer to it). When I first entered through the wooden door, I felt a warm ambience, both from the continuous toasting of pastries or paninis and from the welcoming staff members who immediately greeted me with large smiles and Italian salutations. From the moment I responded with the casual expression "Ciao!", a strong feeling of belonging enveloped me, as if I transformed into a local Florentine.

Soon after, the glass displays of decadent pastries and pies caught my attention. As I browsed among the multitude of options to treat my palate,

I found it difficult to keep my mouth from watering in awe. I settled on selecting a simple chocolate croissant paired with a "piccolo" (little) cappuccino. The combination of the croissant's light and flaky texture with the silky taste of the coffee created the exact dining experience I expected to receive.

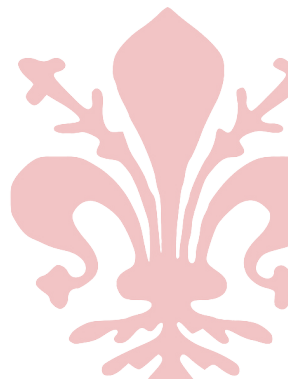
Since my initial experience, my friends and I made La Loggia an everyday destination. Now, I am on a first name basis with Rocco (the owner) and Carolina (an employee who always seems to have a smile on her face). With every visit, Rocco teaches me a new Italian word to help me request my orders with ease. Carolina also gained a sense for what I usually crave and now knowingly hands me my pastries before I even order.

La Loggia holds a warm spot in my heart, which will inevitably make my departure from Firenze more difficult. Still, the conversations and memories I've created in that small café will always be enough to remind me how it made my experience as a temporary Italian a little bit sweeter.



PHOTO BY EMMA SALTERS

PHOTO BY MIA ERSOFF





who rolled their canvas carts behind them. After just two turns, my sun-blinded eyes met the increasingly familiar metal-roofed lot tucked in the Piazza Ghiberti just far enough from the crowded city center- about 15 minutes away. I started to follow the movement of figures rhythmically unpacking goodies onto their respective tables, and the murmurs of friendly conversations between merchants and their first customers grew clearer.

The shade provided by the tin covering relieved my vision and my mood was lifted, as it is every time, by the clusters of colors that seem the brightest when I'm here at the Sant'Ambrogio Market. The tradition of the Mercato di Sant'Ambrogio has provided this neighborhood of Florence with fresh food, clothing, ceramics, and other household products since its inauguration in 1873. Originally created to support Florence's new commercial role as the Capital of the Italian State, the market has attracted quality products and a bustling energy to Florence that still takes effect today.

Hoping the vendors don't sense my odd fascination with their produce, I admire the bins of jewel-toned pitted fruits, tangled beans, and glossy tomatoes that seem fit to decorate a Christmas tree. I gushed over the salty bite of prosciutto

that a man cut just for me and held myself back from buying way too much to eat.

So many pieces contribute to the allure of Sant'Ambrogio, like the elevated taste of the peak season produce, the small smiles and kind words exchanged throughout, and the satisfaction in knowing that you're continuing this fruitful Florentine tradition.

When I finished browsing the aisles twice over, I succumbed to my own small tradition and tasted the most delicious, meaty peach as I walked out, juice dripping down my chin, and my skin was met with the smiling morning sun again.

PHOTO BY CASSANDRA NICOLACE



PHOTOS BY: CASSANDRA NICOLACE

FRUITFUL MORNINGS AT THE MERCATO

BY CASSANDRA NICOLACE

After starting my morning with breakfast the Italian way- a brioche and a macchiato to be enjoyed at the counter, I quickly licked the last of the powdery sugar off of my lips and turned onto Via Pietrapiana, my own temporarily residential street.

I lazily strolled on the skinny cobblestone sidewalk past the Piazza Sant'Ambrogio mirroring the olive-skinned locals



PHOTO BY MIA ERSOFF

MY ITALIAN LOVE STORY

BY MIA ERSOFF

After a chaotic few days of classes and traveling throughout Italy, I longed for a relaxing day in Florence. As I finally rolled out of bed and sluggishly wandered aimlessly through Piazza dei Ciampi, I felt startled by my reflection in the storefront window of the Conad grocery store. The dark bags under my eyes stood out more than any of the fancy Italian leather handbags I'd seen in Florence.

As I continued to walk on the uneven cobblestone, I noticed the usually bustling streets of Ciampi lay deserted. I realized I ventured out of my apartment just as most of the city settled inside for the siesta. My stomach screamed for food, and my head throbbed with intense pain from the scorching 85 degree Fahrenheit sun.

Hungry and with no cell phone service, I glanced around and noticed only three people in sight. About twenty meters in front of me, three middle-aged Italian men stood around joking with each other. Their laughter echoed through the street. In the spur of the moment, I found the courage to walk up to the men and ask them, in English, if they knew the location of any of the restaurants on my FSU meal plan. I must admit that I was a little embarrassed since I do not speak Italian. The men scanned my list of restaurants. Instead of choosing a restaurant

from the list, one of the men said, "We will take you to one of our favorite restaurants." Then, in a wave-like motion, he gestured for me to follow behind.

With a bit of panic racing through my mind, I decided to cautiously follow them. The walk was a complete blur, since the entire time I thought I made an unsafe choice to follow these strangers alone in a foreign country.

After what felt like forever (but it really only took ten minutes) the kind men finally led me to a quaint pizzeria called "Pizza Napoli." Open doors and fresh flowers decorated the storefront located two streets away from the Gallerie degli Uffizi. I noticed several local Italians talking and enjoying freshly made pizza. The men escorted me inside the restaurant as they greeted the owner. They spoke to each other as if they had been friends for years. "Take good care of her!," the men told the owner (and that he did). Ten minutes after being seated, the smiling waitress walked over to my table carrying a heavy tray of steaming hot pizza.

At this point, I felt light headed and my stomach begged for food. As she lowered the pizza on the table, I immediately forgot about my hunger and instead became immersed in the beauty of the pie. I noticed the pigment of the tomato sauce was redder than the roses planted in Giardino del rose, and the golf ball sized mozzarella cheese lay evenly placed across the pie.

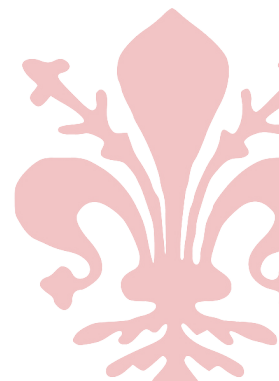
After a moment of carefully studying the inside, I realized the chef crafted the outside edges of the pizza into the shape of a heart.

PHOTO BY MIA ERSOFF



I looked up and met eyes with the waitress and the chef who stood proudly, watching me admire their piece of art. My own heart filled with joy and delight. In this exact moment, I knew I was in love with Florence.

PHOTO BY MIA ERSOFF



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY AVERY CENTRELLA

“Don’t ask what it’s made of until you try it!” said Francesca, a Florentine native who encouraged me as she sat with me at a large wooden table inside the Sant’Ambrogio market. Two other locals seated at our table also smiled at us from behind several plates displayed across the table. At this point, we had known our new friends for all but twenty minutes. However, although slightly concerned at the sight of foreign dishes, I trusted Francesca, a friend of my roommate Sofie’s aunt.

My roommate and I poked our forks into a chewy brown meat, and dipped it tentatively in a pool of fresh pesto heaped on the same dish. A waft of basil cut the smell of the other steaming antipasto selections. I took a bite, and the rubbery meat tasted oddly similar to chicken. The pesto added an herbal taste to the mystery meat. “Okay, it’s delicious, what

is it?” I asked. I am told to wait as they all laugh. Francisco, another new Italian friend of ours, points to another dish. An unidentifiable cube of brown meat glistened in front of me. My roommate Sofie says, “people love these foods for a reason, try it!” The meat proved chewier than the first, and did not have much of a taste. “Sheep intestine, and cow tongue.” Francesca pointed to the dishes we had just plucked a bite from.

Although sheep intestine and cow tongue cannot be deemed typical American foods, these meats are considered a staple of Florentine diets. Francesca said as we ate, “This is poor food. Florentines use every part of the animal. They make poetry out of food.” Historically, the impoverished residents of Firenze wasted not one bit of livestock in order to maximize their ingredients. The waste-not food habits of original Florentine people now have a place in the traditional diet of current residents.

A friendly waiter then slides me a warm bowl

of ‘pepe pomodoro’ with a spoon with a promising “try this”. When he returns to bantering with Francisco, I lift a heaping spoonful of lumpy tomato stew and smell a hearty, tangy tomato fragrance. The fresh taste, akin to a thick marinara, immediately causes my eyes to water with enjoyment. The other diner’s chatter fades out, as my senses focus entirely on the taste of the dish. The other Italians at the table begin to excitedly take photos of my happy tears and call over the waiter again to celebrate my reaction to their food.

The experience of trying traditional Florence dishes while seated with locals is incomparable to simply wandering into any Italian venue and ordering a dish I am comfortable with. No longer could I order a lasagna I have had a million times, or a Caesar salad. Trying dishes such as ‘bread salad’ and sheep intestine helped us appreciate the history and resourcefulness of Florentine life, and provided for some friendly company.

PHOTO BY AVERY CENTRELLA



PHOTO BY EMMA SALTERS



ABOUT EMIKO DAVIES

Growing up all around the world and finally settling in Firenze, Emiko Davies, an Australian native, is a world-renowned cookbook author. Having written two successful cookbooks with a third expected in print in March 2019, Davies focuses her work on the complexity and authenticity of Tuscan cuisine. With an Italian husband and her two children, she often works with her close friend, Sarah Fioroni, at the Fattoria Poggio Alloro, an organic family farm a few kilometers away from San Gimignano, where she continues to perfect her craft.

PHOTOS BY MIA ERSOFF AND SOFIA GUIASOLA



HANDMADE PICI

RECIPE BY EMIKO DAVIES

For 4 servings:

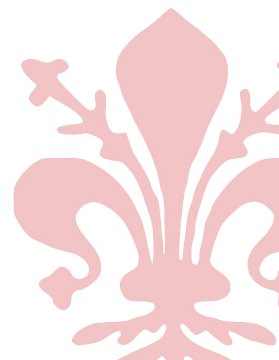
200 grams plain flour
200 grams rimacinata (fine ground semola), plus more for dusting
200 ml warm water
1 tablespoon olive oil

Mix the two flours together and on a clean surface, forming a 'pyramid' with the flour. Create a well in the center of the pyramid and pour in the warm water and oil slowly. With your hands, begin by carefully mixing the flour and water together to combine until you get a smooth dough (dust on some extra flour if it is too sticky). Set the dough aside to rest, covered, for at least 30 minutes.

Separate the dough into two pieces and roll out the dough until it is about 2mm thin. Cut long strips, about 7mm wide and roll out each flat strip until you have thick, worm-like noodles. Set aside the noodles on a surface dusted with plenty of semola until you are done.

Cook the pasta in boiling, salted water until al dente, about 3-4 minutes, depending on the thickness of your pici (taste it, it should be slightly resistant, even chewy, but not taste like flour).

Toss the pici with the chosen sauce and serve immediately with a handful of grated pecorino or parmesan cheese, if desired



AN INTERVIEW WITH: Georgette Jupe

GIRL IN FLORENCE

BY SAVANNAH TINDALL

Georgette Jupe, most commonly known as Girl in Florence, is an American expatriate living in Florence and working as a social media consultant and content editor for Italy Magazine. Her blog, Girl in Florence (<http://girlinflorence.com>), has been a leading reference for people who visit the city. To gain insight on her journey to success, Florida State University's communication students sat down with her for a brief chat.

ItaliaNoles: Can you tell us a little bit about your personal history?

Georgette Jupe (GJ): So I was born and raised in Texas and left for California when I was 18. The international aspect began when I went to China to teach English. That started my interest in going abroad, so I attempted going to London. That didn't end up working out, so I went to Italy. I moved back to LA after a year abroad, got another job, and finished my degree. I think this was important because it made me think- is this what I really want, or was it just good in the moment? After a year, I was convinced I had to come back to Italy. It [the blog] started out purely personal, but it started to grow and people started to contact me so I thought I should start consistently posting three times a week. Eventually, my career took off and I got more and more job opportunities.

ITA: Do you earn a living with your blog?

GJ: I do occasionally make money from the blog. For example, if the tourism board contacted me and wanted me to come visit, they would pay for my costs or pay me to write about a place. But it definitely is not common. I may do sponsored posts every once in a while, but it is clearly stated.

ITA: We can see what you're on social media very frequently, always giving your followers updates and glimpses into your life. How do you find a good work-life balance?

GJ: The answer to that question is that there isn't one (She laughs). I believe that to work in social media, you have to be social. I never want to meet someone and say- wow, she is different from what I thought. It is also really important to me that my husband is cool with it. I think we are all still trying to learn, and this is a conversation I have a lot with other bloggers. Also, if you are in the blogging or writing community, you need to be a part of groups because no one else is going to be more supportive than other people doing the same thing as you.

ITA: How do you come up with content?

GJ: The ideas are never limited. The issue is finding the time to post. I probably have 80 drafts right now for the blog because I write a lot. When I come up with a random idea, I always write it down. It is usually the answer of a question somebody has asked me.

FSU PARTNERS WITH THE ROBERT F. KENNEDY FOUNDATION

BY SABRINA BEALL

Bullying is becoming a growing problem for schoolchildren of all ages all around Italy. To spearhead this issue, Florida State University's Florence campus is working with the Robert F. Kennedy Foundation to raise money towards their anti-bullying campaign.

Bullying is a rising issue nationwide in Italy, however awareness is not growing as quickly as it should. This Summer of 2018, the school supported the cause by selling t-shirts with all proceeds going towards the Robert F. Kennedy Foundation's International House of Human Rights. The goal of their anti-bullying campaign is to spread awareness through training programs for teachers, staff, and parents, to increase their ability to react appropriately to bullying situations and to help kids understand the impacts of bullying. The funds raised will allow more children in Italian elementary, middle, and high schools to be educated about the growing issue of bullying and more importantly, how to stop it.

Along with the donations, Communications students at Florida State University specifically worked to boost the foundation's social media presence to increase their following and raise awareness of their anti-bullying efforts and additional projects.

FLORIDA STATE SHOWS HOW TO #ENJOYRESPECTFIRENZE

BY CASSANDRA NICOLACE

Florida State's Communication in Florence students partnered with Firenze Turismo to boost their #EnjoyRespectFirenze campaign during their five-week stay in the city, continuing the relationship started last year when students contributed to the official @FirenzeTurismo Instagram.

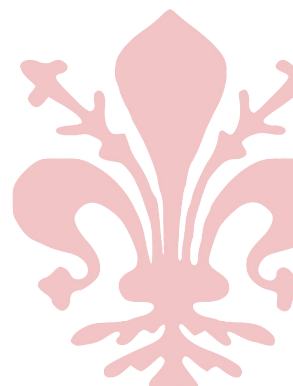
The campaign urges Florence's increasingly invasive tourist population to help preserve this historical Renaissance hub and warns against damaging behaviors that should be avoided. By highlighting how visitors can show respect to the city, Firenze Turismo also aims to improve the lives of locals who are sharing their city with the world.

This Summer's communication students focused on creating photo and video content for @FirenzeTurismo's Instagram, Facebook, and YouTube to illustrate the positive behaviors that the campaign outlines, like supporting local artisans and utilizing proper seating areas.

Together with the distribution of colorful informational posters and previous online efforts, these students hope to show all how to #EnjoyRespectFirenze.



ROBERT F. KENNEDY HUMAN RIGHTS





**FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY INTERNATIONAL
PROGRAMS
850.644.3272
IP-INFO@FSU.EDU**