Dec. 9, 1989

All that I want to do is thank Venice, the whole CASA ARTEM group and Pir. Barefield for giving me a great semester. It gave me the lucky opportunity to get to know people I never would have come across at Wake and make some friends that I feel will last a lifetime. After many years of going home to only find an empty house and scattered friends, I found my place. Every time I turned the key at CASA ARTEM I was finally at my home and surrounded by my family. It's been a long time since I've been this happy - but writing here and leaving are upsetting. So again, I just want to thank you all again...

HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full
of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all
be as happy as kings.

- Robert Louis Stevenson

My poorly drawn turtle
Gondoliers have perhaps
Gotten a bit better with study...

My best wishes to Natalie
Buona fortuna ai prossimi studenti!
Dieses Semester war mein letztes... und mein bestes.
Vielen Dank, Herr Professor und meine Freunde.

If this entry seems too erratic so be it. I can't think
of anything to say on this occasion.
It was quite a year.

NIEL McDOWELL
the small graduating class of winter 1989
December 9, 1989

Many walks with friends and alone to the Point and beyond.
— Ed Blake

Dec. 10, 89

Live the dream, fulfill the fantasy, and reality and imagination
will become one.
— Andrei Amico

December 10, 89

To months of work, and the
workings of change. Goodbye for the
first, but hopefully not the last time.
— Marie Vena

December 11, 1989

When I first read this book
on my first day in Venice, I didn't really
expect Venice to be as wonderful as
everyone made it sound, but I was
excited to be an experience that
will become a lifelong change.
— Dr. Bauschard, a great group of new
friends, and a beautiful city. I won't
ever want to return.
— Ingrid Hahn

December 12, 1989

To a wonderful semester and
the people who made it so. May
our thoughts, experiences, and feelings
continue to hold meaning as, one by one,
we all find our way home.
— Bob Stroher

December 12, 1989

Find the Venice out there
that suits you best, a Venice
that you can wear comfortably
and get to know well, that
gets to know you— will be the one
that will stay always in your
heart. It can be all things and
find your special hold and
keep it always.
— Clint Pimental
1. Paul Hougland  
2. Dr. James Bagnall  
3. Ed Clark  
4. Kevin McGinnis  
5. Andrew Austin  
6. Scott Klenzak  
7. Bob Esther  
8. Mrs. Pignatti  
9. Katherine Ramsay  
10. Marc Vinson  
11. Lucia Parker  
12. Clint Pinyan  
13. Emily Lambie  
14. Trish Ballard  
15. John Earwood  
16. Anna Veva  
17. Ginny Cowan  
18. Mary Fran Ratchford  
19. Ally Hawver  
20. Niel McDowell  
21. Dani Moore  
22. Suzanne Grant  
23. Jeff Lamb  
24. Slade Blend  
25. Brooke Henderson  
26. Laura Bilyeu  
27. Brandon Black  
28. CASA 

ART '89
Fall 1989
From our earliest visits, if these have been measured by days rather than weeks, we carry away with us the memory of sunsets embrozed in gold and crimson upon cloud and water, of violet domes and belltowers etched against the orange of a western sky, of labyrinthine darkness made for mysteries of love and crime, and the brazier glamour of a moving crowd. John Addington Symonds 1879

These are our memories, may you be equally blessed.
I think my Venice experience has been one of people. Dr. Barefield always talks of the stories that people tell to make sense out of their lives. This semester I've heard many stories from many kinds of people, and by hearing these stories, I was able to learn a bit about my own story, allowing me to understand who I am just a little better.

Mary Fran Ralston
December 13, 1989

I can’t believe my turn is over now. Now it’s yours. I’m so thankful for the chance to live here in this beautiful city. I feel I’ve grown a lot. And it’s incredible to be a part of such a special family.” It’s so hard to leave. Henry James wrote, “The only way to care for Venice as she deserves it is to give her a chance to touch you often— to linger and remain and return.” I pray my return isn’t too far away.

Dani Morenc
Fall 1989

I cannot express in a sentence, in a page, or even in a book what this semester has meant to me. All I can do is thank Venice and the people of this house for a lifetime’s worth of fond memories.

December 13, 1989

Ginny Cowan
To be in Venice is to feel the stones, to walk with your daughter and to meet you feet, to fill the sails with the chilly night air. It's a feast in the chilly night air - delicious magic, that I must wish to you. Thank you for your love and your friendship.

Point - A toast to the magic of ancient stones. Then, when you find yourself looking at an old house, and change your way, I wish you all of the peace and the peace for the peace and the peace of the peace. Thank you for your love and your friendship.

Standing on the beach at the Lido, it's all behind me; the canals, the Palaces, the churches, the coffee shops and stores, the Venetians, and Casa Artoz. Nothing is missing. At times it's been the best and the worst, but in the end, even the worst made a positive change in my life.

Home is waiting, but it's so hard to leave!

Love to all my friends here,
Emily Lambie

Dec 13, 1989

(For Kacey)
13 DECEMBER, 1989

VENICE, I SHALL MISS YOU. BUT THIS IS NOT A TIME FOR GOODBYES, AS FOR MY FRIENDS, I SHALL SEE THEM AGAIN. AS FOR YOU - I SHALL BE BACK. THANK YOU, AND FAREWELL FOR NOW -

[Signature]

DECEMBER 13, 1989

As usual I'm writing this standing up at the last minute... some things never change -

Miles of train tracks are behind me -
the warm Italian countryside whizzed by -
As did the Rich Black Forest
From the baths at Baden-Baden to the challenging Bavarian Alps
And Convincing Odysseus to Cape Island -
I have travelled far.
Mythical miles have taken me
to indescribable peaks
And given me strength that I
hadn't yet discovered.
Here's to a semester of growth -
(And depth not height!), Homer's odyssey, history of science visits,
the lido disco with Cheery Smirke, a risumtumish library,
Bramm the (putative) deus ex machina, bags of baguette, Jefferson Blend's pop, a haunting moroccan atmosphere, San Giorgio- Maggiore's campanile at sunset. The no.1 (from The Fenice to
Ne Salute, Br & Mme, Pinetti's precious presence, critics Casa Talm, maerina & lucianca (IT'S SNOWING NOW), Pinni Fabbric, the
San Trovaso guys, St. Day & pasta. Barone's kid's calzone dinners +
the Barone & San Marco in all its wonder among changing lights. Venetian memories held special in my heart, but
Strenger de my growing friendships begun in Casa Talm's
arms. Can't wait to get back to wake now - neve-
Gott a lot in store for us next semester! Bravio Fenderson
As I try to reflect upon this semester, I find so many memories come to my mind. It seems like yesterday that my 5 other travelling "soulmates" and I were on our way to Venice—six loaded down, clueless girls who barely knew each other, didn't even know what a vaporetto was, and had no idea where Casa Ashton could be once we got here. And now today we're off again—shaking a bond that we could never break and the knowledge of a city that we came to love.

Our group this semester has shared something very special. No words can quite describe it and no one will quite be able to understand it but ourselves. The memories and the friendships I've made here will be ones which I will cherish a lifetime. All the places I've traveled have been wonderful, but to my vision of Venice that will always pull at my heart strings. No matter how much longer we all wish we could stay, those few student who were able to live at Casa Ashton in wonderful Venice have indeed been fortunate. Thank you Dr. Borefield for your friendship and guidance. I had the time of my life—

"And I think to myself—what a wonderful world."
-Kay Charles

December 14, 1989

After reading what my newfound family here has expressed (and holding back that tear in my eye), I realize that they speak for me. Through them I've grown and seen a world I always heard of, but never quite knew. I think Dr. Borefield summed it up brilliantly when he told us that we've travelled to many places, but we've also travelled within ourselves. This is not the end, but the beginning—the beginning of wonderful friendships and happy times to come. Thank you, Venice!

Karin A. McEnnis

These past four months in Venice have been some of the best of my life. It's just now really sinking in that it's all over, and that I'm leaving today. It's hard letting go of what I've been here is one of the hardest things I've ever done. But even though it's over now, it's not really the end, because the learning I've done here, the friendships I've made, and the memories I've made of Casa Ashton and Venice are a part of me and won't ever leave me.

Katherine Ramsey Fall '89
As Winston Churchill said, all great men must have their wilderness years. Well, mine were getting here. How does someone who fails Italy grow to love a place so much? When I think of all I went through to get here, I compare it to how I feel today, as one of the last to leave. Venice, the place I saw that hardship was nothing. That summer class, one on one, with Dr. Villi was like so far away. Nissa, this experience has changed my life. I've grown up here, it's a part of me. To those of you who are fortunate to follow us I wish you luck. I know you will watch the same play on the light on the buildings, follow the same ritual of acclamation, suffer the inactivity of your Italian, fight about the work, someone may even miss steak as much as I did. You have a unique opportunity before you. For me, I will always have my time here, my memories of "home." I walked out of my wilderness to be blinded by light, beauty, and growth. Thank you to all who made this trip possible, I could never adequately say what this place, this time has meant to me.

John Thomas Earwood
13 December 1989

I am leaving now, but I am not so sad. Everyone else has been gone for days and you cannot realize how lonely and sad this has been since it has emptied. I saw them all go - first one, then another one or two. By Wednesday they were leaving in groups of five and six. They're all gone, and I am leaving. Appreciate the house - when it is filled with noises - like running water, voices, music. Appreciate the conflicts. One doesn't have to be told to appreciate the way life has been treating one. Poor sentence. Appreciation will probably come into play when it's near over, and then when it is over, for sure. The house is nothing without the spirit of all those people who lived together here. It was its own thing. It happened once - it was then. ShadeBlade. 17th December 1989
It's great, writing some fifty years after teaching at Old Wake Forest in the Chemistry Department. I knew Dr. Austin during his first research years in the U.S. His fine studies of lipid and cholesterol metabolism have yielded tremendous results. I knew Mrs. Austin also having brought their home and lived there until 1972 when I left WFC for Washington. I am greatly impressed by This House and its function —

W. H. Wyatt

[8 April 1990]

Our grateful thanks to Mrs. Austin and the other Wake Forest people who made our brief visit to Casa Austin and Venice so enjoyable and comfortable. We arrived tired, and in my case disoriented and half blind, and were given refuge...just the right combination of guidance, suggestion, and privacy to set up our own agenda.

As Eddie Wilson says, it is marvelous that Wake Forest makes a place like Casa Austin available to such a wide range of people, even the like myself who have no strong academic reason to be within 1500 miles of the place.

David Hill

26 May 1990

Dave Wilson

May 30, 1990

Thank you, Casa Austin, for giving me a place to rest in the middle of my long, southern European tour.

Renee Z. Driscoll

June 15, 1990

Hey, you 2020!

If you're like me and have been going over these pages fascinated by what your professors looked like 10 years ago, you'll see probably some senior males that look suspiciously like other brothers and sisters of people you now know at least. To be able to pretend Connie and still fake all the connection to home (Lacon-Salem, in my case) makes a great combination, eh? My sincere thanks to Mr. Austin, Dr. Wilson, Ed Clark (who just asked me if I was writing "pity and любуе trip"), and all who made this possible.

J. H. A.

Artola Smith 20 June 1990