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This publication explores the particular aspects that make the Off-Campus Program what it is. It is dedicated to the work of George Earle, the founder of the program. In “The Birth of the Off-Campus Program,” he describes the original vision of the program and how he maintained that vision through the process of getting the program supported, approved and institutionalized with in the SUNY system. From that beginning, we summarize the evolving and expanding scope of the program over 30 years. Much of that experience is captured in the letters students write each week to their faculty advisor. Excerpts from just 14 of the thousands of letters and journals are provided in “Writing Home” as testimony to the various levels of Off-Campus experience. The Off-Campus program is more than an immersion experience. While off-campus, students research and produce individual studies equivalent to senior theses. The portfolio samples a small portion of the prodigious variety of student work. The continuing evolution of the program is viewed in expanding horizons. We conclude with an invitation to help in continuing the vision.

George Earle's journey to the Great Wall of China in the 1930s. Travel was a critical influence on Earle's design practice.

Students may be able to "hide out" in the back of a typical classroom, but off-campus, even when they are on the other side of the world, the bonds of responsibility between each student and their faculty advisor are carefully worked out, written down and reinforced through regular communication.

The value of the Off-Campus Program is clearly evident when students return from all the sites around the world. Professor Emanuel Carter has observed that they seem 5 inches taller—a growth spurt less physical than perceptual, and measured in terms of a greater degree of confidence, awareness and abilities to engage the challenges of a large and diverse world.

If travel is going to continue to serve its traditional role as a profound educational experience it is important to attend to how one goes—what initial motivations; how long one stays, what modes of inquiry are used? The Off-Campus Program has been designed and adjusted over three decades in response to such questions. One of the primary strategies is direct and extended experience in place. Students go not as part of a large class but in small groups of four to seven so they can become part of the place, participating in daily activities. While new places can be novel, they can also be confusing and frustrating when you cannot figure out what is going on and why. It is daunting to realize even the local children can talk circles around your halting language skills. Through this “culture shock,” or the experience of radical difference, students realize how culture bound their world is. The Off-Campus Program provides a structure for understanding difference and using the experience as a strategy for opening awareness, and adjusting to and creating change.

But the Off-Campus Program is more than just an immersion class. Students have a mission, a study comparable to an undergraduate thesis to complete. This involves another core strategy: the combination of a high degree of independence with a high degree of individualized faculty commitment. Before going off-campus, students first spend a semester working one on one with a faculty advisor developing the proposal for their independent study. Students may be able to “hide out” in the back of a typical classroom, but off campus, even when they are on the other side of the world, the bonds of responsibility between each student and their faculty advisor are carefully worked out, written down and reinforced through regular communication. Ultimately, the most effective learning strategy is that students are not just accountable to their professors but they take ownership of the learning process.

The proposition to students going into the Off-Campus program is simple enough—go to another part of the world and live there for a whole semester. While there, conduct an independent [academic] inquiry on a subject of your own choosing... and do this without the immediate supervision of professors or the structure of the traditional classroom.

This proposition is exciting on one hand, since students can choose typically from 8 to 10 different locations around the world and can look forward to a respite from the Syracuse climate and the traditional classroom. Yet, it also poses several challenges—from the logistical (Where will I go? How will I afford it?) to the cultural (How will I live, adjust, etc.) and, the most important, the academic challenge of self-directed learning (What do I study and how?). The Off-Campus Program structures these challenges into a unique learning process. It is how these challenges are addressed that makes the Off-Campus Program at SUNY-ESF in Syracuse, the only program of its kind in the country.

To go and see places for oneself has always been a necessary step in the education of architects and landscape architects. A young LeCorbusier visiting the Parthenon in Athens advised direct physical engagement: “Get down flat on your stomach in front of a shaft of the Propylaea and examine its foundation.” He then touches a column of the Parthenon searching for the joints — “even by running a fingernail over these areas, which can only be differentiated by the slight irregularities in the patina that each marble has collected over time, your nail feels nothing.” Lectures and textbooks need the complementary knowledge gained from direct experience of places in the fullness of their cultural and natural contexts. To understand the English vernacular landscape, Ken Helphand, Professor of Landscape Architecture at the University of Oregon recommends walking from village to village, because that is the scale and pace at which it was created.

Such experiences become touchstones for future careers. It was on a tour of England that Frederick Law Olmsted discovered Birkenhead Park. “Five minutes of admiration, and a few more spent in studying the manner in which art had been covered Birkenhead Park: “Five minutes of admiration, and a great deal of patience.” On a tour of England that Frederick Law Olmsted dis-

Professor Matthew Potteiger, Director, Off-Campus Program

Going, however, comes with no guarantees that the traveler will bring back any significant insights or life-changing career decisions. Between the epiphanies there are long gaps, crowded train compartments, sleepless nights, and some bad food. The word “travel” comes from the same root as “travail” and its arduous tasks were once assigned as punishment and paroxysm. Only the very privileged classes had an easy go of it. Today the way is smoother and global business and tourism means more and more people have the privilege of travel. However, the nature and volume of contemporary travel often has much more impact on the places visited than on the visitor.

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George F. Earle was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1913 and demonstrated an early childhood talent for art. He attended the Swain School of Art in New Bedford and Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, where he won awards as a child. He went on to receive a B.F.A. at Syracuse University in 1937 and an M.F.A. at Yale in 1946.

In 1937, he was awarded a Tiffany Foundation Fellowship and in 1937-38 spent a year painting in Mexico. Briefly, he painted there under Diego Rivera’s casual teaching, but mostly painted on his own. Earle was subsequently apprenticed to Ezra Winter for the Library of Congress murals – the “Canterbury Tales” – and was later a W.P.A. “easel painter” out of the New Haven, Conn. office.

This early career was interrupted by four years of military service in World War II, with the “Ski Troops” – the 87th Mountain Infantry of the 10th Mountain Division. He had volunteered the day after Pearl Harbor in 1941 as a private, saw action in both the Pacific Islands and Italy, and retired from the Army Ready Reserve as Lt. Colonel in 1963.

Earle returned to Syracuse University after World War II to teach art courses in the School of Architecture. In addition to his teaching responsibilities he continued his own development as an artist. While teaching his courses and producing paintings, he also was building on his war experience by being SU’s ski coach. When he left SU in 1952, the ski program was the second largest in the country. Earle was giving a lecture on art at SU in 1952 and Professor George J. Albrecht, chair of ESF’s then-named Department of Landscape and Recreational Management, was in the audience. Albrecht approached Earle and “sold” him on shifting to landscape architecture in the then-named College of Forestry.

Earle began his long career at ESF in the fall of 1952, with his appointment as assistant professor of Art. Early on, he was told by Dean Hardy Shirley, that he “…was to strike a cultural note for the College against its stumpy image.” During his career, Earle taught many different courses. Lecture courses included History of Art, Landscape Architectural History, and American Attitudes Toward the Land. Studio courses included Studio Art, Painting and Drawing, and Basic Design. After 1970, with the establishment of the Off-Campus Program, he taught the Off-Campus Orientation course and Off-Campus Experiential Studio. Through his many years at ESF, Earle continued his personal development as an artist. George F. Earle retired in 1984 and was named as professor emeritus.

Earle has been very busy since his retirement from ESF. His first project in 1984 was to redesign his home studio. He continues to paint and to have shows of his work throughout Central New York. Aside from painting, he has written two books: A Road Less Traveled — Mexico 1937-38 and Birth of a Division. Earle remains active in program affairs as an emeritus member of the Faculty of Landscape Architecture Advisory Council. For his contribution to the LA programs and particularly the Off-Campus Program, Earle has been recognized with a lecture named in his honor: The George F. Earle Lecture given every year just before the annual Festival of Places. In the summer of 2003, to celebrate Earle’s 90th Birthday, family, friends and alumni established the George F. Earle Off-Campus Student Scholarship.
SPAIN

The “idea” seemed at first a simple one — though more emotional than practical, as in Spain ideas can be — and I remember vividly the interest and beauty of the spot where I had the “idea” as though it were last week and not some 30 years ago. It was January 1965 on a sunny beach in Spain, at Almunecar, a town of white-walled houses, a fishing village rising in steps up a sharp hill from the sea.

It suddenly came to me — a bunch of my “landscape” students spread out around me on the beach. I pictured it more than thought it out, imagining it as though they were there, sitting and sketching. Drawing the Mediterranean setting, the Moorish looking town, or the beach with its tilted fishing boats hauled up on the sand — bright sun and black shadow — a scene so totally different from our gray days and winter classroom back in “Old Syracuse.”

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SPAIN

Our students — the future designers of the landscape, needed I felt, the seeing and feeling of a kind of landscape and cultural “contrapposto,” an Italian sculptural term for “asymmetrically balanced opposites,” the “yin and yang” of difference that give the multi-dimensions of completeness — in this case the two opposite sides of the climatic and cultural globes — upstate New York and Mediterranean Spain — that so well complement and complete each other.

And then came the feeling that it was at least miraculously possible. Switching from dream to practical thought, I invented three strong pry bars that could help lift everyone over here in reality. The first was the back home fact that in the coming year or so, our old academic homestead, Marshall Hall, was slated for repair and the entire Landscape Department, faculty and students, were to be moved from present classrooms into temporary quarters somewhere downtown. So, why not sunny Spain instead of South Salina Street?

Second, right there in front of me at the village end of the beach, was the relatively new hotel of this ancient, unspoiled fishing village, a large enough building for both our dormitory housing and classes, and virtually empty throughout the winter.

And finally, the sharpest pry-bar of all was the Spanish exchange rate. If money talks, the peseta had bad laryngitis. The rate was so fabulously favorable in those days that my large family in that high terraced near-mansion on the cliff by the sea cost us less than a dollar a day for rent, and with food so cheap that we were actually saving money being in Spain!

That same day, I talked to the hotel management and we put together some figures for a possible proposal allowing the students to come over for a semester or two for no more cost, including airfare, than the cost on the Syracuse University campus at the regular dormitory rates!

What could possibly keep us from paradise?

All kinds of things!
SELLING THE “IDEA”

Back during those initial days of exciting conception, I could not have believed that it would take five long years for this hot-and-ready-to-serve idea to be brought into being — to finally get it shaped and composed into an actual location, rather than an illusive vision. Nor could I have imagined that once final reality was born and stood there three dimensionally smiling and breathing, it would have no visible connection with my by then long-forgotten Spain, except ironically for language and architecture. Nor could I have imagined that before locating successfully in Guatemala, we would go through two other aborted “successes,” first in Israel and then in Holland — ventures that each in turn would come crashing down at the proverbial last minute, shattering and unannounced as an earthquake.

Back in Syracuse I found it hard to get my “great idea” taken seriously. Travel, I soon found, was just another word for vacation — for pleasure not work.

NEW VISIONING

What I pitched as its important educational and professional value was not what students would ‘get’ or bring back in their heads, from Spain (or wherever), but how they would have their eyes widened for “seeing” differently. With an objectivity developed by experience in a distant setting, they would see in new depth that which otherwise was just an ordinary everyday “scene” back home.

Roger Fry, the early 1900s art critic, puts it negatively: that as normal human beings we don’t truly see in the art sense at all. We habitually see only enough, he says, “just enough to recognize and identify... reading the labels, as it were, without any real and informative intensive seeing involved.” Useful only as “an admirable efficiency that modern life demands of us.”

I like to remember, many years ago, how my own “landscape life” was changed both as a painter and an aware human being. On graduation from college — art school — I received a fellowship to paint for a year in Mexico. Its effect on me, the trip and place, can be summed up in one vividly remembered “seeing” experience during my long road trip home from Mexico. In early summer with the whole excitingly colorful year at end, after crossing the milk-chocolate Mississippi and well on into the eastern woods of Ohio and Pennsylvania, I suddenly realized I was seeing the East as though for the first time. The rivers were clear glass, transparently deep, and how incredibly green everything was — the grass, the weeds, the trees. They all seemed lit up as though by fire within. After a long year of browns, yellows, and reds — all the tropical greens, half yellowish — and the intense blacks and whites that dulled one’s color perception — I was seeing the East’s more quietly exciting palette as though by a newly recovered eyesight. Its subtle intensities and intricate hues sang to me for the first time.

HELP

Picking up on my discouragement, the first and only early enthusiast, whose sales aggression at times went even beyond mine, certainly deserves to be remembered. In fact, he well may have saved the program.

Charlie Bonsted was the public relations officer of the college. His advocacy and persistence was, it seemed, rather too strong, even a little embarrassing at times. But at just the right moment, his star within the college and even beyond burned brightly. His ascent was powered by a long article he wrote on the Forestry College and history of the Dutch elm disease. It was published in its almost book-length entirety in the prestigious New Yorker magazine, not long after their publishing triumph featuring Rachel Carson’s famous article from her book Silent Spring. The college was easily overwhelmed by such national attention, and Charlie for a while, could say or do no wrong. And so, he became an unmatched help in getting my far-out-sounding program off the ground. For one thing, as part of the administration, Charlie got the “idea” out and around in all levels of the college and even to SUNY’s ultimate sanctorum in Albany. So the “wild idea” became cause for serious consideration in the College’s upper levels, instead of shriveling up and dying in the always somewhat separate and eccentric Landscape Department. However, not very long after all of his support, he was gone from the College. So a toast from the program to Charlie!
George Earle teaching drawing in the courtyard of the Posada, Atigua, Guatemala.

SPAIN ELIMINATED

There began, at first gradually, a degree of support from a surprising variety of sources, some coincidental, others direct. It was like a planting in soil unable to support it and just as it seemed hopeless, sprouts began appearing all around. I could now mention my “idea” without that uncomfortable blank stare or sympathetic “yes, yes.”

The first of such aid, indirectly through Charlie, was to get word from the SUNY “Foreign Studies Office” (an office I had never heard of) that they were there to authorize exactly the sort of difficult thing that I was carrying around in my head. Well, maybe not exactly the same thing, for the first word from them was negative. A big NO. Nothing doing on Spain. “Think in terms of another country. Some place, any place, other than Spain.”

So, never quick to catch the political drift, I immediately thought of Latin America, those countries in which I had traveled and lived for a time and was actually more emotionally attached to than I was with Spain. These, I reasoned, were countries offering just as favorable an exchange rate as well as those “contraposto values.” I immediately contact-ed universities in the two beautiful Mexican cities of Guanajuato and Guadalajara, where I made contacts and advanced a rough plan.

The negativism on Spain had not been explained to me, but I should have figured it out, especially after visiting the Foreign Studies Office in which everything was obviously right up to the mark with an air of efficiency. Although unstated, “Albany” preferred, no, required, campuses to deal with a more modern country. At that time in Franco’s Spain, casing a certified check in a Spanish bank called for a directors meeting (directors were often cashiers). And as for phone calls, local or long distance, it was always quicker to drive there; and finally, if it came to finally, Protestants could not be legally buried within the borders. Spain was totally Franco’s, Europe’s longest most despotic. For three decades, he kept the country medievally and picturesquey imprisoned, one might say happily backward.

All this soon came more sharply into my understanding as I learned that all SUNY foreign study programs accepted had to have an affiliated “host college” with which to arrange a variety of services and security measures, and for which it would be reimbursed. This of course would have made my fishing village in Spain laughable. The nearest such institution was a mountaneous 50 miles distant, in Granada, where a colegio by name was a virtual monastery. The thought of “Albany” dealing with that setting was daunting.

Some months after my second proposal had been submitted, I got a memo advising me in nicer words to forget about Spain’s former colonies as well. I had talked up Mexico with them, and even tossed a pitch for some other Latin American countries, but they weren’t buying it, any of it. I simply had to quit advocating for the primitively picturesque, the minor key places of the world. The fact was that Israel was to be our location - it was all more or less out of our, or our Department’s or the College’s hands. If we really wanted to go anywhere, Israel it would be. Tel Aviv University was “new and modern,” and with an “outstanding faculty.” The official reason put forth was the matter of “clue bills,” indebtedness of some kind between Israel and “Albany;” funds due SUNY—though the State Department was also involved — for some kind of supplies, expenses, or services rendered and so recoverable by our off-campus school’s servicing by Tel Aviv. Thus it was that our off-campus foreign study program was finally to be held, not in some quaint “somewhere,” not off on our own, but within the very upscale Tel Aviv University, in the very new country of Israel.

ENTER CHANCELLOR BOYER

At about this time, a totally new unexpected element of support for our overall plan arose right out of the blue, as benign and surprising as our early Charlie Bonsted bonanza. But unlike Charlie’s, it was to appear overnight and with a word dispassionate.

State University’s relatively new chancellor, nationally known educator, Ernest Boyer, the most distinguished and prominent chancellor SUNY ever had, had boomed forth presumably to mark his presence with an all-University theme, a typical up-on-counties message from the top with which to stir and challenge. In speeches, articles, and interviews, he called for his educators to no longer be satisfied with resting on their laurels, but to rethink all past procedures and precedents of classroom or research forms of education, and to be bold and innovative, more imaginative and inventive, seeking new approaches to ways of learning, and finding new educational frontiers to stake out.

It didn’t immediately dawn on me that that was my line. I had too long been thinking it, too much with it to see it. I had to be told how it was pushing my way. The faculty in general recognizing it easily got themselves on the right side, or at least not on the wrong side. As for the Office of Foreign Studies they doubted and tripled their communiques.

Somewhere along the line here, Department Chairman George Albrecht returned from a short, one-semester sabbatical to northern Europe and came back very enthusiastic for my study abroad “idea.”

It was as though he had tested the “plan” or a variant of it in northern Europe, or maybe he had taken one of the chancellor’s speeches with him.

In any case, it was more than a good feeling to have George, who I was fond of, “aboard” as, more and more, the “idea” got around. I still thought of it as mine, but as it took on favor had begun really shaping up, proposal into project and now rising up the inevitable scale of authority. On one hand, my little “dream,” once laughed at, was largely gone from my care, but so its success was best served. It was a funny feeling of both gain and loss. But over all, how wonderful it was that my “babe” was becoming so attractive that she was, let’s say, now out for adoption by those who offered her best chances, not just in life, but of living at all. But I began to wonder as in the old comedy routine: “Who’s on first?”

ABOARD FOR ISRAEL

From June 5th to 10th in 67, Israel ran off like clockwork its Six Day War - capturing Gaza, Sinai, and the Canal, and reopening the Persian Gulf to Israeli shipping, all in a fraction of the time and without the pondering, and against both a larger enemy army and more countries than in our much later “war” in the same area. But it was war, and in year 1967’s late spring. And by fall, late fall of the same year, we — the Department, the College, and “Albany’s” Foreign Studies Office — were in final negotiations for moving the whole Department (now School), faculty and students, kit and caboodle — the Marshall Hall building was finally and again up for rebuilding — to Tel Aviv University, Israel, Asia.

So all stops out, full speed ahead. The massive amount of information that had come pouring in was incredible. Everyone had something to say, inform, or instruct about Israel. Nobody could have read it all in a decade. From virtually all branches of our government and theirs — from our State Department alone, you’d think they were opening another mission there, a sub-embassy, or another consulate actually all branches of our government and theirs — from our State Department alone, you’d think they were opening another mission there, a sub-consulate, or another consulate staffed by faculty and students — and in addition there was support from the Department of what? Agriculture for one; then the military, and even the CIA — just a few I remember, but just the tip of the iceberg. Meanwhile, we were fractionally documenting all of our classroom space needs and equipment — and every other kind of requirement, from the exact size and number of the drafting tables to the availability of projectors, blueprinting, and grades of paper: drafting, printing, tracing, towing, Kleenex, and toilet. An unimaginable far cry from the Third World hardships I had envisioned for Spain. At the other end of things, I and other members of our faculty were struggling with write ups on the educational
It was 1968 and the presidential race was heating up. In the preceding spring as we reached for our fall trip to Holland, Nelson Rockefeller, our governor threw his proverbial hat in the primary ring to run against Nixon. We still today occasionally read or hear of the Rockefeller renegation ringing across the country then: “He’s an eastern liberal, a spender. Just look what he wasted rebuilding Albany. At heart he’s a Democrat.” The key word for Rockefeller was “furballs” “ruffles and showy ostentation.” We had no idea that any of this would have even the remotest effect on us.

So it was all amazing - hard to believe. Rockefeller aids out pruning and tidying up his political profile, ran right into our modest publicity of the State University sending one of its units, an entire school traipsing abroad. It was too good a story and, of course, it was picked up, and our program was quickly stamped out before it went an “inch” farther.

“靡 there would be no trip to Israel! ’ The whole Off-Campus project is as of now’ – by overnight cable – ‘called off!’ Not postponed but canceled! Period. The Landscape Department, students and faculty were stunned.

Tel Aviv University had closed its doors. The entire faculty and student body had walked out on a permanent strike. They couldn’t but they did. And that was that.

**N O W H O L L A N D**

The blow was not easily recovered from. It was hard to go on with classes. Nothing but gloom. But not so, the Foreign Study Office in “Albany.” They forgot their due bills, cut their losses, and came up with a new location so quickly they must have been keeping it in the wings - or maybe they hurried to forestall my riposting them with another proposal for Latin America or back to Spain. Their focus swung northwest across Europe to a string of west coast of Holland towns with seaside hotels. And, as in my Spain, the key to the proposal was all the empties in these off-season, summer-time places.

The area was along the beaches of the North Sea, a few miles north of the famed international center, The Hague, site of the World Court. And selected for us from several unwieldy names was the town of Noordwijk-Binnen, conveniently close, only a few miles inland to the famous and elderly — older than Harvard by several centuries – Leiden University to “parent” us. Even more old and perhaps more famous for its historic beauty was nearby Delft, home of the master Vermeer, with its ancient University which would also contribute along with Leiden in our support.

And to cap it all location-wise, it was only a few more farther east canals to cross to the great inland port city of Amsterdam, one of the most enlightened, cleanest, and enjoyable cities in the world.

After our Tel Aviv workout, we were well versed in procedure and drill and actually proceeded in preparations more efficiently. This time, our department head, George Albrecht, went to Holland perhaps to reassure the Dutch parents of the two universities that we Americans, despite reputation, need not be feared.

In any case, George returned as enthusiastic about Holland as I had been about Spain, and once again we plunged into scheduling group bus and air travel tickets, passports, visas, and force-feeding a crash course “orientation,” lecture series on the history and current culture of the Netherlands.

**T H E A X E A G A I N A N D B O Y E R**

And then, unbelievably, it happened again! The axe came down, the sky caved in. But it was not this time because of Holland. This was an inside job. And there would be no new locations to turn to for now if ever. The program itself was prohibited — outlawed dead. There would be no off-campus program or foreign studies abroad allowed for the foreseeable future by the State University of New York.
winter here in Syracuse. The Foreign Studies Office was now almost completely supportive of me and my “Latin America” enthusiasm as though they felt themselves “outa gas” and so passively ready to take in the scenery — or toss me the ball and watch me strike out. The “Off-Campus babe” was now definitely handed back to me to take charge of after having gone up and back down through several echelons of authority. Their only immediate instructions were that I take carefully into account all of the SUNY requirements and carefully choose my location as it best fits into and suits those requirements before finally addressing my specific ideals of its educational value. It was not difficult to recognize a touch of suspicion of my, to them, heightened realism and Hispanic bias.

But even that was not at all the whole of it! They then laid on for a two week, it is county, version of all that wondrous travel through the tropical regions of the Americas, over the mountains and through the skies. And at that point it would have taken a Boris Karloff or an Al Capone to have dampened my elan. It was late May or early June and I was aglow with the prospect of all of that wondrous travel through the tropical regions of the Americas, over the mountains and through the skies. Or so I hoped, trusting in the aero saying down there: “Only our best still live to fly you.”

NEW COLLEGE PRESIDENT

I experienced a chill though when, as the day of departure approached, there was delivered to me in my office, coming from the Foreign Studies address in “Albany”, a briefcase the expensive likes of which I had never seen before; its mated glow of rich polished leather with my full titled name, Professor George Fredric Earle, embossed in gold on its cool flanks. My made-up middle name even spelled right.

But! Oh no! Not again. The next morning after the arrival of the briefcase the trip, I was told, was abruptly canceled. Palmer had dropped out, we heard. Not going? Were we being dumped for a third time?

As it soon turned out, the news for everyone was good. Dr. Palmer, so near the eve of our departure, was unexpectedly elected by our College trustees to be our new dean. The College’s first president, Dr. Edward Palmer, was replacing retiring, belovedly plain Dean John. It was all news to me. I had no idea he was even a candidate.

THE TRIP AND SELECTIONS

Well, the trip wasn’t canceled, not even delayed, and, instead of a major figure of a president to be, I was sent a much more valuable minor figure from “Albany” HQ: an American citizen born in Venezuela who knew his way south of the border. He was smart but a listener was lead and he led. He was perfect for the part, invaluable, we got on like rediscovered relatives. His only personal wish for himself — and I had to dig it out of him — was that instead of the less than posh hotel I had picked out for our stay in Caracas, he wanted us to stay in the city’s grandest and most prestigious — gold brained again. This surprised me because it was not like the him I felt I knew, until I discovered that from the hotel lounge over the swimming pool you looked down from the hotel’s mountain perch across the whole valley of the city, and, as he pointed out, he could pick out his family’s one-time shack in the slums in which he had grown up. And, from which, he had looked across and imagined himself in this hotel.

It was a great trip, Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Colombia, and Venezuela. All were candidates for the “idea.” But Guatemala became our first choice hands down. They not only welcomed us with an unusual spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation which the Latins typically hold back out of native pride and suspicion of Uncle Sam — “So far from God and so close to the United States.” But here they were offering even to send the host professor, who would be responsible for our visits, up to our Syracuse campus to visit the school, meet the administration, and solidify all arrangements. Further, they would have a rental car and bus transportation ready for our arrival, and a secretary and handy man awaiting to serve us. A far cry from Spain, or even the others in Latin America.

The facilities, too, were irresistible, San Carlos University, with a long New World history, in addition to its campus in Guatemala City, maintained an unusually attractive school property in historic and beautiful Antigua — the original capital — some 25 miles distant, a colonial building with a courtyard for outside teaching and a classroom to be supplied with drafting tables to the number needed. There was also an office and there would be custodial service. The students could be housed in a nearby convent, and as he pointed out, the students could be housed in a nearby convent, and as he pointed out, this than a sparkling blue winter ski and fresh snow of a bright sunlit day. Guatemala’s warm sun and palm trees, bright colors everywhere, and with only the volcanoes white with snow would rally any homesick memories.

And so it went, as we went, I remember in the Kennedy Airport my worried moments of inevitable confusion in getting the 44 or 45 of us, students, wives, faculty, and my five children all present and accounted for all on the right plane going to the right country — not wasted weeks, or, WW II experience as commanding officer of a troop train - and the attention of some kind of an attendant asking me if I always wore a smile. It must have gotten stuck on my face; I certainly couldn’t feel it. Anyway, in due time, after peering down into the blue green waters of the gulf, we landed with an extra high-altitude bump at the Guatemala City airport, and were loaded into waiting buses that took the winding road to Antigua in the late afternoon with everyone wondering just what to expect.

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More than 30 Years of Experience Around the World

A GLOBAL CLASSROOM
Students and faculty over the last 34 years have experienced, studied and lived in an exceptional diversity of environments, landscapes and cultures. There have been groups in countries that do not exist in 1980 such as Yugoslavia, and countries that did not exist in 1970, like the Czech Republic. Groups have gone to Easter Island, Iran, Kenya, Morocco and Nepal, as well as places like Tupelo, Mississippi, and Houlton, Maine.

ENGAGING THE UNIQUENESS OF PLACES
The Off-Campus Program engages the uniqueness of places and the processes and factors that create those differences. This includes sites of dramatic natural processes such as Rocky Mountain National Park, the volcanic island of Santorini, Greece, or Poas Volcan National Park in Costa Rica, as well as the vernacular landscapes of the bucolic English countryside, a fishing village in Poros, Greece, a farming village in El Salvador, a historic village in Spain, and a rice growing village in Japan. Studies have also focused on outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan, outstanding designed landscapes like Stonehenge, Tikal, St. Peter’s Square and in the gardens at Daisen-in in Japan.

A WELL TRAVELED FACULTY
Thirty-four different faculty members have participated in the program. Each year five to eight faculty travel to the students’ locations around the world to work with them for approximately one week. It is fair to say that this is the best traveled landscape architecture faculty in the United States. Faculty bring this experience back to enrich the program with specific examples as well as an understanding of the broader context of global issues of landscape architecture. This experience has also created opportunities for faculty research and scholarship. Professor Emanuel Carter has delivered papers in Spanish at the University of Granada. Professor Robert Reimann addressed the Japanese Landscape Architecture Association, Professor Elen Deming attended the International Federation of Landscape Architects meeting in Florence and Professor Matthew Potgiezer lectured in University of Brasilia and UFRGS in Porto Alegre, Brazil.

INTERNATIONAL INFLUENCE
Through the Off-Campus Program, students and faculty have, on several occasions, had a direct effect on the landscapes and communities they studied:

• In 1977, George Earle, Tom Paulo and George Curry spent three days meeting with the Architecture Faculty of the University of Genoa at the request of Professor Anatalisa Manigho Calacagno. Their discussion led to the establishment of the first Italian post-graduate program in landscape architecture in 1980.
• Over fifteen Greek national parks and aesthetic forests have been studied under the guidance of Dr. Costas Cassios since 1975. The 1978 study of White Mountain National Park in the Samarian Gorge on Crete was an important document in gaining international recognition for the park. In 1993, students contributed design ideas for the National Garden in Athens.
• In 1979, six students went to Houlton, Maine. Working with the Economic Development Agency, they setup a storefront studio to assist this small city in developing a master plan. By 1990, more than $2.5 million from public and private sources had been spent on the revitalization of Houlton’s downtown based on the students’ work.
• Professor Carter has exchanged knowledge and experience on sustainable cities with professionals and faculty in Spain.
• Professor Cheryl Doble and her Off-Campus group working with Amigos de Sian Ka’an, completed a two-year plan for the small fishing village of Xcalak, Mexico. Their work with the community sought alternatives to the kind of tourism development that has dramatically altered other gulf coast communities such as Cancun to the north.

LIFE-LONG LEARNING
The off-campus experience is just a beginning. Many students have returned to their off-campus locations and continued to travel as part of their personal and professional growth. Michelle Capuano returned to Italy and taught in the University of Georgia’s program at Cortona. Sue Herrington applied the off-campus skills of understanding cultural difference to her study of the culture and landscape of pre-school children. Gary Hilderbrand received the Rome Prize and spent a year of study at the American Academy in Rome. Inspired by his Off-Campus semester in Genoa, Italy, Louis Fusco returned to the city twenty years later to shoot his feature length film, “Alter Roberto.” On a very fundamental level, the ability to understand and adapt to new situations encountered off-campus has served graduates as they respond to a constantly changing professional world.

TOP TEN LOCATIONS:
ITALY
GREECE
UNITED KINGDOM
SPAIN
FRANCE
NETHERLANDS
GERMANY
MEXICO
CZECH REPUBLIC
AUSTRALIA

1,150 students in 180 different locations around the world.

...the morning was gorgeous, and although I timed the train perfectly, I kept walking. The sun had not yet appeared over the horizon, so all the city lights remained lit, while the sky was filled with clouds of pink and orange. And I found myself in Old Town Square, but it was transformed from how I knew it: empty. No tourists, it was still. And that silence was set against a city hundreds of years old, and if I didn’t know any better I would have thought I had stepped into the past. And I shuddered and paced at the Tyne Church illuminated by the nighttime lights and set against the colorful backdrop of the coming day. And I locked myself not for not bringing my camera, and thought, “so this is Prague.” The mystical city that has a soul so deep that even Kafka referred to it as “a little mother that has claws.” The sun had sunk in. And the air of summer and morning in Prague took a powerful hold on me. I found myself wondering the narrow winding streets of the old town thinking of the artists, the architects, the scholars and the writers, and their political leaders and religious heroes, and all the millions of Czech people who helped build the heart of the city which continues to enchant millions of visitors from all over the world.

Visit to a Marae –

I was asked to attend a funeral (tangih) at a marae on Sunday. Amazing experience! First, we all had to be welcomed onto the Marae. To do this, all the women have to walk forward, someone calls out from the Marae and a representative from the Manauiri (or visitators) calls back. We are then welcomed back into the house. If someone does not call back – it means hostility. This calling on is called Karanga.

The two buildings on the Marae are called: tuteire – for eating, and awanu-ijarangi – for sleeping. Once allowed into Marae, people are then called tangata whanau (part of the Marae)...

Nobody left the body’s side the entire time. In fact, it’s Maori belief that at least one person should be by the body until burial.

After the ceremony, there is a feast known as Hangi Hakari....

Tonya Gifford, Aukland, New Zealand, 1999.

Study Progress: This week I felt I came to a turning point in terms of study content [Danish cemeteries], branching out into more realms beyond history and tradition, seeing more sides – those who want to preserve tradition and those who want to challenge or alter the tradition... But while the content became more complex, the overall picture has become more focused. Three is still a lot that is unknown about my subject. But now I can be more focussed in my approach and begin to think more about the finalization. Jenn Pennington, Arhus, Denmark. 1994.

Due to the amount of time I have spent in Piazza Santa Lucia, people have been opening up to me and I feel like I am slowly becoming integrated into their atmosphere. My first major move was when I joined a couple of kids playing soccer. They were excited that I wanted to join in and everybody wanted to be on my team. They are taught English in school, so we can communicate somewhat. Their English is broken and my Italian is not great but most times we can understand each other... So I entered their game and we played for a while in the middle of the piazza with all of the other locals watching. I must have given some of the older people the impression that I was an allright guy because after the game several people talked to me. First, I was introduced to their family members who were all sitting together in the same area. Then some other random people around the square would come over to talk and to see what’s going on. It was a good feeling to start to become accepted by some of the people of Piazza Santa Lucia. I want to be seen as just another user of the space, not as a tourist or an outsider. Greg Robinson, Siracusa, Italy, 2001.
Off-Campus is a learning process, one that the students take direct responsibility for. During their 14 weeks at their Off-Campus location students keep a journal, project notebook, and write letters to their advisor. These products capture the process of learning. They provide a special window for seeing the first blush of excitement, the difficult adjustments to cultural difference as well as their study methods, epiphanies as well as the ordinary life of the different places. They are important not just as a record but critical for becoming conscious of the learning process, for making conscious choices during the semester, communication with advisors and reflecting on the whole process at the end.

WEEK 8
One thing is very evident, this country is very religious. You don’t need to know the specifics to understand this. Everywhere I go there are churches, shrines or something noting the presence of religion. Here in Athens, there are more churches than bread stores. One day, I went looking for a bread store and along the way I passed at least four churches and never found a bread store!

Some of these churches are magnificent structures; some have a vernacular character. They consume both large open sunny sites and dark crevices under office buildings. Regardless of the particular site, there is the same beauty to them. When I reach the doorway I can only catch a glimpse inside, this is as far as I am allowed with my tourist outfit of shorts and sneakers. The view is one of mystical enticement. The darkness is only occasionally pierced by the glow of candles burning. I feel invited to join this interior space but traditional barriers keep me perch on the doorstep.


WEEK 9
The five of us have turned into a sort of celebrities in our neighborhood. All the children try to sell us skateboards, we’ve bought two, and any other item they think they might get a sale off of. At “the dirty spoolin’” we get the best service. This is most certain because we eat there everyday, but the people who work there seem to enjoy us. They talk with us mostly about the weather, and ask many questions about our lives and the states. The bumps along Kilburn High Road always ask us for matches, because we give them some, and when they don’t, they’ll give us high fives and tell us to have a nice day… the community is a dirty, small, derelict place, but the people do know each other and do have a sense of pride. Upon arrival, I did not notice this, but now I do.


WEEK 10
I spend all day out in the city doing my work, eat at a deli like you (Prof. Dieming) and did that one day, and then I come home at night, I’m forced to be productive.

I can’t believe how much I walk, especially up Belvedere. My legs should be solid as rocks. But besides being exhausted, I’m fine.

Time is running short. As of this week, we have one month left. I can’t believe that we have been in italy for that long. It seems like just yesterday that we got off our plane in Milan. Since then, I’ve done so much and seen so many things that many people will never see in their lifetime. I’ll definitely remember this trip for the rest of my life and I’m not taking any of this for granted. I’ve worked hard to get here.


WEEK 11
Lamentably, as of yesterday I am down to my final month in Rome! Where has the time gone? I continually have dreams that I am back in Syracuse… needless to say that when I wake up I am relieved to find myself still in Rome!

But, I had a very productive week… not only with my project (which was nearing completion, until I added a whole new element and made it much more comprehensive), and my comics are nearing number 70.

In the past week, I have been able to do two things that I honestly never dreamed I would ever do. First, I was able to get a ticket for the Papal Audience… The second incredible thing was that I finally went up in the hot air balloon in Villa Borghese… I can honestly say that you haven’t seen Rome until you’ve seen it from 150 meters in the air. The city is so beautiful, from the majestic Colosseum towering above all the buildings in one direction, to the Tiber flowing through the city on the other side. Piazza Barberini looked so small, the fountain was merely a blip near the center. I was even able to see my apartment building. Absolutely amazing, it was completely awe inspiring.

I am so thankful that you [Prof. Hawks] insisted that I go up, otherwise I honestly would never have done it. It has helped make this Off-Campus experience even more perfect than it had been before.


WEEK 12
...I only go out for walks in between times writing at the flat. Once in a while I go for a dinner out or meet someone during lunch hour. I’m very busy trying to finish the study now. I’ve finished the history and development section for Kithriddy and am now working on the same for Powerscourt. The middle of next week, I will have done a good portion of site analysis, inventory and interpretation… sorry the letter is somewhat short – keep working!


WEEK 13
The cries of the fish vendors...

“Kendrrrraaaal!! Bellaaaaas!! Kendrrrraaaal!!”

All of a sudden I hear my name being shouted from the market one morning. I went there to take pictures from a balcony that overlooks the entire street. Through out the morning, I realized that some of the vendors below had taken notice of me. One in particular seemed very curious. He was a younger generation fisherman and his job at the market is to scream out loud all morning. Usually, he shouts “Mercato! Bella pesco!!” (Market!! Beautiful fish!!)

This morning I watched him go from stand to stand and talk with the other vendors and frequently point up at me. The next thing that I know is that he is shouting my name all along. I was absolutely shocked! How could he know my name? Then I realized that he wasn’t the only one calling me out. Just up the street, another fish vendor was answering his shouts. “Kendrrrraaaal!! Bellaaaaaas!!” When I turned to see who it was, I saw the old fisherman that I had interviewed the day before waving at me. He must have remembered my name and told the younger fisherman. This was another reminder to me of how fast word travels around here. I think it would be an impossibility. This has been the best time in my entire life. And I wouldn’t have gotten much better than this. I’ve been able to open my eyes in ways I never even knew they were closed, and I’ve seen things that I didn’t even think my wildest dreams. I’ve learned about myself and the world and people (I even learned a bit about school stuff too!)

The world is so big. And our worlds are only as big as we make them. Mine just got a lot bigger. And I am already thinking about where I will take my next trip. And where my path in life will lead me. I am optimistic.

So there’s something about Prague… some magic or something that pulls people in. I know quite a few people that never even intended to live there, they just couldn’t leave. It’s amazing to observe. And it almost happened to me. In a way its kind of scary because people just get stuck there. Like an episode of the “Twilight Zone” or something. But it’s an outstanding place, and I know I will return someday.

Claire Wuertz, Prague, Czech Republic, 1997.

WEEK 14
...I only go out for walks in between times writing at the flat. Once in a while I go for a dinner out or meet someone during lunch hour. I’m very busy trying to finish the study now. I’ve finished the history and development section for Kithriddy and am now working on the same for Powerscourt. The middle of next week, I will have done a good portion of site analysis, inventory and interpretation… sorry the letter is somewhat short – keep working!

The portfolio of more than 30 years of work in the Off-Campus Program attests to the great scope of opportunities and challenges that a global classroom presents for the education of landscape architects. Students have the opportunity to study some of the most significant designed landscapes around the world as well as places shaped by unique natural and cultural processes. The majority of studies are observational and interpretive, seeking to understand rather than change the places. The Off-Campus work applies and integrates a range of theoretical frameworks, from formal analysis to rational methods of landscape analysis, cognitive and behavioral studies inspired by Kevin Lynch and William Whyte and interpretive approaches to the meaning of places. In many instances, students have contributed knowledge and expertise to assisting communities around the world, including more than 15 Greek national parks and aesthetic forests, the Athens National Garden, the small fishing village of Xcalak, Mexico, cultural and eco-tourism in Siracusa, Sicily. On another level, the desire to study the otherness of places has an ideological dimension, often to find alternative ways of making places back in America more sustainable, pedestrian oriented, or historically rich.

Immersion in the direct experience in the global classroom is also ideal for engaging the very process of learning. The process of self-directed learning is the main pedagogical goal of the program and perhaps its most challenging aspect. It begins with identifying a question to direct a semester-long inquiry into a subject. This question is fleshed-out into a full proposal of research and methods completed prior to going off campus. Self-directed learning is especially challenging in a different culture where just finding maps can be an adventure. The premise is that students learn autonomy and flexibility, which prepares them for life long learning and the need to adjust to the changing and increasing global practice of landscape architecture.

**Portfolio of the Work**

Off-campus groups worked for two years with the small fishing community of Xcalak on the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico to develop alternative designs in response to tourism.

**What Is the Nature of the Work in a Global Classroom?**

- How do designed spaces compare with vernacular spaces? (Alexander Menzie)
- How can new designs in historic contexts achieve visual continuity with their contexts? (Matthew Micciche)
- How do the materials in the designs of coastal environments create unique sense of place? (Fred Colagiovanni)
- What are the physical factors that create kinetic space in cities? (Marc Boddewyn)
- How do the materials in the designs of coastal environments create unique sense of place? (Fred Colagiovanni)
- Tabitha Magot’s study of tourism in the Jewish quarter of Prague.
In addition to the individual main project, there are a series of other requirements of the Off-Campus semester:

Field Studies:
Field Studies are a set of focused exercises that structure observations of the new place in the first few weeks of the semester. Over the years, this common set of field studies of cognitive maps, streetscapes, planting design, materials and behavior observations provides a systematic way of comparing places around the world.

Project Notebook:
This is the means for recording the study process in detail, as it progresses through daily decisions, questions, consulting various sources, refining concepts, making format decisions, and so on. As a tool for understanding the learning process, this is one of the most valuable aspects of the program.

The Journal/Sketchbook:
The journal/sketchbook is an opportunity to become comfortable with recording and interpreting places through visual notes and sketches. It includes a variety of observations on matters of obvious landscape architectural relevance — spatial form, details, materials, use patterns, etc., as well as general observations on aspects of place and culture — language, behavior in public spaces, food, rituals, environmental attitudes.


Above: Patmos, Greece

How is historic park integrity preserved in the context of the contemporary environment? (Christopher Aikman)
expanding horizons
AN EVOLVING PROGRAM

The world seems to be a smaller place – in the short time I have been director, student e-mail, cell phones and laptops have made communication from any corner of the world that much easier. Prof. Hoffman as a student relied on the one phone at the bottom of the hill of a Greek village, and even then it didn’t always work.

– MATTHEW POTTEIGER

The off-campus program continues to explore the opportunities of new study locations. Top: Contemporary designs of Barcelona, Spain. Above: Off-campus groups have discovered the splendid urban landscape of Prague.

SUSTAINED COMMITMENT AND NEW PLACES

Over the years the faculty have established sustained relationships with certain places and individuals. Perhaps the longest relationship has been in Greece with Dr. Costas Cosios. In the last ten years, Emanuel Carter has lectured and coordinated a series of projects on sustainable cities in Spain. That work has expanded to include an exchange of scholarship with faculty in Chile. Tony Miller helped initiate work in Syracuse’s namesake, Siracusa in Sicily. Many of the faculty, including Richard Hawks, Jim Palmer, Elen Deming and Matt Potteiger have had groups in Siracusa working with Professor Gigi Nocera and the Euralis Foundation. These are valuable relationships which benefit students by creating a depth of understanding, continuity of projects and strength of local contacts. Since the Off-Campus Program is unencumbered by investments in buildings or classrooms in one place it can readily engage new opportunities such as the opening of Eastern Europe after the break-up of the Soviet Union and the opportunity for groups in Prague. Every year, there is the possibility of new parts of the world to explore through the program.

NEW INITIATIVE

The most recent initiative is a student exchange program between the US and Brazil. Professor Cheryl Doble helped secure federal funding from FIPSE (Fund for the Improvement of Postsecondary Education), which will sponsor student exchanges for three years between the landscape architecture departments at SUNY and Penn State University and two universities in Brazil: the University of Brasilia and the University of Rio Grande do Sul in Porto Alegre. The focus of the exchange is on sustainable urban design, community participation and the special issues of poverty and resource management. Students in each location will work on studio projects and attend seminars on these subjects. The goal is to develop approaches to sustainable design in very different urban contexts and exchange research on these challenges.

The two years of the program have been completed. Eight SUNY students, and six Penn State students have studied in Brazil, while the same number of Brazilian students spent their fall semesters at Penn State and SUNY-ESF in Syracuse. The studio project in Brasilia began a 3-year study of one of the unplanned communities, Varjaoa, outside the planned utopian capital of Brasilia. Villa Varjaoa is typical of the Latin American phenomenon of urban settlements that have grown “illegally” around urban areas: ad hoc building, high densities, lack of infrastructure and serious environmental issues of sanitation and erosion. In the complementary studio at Syracuse, Brazilian students are working with SUNY students on the near East Side of Syracuse. Here, they address different conditions of vacancy versus density, abandoned infrastructure, and failing public housing projects.

9/11

Students were off campus when the jets hit the World Trade Center Towers and the Pentagon. It is a moment that they will remember in ways somewhat different than the rest of Americans. It was an unprecedented and difﬁcult time to be off campus, separated and concerned about the safety of their friends and families back home. Meanwhile, students witnessed a great outpouring of compassion around the world represented in small and large gestures such as the spontaneous memorial of flowers spread around the American Embassy in Denmark.

9/11 and the war in Iraq have changed the world and have had their impact on the Off-Campus Program. Heightened security and changing attitudes toward Americans around the world are felt most keenly by travelers. However, while many travel programs have retracted, the Off-Campus Program continues. This does require preparing students for new realities. However, in the face of the anxieties and fears, the Off-Campus Program is even more relevant than ever.

Brazil exchange program—funding from FIPSE (Fund for the Improvement of Post Secondary Education) has enabled a student exchange between ESF’s off-campus program, Penn State and two universities in Brazil. Left to right: Brasilia; Villa Varjaoa — a favela outside the capital; LA grad student, Wendy Andringa, working with children in Varjaoa; Wendy Andringa’s study of public/private boundaries in Brasilia.
CONTINUING THE VISION

“...I remember my elation and grateful feelings and my thinking at that moment, that after all the on and offs, discouragements and hopes, it was all well worth the more than five years of working and worrying for. It was such a wonder filled greeting for the students, and for me it climaxed my dream fulfillment unforgettably.”

GEORGE EARLE

It has been almost 40 years since George Earle first imagined an off-campus program and since then thousands of students and faculty have helped make it a vital reality. His vision and commitment have recently been honored by establishing the George F. Earle Scholarship for Off-Campus Study. Richard Gustafson (’60) and his wife Patricia pledged matching funds to establish the scholarship. More than 140 alumni and friends responded, making it one of the most successful fundraising/scholarship campaigns ever conducted by the College of Environmental Science and Forestry.

The scholarship will be awarded annually to the senior landscape architecture student who has achieved the highest cumulative grade point average in four years of design studios. The award will provide assistance to the student during his/her fifth year Off-Campus study. The first George F. Earle Scholarship was awarded to Joe Falco at the Festival of Places in February, 2004.

The Off-Campus Program is sustained by other kinds of support as well. Since 1999, returning students now present their work to faculty, peers and professionals. We would welcome alumni interested in participating and serving as reviewers for these presentations, which typically occur in late January. As always, the Festival of Places is an important event celebrating the total experience for current students as well as alumni. To open the evening, there is the George F. Earle Lecture presented by an alumnus who continues to pursue the goals of the off-campus experience in their professional or academic careers. If you or anyone you know is interested in giving this talk, please contact the department.

To those who have participated in the Off-Campus Program and those who have helped make it a success over the years, thank you.

SUPPORT FOR THE GEORGE F. EARLE SCHOLARSHIP FOR OFF-CAMPUS STUDY HAS BEEN RECEIVED FROM:


Announcing the George F. Earle Scholarship at George’s 90th birthday party. Left to right: Richard Hawks, George F. Earle and George Curry.

Ways of Giving

There are many ways of giving to the Faculty of Landscape Architecture. Your gift can be a unique way of putting your personal mark on our future. Every contribution ensures that FLA continues to support the needs of our students. Please consider the FLA scholarship funds when giving to the college.

To make a gift online, go to:
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We have all become more knowledgeable, compassionate and understanding of the differences between people and place, and the importance of our responsibilities as professionals and citizens of the world. This program is and hopefully will continue to be a great celebration of the world’s landscapes and the human spirit.

“The idea seemed at first a simple one—though more emotional than practical as in Spain ideas can be—and I remember vividly the interest and beauty of the spot where I had the “idea” as though it were last week and not some 30 years ago. It was January, 1965, on a sunny beach in Spain, at Almunecar, a town of white-walled houses, a fishing village rising in steps up a sharp hill from the sea.

It suddenly came to me—a bunch of my ‘Landscape’ students spread out around me on the beach.”

GEORGE EARLE