



Il Pennato

Spannocchia Internship Program

Volume 8, Issue II

High Energy
by **Bronwen Hanna-Korpi**
Education Director

CONTENTS

Colors By Jess Glass	2
Porca Miala By Cashel Rosier	3-4
Life Cycle By John Gilbert Thorp	5
A Non-comprehensive List of Things By Annie Scipioni	6
Vines By Pearce Thompson	7-8
Fruits of Our Labor By Karla Jarecke	9
Macchine & Tronchesi By Kat Armstrong	10
Rustic Nimbleness By Nick Howard	11
A Song By Annie	12



Kat, Pearce, Karla, Nick, Jess, Annie, Cashel and John

I'd been told that the summer is one of the craziest times at Spannocchia. Crazy, of course, always in the best possible sense. And while I can't exactly figure out why this would be a fact year after year, the energy of the summer group was a force to be

reckoned with. It was absolutely the norm for these interns to wake up at 5am to go running before their work day started at 7am and not especially uncommon for over half the group to take part in weekend chores...we once picked Cashel up in the vineyards on the way to a field trip because he just *had* to get in an hour or two of work before we headed out to Poggio Alloro and San Gimignano for the day (please note that interns are not expected to do farm work on field trip days). Karla, Kat, Annie, John, Nick, Cashel, Pearce and Jess did most things at the farm with this sort of fervor (resulting in, much to my dismay, some minor infractions of internship law), including forming relationships with our farm staff. I was thrilled about the impact farm supervisors had on the interns this summer. And while it was certainly evident during their time here, it seems to have become all the more clear as distance from Spannocchia has increased. We are what we are here because of a fantastic staff. It is because of the farm staff's patience, humor and knowledge that our interns walk away feeling not only as though they have learned a bit about farming but that they have become a part of another's life, half way across the world. The summer interns embraced this and, at the risk of sounding a bit cliché, it is a beautiful thing to witness. Carmen, Giulio, Riccio and Angleo (and Graziela, Daniela, Lucia, Gaetana, Roberto, Rughero, Randall and Francesca): this is summer's thank you.



Il Pennato

Summer 09

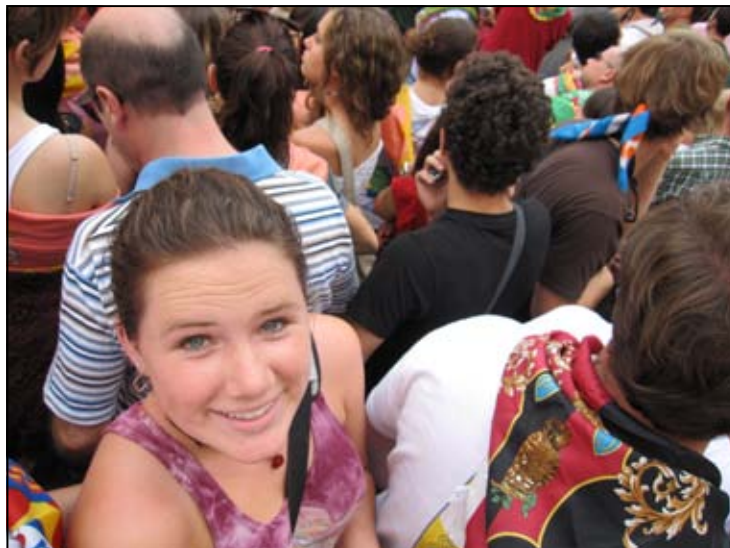
C O L O R S

Jess Glass

I think I will remember this summer in colors. The geraniums, pizza sauce, Graziella's apron ribbons, and the summer's first tomato were all distinctly **RED**. The freshest carrots I've ever had were **ORANGE**. The fields upon fields of sunflowers, hay, and vinegar were **YELLOW**. **GREEN** was the olive oil, veggies, WEEDS, the legetto, trees, and the hills (until the heat killed all the grass...). The sky, pool, ocean, and jorts were **BLUE**. **PURPLE** was the red wine, sunsets, blackberries (so much jam!), and the grazier hat. The dogs, salt and pepper, intern van, cingiale, Tuscan bread, and the pigs were **BLACK** and/or **WHITE**. **BROWN** was caffe, dirt, and salame dolce.

It is only through the combination of these colors that I could have THE Spannocchia experience: the personalities, laughter (Karla made a joke!), field trips, homemade tridents, Jay Leno, dance parties in the kitchen, (somewhat) unintentional hitch-hiking, bush whacking down the mountain, photos, lunch duty, herding pigs up pig hill with a stick, watering every morning looking out on the valley, cozy friends, Manfredo, the woof man, time in the kitchen with the Graz and Gaetana, dinner duty, concerts, prickly pear pie, Riccio's candle swan, wasp nests, having conversations while asleep, napkin challenge, Apples to Apples, seal rolls, the potato harvest, cheersing the first harvested tomato, memories, Italian, the hottness, vespa filled insalata, bio flakes (dessert anyone?), naps, 'would it be possible...', silent question round, laughing so hard you snort and/or spew, the bungalow and Tartaena, dinners, lizards, flies, Palios, the epic good bye dinner in Siena, cheese ('dude, you kinda smell like cheese'), wine, olive oil, 'it's pizza night?,' macchinas, Cashel's first pie, weeding the sidewalk, "I'm like yo mayn (like it was 1980)," non-days, guests, Coop trips, walking to/from Rosia, reading, and crossword puzzles.

The people. The place. The cause. Spannocchia is AWESOME!



Jess loved the Palio. Especially the part about being crammed up against valour sweatsuits for 5 hours



Porca Miala **Cashel Rosier**



Somebody's gotta do the dishes...Cashel at work

perhaps with this I can hope to capture what I saw and felt during that brief moment over the summer in which it was present.

I have no camera. I took no pictures while at Spannocchia. Now, with weeks separating myself from the moment in which Broni dropped me off, alone, at the bus stop in Piazza Gramsci, the images I have of Spannocchia are already fading and becoming harder to see, regressing into increasingly vague and faint sensations, similar to the browning which occurs over time to a Polaroid. There is one particular image, however, of my time on the property that I really want to grasp and hold on to for as long as I can, before it too escapes into some recess, irretrievable save for some Proustian miracle. But because I do not expect that someday a *madeleine* dipped in tea will transport me back to the farm, the best thing I can do now is write about that image, and

It was my penultimate week at Spannocchia, and I had the rare opportunity of working with Angelo in the vineyard (usually at least one of us was called to some other part of the farm; if we were both in the vineyard, we were in separate parts, not as we were that day, with each facing the other on the opposite side of the row, moving at roughly the same pace down the line). We were chatting as we worked; he was asking me what I was going to do after school, I was asking him about the grapes and his son Lorenzo's time in England (or was it Francesco who went? The younger son, anyhow). We were in the new vineyard, with Palazzo Torre in the background, and the Castle that Only God Knows far off on the horizon in the Tuscan hills to my left (...the moonlight that night at the castle was perfect, the way it left a perfect rectangle on the floor coming through the window...). In the distance, someone may have been yelling *Forza! Forza!* at the sheep in the field behind Bill Jensen's summer residence. I much prefer the new vineyard to the older ones, despite the fact I greatly admire the quaintness of Spannocchia. The wire trellis leads to neat, crisp, uniform rows which would calm any slightly obsessive-compulsive topiarist. On the other hand, the wooden trellises of the older vineyards, often broken or decrepit, neither straight nor level, make the vines appear tousled and feral, sparse in spots and untamed in others, even obstinately climbing up olive and pear trees in certain locations. Such may have been permissible to the unkempt Etruscans, hedonistic Romans, or mercantile Florentines, but not to my tastes.

At any rate, our solitude was broken by a viticulturist, a man I had never seen before, who was making his rounds of the local vineyards. After a quick *buongiorno*, I was left hidden on the other side of the row, peering through a gap in the Sangiovese leaves as the two men began discussing the humidity, the moisture of the soil, the *paronospora*, and their effects on the vines compared to the previous year. I found all of this incredibly interesting, but their talk soon faded into the background as I became mesmerized instead with the image of the two men talking. The viticulturist was a healthy enough looking person, I would say early fifties, with white, slightly balding hair. He wore sunglasses, a powder blue polo shirt, khaki shorts, and those brown loafers that Nick and Broni sometimes wore. His skin was white, soft, and delicate. I also remember he had a watch; it was nice, but it was nothing compared to the one John picked up at the Coop which came with the bottle of *Amaro Montenegro*, the liqueur which would factor heavily one night in a certain challenge gone horribly wrong...



Il Pennato

Summer 09

Cashel cont'd

Opposite the viticulturist was Angelo. His shirt off, pants faded, boots caked in mud. His skin, so leathered by the sun as to appear red, read like the chaos of a roadmap with creases running hard and deep every which way, and the wrinkles emanating from the corners of his eyes had the complexity of splintered glass. You could see the cavities in his teeth even from the other side of the row. His furrowed brow, deep eyes, sharp nose and cut cheek bones were a harsh contrast against the softer and more pleasant contours of the viticulturist. I have no clue how old Angelo could be. Does his aged features come from time or experience? With his salt and pepper straw-crisp hair, he could be anywhere between forty and sixty, however he is likely close to the same age as the snowy but youthful viticulturist. The picture of those two characters standing next to each other (I say characters because the fictional conclusions I drew from them may actually be quite different from the truth of their personal lives), offered me examples of two separate paths taken, and why I decided then to take the path of Angelo.

Sometimes when Angelo takes vacations he goes on walks. In July he followed the path of a pilgrimage through the Apennines. When I asked if he was religious he said no. What could possess a non-religious man to take such a penitent adventure? I suppose it could be some discontent with his present situation; by traveling away he could escape the torpor and frustration of his daily farm chores. A string of *porca miala troias* after an ant bites him, the tractor stalls, or Bob leaves him to do the wood would lead one to think this could be the case. But if you've ever watched him admire the sheep and say "Ah, le pecore! Sono andate le pecore," or his tone when he says "Che uve!" as the grapes change from light green to dark purple over the course of the summer, or his singing at the pizza oven, then it becomes clear that he too feels the *joie de vivre* of being at Spannocchia.

My guess is that he travels for the joy of experience. And the lines in his face speak of a person who has experienced a lot. His face may be an Italian version of Clint Eastwood, but unlike Eastwood, whose scowl matches his stoic toughness, Angelo's ruggedness instead suggests a certain vulnerability, or at least a vulnerability that has been hardened over time by both success and defeat, hope and despair, joy and disappointment. I imagine the viticulturist has led the quiet life which comes from a good job following a good education. If it's sunny he wears sunglasses, and if it rains he has an umbrella. I bet his bed has a canopy. He even wears slippers at night to go to the bathroom. Perhaps his private life is similarly kept guarded, secure, comfortable, stable. Angelo, on the other hand, lives alone, next to Bob (who I'm sure is a good neighbor). His family is up in Milan, his sons live with their mother down in Rosia. But when he is at the farmers' market amongst friends, he is alive, cheerful, and jovial. If he has had personal failures in the past, he has not let them affect his present. If he has been hit hard by life, he survives and lives on. And if life is one big Sisyphian task, in which we must eternally roll a boulder up a hill only to watch it roll back down, then I admire Angelo because he is the type of person who, after watching his work come to naught, would take a moment aside at the top of the mountain to yell a cynical, spiteful "Porca Miala!" at the gods and then admire the wildflowers on his walk back down the treacherous hill to retrieve the boulder.

That day in the new vineyard summed up my experience at Spannocchia. Be hard. Be tough. Be vigorous. Work during day, pay your dues, and then when night comes relax and enjoy the time with your friends at the dinner table. Party like hell during the weekend. In my humble opinion, the philosophy of moderation is boring; I don't want to be calm, even keeled, numb. Instead, I want all the feelings life has to offer. Like Angelo, I want deep creases on my face by the time I die. There is no point in taking smooth skin to the grave.



John, Kat and Nick with life's beginnings

LIFE CYCLE

John Gilbert Thorp

My time at Spannocchia was bookended by isolated and remarkable examples of the life cycle on a farm. Several days into our time here, we helped to butcher an entire cow, filling an industrial freezer with packaged meat—this after many hours in a sterile, stainless steel filled kitchen. To me, it was shockingly new yet somehow not surprising. Watching the butcher artfully yet mindlessly make his incisions so as to save the best cuts, yet not disrupt others was simply astounding.

That day's inauguration into the farm life became much more meaningful in light of the preceding three months. The hours we spent chasing, moving, feeding, and enclosing pigs and cows unveiled an appreciation for the animal itself, as well as the work that goes into products like those we enjoyed at Spannocchia. My time spent filling that steel freezer was best foiled by the morning of my last day working at the farm, where we happened upon a sow giving birth to piglets.

Looking back now, the contrast between the small wriggling animals being born into a niche of brambles and walls of hung prosciutto will forever spring to mind as I browse grocery stores. This admiration and handle on the workings of a farm is one of the fondest and most lasting memories of Spannocchia.



Annie's Orto

A Non-comprehensive List of Things

by Annie Scipioni

Things I will remember:

Cashel parked outside of Pulchinelli washing dishes with a do-rag and an apron.

Sitting in the library with a very clandestine Lopo during the first thunderstorm of July.

Kat and John making fig jam every other day for three weeks. Savory fig. Tart fig. New England fig. Canadian fig. Oh, the figging.

Farro Salad and salame dolce.

Advising Karla to remember the parking break, among other things.

Spontaneous dance parties with Pearce in the kitchen.

Hours in the garden wondering aloud if I'd ever make it.

Writing songs under the Limonia.

Getting into debates with Nick on whatever because whatever.

Carmen slogans: "This is the work," or "You do the break when you need the break."

Karla and Cashel doing biathlons up pig hill, and of course, the Karla and Cashel song, or "High Energy" ala Riccio.

Jess' carrot cake and asking me if I had a head injury our first ride up to Spannocchia.

Greeting the garden and the chickens every morning....Sorelle sisters!

Things I would like to forget:

The bathroom only god knows.

French weddings.

A few things about being back home:

Chips, red vines, trail mix, starting my own little garden, and doing vegan.

On a final note...

Save Babar and let the chickens out into the orchard once in a while!!



Not Babar, but really cute anyway



Il Pennato

Summer 09



Pearce liked to run sprints while working in the vines

VINES

Pearce Thompson

The Spannocchia Summer Internship a physically and mentally rewarding experience. My intern task was to maintain the vineyards, which in the summer, could possibly be one of the most tedious tasks of all the intern jobs. The vines grow at an expeditive pace and the work can be so meticulous that it feels as if there is no balance between the two. It was a constant race between the work and the growth of the vines that I feel may only be conquered at the harvest. My vines partner and I were constantly pruning, tying and wrapping the vines as if we were battling these large creatures to keep them in order and save the grapes from a potentially bad harvest. We both learned a great deal of tolerance for tasks that seem menial while doing, and comprehensible only upon seeing the end result.

Angelo was a great supervisor. He was different from all the others as he would leave my partner and me alone for most of the week giving us his trust and a task for us to master. Even though I wouldn't see him on an everyday basis, when he did stop by for a quick critique his passion for the vineyard made even the most daunting of tasks seem fun. When he did work with us, he would often sing to the vines or yell at them for getting out of control, this always made us laugh. He treated the vines as if they were his children or his friends, and as

my partner and I finished cleaning up one vineyard we too felt this connection to the vines.

Angelo was constantly telling me to take my time and work at a leisurely pace, completely opposite from the type of work I'm used to doing back in New York. At Spannocchia, I learned to adjust to the Italian work ethic which I found to be very frustrating for the first five weeks. I remember working with Angelo and seeing him one minute furiously fight with the vines and cutting away at strays as if they were his enemies in battle, and the next taking a long break to speak with any of the farm staff passing by. At the beginning of each week, Angelo would give my partner and I tasks for the vines as well as an approximation of how much should be finished by the end of the week. The work always seemed enormous considering the pace we worked. After Angelo would inform us of our upcoming tasks, he would quickly end the meeting with "I would like you to finish this, but if you don't get it all done, that's okay, it's not a problem. Just keep in mind that it needs to be done some time." It was an interesting transition from working in New York at a very fast pace, constantly parading around a retail store trying to make sales and having the highest expectations for our end of the day goals as compared with coming to work in Italy in a vineyard where the goal is to enjoy your work as much as possible and to have the least amount of stress.

Another learning experience, apart from the extreme adjustment in work ethic, was learning to work well with a partner. Being at Spannocchia really taught me to be a better team player as well as taking on the role of a leader. There were tasks that I was given in the vineyards that I was sure I'd never finish, but because I had a good partner, I got through the day. We learned to compromise and develop a pace that worked for both of us. It was a huge transition for me to have a partner to work with every single day of the week, as well as living with that same partner in a house shared by all the other interns.



Il Pennato

Summer 09

Pearce, cont'd

It was a great deal of time to spend living and working with someone, something I thought I could never handle, but in the end felt as if I formed a strong bond and a lasting friendship. We worked side-by-side every day which quickly changed our behavior from strangers, to friends, then finally brother and sister, and boy did we fight like we were siblings. It was a hilarious way of working that I will truly miss. One of my fondest memories of working with my partner was the day we almost lost it; the weather was unbearably hot, we were in a vineyard where the air was stagnant and we had no water, no music, nor the presence Angelo to entertain us. We ended up singing all of the “one-hit-wonders” we could remember while using the vines as jump ropes.

The internship ended and I came back to New York City, just as quickly and I'd left for Spannocchia. It was a short three months that I'd spent on the farm, but by far one of my most memorable summers. I am going to miss the Italian work ethic, and living and working with a great group of people. The first few weeks were the hardest, but once all the interns got to know each other, the rest of the summer flew by. While interning in the vines with Angelo, I learned that one of the most important aspects of Italian work ethic is that Italians value work they are passionate about. I will take back to New York with me, friendships, good memories, patience and most importantly (in observance of the Italians) the ability to accept and pursue what I am most passionate about, rather than to do as I am expected, even it doesn't make me any money.



The new vineyards, in front of the Palazze a la Pearce



FRUITS OF OUR LABOR

Karla Jarecke



Karla contemplates a giant pineapple in Elba.

“You were doing what in Italy?!” My new Swiss friend on the train to Geneva is interested but slightly dumbfounded by the fact that I spent my summer in Tuscany on a farm. As I attempt to explain some of the daily activities such as chasing pigs, moving sheep, throwing wood, loading the caldaia, riding bikes and harvesting vegetables, my travel buddy wonders why I came half way around the world to experience these things. My interest in the Italian culture was an obvious response to give him, but I realized that I left Tuscany only a week ago with more than an understanding of the ‘Italian way’.

I look back at a place that feels like a second home to me, full of rich culinary memories and epic meals shared with friends in the beautiful Tuscan landscape. Spannocchia invited me to cook thoughtfully, eat consciously and share meals with others in a way that celebrates our relationships with the food. I discovered a feeling of pride after eating the vegetables that reminded me of times in the garden listening to Annie and Carmen communicate with new inventions of words, eating giant carrots still covered in

soil, tying and hanging onions in the magazzino, the clucking of the chickens in the morning, picking the first tomato, harvesting potatoes with Enzo driving the tractor, and escaping the hot afternoon sun to shuck peas. Around the dinner table we reminisced on a day’s work and shared common experiences with mini casinos and extreme hotness. The meal, for us, was a reminder of the plants and animals we worked with every day.

After cooking meals with raw wild ingredients and fresh vegetables from the garden that my very hands helped create, I understood how often I take for granted the food I see on the grocery store shelf. Good food without labels and bar codes taught me that the true cost of food is not on its price tag, but in the time and energy invested in its cultivation in order to sustain the earth in positive ways. Spannocchia was a grand awakening for me that influenced a desire to defend my food and give back to its origin so humans can continue to see these beautiful landscapes and experience the incredible satisfaction of befriending your food.



MACCHINE & TRONCHESI

Katherine Armstrong



*Cows adore Giulio almost as much as
Animali intens do*

Over the course of three months at Spannocchia, the interns of each “team” are granted the opportunity to learn the nuances of a specified field of farm work. For one such as myself, arriving at Spannocchia with zero prior exposure to the Italian language, the prospect the summer posed a rather unique challenge: my “Team Animale” teammates and I were to learn how build and mend electric fences, operate a feed mill, herd pigs and sheep, butcher a cow, and complete a wide range of other tasks with only a very basic ability to comprehend the language of the county in which we were living. In other words, we really wanted to learn Italian.

Our bi-weekly Italian class, of course, was of great assistance in this regard. It was with Giulio, our Team Animale supervisor, though, that I experienced some of the most memorable and educational learning experiences. It was, for instance, during rides in the “Guzzon,” the faithful farm truck, or midday excursions into the cow pasture that I was able to really practice and augment my speaking abilities and knowledge of the language; Giulio was infinitely patient with each of us in our efforts to learn to communicate.

In the end, Giulio helped us to emerge with a unique and memorable linguistic repertoire with which to describe our work on the farm. This vocabulary was comprised of wide range of Italian words which were crucial to our daily efforts. *Tronchesi*, for instance, were the wire cutters that callused our hands after building and repairing countless stretches of fencing. We also became enduringly enamored with *macchine*, a term which, broadly defined, refers to every moving or mechanical instrument on the farm. These “machines” seemed to hold a unique and remarkably tender place in the hearts of the Italian farm staff, and we quickly learned to appreciate them in the same regard.

In addition to our Italian vocabulary, however, certain purely Spannocchian terms emerged from our collective Animale work experiences with Giulio. In the process of trying to describe to us the pieces of three-foot long rubber hose tubing used to move and, ultimately, chase the 120 plus Spannocchia pigs, for instance, Giulio invented the term “Pig Whacker.” There does not seem to be any translation for this term into Italian, nor did most English speakers seem to have any idea what we were talking about when we referenced these seemingly crucial implements. I have no doubt, however, that I will remember the exact expression on Giulio’s face when we somehow decided on the term Pig Whacker as the name for this simple tool for the rest of my life. Then there were the “boing-boings,” which, as we determined after an Oscar-worthy episode of what could only be described as Italian charades, referenced wire spring used as gates in various electric fences. In the end, moments such as these in the process of learning the language of the farm have become some of my most treasured memories of my time as a Team Animale intern. Without Giulio and his truly extraordinary patience and good humor, none of this would have been the same.



Kat makes reds POP



Rustic Nimbleness

Nick Howard

Who knew that I could learn to love animals. I decided to challenge myself before I came to Spannocchia; I had worked in a garden before and I thought I was ready to take on the challenge of livestock. My utter inexperience with animals of

any kind (undoubtedly producing my pre-Spannocchia dislike for human-animal interaction) gave me much room for growth during my time at Spannocchia. I wasn't ready for the sheep, however.

On my third day of work at Spannocchia, I followed Giulio (the farm's animal supervisor) down the long road to the sheep pen. On the way, as any inexperienced Canadian might, I asked him what we were doing. Giulio simply responded, "We have to cut the sheep". Thinking I was being thrown into the deep end on my third day, I assumed Giulio meant I was going to witness and help with the slaughter of a lamb. In all my inexperience I didn't know that Spannocchia doesn't slaughter its own animals.

Giulio and I met a burly Italian at the sheep pen who unloaded electric motors and other contraptions from his car to the pen. It quickly became clear (to my great relief) that it was not the sheep we would be cutting, but their wool. My job was to wrangle sheep and deliver them into the adept hands of Spannocchia's outsourced sheep-shearer. Easier said than done.

The sheep were an almost constant frustration. From chasing them around a pen, trying to hold them down while they received a buzz-cut, to chasing them around the entire 1200 acres of Spannocchia, their rustic nimbleness, though characteristic of this once-endangered breed, was more annoying than inspiringly historic. There wasn't a fence at Spannocchia which could hold them; by July we had entirely given up attempting to contain them and let them roam freely through the vastness of the Spannocchia wilderness. So, every evening, we would go out sheep-hunting and herding after a long day of work.

I know I will never own a single sheep. Yet, I learned much this summer from their blank stares and mind-numbing stupidity. I learned patience. The problem with sheep is that their stupidity is dependent on your frustration. The angrier I became, it seemed, the more stupid and stubborn the sheep were. Working with sheep requires the setting aside of agendas like being on time for dinner; the sheep certainly have no ulterior motives, why should I? I learned to relax; herding sheep is more about taking breaks than it is about going anywhere (if you value sanity, of course). Most importantly however, I learned to love animals. It is impossible to spend a summer with animals and continue to dislike them; how can the coldest heart not melt at the sight of a newborn piglet or baby lamb?



Not as smart as they look

Karla and Cashel Song- “High Energy” in E major

Verse One:

The day was hot
The birds were hummin'
With nothin' else to do
We went runnin'

Chorus:

I said, catch me if you can...
Go on and catch me
It's not part of the plan
Well what is?
And yep, yep, yep
So what....

Verse Two:

Now with trees up
Everywhere
We'll get lost in the leaves
And we won't care...

Chorus:

I said, Catch me if you can...
Go on and catch me
It's not part of the plan
Well what is?
And yep, yep, yep
So what....

Bridge:

Well, I got a feeling...
That this could be somethin'...
Better than something,
Yeah, baby, better than,
Catch me if you can....[pause]
Go on and catch me...

Note from Broni: This song, written by Annie Scipioni while here at Spannocchia, seems especially a propos for this edition of Il Pennato. Imagine it sung on the villa terrace after dinner to a group of happy interns and guests!

Chorus:

It's not part of the plan
Well what is?
And yep, yep, yep
So what....

Verse Three:

So if you got the time
I wouldn't mind
You tellin' me how you feel
Yeah, you tellin' me,
But first you gotta

Chorus:

Catch me if you can,
Yeah, go on and catch me....[end]



She bikes AND plays the guitar!!!

Spannocchia Internship Mission Statement:

The Internship Program is dedicated to enriching the lives of young people by providing them with a unique educational experience on a community oriented farm in Tuscany, Italy. Tenuta di Spannocchia's 1100-acre pastoral estate serves as an active model for responsible stewardship through collective effort.



Summer 2009 Interns



Jess Glass (GSI)
Pearce Thompson (Vigne/Olive)
Annie Sciaconi (Orto)
Cashel Rosier (Vigne/Olive)
John Gilbert Thorp (Animali)
Kat Armstrong (Animali)
Karla Jaercke (Orto)
Nick Howard (Animali)

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