



## One year abroad

**GOING ABROAD TO STUDY IN ANOTHER COUNTRY MEANS LEAVING FRIENDS BEHIND AND MAKING NEW FRIENDS. IT CAN BE A NEW STAGE IN YOUR LIFE.**

I have now made the decision to study abroad. Now I'm in Brighton studying at the University of Sussex where I arrived at the end of September (see also „My journey to Brighton“).

Brighton became popular during the reign of King George IV. He established Brighton as a bathing resort and popularized it. During his reign many new buildings were constructed. One of the most conspicuous is the Royal Pavillon. It is a palace which was reconstructed to an Indian fairy palace. Nowadays Brighton doesn't boast the same popularity as a bathing resort. There are a lot of other places with sand beaches which Brighton doesn't have. But you can still see some historic sights which conjure up images of the past. With the exception of London, Brighton has the most night clubs with respect to the population it holds. So it's no problem in deciding how to spend an evening somewhere and find your favourite club. The disadvantage is that the pubs in England close at 11 pm.

You can clearly see how cosmopolitan it is, people - who would look strange to many Austrians are common here. Walking through the town you can see several different kinds of people. The students are also different to ours.

Travelling to the University takes about 10 minutes by train from Brighton. It's a campus university and is situated in a park in the

countryside and is open to everyone. It's architecture is disputed but very interesting. The University of Sussex is young, and was founded in 1961. It has established an international reputation for the quality of its research and for its innovative and effective styles of teaching. Several Nobel Prize winners have graduated here.

It has a lot of mature students and over 15% of the students are from abroad, representing over a hundred different countries. The campus can be seen to fall into two sections, an east and west part. The former is the science part and the latter the Art section. Although separated, you can meet students from both sections in the library,

the common rooms and at lunch in the Level 1 or 2 restaurant. The common rooms are especially nice to spend time in between lectures.

The communication system between teachers and students are by way of the pigeon holes. They take the form of mailslots where the students receive their internal mail. You are advised to check your pigeon-holes every day. Another system of communication is that displayed upon monitors placed at various points about the building. Here information about lectures, emergent infos, etc. are shown.

The University is quite different compared to ours. Read more about it in the next edition of the Natan.

## Journey to Brighton

**THERE WERE MANY WAYS I COULD HAVE TRAVELLED TO BRIGHTON. I DECIDED ON AN ADVENTUROUS WAY.**

I began my journey only knowing the time of my plane's departure. I started in Graz, where I study and took the night train to Vienna. I'd plenty of luggage which was hard to carry. When I arrived in Wien Suedbahnhof I wanted to fetch my bike which I'd booked on a luggage train in Graz some hours before I left. But the luggage office was closed and I didn't know how I was going to get my bike. Fortunately I bumped into a security officer and I asked him for some help. I was lucky as there was still someone inside the office whom the security person explained the situation to. So I got my bike and began to load the luggage on to it. It was 0100 in the morning. After I had

finished, I asked a taxi driver if he knew the fastest way to the airport, and he gave me directions. I was riding on my bike to the airport on a warm autumn night, my journey took me through Vienna. Having witnessed Vienna in a hectic state during the day - the calm environment at night was quite a contrast. My journey took me from Vienna to the suburbs of Vienna and onto the small villages on the outskirts of Vienna where the airport is sited. It was about 0230 when I arrived there. In the no parking zone at the airport I began to assemble the box in which I'd have to send my bike (by plane). Having done this I had to disassemble the bike to put it into the box. When I'd finished that I went to the check in my luggage at the office. The box with the bike had to be checked in at a different office due to its size. Because the luggage ticket office was closed at that time I didn't have to pay for the



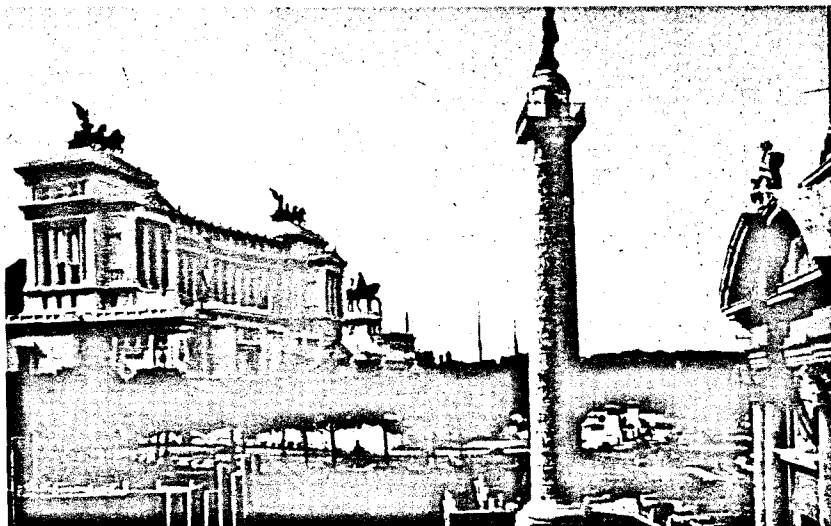
transport of the bike. I had some spare time so I decided to rest a little in the waiting room. I attempted to get some sleep as I had a long day ahead of me.

My flight departed at 0645 and I arrived at Gatwick at 0915. It was a nice flight on which I enjoyed a fine breakfast. After collecting my luggage I went to look for my bike and I noticed two members of the airport staff carrying a box through the hall looking for its owner. I was glad to tell them that the box belonged to me and they were happy to get rid of it. After passing the custom examination, I began to assemble my bike. This must have provided a lot of people with entertainment as many people were watching me.

After I had loaded the luggage I asked a taxi driver for directions to Brighton. Enlight of the beautiful weather I decided to ride my bike rather than to travel by train. So I got on the left hand side of the road and started on my journey. I didn't anticipate that it would be so hilly, and it was exhausting as I hadn't slept much the night before. But after 3 hours I arrived at Brighton (which itself is hilly) and was standing in front of my new home.

„Is this the right house?“ I asked myself as it was a typical english house in the middle of a street, much different to the accommodations in Graz (Hafnerriegel, Schubertheim, etc.). I rang the bell but nobody was at home. Where will I get my key from? (I thought to myself). It was not what I needed after my long journey. But once again, luck was with me, as at that moment the residential officer (a student in the third year who was living here as well) arrived and showed me around the house and where I could get my key from. The end of an exciting journey.....

(pm)



ERASMUS

## Ein Semester Rom

DURCH ZUFALL HABE ICH IM JUNI 1993 VON EINEM „ERASMUS-RESTPOSTEN“ ERFAHREN,

und weil ich Italienisch schon in der Schule hatte, und weil sonst niemand nach Rom wollte (zumindest bis zu diesem Tag...), ging alles ziemlich schnell und innerhalb von 2 Stunden hatte ich meinen Studienvertrag für ein Semester an der „La Sapienza“. Rom selber schokkierte mich gleich einmal gewaltig: groß, laut, überall Benzingerstank, kalt - saukalt.... Zum Glück wohnte ich in einer ErasmusWG, wo am Anfang auch noch Deutsche waren, die mir den Einstieg ziemlich erleichterten, zusätzlich hatte unsere Erasmusgruppe die beste Koordinatorin, die ich jemals kennengelernt habe: sie hat uns umsorgt, uns die ganzen Hürden der italienischen Bürokratie abgenommen - ein großes Lob und Danke an Marialuise „Mary-Lu“ DeResmini... Das Studium an der Universität war einerseits sehr interessant, andererseits sehr ungewohnt: mir erschien das Sapienza-System sehr verschult, es gab praktisch keine Studierendenvertretung; die Gruppe, die sich so nannte, gab eine Zeitung heraus, wo neben Studien-

problemen (die völlig unkritisch beleuchtet wurden), wissenschaftliche Artikel Vorrang hatten... Im Verhältnis zu den Studierendenzahlen (mit Pseudoinskribierenden 144.000) ist die technische Ausrüstung der Fakultät für Mathematik eine Katastrophe (z. B. 4 Suns für alle Diplomierenden). Auf der anderen Seite werden laufend Kurse von international anerkannten ProfessorInnen gehalten, vor allem auf dem Gebiet der Algebra (die Bibliotheksregale biegen sich vor lauter universitätseigenen Publikationen...). Für die Erasmusleute gab es außerdem Sprachkurse jeden Niveaus, wo nicht nur Grammatik erklärt sondern auch intensiv versucht wurde, uns die Auseinandersetzung mit der neuen (und - vor allem für uns „nordeuropäische“ Frauen - eigentlich völlig anderen) Lebensumgebung zu erleichtern. Eigentlich wollte ich ja noch über die römischen Männer schimpfen, aber mir hängen sie einfach schon so zum Hals raus, und sie sind nicht einmal diese Zeilen wert. Wenn Du Dich für ein Auslandsstudium in Rom interessierst, gebe ich gerne Informationen weiter (sozusagen subjektiv und aus erster Hand...).

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