ARBA SICULA è l’organu ufficiali dà società siculu-americana dû stissu nomi ca si proponi comu obbiettivu principalì di prisirvari, studiari, e promoviri a lingua e a cultura siciliani.

ARBA SICULA è normalmenti pubblicata na vota l’annu in doppiu volumi versus settembri. Pi comunicari direttamenti cû diritturi, pi mannari materiali pà rivistì, pi l’abbunamenti e pi informazioni supra a nostra società, scriviti a Gaetano Cipolla, PO Box 149 Mineola, New York 11501. I materiali ricevuti non si restituisciunu si nun si manna puru na busta affrancata cû nomu e indirizzu.

ABBUNAMENTI

Cu si abbona a la rivista, diventa automaticamenti sociu di Arba Sicula. Cu n’abbunamentu annuali i soci ricivunu du nummira di Arba Sicula (unu, si pubblicamu un numiru doppiu) e dui di Sicilia Parra. Arba Sicula è na organizzazioni senza scopu di lucru.

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ARBA SICULA is the official journal of the Sicilian-American organization by the same name whose principal objective is to preserve, study, and promote the language and culture of Sicily.

ARBA SICULA is normally published once a year, in the Fall. To communicate with the Editor, to submit materials for publication, to subscribe and to obtain information on our organization, write to Gaetano Cipolla, PO Box 149, Mineola, New York 11501. The materials received will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Those who subscribe to the journal, automatically become members of Arba Sicula. Annual dues entitle the members to two issues of Arba Sicula (or one if a double issue) and two of Sicilia Parra. Arba Sicula is a Non-Profit Organization.

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ARBA SICULA
A Non-Profit International Organization Promoting the Language and Culture of Sicily

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Attention Arba Sicula Members!
Our address has changed

While Arba Sicula’s official address remains the same as before, our mailing address from now will be:

Arba Sicula/Gaetano Cipolla
PO Box 149
Mineola, New York 11501

As Professor Cipolla will go to St. John’s University sporadically, please send all your communications, dues and other materials, to Arba Sicula at this address. This will avoid delays and make communication more efficient. We will still hold our events at St. John’s University.
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Arba Sicula is sponsoring an event at Hofstra University on September 18, 2011. It’s the Hofstra’s 19th Italian Experience to be held at the Cultural Center Theater in Axinn Library, South Campus.


12:30 to 4:30 PM

On September 23 at St. John’s University, Arba Sicula will sponsor The ValdAkragas Folk Group from Agrigento. Refreshments will be served after the event.

Friday, September 23

Bent Hall 101 ABC

6:15 PM Queens Campus

St. John’s University
DICHIArazioni Du Scopu Da Nostra Associazioni


Circamu la canuscanza d’un senzu di cuntinuazioni ntra nui stissi, e picchissu amu pigghiatu un simbulu anticu di li Siculi (la stirpi principali in Sicilia prima di lu stabilimentu di li Grechi) pi suttaliniari la seriità di lu nostru scopu e pi marcarì nni li menti di la juvintù nostra un signu di l’antichità di la so eredità. Nui semu, prima di tuttù, intirissati ca la chiavi di l’arma Siciliana (la lingua di li nostri avi) fussi cunsirvata e studiata cu preggiu e attinzioni.

Pi la fini di rializarì st’intinzioni, ARBA SICULA invita a tutti ca ponnu vantari armenu un avu Sicilianu, a unirisi cu nui in un sforzu culittivu pi aumintari la canuscanza di la nostra stissa eredità.

Stu disignu é pigghiatu di na midagghia d’urnamentu ca nchiudi na specia di cruci dicurativa. Un esemplari si trova nni lu Museu di Siracusa Fu truvata a San Cataldu e fa parti di l’Adrano Hoard, la chiù granni cuguhiuta d’uggetti di brunzu ca á statu truvata in Sicilia. Lu disignu é di circa 1300 anni avanti Cristu. di la civilità Sicula.”

Ristampammu ntà pagina precedenti a dichiarazioni dû scopu accussì comu fu scritta ntò primu numiru di Arba Sicula ntò 1979. A copiammu esattamenti comu fu scritta senza fari currezioni. Comu si vidi, a lingua canciau nanticchia; semu forsi chiù attenti a comu scrivemu in sicilianu, ma mi pari
STATEMENT OF PURPOSE FOR OUR ORGANIZATION

“ARBA SICULA is, above all else, the overdue reflection of a felt need by an established ethnic community of the United States of America to define, preserve and disseminate our ancient heritage in order to assure its undistorted survival. While our orientation is literary, our approach is historically evocative and intended to overlook no aspect of Sicilian culture as unworthy of our examination and analysis. The purpose of this effort is, therefore, to rediscover what is legitimately ours within the composite synthesis of a displaced island people possessing immediate roots in the Sicilian, Italian and American historical experiences, as well as far more ancient linkages to every nation of the Mediterranean.

We seek recognition of a sense of continuity within ourselves and for that reason have chosen an ancient symbol of the Sikel people (the predominant strain in Sicily prior to its settlement by the Greeks) both to underscore the seriousness of our intent and to stamp upon the minds of our youth a sign of the antiquity of their heritage. We are, above all, concerned that the key to the Sicilian soul (the language of our forefathers) be preserved and studied with attentive appreciation.

To the end of fulfilling these declared intentions, ARBA SICULA extends to all and any able to claim at least one Sicilian grandparent, an invitation to join us in a collective effort to increase our consciousness of our common heritage.

This design is taken from an ornamental pendant enclosing a sort of cross decoration from the Sikel civilization. A sample is in the Museum of Syracuse. It was found at San Cataldo and is part of the Adrano Hoard, the largest collection of bronze objects ever found in Sicily. The design dates from about 1300 before Christ.”

We reprinted on these pages the statement of purpose published in the first issue of Arba Sicula twenty one years ago. We reproduced it exactly as it
ca in linea di massima amà statu fidili a l’ideali espressi nta sta dichiarazioni. Si
canciau l’edituri, non canciau u disidderiu di travagghiari pi ddi stissi motivi ca
ficiru nasciri a nostra società.

Forsi avissi a fari na brevi storia da nostra associazioni pî soci ca sunu
novi e oramai sunu sparsu in tuttu u munnu. Arba Sicula fu funnata ntô 1979
di un gruppptu di siculo-americani di Brooklyn tra cui Gaetanu Giacchi, Joseph
Palisi, Alissandru Caldieru, Sebastianu Passioni, Mons. Santi Privitera e Mons.
Anthony Failla e autri ca si riunevanu ntà parrocchia di St. Finbar’s a Brooklyn.
Chisti si putissiru cunsiddirari i soci funnaturi dà società, anchì si giustamenti
u titulu di funnaturi spetta a Gaetanu Giacchi ca fu ò principiu chiddu ca chìu
di tutti travagghiò pi purtari avanti l’organizzazioni.

I presidenti dà nostri associazioni hannu statu chisti: Joseph Palisi, 1979-
statu sulu dui: Alissandru Caldieru dû 1979 fina ó 1986 e Gaetano Cipolla dû
1987 finu a oggi. L’autra nostra pubblicazioni, Sicilia Parra, ca durau pi na para
d’anni, fu edita di John Randazzo, dà sedi di Los Angeles. A secunna seri di
Sicilia Parra cuminciau ntô 1989 e cuntinua finu a ora cu Gaetano Cipolla comu
diritturi e Henry Barbera comu Co-diritturi, fina ó 2000. Comu sapiti, Henry
foru alliviati un pocu di Giuseppe Provenzano ca fu numinatu Edituri Associatu
di Sicilia Parra. Sfortunatamenti, Giuseppi si trasfiriu in Europa na para d’anni
arreri e ora, comu prima, a responsabbibliità pi Sicilia Parra è di Gaetano Cipolla.

Ntà prima fasi, Arba Sicula ebbi assai successu organizzannu reciti di
puissi e programmi nta li chesi e nta li scoli. Però u numiru di soci non superau
mai 700-800 pirsuni. Ci fu un piriudu di decadenza a causa di malatii e di autri
cosi ca misi in piriculu l’organizzazioni ntô 1985-7.

Arba Sicula fu salvata grazzii a Mons. Santi Privitera e a Charles Cap-
pellinu ca l’aiutarunu finanziariamenti e grazzii a Gaetano Cipolla ca prima si
pigghiaiu a direzioni dà rivista facennu maturari non sulu dû puntu di vista
dà grafica usannu u computer (i primi numiri si stampavanu cu na machina di
scriviri manuali) ma anche pù cuntinutu e pà lingua, e poi ntô 1988 pigghiau a
direzioni di l’organizzazioni comu Presidenti.

Arba Sicula ha crisciutu assai nta l’urtimi diciassèt anni, non sulu pù
numiru di l’abbunati, ma puru pi l’ottima riputazioni ca godì ntô munnu.

A società havi soci ca si trovanu principalmenti ntà zona metropolitana
di New York, ntà California e poi ntà tutti i Stati Uniti, macari nta l’Alaska e
l’isuli Hawai. Tra i rivisti italiani, Arba Sicula è a rivista chìu populari d’America.
A niautri nni pari picca cosa aviri chìu di 2,000 abburnati, picchì pinsamu ca i
Siciliani d’America sunu assai numerusi e n’avissimu aviri 10,000 almenu! Ma
appeared without any corrections. As you can see, our language has changed a little. We are perhaps a bit more conscious of how we write in Sicilian, but I think that we have remained faithful to the ideals that prompted our predecessors to found this publication. If the editor has changed, the desire to work toward the achievement of the same goals that spurred our foundation has not.

Perhaps I ought to provide a brief history of our association for the members who are new to it. Arba Sicula was founded in 1979 by a small group of Sicilian-Americans living in Brooklyn composed by Gaetano Giacchi, Joseph Palisi, Alissandru Caldiero, Sebastiano Passione, Mons. Santi Privitera, Mons. Anthony Failla and others who met monthly in the basement of St. Finbar’s Church. These people can be considered founding members of the organization, even though the title of founder belongs rightly to Gaetano Giacchi who at the beginning was the one who did the most to promote the organization.

The presidents of our society have been the following: Joseph Palisi, 1979-80; Gaetano Giacchi, 1980-86; Santi Privitera 1987; Charles Cappellino 1987-88; and Gaetano Cipolla 1988-present. The editors of Arba Sicula have been only two: Alissandru Caldiero from 1979 to 1986 and Gaetano Cipolla from 1987 to the present. Our other publication, Sicilia Parra was originally edited by John Randazzo of our Los Angeles Branch, and it was published for a few years. A new series of Sicilia Parra began in 1989 and continues to the present with Gaetano Cipolla as editor. Henry Barbera was Co-editor until 2000. As you may know, Henry passed away on Sept. 24, 2000. Gaetano Cipolla’s responsibilities of producing the newsletter were alleviated by the appointment of Giuseppe Provenzano as Associate Editor in 2003. Unfortunately, Giuseppe moved to Europe a few years ago and now it’s again Gaetano Cipolla who is mainly responsible for Sicilia Parra.

During the first phase, Arba Sicula was very successful in organizing recitals and performances in churches and schools, but its membership never rose above 700-800. Then there was a period of stagnation because of illness and other reasons which jeopardized the organization (1985-7).

Arba Sicula was saved thanks to Mons. Santi Privitera and Dr. Charles Cappellino who helped with donations, and thanks to Gaetano Cipolla who first assumed the duties of editor of the journal, making it more mature not only from a graphic point of view by introducing the use of computers and laser printers (the first issues of Arba Sicula were printed using a manual typewriter), but in its content and language, then assuming the duties as president of the organization. In 1988 Prof. Cipolla assumed the duties as President of the organization.

Arba Sicula has grown a lot in thirty-two years, not only in the numbers of subscribers, but also for the excellent reputation it enjoys all over the world.
l’autri rivisti specializzati si cunsiddiranu furtunati si hannu 300-400 abbunati. Nautra cosa: tanti rivisti stannu in circulazioni due, tri anni e poi falliscinu.

Arba Sicula chist’annu fa trentadui anni di vita, di travagghiu pi dari n’idea chiù giusta dà cultura siciliana e dì so contributi ô munnu. E’ un traguardu ca atravirsamu cu umiltà e cu granni cumpiacenza pi chiddu c’avemu fattu, ma puru cà spiranza ca putemu rializzari ancora assai dichiù nta l’anni dû terzu millenniu.

Arba Sicula ha statu n’ispirazioni pi tanti Miricani d’origini siciliana. Annu dopu annu am’à prisintatu u megghiu dà cultura siciliana, dannucci mutivi di essiri orgugliusi di essiri Siciliani. Autri società siciliani hannu statu funnatu nta stu paisi e guardanu a niautri pi ispirazioni e sustegnu. Arba Sicula cà so luci illuminau a Sicilia e ê Siciliani facennucci canusciri a tutt u megghiu latu d’iddi. Senza piccarri di superbia, nta sti anni u nostru pisu s’ha fattu sentiri e pi chissu putemu essiri orgugliusi di nostri contribbuti.
While we may think that our list of over 2,000 subscribers is small, because we know that there are many Sicilian-Americans out there and we should have ten thousand subscribers, we are the most popular journal of Italian studies in this country. Other specialized Italian journals struggle along with 300-400 subscribers. Furthermore, many of them fold after two or three years.

Arba Sicula has been an inspiration to many Sicilian-Americans. It has made available to them the best of Sicilian culture and year after year has offered them reasons to be proud of their heritage. Many other Sicilian organizations have been founded throughout the country, and they look to us as for inspiration and support. Without fear of sounding immodest, Arba Sicula, by shining a truer light on Sicily and Sicilians, has made a difference and can be proud of its contributions.
Puisia Siciliana

Pubblicamu nta stu numiru di Arba Sicula na puisia di un pueta ca normalmenti nun scriveva in sicilianu, pur essennu sicilianu doc. Si tratta di Nino Cirrincione, pueta e amicu di Arba Sicula, ca l’annu scorsu nni lassau. Ninu vineva sempri, finu a quannu potti, a li riunioni cu li soci miricanì duranti u tour annuali. Facemu pi iddu chiddu ca ficimu pi n’autru Ninu (Del Duca), pueta napulitanu scumparsu l’annu pricidenti. Pubblicamu na so puisia tradotta in sicilianu pi ricurdari a so gintilizza e u mutuu affettu ca nni univa e spirannu ca iddu ora pò gudiri cu calma a viduta du mari di Aspra di unni si trova.

**ALGHI MORTI**

*Di Nino Cirrincione*

A luna sporgi un ponti di luci
supra l’acqua azzola.
Nto mari di Aspra, maestru d’artificiu
d’umiditati curpusa, vivu
sirinatì d’incantu,
prenu murmurìu mistiriusu di l’universu.
U naufragiu di veli unchiati.
U silenziu scantusu di l’alghi morti.
I labbra du pelagu spumanti parranu,
cu unni bacianti i cavigghi.
Scurri ntu sangu
u so sapuri, unitu
a la prijera janca di na vela
da scantata chiama l’infinitu.
Immensità azzola dammi
pi dimura priziusa cunchighhia
cu du posti.
Vogghiu gudiri megghiu
l’eterna viggilia.
We publish n this issue of Arba Sicula a poem by a poet who nor-
mally did not write in Sicilian, although he was a true Sicilian. We are
talking about Nino Cirrincione, a poet and friend of Arba Sicula who left
us last year. Nino always took part, until he was able to, in the reunions
with the American members during the annual tour. We are doing for
him the same thing we did for another Nino (Del Duca), a Neapolitan
poet who passed on the preceding year. We publish one of his poem
translated into Sicilian and English to remember his kindness and the
mutual affection that bound us, hoping that now he is able to enjoy the
view of the sea of Aspra from where he is.

**Dead Algae**

*By Nino Cirrincione*

The Moon extends a bridge of lights
upon the azure water.
In the sea of Aspra, master of artifice
of tangible humidity, I live
enchanting serenades,
pregnant mysterious whispering of the universe.
A foundering of billowing sails.
A frightening silence of dead alghae.
The lips of the foaming sea speak.
with ankles-kissing waves.
Its flavor flows
inside the veins, joined
to the white prayer of a sail
that frightened calls the infinite.
Azure immensity, give me
a precious seashell as a residence
with two places.
I want to enjoy better
the eternal eve.
Un ciarlatanu stava ‘n capu na seggia, addritta, e dda persuna sperta vinneva l’aria fritta. In tanti s’arrutavanu a u lampu di magnesiu O a lu scinni e l’acchiana du ‘pupu di Cartesiu’.

“Iu vegnu nni sta chiazza ccu lu me cori ‘n manu mannatu da la ‘Ditta’ ca fabbrica a Milanu ... “
La genti cuntintissima li nuvità accattava a ddu benefatturi quasi ci arrigalava:

L’extra- munnapatati e l’arricciacapiddi currii di ‘vera’ peddi e di ‘bisqu’ i pupiddi; estratti ppi liquora, li ‘fularri’ di sita e profumu speciali distinatu a li zita.

“E chistu novu articulu, ora reclamizzatu, a Fera di Milanu iddu fu prisintatu; ed havi lu brevettu, di lu ‘dumila’ è cosa, Ppi smacchiari un vistitu basta na sula dosa ... “

Speciali infila-gugli e ppa varba i lametti (ca ancora nun ci nn’eranu rasola ad usa e jetti); i tiranti d’elasticu, li cravatti a la modal i limetti ppi i caddi e u ... carbunatu ‘i soda.

“Si almenu cincu manu di patri di famiglia isati ora li vidu (e nno a ccu piglia piglia) cinqu lavuratura onesti comu a mmia ci lu dugnu s’tarticulu a prezzu ‘i curtisia.

E sta cosa la vinnu sulu ppi deci liri ed anzi sulu a cincu, ca e tardu e mi nn’è ghiri; ma ppi megliu nvugliari lu vostru portafogliu scinnu ancora lu prezzu e senza truccu o mbrogliu.
A charlatan was standing on a chair, 
an expert who was selling fried hot air. 
Many gathered seeing the magnesium flash 
and when they saw “Descartes’ puppet” rise and fall.

“I come before you in the square my heart upon 
My sleeve sent by my firm up in Milan…”
People were very pleased and started buying 
those things the benefactor was donating.

The sharp potato peeler and the curling iron, 
belts made of real leather and cheap porcelain, 
liquor extracts and bright pure silk foulards, 
and special perfume expressly for the bride-to-be.

“And this new article, now being shown 
was first presented at the Milan Fair 
and has been patented. It’s something worthy 
of the millennium. Removing stains 
just one small dose of it is all you need….”

Special needle threaders and shaving blades 
(disposable razors had not yet appeared), 
elastic suspenders, latest fashion ties, 
callous removers, and bicarbonate of soda.

“If I can see just five hand raised of heads of families, 
Mind you not just five hands…I see them now, 
five honest workers’ hands just like myself, 
I’ll let this article go at a discount,

And I will sell it only for ten lire, 
In fact, I’ll lower it to five because it’s late 
And I must go. So to better urge you wallet 
I’ll lower it again, without gimmicks or tricks
Si sempri cincu manu ju vi li trovu isati
mi vogliu rovinari e du liri mi dati;
anzi sulu ‘na lira, ca tutti amu a campari ...
Tu, picciutteddu, arrassati: lassami lavurari!”
If I still see five hands raised high, by gosh,
I’ll ruin myself and let this product go
for just two lire, nay, for just one lira
because I know we all must make a living.
You there, kid, move away and let me work.”
**Lu pedi i ficu**

*Di Federico Vaccaro*

Supra lu gran piroscifu, partiu Turi Tituni; bigghiettu ‘i terza classi, valigia di cartuni. Aveva diciott’anni quannu vasa a so matri, ci dissi: Senza chiantiri, nun siti suli vuatri. è: tantu granni l’America, travagghiu nun ni manca, prestu vi mannu i dollari e li mittiti ‘a banca. Ccà la burgata è povira, li vecchi sunnu tanti, sulu si ponnu jinchiri si partu pi emigranti.

O’ latu di la casa chiantavu un pedi ‘ ficu, la sira tu abbiviralu sinno m’arresta nicu! Partiu cu lu piroscafu, ci stetti quasi un misi, a Nuova York arriva sulu cu tri cammisi. Prima ca trasi ‘n portu la “Statua” di luntanu, ci detti lu salutu c’a torcia ‘nta la manu. Sbarcò Turi Tituni supra a lu novu munnu e si sintia nna l’animu Cristofuru Culummu.

La vuluntà. ‘un ci manca, li forzi l’havi sani, ci trovanu ‘u travagghiu l’amici paisani. ‘Ncumincia a lavapiatti e nni lavò ... ma quanti! Prima ca passa un annu si grapi un ristoranti. A’ casa manna picciuli; su’ sazi matri e figghi. Cu i dollari d’America allivanu cunigghi. Scrivi Turi a la matri: “Mi servinu aiutanti, fa veniri a i me frati, viniti tutti quanti”.

Partinu li picciotti, la matri arresta sula. Lu ficu l’abbivira cù chiantu chi ci scula! Resta vacanti a casa, cu lu purtuni chiusu. O postu di lu cori la matri havi un pirtsu! Lu pedi ‘i ficu crisci ed arbulu si fa la matri inveci accurza pi curpa di l’età. Li figghi si maritanu. La matri si fa nanna Comu si la sintissiru canta 1a ninna-nanna.
THE FIG TREE

By Federico Vaccaro

Turi Tituni left upon a mighty ship,
a third class ticket and a cardboard case.
He was eighteen when he embraced his mother
and said: You’re not alone, no need to cry.
America is big and work’s not lacking.
Soon I will send you dollars you should save.
The village here is poor: too many mouths to feed.
They can be filled alone if I depart.

I planted a fig tree next to the house.
Water it nightly lest it stays quite small.
He sailed on the ship for one whole month.
He had three shirts when he got to New York.
Before he reached the port the Statue greeted him
with torch in hand. Turi Tituni felt
like Christopher Columbus in the new world.

He was quite strong and willing to start work.
His fellow townsmen quickly found a job for him.
He started washing dishes, oh so many dishes!
Before the year was done, he opened up a restaurant.
He started sending money to his home.
His mother and his brothers were contented.
They started raising rabbits with those dollars.
Turi wrote to his mother saying: “I need helpers.
Send all my brothers here, let everyone come.”

The brothers left the mother all alone.
She watered the fig tree with flowing tears.
The house was empty with the front door shut.
The mother had a hole where her heart was.
The fig tree grew in time into a tree
while the poor mother shrank due to her age.
The children wed. The mother’s a grandmother.
She sang her lullabies as though they could hear.
Assummanu i ritratti di tutti i niputeddi:
parinu facci d’ancili pi quantu sunnu beddi!
Parra l’amiricanu st’autra ginirazioni
picchi su’ citatini di ‘n’autra nazioni.
Si fannu granni e criscinu; ‘ntantu scoppia la guerra,
crisci puru lu ficu supra la nostra terra.
Parti surdatu u granni, la nanna ‘ntantu mori
senza putiri strinciri a nuuddu ‘nta lu cori!

Sbarca in Sicilia Cicciu, ’nsemmula a l’alliati,
però “Frank” lu chiamanu l’amici e li surdati.
‘N sacchetta havi un pizzinu, è na fotografia,
mentri li baddi friscanu cerca qual’è la via.
Trova qual’è la casa: è ‘nfunnu a la burgata,
li bummi ‘un la lassaru: è menza sdirubbata.
Iddu nun si n’adduna: lu punta lu nimicu,
lu salva di lu chiummu un grossu pedi ‘i ficu!
L’avia chiantatu u patri, l’abbbiviraula nanna,
mentri ca cu li lacrimi cantava ninna-nanna.
The photos of the grandchildren grew in number.  
Their faces were as beautiful as angels.  
But this new generation spoke in English  
because they’re citizens of a new land.  
The children grew and then the war broke out.  
The fig tree grew as well upon our land.  
The oldest left for war, but grandma died,  
without embracing anyone of them.

Cicciu then lands on Sicily with the Allies.  
His friends and comrades just call him Frank.  
He has a piece of paper in his pocket: a photo.  
While bullets fly he looks for the right street.  
He finds the right house at the village end.  
The bombs did not spare it. It’s half destroyed.  
Unknown to him, an enemy has him in his sights.  
He was saved from the bullet by a fig tree.  
It was the tree his father planted long ago,  
nurtured by grandma as she sang her lullabies.
**L’ACEDDU DI ME FRATI**

*Di Mario Scaglia*

Mi nn’ivu ‘ntron dutturi amicu miu
cu me mugleri a falla visitari.
Mi pigliu lu giurnali e m’ ‘u taliu
picchini lu me turnu avi’ a ‘spittari.

M’arriva ‘ntra l’aricchi un ciciliu
ca mi fa jiri fora pi taliari.
M’affacciui no pertuni e a ccu ti viu?
A la so soru schetta arricampari.

Comu ‘na scecca trasi carricata
c’un saccu’i trusci tutti di manciari
e c’una gaggia ca cci pinnulia.
Vidennula mi fazzu ‘na risata.
“Pi ccu servi?” —cci vonsi addumannari—.

Ed idda simpliciuna rni scattia:
“Pi l’aceddu di me frati. ‘un è ppi mmia.”

*A storia ‘mbara:*

Sapennu ca l’aceddi su a munzeddu
duna a manciari ognunu ò propiu aceddu.
I went together with my wife to see a doctor friend of mine for her checkup. While waiting for our turn I read a paper.

I heard a whispering of sorts outside that made me lean out of the door to look. I looked outside and what did I see there? The doctor’s unwed sister loaded up with lots of bags replete with things to eat, and with a cage that hung down from her waist. I started laughing when I saw her coming and asked her with a smile: “Who is that for?”

And she in all her innocence replied: “It’s for my brother’s bird. It’s not for me!”

*History teaches:*

Knowing that birds are very numerous everyone must feed his own bird.
l’AvAru
Di Pino Maltese

Di nuddu havi fiducia,
li sordi ‘nta la burza
avura di pagari
lu vrazzu si ci accurza.

Forsi ‘nta la so’ menti
penza ca quannu mori,
appressu ‘nta la cascia
si porta li tesori.

Si riflitrissi antichia
mentri ca tempu ‘nn’havi
grapissi ‘a casciforti
e ‘nni ‘ittassi ‘a chiavi.

Di beni ‘nni facissi
quantu ‘na mezza sarma
di modu chi quarcunu
ci arrinfriscassi l’arma.

Nun semu tutti uguali
pirchissu è beddu ‘u munnu:
nun mori PISCI spata
chiddu ca nasci “tunnu”.

Arba Sicula XXXII
**The Greedy Man**

*By Pino Maltese*

He trusts no one!
With money in his purse
when it comes to pay
his arms grow short.

Perhaps in his own head
he thinks that when he dies
he’ll take his treasure
with him inside his coffin.

If he reflected a bit
while he is still in time
he’d open up his safe
and throw away the key.

He certainly would benefit
quite a lot of people,
bringing relief to many
poor and helpless folk.

We are not equal.
That’s why the world is good.
One cannot die a swordfish
if one was born a tuna.
C’è...
Di Marco Scalabrino

C’è tanfu di morti e scrusciu di guerra.

C’è in giru arrè pi st’Europa lasca
crozzi abbirmati cu li manu a l’aria.

C’ è surci di cunnuttu assimpicati
chi abbentanu, ogni notti di cristallu,
li picca l’esuli l’ emarginati.

C’è forbici ammulati di straforu
chi tagghianu di nettu niuru e biancu
lu sud lu nord lu pregiu lu difettu.

C’è vucchi allattariati di murvusi
chi masticanu vavi di sintenzi
cu ciati amari chiù di trizzi d’agghia.

c’è svastichi c’è fasci c’è banneri
chi approntanu li furni a camiatura
cu faiddi di libra e di pinzeri.

C’è culi ariani beddi e prufumati
chi strunzianu fora di li cessi.

c’ è catervi diazzi di scardari —
droga travagghiu paci libirtà giustizia
malatia puvirtà ...

e c’è na razza sula: chidda umana.
There’s small of death and noise of war.  
There’s in this tattered Europe  
Worm-filled skulls with hands raised in the air.

There’s famished sewer rats that gnaw  
in crystal nights with bloody fangs  
the weak, the derelict and voiceless poor.

There’s sharpened, piercing scissors that cleanly cut  
the black from white, the north from south  
good qualities from flaws, and good from bad.

There’s milk-stained mouths that vomit  
sentences with a heavy and foul breath  
More pungent than a wreath of rotting garlic.

There’s swastikas, fascist bundles and banners  
preparing to heat up the burning ovens,  
With sparks and flames of books and thoughts.

There’s soft and perfumed Arian assholes  
that keep on dropping turds outside latrines.

There’s lots of troubling woes that we must face—  
Drugs, jobs, peace, freedom, justice  
Disease, poverty…

And there’s one race alone: the human race.
VIENTU, SIEMMU VIENTU

Di Piero Carbone

Li seculi cummogliamur lu suli
e lu suli li squaglia comu cira.

Li palori inchjinu lu munnu
e lu munnu li scarpisa comu pira.

Pozzu vinciri lu friddu di la morti
sulu cu disadderiu e puisia.

C’era, un c’è cchju. cu l’arrigorda?

vientu, siemmu vientu.
WIND, WE ARE WIND

By Piero Carbone

The centuries obscure the sun
and the sun melts like wax.

Words fill up the world
and the world treads over them like pears.

I can conquer the cold of death
only with desire and with poetry.

To be. Not to be. They last but a moment.
There was once, it is no more. Who remembers it?

Wind, we are wind.
Non mi faciti sunari lu mortariu
cantati! ...
Cantati a perdiciatu,
lu cantu s’ha confunniri
ccu lu rivugghiu
cua ‘ngravida lu munnu!

No,
non lu dati a sentiri,
non disturbati,
non custrinciti l’amici
e tutti l’autri
a diri frasi inutili
paroli
cua s’hannu dittu sempri
unta certi occasioni.

Cu’ ha fattu lu so tempu,
si n’ha jiri
ppi fari postu all’autri.

Quannu sarà
cantati a perdi ciatu

canti d’amuri ppi cu’ resta!
Do not ring the death toll for me
Sing!...
Sing at the top of your voice,
your song has to be commingled
with the boiling over
that makes the world give birth.

No,
don’t feel depressed,
don’t bother anyone,
don’t force my friends,
and all the others
to say useless sentences
words that always have been said
on certain occasions.

Those whose time has come
must go
and make room for others.

When the time comes,
sing at the top of your voice

songs of love for those who are left.
STIZZI DI SALANITRU

Di Bice Bannino

Sunnu i me surrisi
arriducciuti lampi
che tra un viri e sbiri
scappanu arrassu,
eppuru scattianu nto corpu
forti timpesti i litizzi.

Sunnu i me surrisi
arriducciuti braci
chi cu ‘ngannusa forza
cuva sutta cinniri
eppuru svampulianu ruci
comu joca focu di riordi.

Sunnu i me surrisi
arriducciuti frunni
chi si distrurinu
cu lacrmi di fogghi,
eppuru cuetanu sta menti
chi scinni nte trazzeri
che l’addivaru a boni crianzi.

Si! M’affannu a curriri
ca fudda ppi stratuna
mentri i surrisi mei,
stizzi di salanitru,
sculanu pi masciddi arrappati.
My smiles have been reduced
to flashes that disappear
in the beating of a lash
and yet they spark
inside my body
strong tempests of glee.

My smiles have been reduced
to burning cinders
that with deceitful strength
smolder beneath the ashes
and yet they spark
sweet fireworks of memories.

My smiles have been reduced
to branches
that destroy themselves
with tears of leaves
and yet they quiet this mind
that goes down to the country paths
that taught her good manners.

Yes! I hastened to run
together with the crowd along the roads
while my smiles,
drops of seaspray
drip down my wrinkled jaws.
Narrativa Siciliana

Storia di Petracucca

*Di Francesco Lanza*
Tradottu in sicilianu di Gaetano Cipolla

Na notti di dicembri a Capudarsu, mentri fora sutta a luna u Salsu pareva d’argentu e a muntagna di zaffiru, a mugghieri di Mirimì chi stacciava a farina impruvvisamenti ci vinniru i dogghi dû partu. China di sgumentu idda si affacciò â finestra e chiamau a gran vuci u maritu chi accurrissi; e Mirimì chi aiutava nnà mandria na picurredda a figghiari, lassau l’ opira a mezzu e si misi a curriri chî mani ntê capiddi, non sapennu chi fari; ma non avia ancora arrivatu à porta ca so figghittu avia nasciutu.

A mugghieri ciu purgiu, biancu e dilicatu comu un gigghiu dî campi, e inveci di cianciri comu a tutti l’autri infanti sgranava ccà e ddà l’occhi violetti comu u Salsu e i cimi dî munti quannu scura. Allura Mirimi inchiu un mestolu d’acqua e ciâ virsau supra a testa dicennu:

l’ ti vâttì
ni lu nomu di Dî:
trasinnu ni la casa
l’ Ancilu ti vasa.

E u chiamau Petracucca, comu na muntagna.

U picciriddu, nun avennu autru chiffari, crisciva d’incantu, sempri attaccatu ô pettu dà mà, chi era chiù biancu e duru dû caciu; e Mirimì, tuttu filici di du figghittu, ristava lungamenti a ammirarlu a bucca aperta, scurdannusi di purtari i picurreddi a pasciri; e chiddi inchevanu l’aria di belati finu a centu migghia luntani.

Petracucca era daveru beddu, e a matri pinsava ca avissi a divintari re; e comu era sula cu iddu ntâ casa u spugghiava tuttu e guardava cu cura si nun avissi supra a spadda u gigghiu comu a Fioravanti e a crucidda russa supra a minna comu a Re Ruggeru; e u picciriddu sgambarrova
The Story of Stoneowl

by Francesco Lanza
Translated into English by Gaetano Cipolla

In Capodarso, one December night, while the Salso River shone like silver and the mountain was like a sapphire, Mirimì’s wife suddenly felt birth pangs while she was sifting some flour. She leaned out of the window in anguish and called out as loudly as she could for her husband to run. Mirimì who was helping a sheep give birth, dropped what he was doing and started to run with his hands in his hair, not knowing what to do. But he had barely gotten to the door that his son had been born.

His wife handed the baby to him, white and delicate like a lily of the fields and instead of crying like all the other infants, he looked here and there with wide open eyes that were as purple as the Salvo and the tips of the mountains at dusk. Mirimì filled a ladle with water and poured it over his head saying:

I hereby baptize you
In the name of the Lord
As you enter this house
You are kissed by the Angel.

And he called him Stoneowl, like a mountain.

It was marvelous to see how the baby was growing always attached to his mother’s breast, that were whiter and harder than cheese, and Mirimì was ecstatic over that baby and would spend long hours admiring him, with his mouth open, often forgetting to take his sheep to pasture, in spite of their filling the air with bleating so loud you could hear it from a hundred miles.

Stoneowl was really handsome and the mother believed that one day he would become a king, and when she was alone with him she would undress him completely examining him carefully to see if he did
gravimenti. Iddu nun cianceva mai e nun durmia, sempri cu ddi dui occhi aperti chiù viuletti di violi di marzu, seriu comu un re ntà littiga, e a vista d’ occhiu spigava comu na palma ntò disertu.

Mirimì diceva chi avissi statu furtunatu e avissi disincantatu u tisoru di Sabucina e Capudarsu; e so mà annacannulu pir addrummintarilu ntà naca di vimini fudirata dà peddi d’un crastuni, ci cantava cu vuci pinsusa:

Furtuna, ti lu purtu
lu figghiu mi’ ni l’urtu:
lu purtu di luntanu,
toccalu cu la manu!

Ma Petracucca non durmia, e isava inveci a manuzza comu pir tuccari iddu a Furtuna. Allura a matri u livava dà naca e si mitteva a palleggiarlu; e trattu trattu ci murmuriva a l’aricchia:

--Dormi, figghiu miu, ca a Furtuna ti bacerà, cu idda ti porterà, oru e argentu ti darà, re regnantu ti farà!

Ma Petracucca ristava cu l’occhi aperti intorno a circari a Furtuna, e quannn’era stancu di taliari si attaccava a la minna unchia di latti.

Divinutu finalmente granni, iddu era u pastureddu chiù graziusu dà cuntrata; e a Pasquasia e a Gruttacaudda, a Geracellu e a Marcatu Biancu, non c’ era cu ci putissi stari a latu. Quann’iddu di supra ò ponti s’affacciava a spicchiarisi nta l’acqui dû Salsu, i folaghi e l’anitri accurrevanu a frotta pir ammirarlu, stridennu di piaciri, e si lassavanu pigghiaru d’iddu e i farcuneddi scinnennu dû neuli ci giravanu supra ò capu pi faricci festa.

Cù so ippunreddu di albagiu, i scarpuzzi di pilu ò pedi e a birritta di villutu supra a testa, Petracucca pareva un principinu; e ciû dicevanu tutti, i ciuri dà muntagna e i cespugli dû ciumi; e quannu badava ntè mandrii i cani abbaiavanu d’alligrizza, come fussi iddu u patruni.

Mirimì, quannu puteva farla nta l’occhi à mugghieri ca era Gilusa di ddu figghiolu u purtava cu iddu a pasciri i pecuri; e allura camina e camina non si firmavanu mai, comu mmuttttati di na forza mistiriusa; Petracucca avanti, e Mirimì darreri e i pecuri e i cani, cà lingua ntra i denti dà stanchizza. Ma nuddu ciatava, e quannu a sira turnavanu à mantria di Capudarsu i picurredì si iccavanu cu li minni unchi di latti comu avissiru
not have the mark of the lily on his shoulder like Fioravanti or the little red cross over his breast like King Roger. The baby soberly kicked his legs in the air. He never cried and never slept, always with his two eyes wide open that were of a darker purple than the violets. In March, serious like a king on his litter, and he was growing taller before your eyes like a palm in the desert.

Mirimi said the boy would be lucky and he would have broken the spell of the treasure of Sabucina and Capodarso; and his mother as she rocked him to make him fall asleep in his wicker basket covered with the skin of a he-goat, sang to him with a pensive voice:

Fortune, I bring you my son
in the orchard I bring him,
I have brought him from far
Lay your hand upon him.

But Stoneowl would not sleep and he raised his little hands as though to touch fortune himself. Then his mother took him out of the crib and played with him and once in awhile she whispered in his ear:

“Sleep, my child, for Fortune will kiss you, she will take you with her, she will give you silver and gold, she will make you a king.”

But Stoneowl kept his eyes wide open looking for Fortune and when he was tired of looking he attached himself to her breast that was swollen with milk.

When he grew bigger he was the most handsome little shepherd of the region and in Pasquasia, Grottacalda and Marcato Bianco there was no one who stand next to him. When he leaned over the bridge to look at himself in the water of the Salso, the coons and the ducks scurried in group to admire him, shrieking with glee and they allowed him to pick them up. The little falcons coming down from their clouds flew around his head in celebration.

With his little jacket of flannel, his fur shoes at his feet and the velvet cap on his head, Stoneowl looked like a little prince. And everybody told his that: the flowers in the mountain and the bushes in the river; and when he cared for the herds the dogs would bark in glee as though he were the master.

Whenever Mirimi managed to steal him away from his mother who
brucatu tutta a jurnata, e Mirimì chi cani allatu ‘addrummintava di botta
ntò pagghiaru sunnannusi u tisoru di Sabucina. A matina svigghiannusi
nun ricurdava chiù nenti. Sulu Petracucca nun chiudeva mai l’occhi e nun
era filici, pirchì a so bucca non rideva comu avveni è picciriddi. Invanu a
matri pir tinirlu allegru ci cuntsava i sturieddi ca avia mparatu stannu sula
to Capudarsu, invanu Mirimì ci sunava friscalettu i canzuni mparati
à muntagna, o battennu i mani ci ballava davanti comu un orsu. Tutt’e
dui nun sapevanu darisi paci e ntirrugavanu u curatulu di Pasquasia chi
sapeva i virtuti di l’erbi e guariva i bestii d’ ogni mali, ma Petracucca pir
nun lassarisi tuccari scappava luntanu comu nu spiritu fuddittu e pir
tutta a jurnata nun si lassava chiù vidiri.

--“Viditi, diceva chiddu allura, ca u vostru figghiolu havi un pur-
tuseddu in testa e u ciriveddu ci sventa; e perciò am’à tappariccillu”.

E pirchì ciû tappassiru ci desi un cucittu di cira e na fugghitta di
ruta su cui ci avia dittu i paroli di l’incantesimu; ma pir quantu a matri
ciû circassi, Petracucca nun aveva pertuseddi in testa, e Mirimì inntò
ciumi u cucittu di cira e a fugghitta di ruta.

--Pirchì nun mi dici chi hai, figghiu miu?-- ci dumannanva a matri
com’eranu suli ntò chiusu.-- Tu si beddu e graziusu, ma si nun ridi chi
sì? Tu sì pasturi di mantria, ma si nun hai paci cui ti voli, cui ti bacia
ntà bucca?

Mirimì dû so cantu pirchì si confidassi cu iddu ci facia cavadduzzi
di caciu e pisciteddi di ricotta, ma Petracucca priririva parrari ccu l’acqui
dû ciumi, e rispunniri è folaghi e è farcuneddi—Pirchì nun ridi, figghiu
miu?  -- ci faceva Mirimì. -- Si no, non poi disincantari u tisoru di Sabu-
cina, e nun poi baciari ntà bucca à Furtuna ca re di regnu t’havi a fari.

Ma Petracucca a sintirilu scappava comu un fuddittu e camina
camina nun si firmava chiù; e quannu si iccava straccu supra l’erba, i
ciuritti puncennulu ci facevanu a l’aricchia:

-- Pirchì non ti nni vai a circari a Furtuna, o Petracucca graziusu? E
i fogghi di l’alberi ca di li cimi si battevanu cu ventu ci murmuriavanu:

--Vattinni a circari a Furtuna, o Petracucca gintili.

Allura u cori ci unchiava a Petracucca comu u Salsu cà china, e ntà
testa ci sunavanu i musichi di boschi, e nta l’aricchi ca ci dulevanu ci
ballavanu i paroli di na cantilena luntana:
was jealous of her son, he took him to tend to the sheep. And then they
would walk endlessly, never stopping, as though they were pushed by a
mysterious force: Stoneowl ahead and Mirimi after him with his sheep
and the dogs with their tongues hanging out from fatigue. But nobody
breathed a sound and when the sheep returned to the herd in Capodarso,
they had their teats swollen with milk as though they had foraged the
entire day, and Mirimi with the dogs next to him would fall asleep im-
mediately on the hay dreaming about the treasure of Sabucina. When he
woke up in the morning, he did not remember anything. Stoneowl was
the only one who never closed his eyes and was not happy, because his
mouth did not laugh as children do. His mother, to cheer him related
the little stories that she had learned when she was alone in Capodarso,
but it was all in vain. Mirimi too played songs on his flute, all the songs
he had learned in the mountains or clapped his hands dancing in front
of him like a bear, but in vain. The two of them could not find peace
and kept asking the farmer from Pasquasia who knew the secrets of herbs
and could cure animals form every disease, but Stoneowl who did not
want to be touched, ran away like a sprite and would not show his face
for the rest of the day.

“You’ll see,” the man said,” that your son has a little hole in his head
and his brain will escape. We have to plug the hole.”

And he gave them a grain of wax and a little rue leaf on which he
had uttered some magic words. But no matter how closely she examined
him, Stoneowl did not have any holes in his head and so Mirimì threw
the grain of wax and the leaf in the river.

“Why don’t you tell me what’s bothering you, my son?” asked his
mother when they were alone in the house. “You are handsome and at-
tractive, but if you never laugh, what are you? You are a sheep herder, but
if you have no peace, who will want you, who will kiss you in the mouth?”

For his part, Mirimi made him little cheese horses and little ricotta
fish to get him to confide in him, but Stoneowl preferred to talk with the
waters of the river and answer the coons and little falcons.

“Why don’t you laugh, my son?” asked him Mirimi. “If you don’t,
you cannot break the spell of the treasure of Sabucina and you cannot
kiss Fortune on her mouth who will make you king of a realm.”

But Stoneowl, on hearing him, ran away like a sprite and walked
and walked without ever stopping; and when he threw himself on the
ground exhausted, the little flowers pricking his ear asked him:
--La Fortuna ti bacerà, tuttu d’oru ti farà.

Pir chistu nun aveva paci, e si vutava di ogni parti comu nu spiritatu, cu ddi occhi chiù viuletti dû celu dà sira.

Comu ebbi l’ anni di pasturi, Mirimì ci affidau i picureddi chi li purtassi à muntagna, e ci misi ntè mani u so bastuni di frassinu su cui era intaghiata a storia di San Micheli Arcangelu.-- Vattinni, figghiu miu -- ci dissi -- e chi u Signuri t’accumpagni.

A matri ntòn angulu sugghiuzziava cu l’occhi ammucciati dû fadd-dari pir nun farisi vidiri e, comu fu ntò puntu d’irisinni, doppu avirilu baciatu, ci curriu dappressu e sù strinchiu ancora ò pettu pir nun lassarlu partiri. -- Aspetta, figghiu miu -- ci faceva ciancennu -- aspetta chi nun ti desi a spisa e si nun ti la dugnu mori di fami.


Petracucca si iccau avanti i pecuri e si nni iu; e i vuci dà matri allura unchiarunu l’acqui dû Salsu, e i folaghi e l’anitri chì so vuci annigghiarunu u suli. Mirimi u sigiu pi nu beddu pezzu, e si sfurzava d’essiri allegru; ma quannu fu u mumentu di sparirisi, i sugghiuzzi ci scuppiarunu ntà vuci, e salutannu chì mani u figghiolu ca spareva luntanu nun sapeva chi diricci e comu nun lu vitti chiù cadiu ntera comu mortu, e d’iddu nun si seppi chiù nenti.

Camina camina, Petracucca ieva sempri senza firmarisi, i pecuri avanti e i cani darreri cà lingua di fora; e i ciuri dì campi ci davanu u bon viaggu. Ô sentiri i campaneddi dî muntuni e lu lamentu dî cani, i cuntadini e i pasturi si vutavanu a taliari cà manu supra l’occi, e ci pareva ca dda mantria nun finissi mai.

--Forsi sunu i pecuri dû Vicire - dicevanu - o di Falcu o di Bancina, chi annegghianu i muntagni finu ò mari. Petracucca ieva e a terra davanti a iddu nun fineva mai. Ora incuntrava un mircatu, ora passava allatu a na massaria, e tutti a sentiri ddu passiu si affacciatu surprisi; i cani currevanu a addiccaricci i mani a Petracucca e a sautaricci intornu.

--Unni vai? - ci dumannavanu i curatuli incantati di vidirlu accusì beddu.
“Why don’t you go away and look for Fortune, o handsome Stoneowl?”

And then as the leaves of the trees rustled in the wind they whispered to him:

“Go look for Fortune, o noble Stoneowl!”

Stoneowl’s heart would then swell like the Salvo River when it floods and the music of the forest reverberated in his head and in his aching ear he heard the words of an ancient singsong:

“Fortune will kiss you
and it will make you golden.”

For this reason, he could not find peace and he turned around to look in every direction as a spirit possessed with those violet eyes of his more violet than the evening sky.

As he grew to be a shepherd, Mirimì entrusted him to take the sheep to the mountain and gave him his rod made of ash on which the story of Saint Michael Arcangel was carved. “Go then, my son!” he told him, “And may the Lord accompany you.”

The mother was weeping in the corner, hiding her eyes so he could not see her, and as he was ready to leave after kissing her, she ran after him and hugged him tightly not to let him leave.

“Wait, my son,” she said as she wept, “Wait. I have not given you the supplies and if I don’t, you will starve to death.”

And she told him of the pains she suffered when she gave birth to him and in bringing him up and how much she had loved him and how much she would love him in the future. Mirimì with shiny eyes kept urging her to have courage, for he would return, and Stoneowl caressed her sweetly. Then she placed a little sack on his shoulder with a whole bread big as a wheel.

Stoneowl pushed the sheep ahead of him and left and her mother’s scream filled the waters of the Salso River and the coons and the ducks clouded the sun with their shrieks. Mirimì followed him for a long while and forced himself to be cheerful, but when the moment of separation came, sobs broke through his voice and waving good bye to his son who was slowly disappearing, he did not know what to say. And when his son was no longer in sight, he dropped to the ground and nobody ever heard from him any more.

Stoneowl kept walking and walking without ever stopping. The
-- A circari a Furtuna -- rispunneva iddu e tirava via.
Talivota quaccunu l’invitava a firmarisi pir risturarisi dû longu caminu, e pir megghiu allettarlu ci vantava i caci, u vinu e i dilizii dû postu, ma iddu mancù si vutava; autri piatuseddi cci gridavanu chi lassassi ripusari un pocu i picureddi e i cani, chi i lassassi saziari a siti bivennu è frischi surgenti e sfamarisi supra duci paschi; ma l’armali comu fussiru attaccati a iddu nun vulevanu alluntanarisinni e ievanu unni megghiu piaceva è pedi dû so patruni.
Ma pir quantu caminassi, Petracucca non iunceva mai, e infinita fu a terra chi misurau chî so passi; e quannu passava pî païsi assai eranu i suspira chi si lassava a li spaddi. Fu a Petrapirzia, unni i giuvini affacciati è finestri aspettanu sira e matina u maritu chi li porti luntanu, comu acidduzzi ntò pugnu; e u mmee dî pecuri inchevanu i strati.
-- Fermati! -- cci gridavanu a ogni passu i giuvini -- Fermati, beddu pasturveddu!
pronti haiu i linzola di lino
veni a pigghiarimi beddu maritino!
Ma Petracucca passava senza taliarili, e u sonu dî campaneddi as-surdava l’ aria.
Fu a Piazza, unni i giuvini sono sapuriti comu i cerfuglioni, e tutti accurrevanu pir vidirlu e rubarisillu; e quaccuna chiù fucusa ci circava a bucca, e cci diceva a l’aricchia:
haiu u zuccaru e u meli
pigghiami beddu pasturveddu
si non mi voi, restu di feli.
Ma iddu nun sintiva, e i cani si mittevanu a latrari furiusamenti pirchì u lassassiru.
Fu a Valguarnera, unni i giuvini suspiranu invanu darreri i vitri, annegghiannulli chî so suspira, e u tempu chi scurri è pirdutu; e comu i mmee si sintevanu nta l’aria e i so pidatozzi supra i basuli dâ strata, eccu tutti i finestri si spalancavanu, e occhi ansiusi divuravanu u beddu pasturveddu, velannnusi subitu nnamurati; ma pir quantu u invitassiru ardentì e malinconìcì, Petracucca nun si nni adduna, e passa via.
sheep went before him and the dogs followed him with their tongues hanging out. The flowers in the field wished him a good journey. On hearing the he-goats’ bells and the whining of the dogs, the peasants and the shepherds turned around to look with their hands on their eyes and it looked as if that herd would never end.

“They must be the Viceroy’s sheep,” they said. “Or Falco’s or Bancina’s that cover the mountain like a cloud down to the sea. Stoneowl kept moving forward and it seemed like the land never ended before him. At times, he saw a market, at other times he passed through a farm, and everyone on hearing the traipsing turned around with amazement. The dogs would run to lick Stoneowl’s hands and to jump on him joyfully.

“Where are you going?” The farmers asked him bewitched by how handsome he was.

“To look for Fortune,” he answered and continued his journey.

Sometimes someone invited him to stop and rest after so long a journey and to convince him boasted about the goodness of his cheeses, his wine and the delights of the place, but he never even turned to look; others, feeling pity for him, shouted that he should let his sheep and his dogs rest at least, letting them drink at the cool springs and feed on the sweet grass, but the animals as though they were bound to him did not want to distance themselves, and they went on and on as pleased the feet of their master.

But no matter how long he walked, he never arrived and the land he measured with his steps was endless, and when he went through villages many were the sighs he left behind him.

He was in Pietraperzia where the young women leaning on their balconies morning and night await the husband to take them away, like birds in the hand; and the bleating filled the streets.

“Stop!” The young women repeated at his every step. “Stop, handsome young shepherd!”

I have all of my good linen sheets,
take me away dear husband, my sweet.

But Stoneowl went by without even looking at them and the ringing of bells stunned the air.

But in Piazza, where the young women are as savory as chervil, they all ran out to see him and steal him away and some of them more daring than others sought out his mouth whispering into his ear:
Fu a Butera e a Mazzarinu, unni l’orti sunu chini di citrola ca si vinnunu à città; a Villarosa e a Barrafranca unni ci sunu i panzuteddi; a Terranova e a San Cataldo, a Calascibetta e a Castrugiuanni unni i fim-mineddi hannu l’occhi di malva e i carni di latti e meli; ma a Furtuna nun l’inuntravva mai, e nuddu sapeva dariccinni cuntu.

-- Beddu pastureddu -- ci dissi infini un curatulu ccù cappucciu d’albagiu, si cerchì a Furtuna, vattinni in città e ddà a trovi.

Petracucca vota subitu i picureddi, e s’’avvia versu Caltanissetta unn’era a Furtuna, e camina e camina munti, chani e valli, giunsi è porti dà città; ma i duganeri e i guardii comu u vittiru cu dda gran mantria chi nun fineva mai e i cani stracchi e firoci, nun lu ficiru ntrasiri, minazzannnulu d’imprigionarlu comu nu vagabbunnu; e chiamarunu ò Capitanu d’Armi, chi lu sfrattassi.

U Capitanu d’Armi ch’era longu comu nu spiedu e baffutu, e purtava spiruni è pedi e chiumi ò cappeddu, u fici veniri innanzi, e spirannu d’atterrirlu cchî so ucchiati torvi, ci dumanna cipigghiusu unni iva e chi circava.

-- Vaiu a circari a Furtuna chi m’aspetta-- ci rispunnu Petracucca taliannulu senza scantarisi chî so occhi viuletti comu i munti quannu scura e u Salsu a Capudarsu.

U Capitanu d’Armi n’ appi pietà e ridiu rumurusamenti; e u manna liberu di irisinni unni vuleva, ma richiamannnu subitu ci desi ordinì di nun strigari i giuvini fimmini.

Accussì Petracucca continuò a caminari com’era so distinu, chî picureddi avanti e i cani darreri; e tutti accurrevàn nu a vidirÌu e a dumannnarici unni iva.

--A circari a Furtuna – rispunneva iddu e tirava via.

Gira e rigira, nun c’era chiù na sula donna chi nun ci suspirassi darreri, e a Capitana, ch’era graziusa comu na quagghia, non aveva chiù paci pir ddu beddu pastureddu. Na notti chi u senti passari sutta i so finestri, idda scinniu a inuntrarlu, e abbrazzannnulu appassìnàta, tutta vilata dà notti, ci murmurìa supra a bucca: “Veni cu mmìa Petracucca: io sugnu a furtuna chi tu cerchi.”

Ma pir quantu i so baci fussiru chiù duci dà vinu e u so pettu chiù morbìdu d’un cuscinu di sita, Petracucca non appi abbentu ò so turmentu, e a lassa; e a bedda fimmina mpazzisci e morì di crepacori.

Ma Petracucca non si pirdeva di curaggiu, e aveva u cori chinu di
sugar and honey are mine,
Take me, sweet shepherd, as thine
If you don’t, for me the sun won’t shine.

But he did not hear and the dogs began howling for them to leave him alone.

It was in Valguarnera where the young women sigh in vain fogging their windows with longings and the time that flows is just lost, and as the bleating was heard in the air and the footsteps on the cobblestones all the windows flew open and greedy eyes devoured the handsome young shepherd, quickly falling in love; but no matter how burning or sad their invitations were, Stoneowl did not even notice and moved on.

It was in Butera and in Mazzarino where the orchards are full of cucumbers sold in the city, in Villarosa and in Barrafranca where the girls are all plump; in Terranova and in San Cataldo, in Calascibetta and Castrogiovanni where the girls have mauve eyes and flesh the color of milk and honey, but he never met Fortune and nobody could explain why that was.

“Handsome young shepherd,” finally said a farmer wearing a hood made of flannel. “If you’re looking for Fortune go to the city and you will find her.”

Stoneowl turned his sheep around and started to go toward Caltanissetta and, walking through mountains, plains and valleys, he came to the gates of the city, but the customs guards, on seeing the endless herd and the tired and fierce dogs did not let him in and threatened to put him in jail as a vagabond and they called for the Captain at Arms to remove him from there.

The Captain at Arms who was lanky and thin with moustaches, wearing spurs on his feet and feathers in his hat, made him advance and expecting to frighten him with his mean looks, asked him with an arrogant tone where he was going and what he was looking for.

“I am looking for Fortune who is waiting for me,” Stoneowl answered looking at him with no fear in his eyes that were violet like the mountains at dusk and the Salso at Capodarso.

The Captain at Arms took pity on him and laughed heartily and set him free to go where he pleased, but calling him back in a hurry he
spiranza. Na notti finalmente, passannu pù cunventu di Cappuccini, a Furtuna ci vinni incontru. Liggera comu na fogghia e dritta comu un raggiu di luna passa in mezzu è picureddi, e dumanna a Petracucca:

-- Unni vai, o pastureddu chiù beddu d’un re? E iddu, ammirannula filici:

-- A circari a Furtuna.

Idda ci pigghia u coddu cùn brazzu e baciannnulu supra a bucca ci murmuria:

-- Io sugnu a Furtuna.

A ddu baciu e a ddi paroli, Petracucca fu d’un subitu tramutatu in oru: i riccioli e i scarpuzzi di pilu, l’occhi viuletti comu u Salsu e a sacchina supra i spaddi cu dintra ddu grossu pani intattu, e cu iddu i picureddi ca facevanu mme, i cani c’abbaianu d’alligrizza. Tutti rima-siru immobili e rilucenti ntôn chiaru di luna e d’impruvvisu sparerunu comu n’alitu di ventu.

Unni i purtò a Furtuna nò sapi nuddu, ma ntê notti silinziusi e prufunni idda c’un baciu supra a frunti svigghia u pastureddu avvinturatu dû sonnu d’ oru, e si lu godi senza mai fini.
ordered him not to bewitch the girls.

So Stoneowl continued to walk as was his destiny with his little sheep before him and the dogs behind, and everybody ran to see him and to ask him where he was going.

“To look for Fortune,” he would answer and go on his way.

As he went round and round there was not a single woman who was not sighing after him and the She-Captain, who was as pretty as a quail, was suffering the pains of love on account of the handsome young shepherd. One night as she heard him pass by below her windows, she climbed down to meet him and, embracing him with passion, under the veil of night, she whispered on his mouth. “Come with me, Stoneowl, I am the Fortune you are seeking.”

But in spite of the fact that her kisses were sweeter than wine and her breasts softer than a silken pillow, Stoneowl found no relief for his torment and the beautiful woman went mad and died of heartbreak.

But Stoneowl did not lose courage and his heart was full of hope. One night finally, passing through the Monastery of the Capuchins, Fortune went to meet them. Light as a leaf and straight as a moonbeam, she passed among the little sheep and asked Stoneowl:

“Where are you going, young shepherd more handsome than a king?”

And he admiringly replied:

“I am seeking Fortune.”

She surrounded his neck with one arm and kissing him right on his mouth, she whispered:

“I am Fortune.”

At that kiss and those words, Stoneowl was immediately transformed into gold: his curly hair, his violet eyes like the Salso and the little sack on his shoulder which had the bread still intact and with the little sheep that were bleating and the dogs that were barking in happiness. They all remained standing still and shining in the moonlight and suddenly they disappeared as a breath of wind.

Where Fortune took them nobody knows, but on nights when silence is deep, she awakens the young shepherd from his fortunate dream of gold with a kiss on his forehead, and takes delight in him: a joy without end.
Accia e Amuri

Di Flora Restivo

Sicuru comu la morti: li fatti chiù streusi capitanu tutti a mia, e megghiu chi mi ci mettu lu cori ‘n paci.
E’ giustu, però, a primu ntranchiti cunsiddirari chi sugnu sempri stunanu, cu la testa chi si ni va pi cu tunu so.
Allanata, puru si nun mi piaci tantassai, ci nascivi, ma certu l’anni chi passanu beni nun ni fannu.
Tagghiamula ddocu e passamu a lu restu.
Cui mi talia, vidi na fimmina chi, oramai, di giuvintù n’avi giustu giustu lu ciauru.
Certu ancora mi piaci mpuparimi, mi pittu, conzu ssa nzalata ar-ripudduta, comu megghiu sacciu fari, ma la sunata cancia picca.
Cuttuttu, però, ancora capita chi l’omini mustranu nteressi pi la me-pirsuna, lu pirchì lu sannu sulu iddi e, comu sempri, succedì puru chi la cosa nun mi passa mancu pi lu chiù nicu pirtusu di lu ciriveddu.
Tuttu ssu cappidduzzu cunnuci a lu cori di l’avvintura.
Na matina, ntunnu a l’ottu, l’ottu e menza, me figghia mi telefuna: “Mamma, allestiti, senza tantu annacariti, a momentu arrivu, datusi chi mi servi cumpagnia pi fari la spisa.”
Idda è fatta accussì, di picca palori.
Mi vestu, na pittinata e già eccula a sunari la trumma, ‘n centru di piazzali.
E’ bedda, ma bedda pi daveru: capiddi longhi e niuri, occhi di culuri cancianti, fina fina, chiù auta di mia, chi nun sugnu lu gigants Gattamugliera.
M’assettu nna la machina e partemu.
“Mamma (arrè, prima di stasira a tricentu ci arrivamu) nun mi fari scurdari patati e cipuddi, avi na simana chi sugnu senza”.
“Signursi”, dicu e mi lu scordu.
Dopu n’urata, chi gia ni stavamu arricampannu, chianta li freni a tappu e m’assuppu na botta nna lu cozzu (un beddu arricriu pi la me cirvicali).
“T’avia parratu, mi pari, di patati e cipuddi, ma tu “nisba”.
Celery and Love

By Flora Restivo
Translated into English by Gaetano Cipolla

It’s sure as death that the weirdest things happen to me. I can put my mind to rest on this.

I must admit, however, as a premise, that I am always a bit daydreaming with my head always following its own course. I think I was born like that, even though I don’t like to admit it and certainly the passing years have not improved matters.

But let’s cut to the chase and to my story.

People who look at me see a woman who by now has but a faint smell of youth left. Surely I still like to doll up a bit, fixing a dried up salad as best I can but the tune remains the same.

Notwithstanding, however, it happens that some men show interest for my person, they only know why and as always happens, the thing does not interest me in the least.

All this to introduce you to the heart of the adventure.

One morning about eight o’clock, eight thirty my daughters telephones: Mom, get ready without wasting time because I am coming to pick you. I need you to come shopping with me.”

That’s how she’s made, quick and to the point.

I get dressed, I comb my hair quickly and she is already there sounding the horn in the middle of the square.

She is beautiful, but really beautiful, with black long hair eyes that change color, thin, taller than I am, though I am no giant CatWoman.

I got into the car and we left.

“Mom, (before the end of the night she’ll say it three hundred time) remind me to buy potatoes and onions. I haven’t had any for a week.

“Yes, Ma’am!”, I say and I forget.

After about an hour, we were ready to return home, but she stomps brakes and I end bumping my neck on the head rest (Not a good thing for my cervical spine condition).

“We had talked about potatoes and onions, but you did not remind you… Now let’s stop at this vegetable store.”
Ora firmamuni subitu nna ssa putia.”
Scinni, cu tantu di funcia e ju mi mettu a pinzari a li fatti mei, ucchiali niuri, m’accutturu biata a lu suli di maju.
L’ammicciu mentri ridi cu na pirsuna, un masculu, penzu chi si canuscinu e ripigghiu lu lestu di li me’ fantasii.
Nuttunta, sentu grapiri lu spurtellu.
Alluccuta, viju un pezzu d’omu, chiuttostu piacenti e finulicchiu di na quarantina d’anni, a diri assai, chi teni ‘n manu lu chiù trugghiu mazzu d’accia mai vistu e, darrè me figghia, cu na facci di timpulati.
“Permette signora—mi fa—mi vorrei presentare—tuttu in italianu — mi chiamu Piripicchiu Piripacchiu (nun mi ricordu chiù) e —pigghiannu lu dialettu —capisciu chi lei è pirsuna allitrata (???) e ju gnuranti, ma stannu a lu fattu chi, ‘n facci a na signura cu li manu ‘n manu nun m’aju mai arrisicatu di cumpariri, ci offru cu tuttu lu cori ssu riccu mazzu d’accia, chi so figghia mi dissi quantu a lei ci piaci.”
Lu tinia, virdi virdi, a tipu rosi “baccarat.”
Mi stava facennu lu giummu comu li turchi, ma pi si e pi no, pinzannu chi putia essiri un foddi, l’assicunnai.
“Grazii, grazii, l’accettu comu si fussiru gigghi” e affirrai ddu stranu prisetni.
Lu giuvinottu, cuntintuni, s’alluntanau salutanu e partemu. Dda facci di furca di me figghia, comu fu luntana vinti metri, si sdivacau ‘n capu a lu sterzu e attaccau a ridiri finu a chi ci vinni lu sugghiuzzu, ju dda, comu n’allampata a diri: “Ma chi fu, cui era dd’omu?”
Quannu parsi a idda si stiua l’occhi (pi quantu avia ridutu ci scinnianu lacrmi stili morti di lu jattu, chi ‘n casa nostra è mpurtanti assai) e ncuminciau a cuntari.
“Cara mammina, (quannu dici “mammina” è lu mumentu di quartiarisi) tu firisti drittu a lu cori ddu poviru picciottu, chi ora è nnamuratu persu”.
Ju ntrunata, senza grapiri vucca.
“Quannu ti vitti nna la machina mi dissi, cu l’occhi sciuti di fora: ma cui è dda bedda fimmina? A mia mi piaci di nfuddiri e, siccomu sugnu ancora schettu, mi vulissi assistimari propiu cu idda”.
“E’ me matri — rispunnivi—
“So matri? E com’è, schetta?”
She got out of the car making a face and I start to follow my own thoughts, hidden behind dark glasses, enjoying the hot May sun upon my skin.

I spot her laughing with a guy, I think they know each other and I return to my own fantasies.

Suddenly I felt the door.

Astounded, I see a good looking hunk, a man of about forty years of age at the most who is holding in his hands the most beautiful bunch of celery that I have ever seen. My daughter stands behind him with a brazen look upon her face.

“I beg your pardon, Ma’am,” he goes speaking strictly in Italian, my name is blank blank (I can’t remember his name) and then slipping into Sicilian he adds “I understand you are a learned lady(???) and I am uneducated, but seeing that I have never dared to appear before a lady this way, may I be allowed to offer you with all my heart this gorgeous bunch of celery? Your daughter said that you like them very much.”

He held that green bunch of celery as through they were “baccarat” roses.

I was perplexed. I did not know which way to go, but thinking he may have been a deranged person, I went along.

“Thank you, thank you I accept it as though they were lilies,” and I grabbed that strange present.

The fellow seemed most pleased and moved away saying good bye. We left. That scoundrel of my daughter, as soon as we had gone twenty yards hugged the steering wheel and started laughing so hard she got the hiccups while I still stunned by what had happened said: “What happened? Who was that man?”

When she was able to she wiped her eyes (she had laughed so much that tears streamed down her cheeks as if our cat had died—in our house that would be very real drama—. Then she began to speak.

“Dear Mommy (when she says “Mommy” that is the time move away from her) you really struck the heart of that poor fellow who is now madly in love with you.”

Stunned I dare not open my mouth.

“’When he saw you in the car, he said to me, with his eyes out of their sockets: ‘But who is that beautiful woman? I love to go insane and since I am still single, I would like to settle down with her.”

“She is my mother,” I replied.

“Your mother? And is she still single?”
“Ma si ci staiu dicennu chi è me matri!”
“Ah, allura è propiu veru: li megghiu si l’acchiappanu subitu.”
“Subitu? Taliassi bonu, nun è acidduzzu a primu volu, avi sissant’anni.”
“Sissant’anni? Nun pari e poi, chi mi ni futti di l’età: megghiu na fimmina chiù grannuzza e bedda di una picciotta e crapa.”
La me signura figghia, ni sugnu sicura, si stava addivirtennu assai.
“Comunqui, lei mi l’avi a prisintari, nun si sapi mai e ci vogghiu purtari, pi bona crianza, na cosa chi ci piaci: li miluna comu fussiru?”
“Speciali, me matri nesci foddì pi li miluna”. (Veru).
“Chiamau lu jarzuni: Mariu, comu semu misi a miluna?” “Mala-menti, l’ultimi dui li vinnivi chi avi picca.”
“Purcazza miseria, ora comu fazzu? -- Si taliau ntunnu e: “Di l’accia frisca frisca chi ni dici?”
“Chi gran pinzata! (la birbanti) Idda si ni mancia un mazzu ogni jornu pi ristari sempri accussì bedda sicca. “
“Bono, bonu!” dissi—e zicchiatu lu chiù pampinusu mazzu d’accia chi potti truvari, si lu misi ‘n vrazza e vosi essiri accumpagnatu pi la prisintazioni.
“Iu chi putia fari?”
Taliarila ‘n facci mi facia veniri manciu nna li manu. “Mammina, (arrè), curaggiu, vidi quantu piaci ancora?” Ristava sulu di mittirisì a ridiri e chissu fici.
Comu n’arricugghiemu ‘n casa, subitu me maritu: “Si pò sapiri chi aviti tantu di ridiri, matri e figghia chi mi pariti dui scimuniti?”
A manu a manu chi ci vinia cuntata la storia la facci si ci stracanciava.
“Ma talia chi gran pezzu di fissa, ma pirkì nun si metti l’ uchiali?”
Iunti chi fomu a “Nun si sapi mai”, appizzau a fari ddi famusi scunciuri chi ponnu fari sulu l’omini!
A la fini nun ci la fici chiù e scattau a ridiri di cori puru iddu.
A ssu puntu, mi ponnu cuntari qualunci stranizza, ma ju sugnu sicura d’essiri la sula fimmina a stu munnu chi fu curtigliata c’un mazzu d’accia!
“But I just told you that she is my mother!”
“Ah, so then it’s true that the best are always taken quickly.”
“Quickly? Look again! She is not a little bird learning out to fly. She is sixty years old.”
“Sixty years old? She doesn’t look it and what do I care about her age. It’s better to have a woman who is older and more beautiful than one who is young and ugly.”
My darling daughter was enjoying herself a lot, of that I am quite sure.
“At any rate, you must introduce me to her, one never knows... I want to give her a present, as a sign of my good manner, something she likes. What about a melon?”
“Wonderful! My mother goes simply mad for melons.” (That’s true!)
“He called the vendor: ‘Mariu, what’s the situation with the melons?’”
“Bad! I sold the last two a little while ago.”
“Darn it, what am I going to do now?” He looked around and said: ‘What do you think about fresh celery?’”
“A great idea (the sly scoundrel!). She eats a bunch of them every day so she can always remain as thin as she is.”
“Great, great,’ he said and choosing the most gorgeous bunch of celery he could find, took it in his arms demanding that I accompany him for the introduction.”
“What was I supposed to do?”
As I looked at her my hands began to itch.
“You see, Mommy, (again with Mommy) how attractive you still are.”
At this point, all that she had to do was to start laughing, which she did.
When we got home, my husband quickly said: “Can I find out what is so funny? The two of you, mother and daughter, look like you’ve lost your wits.”
As the story was related to him, his face kept changing expression.
“The guy must have been an idiot. Why didn’t he put on his glasses?”
When we related the part about “one never knows,” he started to coin those famous epithets that only men can say.
In the end, he could not hold it any more and burst out laughing along with us.
At this point, people can tell me all kinds of tales, but I am certain that I am the only woman in the world who was courted with a bunch of celery!
Quivi si piangon gli splendati danni
Quivi' Alessandro, e Dionisio fero.
Che fe Cislia aver dolorosi anni:

(Dante. Divina Comedia. — Inferno Chant XIII.)

Librairie Hachette & Cie
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1914
Impressions of Sicily

by Princess Marie Wolkonsky

Translated into English by Gaetano Cipolla

In this issue of Arba Sicula we are printing a translation of a chapter from an interesting voyage through Sicily penned by Princess Marie Wolkonsky who visited the island in 1913. Wolkonsky, the wife of a Russian prince, was a talented painter and writer who had written another book on Italy before embarking on her expedition to the island. Following numerous Germans, British and French visitors to Sicily who had made the island a mysterious and seductive place, Wolkonsky spent several weeks visiting the island and later wrote an insightful book. She was a well educated lady whose learning, perspicacity and research gives her Impressions de Sicile, published in Paris in 1914, a charm that books of the kind usually lack. The book is written in French, and contains numerous photographs, as well as reproductions of her paintings of the scenes that inspired her most, such as the one on the cover. Reading her impressions is indeed very instructive and those who are familiar with the sights she describes get a glimpse of the progress that Sicily has made in the almost one hundred years since they were taken. Where possible I have included photographs of the same view taken more recently.
Chapter I

From Naples to Taormina

The train we took yesterday in Naples stopped in San Giovanni where we will have to cross the Straits to reach Trinacria.

The short crossing (30 minutes) was less difficult than I expected. The strait renowned among the ancients, reminds me of the legend of Scylla and Charybdis.

Homer in his Odyssey, represents Scylla as a terrible sea monster with six heads, whose cry resembled that of a dog. This monster, fathered by Crateis, lived in a cave and attacked sailors who dared cross the Strait.

On a rock on the opposite shore lived Charybdis, another sea monster who three times a day sucked up the water of the sea and spit it out with violence. This made the crossing difficult.

Ulysses, who sailed close to the rocks, lost six of his men who were captured by Scylla.

Ovid, on the other hand, gave Scylla the appearance of a beautiful young woman who was loved by Glaucus, a Sea god. Circe, out of jealousy, transformed Scylla into a sea monster and then into a rock.

Messina is in front of us. A blue-green choppy sea separates us from the poor destroyed city. The waves hit the bridge and the white spray reaches as far we are.

Nothing remains of the smiling Messina that existed a few years back, and gave it its charm and grace. All that is left are chunks of walls, some fronts of palaces or churches whose interiors and sides have collapsed. Everywhere you look ruins. Some small wagons and carts transport mountains of debris down to the sea. They say there are still bodies under the piles of stones and that seems likely.

Among the general destruction frightening to see, the cathedral shows us half of the dome decorated with gold mosaics and the remains of gothic statues.

In the midst of that destruction, a new Messina has risen in the suburbs and in the city. Some huts made of wood, painted white and covered with metal, house the inhabitants who refuse to abandon their
city in spite of the dangers they face.

Life has begun again: they have opened stores in the basements of the destroyed homes. The lively population is calm, full of energy, and makes repairs, reconstructs, rebuilds its beautiful Messina so well that in ten years that nameless mass of rubble will become an active and prosperous city with a good future.

On the Calabrian coastline the Libeccio wind is blowing. Some large gray clouds drop heavy thunderstorms. Then afterward, once the showers abate, the sun covers the Strait with blue patches.

On the road from Messina to Taormina, a busy and difficult road, we see some heavily laden carts pulled by dark oxen and lighter two-wheeled carts decorated with originality.

The harness of the horses, adorned with multicolored feathers, silver plaques and with a red leather horn placed on the saddle, adds a lively touch to the mule or horse that pulls the cart. Such colorful harnesses, the carts that are painted with bright colors on various themes provide as soon as you enter Sicily a clear impression that the inhabitants of the island are deeply marked by pomp and by what is astonishing. This provides a strange contrast to the way the drivers of these carts are dressed. They wear soiled rags, with a colored handkerchief wrapped around their heads and long mantles or capes around their bodies. This
The panels of the carts are decorated with paintings that recall episodes that occurred in the Middle Ages. The cult of chivalry, which is at the base of the Sicilian soul, manifests itself among the lower classes of the population in the representation of bloody acts of war, inspired in the majority of the cases by the struggles for the island’s independence. There are some ornaments made of wrought iron on the seats completing the decoration of these carts, which I had heard about, but which I never imagined would be so colorful.

We followed the coastline. The road pushes inland through ways of bridges that span large river beds now practically dry.

Villages follow one another continuously. They are surrounded by beautiful citrus orchards whose fruit still green announce a rich harvest.

The passing of our automobile evokes great interest in the people and they look at us with nothing but friendliness. As regards the famous Sicilian poverty, it has not hit me yet. On the contrary the island seems prosperous.

On the Sant’Alessio rock we saw an ancient steepled fortress from
where we had a wonderful view of the sea dotted with white foam extending toward Greece.

**Taormina**

Taormina came next and it is also situated on a height that superbly overlooks the gulf of Catania. Among all the hotels of this city, the one that is certainly the most picturesque is the Timeo because of its position below the Theatre. From its terrace the traveler can dream at will and he can bring back to life in its environment the ways of living of the ancient city.

Seeing that we are so close to such a famous theatre, we feel the urge to visit it right away. It is late and the custodian was about to close but after a few words we persuade him to let us enter.

Although twilight was covering the columns of the theatre with a light shadow, it was still light enough to make out the details.

The monument has undergone a series of alterations. Originally Greek, it was restored by the Romans, then sacked by the Saracens and
the Normans who removed many of the columns to adorn their private constructions. One of these columns was used until a short time ago to level the road.

The columns on the stage at the time of the Greeks represented the end of the view, but the Romans walled them in. The wall made of bricks, stones and cement was broken to make three arched openings. An earthquake made the central opening crumble, leaving it as we see it today.

The amphitheatre was also altered: some special entrances were built for the women. The patricians sat in the reserved steps, while the High Magistrates occupied the podium with sedan chairs. The middle class occupied the higher steps of the theatre and the people, for whom there was a special entrance too, occupied the upper corridors. Built also by the Romans, they resemble the walkways of our modern music halls. The construction of these corridors forced them to destroy a little temple which overlooked the theatre.

The arena, which at the time of the Greeks was used as the chorus,
and the orchestra were enlarged and flattened to make room for the gladiator fights and the wild beasts games. They spread sand on the ground hence the name “arena”.

Until the time it was used by the Romans, the theatre was not an open air theatre. Instead it was covered by a “velarium”.

In their high appreciation of art, the Greeks did not think there was better décor for the representation of their dramatic and lyrical works than that of nature.

The stage of the theatre had a marvelous perspective: on the right Mt. Etna whose peak covered with snow filled up the western side, at the foot of the volcano the sea resplendent with silver sparks that offered a most captivating view, especially at sunset. Behind us the full Moon bathes the blue-black sea with golden hues and fluffy clouds speed through the sky which rapidly darkens.

What an incomparable place, at this hour full of mystery, with these two sources of light fighting against one another, creating a magic,
The custodian related the history of the theatre with a pleasing voice. How many times has he repeated the story of the Bacchantes that the Romans sent into the arena to provide relief to the spectators stunned by the view of the gladiators’ blood. I imagine in the shadows of night a crowd of those joyful figures, those fresh and lively bacchantes crowned with vine leaves. What a contrast between the apparition of these lively figures on the sand and the departure of ferocious beasts whose faces and jaws were still dripping with blood! And what contrast primarily between the brutality of this spectacle, beautiful in its savagery and the objective for which the Greeks had built the theatre! A noble theatre where blood did not flow, where the tragedies vibrated with an ardent patriotic air! What enthusiasm must have gripped the souls of those spectators on seeing such splendid works! I can visualize those Sicilian Greeks with their fine traits their lively expressions, and pride in their national glory! May the walls of the amphitheatre resound with their applause!

Taormina’s theatre saw the representations of the tragedies of men who possessed superhuman talents whose thought penetrates me this beautiful night that threatens rains, a thought that pierced the secrets barely understood of the Eleusine mysteries that rested on the hopeful principle that life is eternally returning.
Having lived through the life of antiquity in Taormina’s theatre, I imagined what Sicily must have been like before the Greek era that was so flourishing and so rich with artistic and literary works. Sicily was inhabited before by races whose origin is little known. The first people whose name we know, but not their history, are the Sikans. The Sykels who followed them came from Italy around six centuries before the Greek occupation and fourteen centuries before our era. They were therefore Latins. Thucydides imagines they were fleeing from the Opic but we can equally suppose that they emigrated in search of a new land. We can see a proof of their Latin origin in the dialect they created and which preserves some words of the mother country. Later when the Sykels merged with the Greeks, these words entered the idiom of the Sicilian colonies. On the Sikan and Sikel civilizations, Paolo Orsi, the director of the Siracusa museum, has collected documents from which you can conclude that the Sikels were a poor race. You cannot find in fact any trace of gold or silver in their tombs. Their industry consisted primarily of rough ceramic, sometimes decorated with paintings and some stone...
instruments. In the last period of the autonomy of this people, before their retreat to the mountains before the Greek invasion, appeared some bronze ornaments such as “fibulae,” rings, necklaces etc. These objects evidently were imported from the outside, for Sicily did not have any copper or tin deposits.

Last night it seems there was a frightening storm, but the fatigue from the journey was such I slept through without hearing anything.

From the large open windows of my room I can see Etna covered by a large cloud rising over it in thick and threatening masses. The sea, more calm today, seems an emerald. The view in front of my eyes is the same as the one from the theatre the night before. But the bright morning light reveals some beauties that the darkness of twilight hid from me last night.

The beating rain did not prevent us from attending mass in the cathedral. Inside the church, empty of pews, there were already a few faithfuls. Women were in the majority. Shawls of white muslin framed the pretty figures with dark complexions and large, dark and smiling eyes. On the higher benches made of marble, the notables of the city sat as if on a throne. These old people who dressed with simplicity had somber and serious appearances and they resembled a reunion of Greek philosophers, risen from their tombs in their solemnity.
What a variety among the types of people attending! Near us there were two young men with eagle like noses whose mixed Moorish blood gave them a certain resemblance to the Andalusian people. Farther away we saw some faces whose Greek profile still preserved the plastic purity that we can admire today in museums. A child, held by his mother, with his dark complexion, his curly hair and his enormous black eyes makes it difficult to know what ethnic group he belongs to. He certainly is not of Moorish origin and therefore that darkness of his thin and round figure reveals a mixture between different races. A group of young women adorn the back of the church with the reflections of their blond hair. The proud Norman knights must have contributed something.

The closed shops give the city a Sunday look. Only the antiquities shops are opened. There you can find among marvelous imitations some real original objects of great value. Such exhibition that does not respect even Sundays reveals the presence of foreigners, of indiscreet invaders who do not know this land whose beauty cannot be bargained in the
The beauty shines outside in the sun and the people venerate and understand it.

The foreigners are numerous, too numerous even, and while you may find among them some who are a distinguished and learned spirits, more often than not their external elegance reflects neither feelings nor culture. They are poor beings whose moody sensibility makes them incapable of understanding the beauty of an idea.

The ambience of Taormina must have been different thirty years ago and the baroque human beings that frequent it were not supposed to come here. The city has been destroyed, the sights offended. Even the avalanche of postcards contributes to trivialize the beauty of Taormina. Too many eyes often without experience look at all those things that I, as a lover of art, would like to contemplate alone. But this pleasure was accorded to me. I had the happiness at least to admire egotistically the beauty of its theatre under the reflections of a blinding Moon.

You must come here at the hour when the silver Moon rises in the sky when it has a somber and infinite transparence: at that time the spectacle is incomparable. The stage with its columns, its trees, and its breach allow you to view the sea far away that takes on strange hues, a troubling impression emerges from that under whose inspiration I un-
understand the grandeur of ancient thoughts which filled these ruins with their magnetic attraction.

I look and I cannot tear myself away from the contemplation of the theatre and nature, fused in the same beauty. Some lights in Taormina shine and recall me to the present day.

Elena, the brunette wife of the custodian with a lamp in her hand, does the honors of the little museum of the theatre. The head of a goddess with a mutilated nose and a bust of Eros represent the main attractions. The rest of the room contains fragments.

A profound and sweet sadness emerges out of the figure of the goddess and as I look at it, the same feelings prevail in me: sublime influence of perfect art that gives even a cold stone a soul and life and goes straight to the heart.

Among the other exciting walks we took during our stay in Taormina the one to the Old Abbey (Abbadia Vecchia) was certainly the most
pleasant. The Old Abbey is an old building in Gothic style of the XIV century. Some pretty windows of the same style are on the upper floors. It is surrounded by an orange orchard situated on terraces. The golden fruit and the dark leaves mixed with the most vibrant rose bushes form a frame worthy of its beauty unfortunately destroyed in part.

The Palace of the Counts of Santo Stefano which we visited next is built in a similar architectural style as the Abbadia. But the windows are not as beautiful. The ground floor included a hall called the Moorish gym whose ceiling is held up by a central column. You can still see the water conduits and basin where the Arabs did their ablutions before or after their exercises.

Body hygiene was for them the objet of special care. A point remains to be made clear: knowing whether the exercises (the palestra of the Romans) followed the bath (tepidarium et frigidarium) as for the Romans or preceded it.

In the garden full of flowers an old man gathered some oranges for us. While we were eating them, we listened with some pleasure as he exchanged some harsh words with his wife, a little old woman whose wrinkled but lovable face was lit by a welcoming smile.

Not far from there we visited the church of Saint Dominic built by Dominus Rubens, baron of Celure piscopi e Chiumatrice in 1477. The Founder, after living as part of the religious community, donated the convent and the church to it and then regretted the act and made a separate testament which bequeathed to his direct descendants everything in case the Community disappeared or was dissolved. In 1860 the new Italian Government decreed the suppression of numerous religious orders among which was the order of Saint Dominic. The old Prior of the convent was named custodian and administrator by the civilian authorities. Then it happened that one day while doing some research in the archives of the community he came upon the testament of the founder. The astute monk placed the testament in his pocket and he kept it hidden for thirty years. But such a dishonest action did not work well for him and the document so carefully guarded had to be unveiled when the Government inspector who was not pleased with the prior demanded the keys to the convent. The prior obeyed but took his revenge by bringing the document to the
principal inheritor, the Prince of Cerami. When the monk showed up in Catania in the Prince’s palace, fearing that he was a beggar, the Prince did not want to receive him. The monk was so insistent that the Prince accorded him an interview. That’s how the Prince of Cerami was able to obtain his rights. After a long legal battle against the Government, his son signed an agreement on the bases of which under certain reserves he became owner of the convent which now has been transformed into a hotel.

The main ornament of the church which is vast and well lit is constituted by marble mosaics, rich in color and design. We must also mention the Renaissance chorus made of carved walnut. On top of each chapel there are bas-relief sculptures with images of religious life. The fine figures are perfectly preserved. Through a door hidden by an inside wall you enter the sacristy adorned on three sides with magnificent armoires.
and trunks in sculpted wood. The entrance door placed on the fourth wall is surmounted by a niche in which, as indicated by the inscription on a marble plaque, the remains of the founder, Dominus Rubens, are kept.

A large court opens up upon a charming cloister completely covered with plants. These cloisters together with another bigger section are a part of the San Domenico Hotel.

Taormina has numerous ruins from the Middle Ages. Buildings of that age are not lacking. Many have been destroyed, but the Corvaia and Ciampoli Palaces are sufficient to give an idea about the patrician buildings of the time. The Corvaia Palace is a vast crenellated building that still has some arched ogival Norman windows and twin columns. Many have been covered. It is regrettable to see that the majestic square of the windows has been walled to make room for small square bays for the use of the current dwellers. The lower floor rests on the foundations of a temple which according to some historians was sacred to Minerva.

The Palazzo Corvaia is also known with the name “Palazzo dei Signori Tedeschi” (The Palace of the German Lords) because it was used as the residence around 1409 of the Knights of the Teutonic Order.

In the courtyard there is a staircase which leads to a landing whose frontage is adorned with a bas-reliefs representing Adam and Eve. The richness of these sculptures suggests the splendor of the Norman life. The Parliament which was held in this very palace in 1411 must have afforded everyone as splendid a parade of rich costumes. Now the courtyard is dirty. There is smoke and hay on the ground and near the entrance two men are busy shoeing a recalcitrant mule.

The origin of Ciampoli palace is probably Saracen. At any rate, its equally Gothic windows are of a purer style than those of the Corvaia Palace, especially the arches on the surrounding wall which show through their fine columns a luxurious vegetation of roses, bougainvillea and jasmine.

The palaces of Taormina are not the only vestiges of the past: beside the crenellated walls there are still some gates which cut the main street of the city. Of these two are worthy of mention: the gate known as “Del mezzo o dell’orologio” (Of the Middle or of the Clock) and the Gate known as “Catania o del tocco”. The first, whose superior part was made in 1100, goes back to the Greek–Sicilian era. It was taken down and then
rebuilt in the XVII century. The second near the center of town almost takes its name from the bell that the Normans used to call the people to public gatherings which were held in Palazzo Santo Stefano.

There is a Saracen castle, Castel Mola that overlooks the city. The only interesting thing about this castle are the walls. The little village, Mola, is not far and it is built inside the rocks.

In Taormina I painted with so much pleasure because nature is full of attractive sights and because I was living in the midst of memories of a people who were once great and beautiful. Thus I attempted to express with all my being the exciting feelings that the enchanting surroundings inspired.

Since the season was still early our hotel was occupied by two women painters. One, a Russian, and the other, English, and some Germans on “schon” vacations. A famous personality in English literature on account of his psychological works was also at the hotel: M. Hichens, author of The Tongues of Conscience, The Call of the Blood in which the Sicilian character is drawn with a masterful touch and of The Way of Ambition. M. Hichens whom we had the pleasure of meeting made Taormina his favorite sojourn. In the calm of the Sicilian light, he meditates on the multiple and complicated soul of human beings. M. Hichens’ retreat is a veritable jewel. Situated in a savage gorge far away from all habitation no noise disturbs the silence, except the whispering of a river and the chirping of birds. There are roses and roses of every color that invade the garden and surround the little house that has a halo tinged in red, yellow, white and rose. It is an orgy of flowers where the leaves have disappeared. M. Hichens warmly welcomed us in his rose garden and we will remember the charming souvenir for a long time.
2011 marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of the Italian nation. Although Italy boasts of a much longer history (Rome was founded in 753 BC), the unification of the country we know as Italy today occurred only in 1861, exactly on March 17, 1861. But even then Italians had to wait until 1870 to see Rome declared the capital of the country. So this year, at the encouragement of President Giorgio Napolitano, hundreds of celebrations have taken place in Italy and wherever Italians reside to wish happy birthday to one of the oldest young nation in the world, parading the tricolored flag and proudly singing the “Inno di Mameli,” the Italian National Anthem. It’s true that a number of people have not celebrated the event. Umberto Bossi’s *Lega Nord* (The Northern League), for example, made a point to boycott such celebrations. The league has for years threatened to secede from the union. Its members have vowed to separate the productive North from the stagnating South, casting it adrift into the Mediterranean sea. Others have perhaps gone overboard by glorifying the figures that are considered the fathers of the country, such as Giuseppe Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel II, glossing over some of the nasty events through which unification was achieved as inevitable, a sacrifice required for the good of a unified, single political entity to stand alongside the other single European nations. After all, they reason, those events happened 150 years ago and they have no bearing on today’s Italy. Unfortunately, that is not the case. The Northern League has forgotten what the South and Sicily contributed to Italian unification and the others who celebrate the event have forgotten that for Sicilians and other southerners becoming Italians has not improved their lot. Today, after 150 of unity, in terms of the standard of living, employment, so-
creditu bancariu pi l’investimenti e pi usu pirsunali, i regioni dû Nord stannu assai megghiu dî regioni miridiunali e dà Sicilia. I differenzi ntra u Nord e u Sud ca esistevanu ntò 1860 foru ridotti nanticchia, ma enor-mi disparità ancora restanu. Sti differenzi si ponnu vidiri unni talii talii. N’esempiu vali pi tuttii: Nta l’edizioni di duminica di America Oggi dû 17 lugliu 2011 vitti n’articulu ca annunziava “Aumenta il divario Nord-Sud nel credito alle PMI” Mentri u tassu di criscita dû finanziamentu ntò settori di manufatturi a liveddu naizunali crisciu sulu di 0,3%, i fabbrichi situati a Monza e ntà Brianza (Lombardia) riciverunu finanziamenti di 21,4% chiossai di l’annu pricidenti, mentri a fabbrichi ntò stissu settori situati a Siracusa in Sicilia i finanziamenti foru ridotti di 62.5% rispettu a l’annu pricidenti. Chistu cunferma chiddu ca già sapiamu, ca i banchi, oramai tutti ntè mani di istituzioni dû Nord, finanzianu chiù facilmenti i cumpagnii situati ntò Nord a scapitu di chiddi situati ntò meridiuni. A stissa disparità veni praticata pû creditu ê famigghi e a l’individui.


Tassi eccessivi: pi dari n’idea dû prublemà na cifra sula basta: a Sicilia pagava 7.6 miliuni di liri pi tassi supra a terra e edifici prima dû 1860. Ntò 1877 dda tassa aumintau a 36.3 miliuni pi li stissi terri e edifici. Dicchiù i Siciliani appiru a pagari 141.5 miliuni in forma di tassi supra u consumu. A Sicilia, chi cà so ricchizza aiutau a Garibaldi a finanziari a so spidizìoni—a prima cosa ca u Generali fici na vota ca pigghiau cuntrollu di Palermu fu di pulizìari i cassi dû Bancu di Sicilia ca cuntinevanu na
cial services, infrastructures, quality of life, bank credit for investments and for personal use, the northern regions are far better off than the southern regions and Sicily. The differences between the North and the South that existed in 1860 have been reduced somewhat, but enormous disparities remain. You can see the disparities almost everywhere you look. One example will suffice: In the Sunday issue of America: Oggi of July 17, 2011, there appeared an article carrying this title: Aumenta il divario Nord-Sud nel credito alle PMI. (For small firms Credit Disparities between North and South Are Growing). While the rate of growth for financing in the manufacturing sector in Italy barely grew by 0.3%, the manufacturers located in Monza and Brianza (Lombardy) received 21.4% more than last year, while the same sector operating in Siracusa, Sicily was slashed by 62.5%. This confirms what we already know that the banks, mostly in the hands of northern institutions, as a matter of course lend more easily to companies located in the North than they do to those located in the South. The same disparities exist also for credit to families and individuals.

In Sicily the unemployment rate is usually the highest in the country: 25-30%, per capita income is much lower than the national average, and young people have little hope of finding a job locally. Their only hope is to emigrate, following the millions of their compatriots who were forced to find a better life elsewhere when the promises made in order to gain their support for unification were not kept. Throughout their long history, Sicilians never knew what it meant to emigrate. The people of the Mediterranean came to Sicily because of its climate, beauty, and fertility. Phoenicians, Greeks, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, French, Spaniards, and many others came to Sicily as conquerors and as colonizers. Sicilians only learned what emigration was after they became part of Italy. The newly formed Italian nation failed to address the many problems Sicilians faced and added even more serious ones of its own:

**Excessive taxation.** To give an idea of the problem one figure is sufficient: Sicily paid about 7.6 million lire for taxes on lands and buildings before 1860. In 1877 the tax burden had risen to 36.3 million for the same holdings and on top of that an addition 141.5 million on consumption taxes. Sicily, whose wealth actually helped Garibaldi to finance
furtuna in muniti d’oru ed’ argentu—cuntribbuiu sulu 136 miliuni di liri 
ô debitu naziunali dà nova nazioni chi vinniru ripagati in bedda maniera 
attraversu i 163 miliuni ca u Statu guadagnau dà vinnita di li proprietà 
espropriati a li istituti religiusi. U debitu naziunali in tuttu era di 3.6 
embali di liri (principalmente debiti dû Piemunti e dà Lombardia), 
ppuru quannu vinni ura di pagari u debitu, i Siciliani appiru a pagari 
comu si avissiru cuntribbuitu ô debitu.

L’istituzioni dà leva militari ntâ Sicilia ca non avia sta tradizioni, 
ciau migghiara di diserturi dî cuntadini ca non si putevanu pirmettiri di 
alluntanarisi dà so terra pi tanti anni. Pi li famigghi chistu vuleva diri la 
fami. E pi chistu tanti cuntadini si desiru a fari i banditi pi supravviviri, 
ciannu grossi problemi di sicurezza pû Guvernu. I banditi siciliani nun 
eranu ladri e dilinguenti cumuni. Eru poviri cundadini ca nun vulevanu 
feri si surdati pi non fari moriri di fami i so famigghi.

A mancata distribuzioni dì terri dû latifunnu comu Garibaldi avia 
prumittutu. Ntô 1871 ci fu l’opportunitati di distribbuiri grossi proprietà 
espropriati a li istituzioni religiusi—ntà immensa funti di richizza 
siciliana ca iu a inchiri i cassaforti du Statu—ma invece di daricci sì 
cuntadini i terri foru divisi in manera tali ca foru criati autri latifundia 
ancoa chiù granni ca foru accattati di ricchi feudatarii ca vivevanu in 
autri posti.

A richizza dû Sud fu investita di novu pi sviluppari l’industrii 
dû Nord. Chista fu a scelta precisa dû Guvernu Talianu dû principiu. 
Secunnu statistichi priparati di Benini a sproporzione ntà ridistribuzioni 
dû rennitu statal dirivatu dì tassi è lampanti. Ntô piriudu dû 1886-1889 
pì ogni 100 liri di tassi ricivuti dà Sicilia, u Statu spinniu sulu 67 liri ntà 
Sicilia. Pi ogni autra regioni pi ogni 100 liri ricivuti dì tassi u Statu nni 
spinniu 97. A pulitica economica e politica dû Guvernu Talianu ha sempri 
favuritu i regioni dû Nord, primariamente u Piemunti, a Lombardia e a 
Liguria. I conclusioni ovvii su nu ca u pruggestu dû Nord fu finanziatu 
in partu livannucci ô Sud chiddu ca ci spittava.

Ntâ Sicilia l’entusiasmu di fari parti di na nova nazioni cuminciau 
a squagghiari ntô mumento ca u novu regnu d’Italia fu proclamatu. I 
sissant’anni siguente foru i chiù difficili pà Sicilia. Na seri di calamitati 
successiru ca rinneru a vita assai difficili pî Sicilianu: u collascu di l’industri

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his expedition—the first thing the General did when he took control of Palermo was to empty the vaults of the Banco di Sicilia which contained a fortune in gold and silver coins—contributed only 136 million lire to the national debt of the newly formed nation which was handsomely offset by the 163 million the State received from the auction of the expropriated land holdings of the Church. The total national consisted of 3.6 billion (most of it from Piedmont and Lombardy), yet when it came to pay for the debt, Sicilians were asked to pay as though they had contributed to the debt;

The establishment of conscription to Sicily which had never had such a tradition, made tens of thousands of deserters of peasants whose absence from their farms would mean starvation for their families; the deserters turned to banditry to survive, creating serious security problems;

Lack of real support for the agriculture even though the South had been designated as the producer of agricultural products. Sicily which was once known as the granary of Rome became unable to meet the demand for wheat to feed its own increased population;

Failure to distribute land to farmers as promised by Garibaldi. In 1871 there was an opportunity to actually distribute the large estates known as latifundia expropriated from religious institutions—another immense source of Sicilian wealth that ended up in the State coffers—but instead of going to individual small farmers the lands apportioned in such a way as to create even larger latifundia in the hands of a few very wealthy absent landowners;

Reinvestment of the wealth of the South to develop industries in the North was a precise choice of the Italian governments from the beginning. According to a statistic provided by Benini the disproportion in the redistribution of State income derived from taxes is clear. In the period from 1886-1889 for every 100 lire of taxes received from Sicily, the State spent only 67 lire there. In every other region for every 100 lire received the State spent 97 lire. The economic and political policies of the Italian government have clearly favored the Northern regions, primarily Piedmont, Lombardy and Liguria. The obvious conclusion is that the North’s progress was financed in part by shortchanging the South.

In Sicily, the enthusiasm for being part of a brand new country

Allura, putemu diri ca i Siciliani sunu cuntenti di essiri Taliani? Cridu ca a risposta avi a essiri certamenti di sì, ma...i riservi hannu a chi fari cu fattu ca non si pò ignorari ca a Sicilia ha avutu na longa storia separata prima di divintari taliana. Puru ca iddi hannu statu guvirnati di autri, i Siciliani hannu sempri avutu u sensu dà so identità siparata, dà so diffirenza di l’autri pruvinci taliani, na diffirenza di lingua, tradizioni e valuri. L’Italia infatti cunfirmau stu fattu dannu a Sicilia nu Statutu ca ricanuschi a so diversità e autonomia ntô cuntestu dà Repubblica taliana. Senza dubbiu, u Statutu fu appruvatu nun sulu comu ricanuscimentu dà storia passata dà Sicilia, ma puru picchì i Siciliani dopu a secunna guerra mundiali sustinevanu nu mvimentu pi sipararisi di l’Italia. Vulevanu divintari parti di Statu Uniti, ma a pulitica internaziunali nun vosi appruvaru stu disadderiu. U Statutu ricanusciu puru u debitu di l’Italia versus a Sicilia pi tutti i problemi ncuntrati ntô caminu di divintari taliana. L’Articulu 38 dû Statutu Sicilianu, appruvatu dû guvernu nazionali, priscrivi specificamenti ca u Statu talianu havi a pagari na summa di sordi ogni annu pi livellari li diffirenzi ntra l’infrastrutturi tra l’isula e u cuntinenti. E’ cuncepita come nu attu di “cuntribbutu di solidarietà nazionali” ca divi essiri rivisitatu ogni cincu anni pi determinari chi havi a essiri canciatu. Di ricenti, u Guvernu Talianu ha circatu di ridduciri a summa dû cuntribbutu di solidarietà, senza pigghiarì in cunsiddirazioni
started waning at the moment the new Kingdom of Italy was proclaimed. The next sixty years proved to be the most trying for Sicily: A number of other calamities occurred that made life very difficult for Sicilians: the collapse of the citrus industry, the terrible blight that practically destroyed the Sicilian wine industry, the stagnation of the *latifundia*, the collapse of the textile industry, of the leather tanning, production of soap and other activities. Combined with the other reasons mentioned earlier Sicily was a cauldron ready to explode and it did so several times, which the State crushed with overwhelming force. Emigration was the valve that released the tensions. In the last decades of the 19th century Sicilians started leaving their island in search of better places. They started slowly at first, but in a few years the stream became a flood. From 1876 to 1925, 1.42 million Sicilians left their home in the direction of North America, Argentina and Brazil. As an indication that the problems Sicilians faced in the 19th century were not solved, the wave of emigration resumed again after the end of the Second World War, but this time they went mostly to Australia.

So are Sicilians happy to be Italians? Should they be happy to celebrate their identity as Italians? I think the answer is undoubtedly yes, but… The reservation is primarily made because you cannot ignore the fact that Sicily had a long history as a separate nation before becoming Italian. While they may have been ruled by others, Sicilians have always had a sense of their own separate identity, of their difference from other Italic provinces, a difference in language, customs, and values. Italy, in fact, confirmed this truth by granting Sicily a Statute that recognizes its diversity and autonomy in the context of the Italian Republic. No doubt the Statute was approved not only in recognition of Sicily’s past history but also because Sicilians after World War II supported a movement to separate from Italy. They wanted to become part of the United States, but international politics would not allow it to happen. The Statute also recognized Italy’s debt to Sicily for all the difficulties it faced in becoming part of Italy. Article 38 of the Sicilian Statute which was approved by the national government, specifically requires the Italian State to pay a sum of money every year intended to bridge the disparities in infrastructures between the island and the mainland. It is understood as a “contribution of national solidarity” that must be revisited every five years to determine
ca i diffirenzi ca l’Articulu 38 avia a curreggi ci sunu ancora curretti. Anzi, in certi casi hannu canciatu pù peggiu.


what changes need to be made. Recently the Italian government has tried
to drastically reduce the size of the solidarity contribution, notwithstanding
that the disparities that the article was intended to bridge have not
been corrected. Indeed in some cases they have gotten more severe.

So are Sicilians happy to be Italians? Again the answer has to yes, but…For Sicilians, there is no going back. They are Italians now and
they will remain Italians, but there are those who think that the Sicilian Statute, which grants the Sicilian Parliament ample autonomy in its
own affairs and which was signed before the new Italian Constitution,
should be abided more faithfully in order to improve the lot of Sicilians.
The problems exist and will not go away by themselves. In the last 64
years since the Statute was approved much has been done to improve
the lot of the population. Some highways have been completed finally.
The Palermo-Messina which was started over thirty years ago finally was
opened last year. The Catania-Siracusa was also finished as were a number
of smaller projects. The Berlusconi government has vowed to build the
bridge over the Strait of Messina, but many people do not see this as a
panacea for what ails Sicily. Problems still remain: unemployment, little
or no industrial development, tens of thousands of college graduates that
cannot find work, and the persistent shadow of the mafia that continues
to plague the island even though things are changing in this area. For
Sicilians to be happy to be Italian someone must address and solve the
problems of unemployment, of the lack of infrastructures, the lack of an
effective system of transportation (a train ride from Messina to Palermo
today will take five hours), easier access to credit, the lack of investment
in tourism, railroads, airports, health facilities. One encouraging sign from
the present Sicilian Parliament was the recent passage of a law authorizing
the teaching of the Sicilian language in the public schools. And for this
Arba Sicula congratulate the Sicilian Regional Assembly for an act that late in coming but certainly welcome. I remember that a few years ago
the employees of the ARS were prohibited from speaking Sicilian while
on the job. That was a misguided and self inflicted wound. A lot more
needs to be done in this area if we want to erase the stigma that is still
attached to speaking Sicilian. What we need to do is to make it more
acceptable to walk into a bank in the big cities and speak Sicilian to the
è membri dà famigghia e è canuscenti. Avemu a diri è nostri picciriddi ca u sicilianu è a so lingua. A scusa usata oggi ca mparari u sicilianu rappri- senta n’impedimentu a mparari l’italianu nun è chiù valida. Canusciri du lingui è certamenti preferibili a aviri sulu na lingua. Canusciri chiù di na lingua, oltri a dari a na pirsuna chiù risorsì pi putirisi esprimiri megghiu, ci duna na prutezioni contru a malatia di l’Alzheimer, secunnu quacchi studiu. Forsi avissimu a usari sta nutizia nta na campagna pubblicitaria cu la scritta: “Mparàti u Sicilianu e ritardàti a senilità!” Scherzi a parti, sugnu ncuraggiatu vidennu ca l’atmosfera canciau pi quantu riguarda a lingua siciliana. Speru sulu ca i pulitici siciliani ca ntò passatu hannu fattu picca o nenti accettunu di isari a banna ca Arba Sicula ha tinutu auta pi trentadui anni e chi ha statu l’obiettivu primariu di l’organizzazioni: studiari, priservari e promoviri a lingua siciliana.
clerks, or go to the hospital and talk to the doctors in Sicilian. We need to make it normal to talk to other Sicilians whom you do not know in Sicilian. The current practice basically restricts the use of Sicilian to family members and acquaintances. We finally need to tell the children of Sicily that Sicilian is their language. The current excuse that they need to learn Italian and neglect Sicilian on the basis that learning Sicilian is an obstacle to learning Italian is not valid. Being bilingual is certainly preferable to being monolingual. Indeed knowing more languages, in addition to giving a person more resources through which to express himself, gives him/her an added protection against Alzheimer’s disease, according to some studies. Maybe we should use this bit of information for a publicity campaign: “Learn Sicilian and postpone senility!” Joking aside, I am encouraged that the atmosphere seems to be changing as regards the Sicilian language. I only hope that the Sicilian politicians who in the past have done little take up the fight that has been at the core of Arba Sicula’s reason for being: studying, preserving and spreading the Sicilian language.
U Trisceli ntâ bannera siciliana: 
Dopu 11 anni di l’adozioni restanu assai dubbii

*Di Antonino Mondino*

Tradottu in sicilianu di Gaetano Cipolla

*Pi curtisia di Epuca nostra, Trapani*

Cà liggi rigiunali n. 1 dû 2000 u Parlamentu Sicilianu aduttau u trisceli, come parti integranti dà bannera dà Sicilia misu ò centru ntra u russu e u giallu, l’immagini di nu essiri cu tri gammi cà facci di fimmina cu l’ali, cu sirpentì ò postu di capiddi e cu spichi di frumentu. Vulemu sapiri oggi a distanza di 11 anni di cunsighgherì ca vutaru e dì storici ca proposiru di scegghiri ad iddu, u significatu di tali simbulu câvissi a fari bugghiri cu unanimi cunsensu nu populu sanu pi nu valuri e nu ideali a lu quali aspirari. U Parlamentu rivoluziunariu prisidutu di Ruggeru Settimu ntò 1848 pruclamau u Statu Repubblicanu Sicilianu ca durau appena quattru misi e dicritau a bannera triculuri cù trisceli ò centru. Putemu capiri e giustificari ê rivoluzionarii dû 1848 picchi liggevanu i
The Triskeles on the Sicilian Flag
11 Years After Its Adoption Many Questions Remain

By Antonino Mondino

Translated by Gaetano Cipolla

Courtesy of Epuca Nostra, Trapani

With Regional Law no. 1, the Sicilian Parliament adopted the Triskeles as an integral part of the Sicilian Flag, placed at the center between the red and the yellow in the year 2000. It represents a being with three legs with the face of a woman with wings, with snakes in place of hair and stalks of wheat. After eleven years we ask the aldermen who voted and the historians who proposed such a choice, the meaning of the symbol which should bind a people to an ideal and a value with unanimous consent. The revolutionary Sicilian Parliament presided by Ruggero Settimo in 1848 that proclaimed the Sicilian Republic, which lasted barely four months, declared the tricolored flag with the Triskeles at the center as its flag. We can understand and justify the Sicilian revolutionaries of 1848
because they read the historians of the time who claimed erroneously that this symbol was placed on Sicilian coins after they were liberated from the tyrants. But we have a difficult time in judging the politicians of the year 200 as enlightened when scientific studies have made enormous strides in the last century and several historians who have studied the meaning of the symbol have given divergent interpretations never based on certainties. First of all we don’t understand why wheat stalks are present in the year 2000 when Sicilian agriculture based on the cultivation of wheat lies in disarray and failure because it is not competitive on the market. Two Roman Consuls, respectively in 49 and 38 BC had included this detail of wheat stalks to indicate the fertility of Sicily as Rome’s granary and they had a reason to do so because Sicily was a conquered land. We also ask the meaning of the presence of the woman’s face. Unfortunately we have not been able to find such images in any object or document of

Munita du tempu di Agatocli./ Coins from the time of Agatocles.
antiquity. In some Triskeles at the center we find the head of the Medusa, the terrible monster with snakes as hair—according to the myth—who petrified whoever gazed on her. But such a face has nothing to do with the face of the young woman. But let’s move on to the fourth century BC when Siracusa with her great leader Dionysus I and Timoleon became the most important political, commercial and cultural center in the Mediterranean, countering the might of the Carthaginians and expanding their influence in the Magna Graecia colonies. The Siracusan fighters carried the Triskeles with the head of Medusa on their shields as a symbol of power and as a way of frightening their adversaries and display with pride the fact that they belonged to the island with the three promontories (Peloro, Pachino and Lilibeo). At the time of Agatocles (371-289 BC) the Triskeles on the coins of Siracusa represented the symbol of the aggregation of Palermo, Agrigento, Enna and other colonies in Campania, Apulia and Calabria against the Carthaginians. But can we today take pride in a symbol whose reason to exist was the force of arms and legend? Greek mythology relates that Athena in the struggle between the gods and the giants, on whose shields the image of the Triskeles was painted, hurled an enormous boulder against Encelado, and as the legend goes Sicily was born from it. The Triskeles on a Gela vase of the VII century BC harkens to the relationship between the earlier Cretan civilization and with Daedalus, able architect who had come to Sicily. The figure in a Cretan vase dating back to 1750 BC is depicted with rotating legs and recalls the legend of Hephaestus, a builder of robots precursor of Daedalus who, hurled by his mother Juno on the island of Lemnos, built a Triskeles with golden wheels which made it possible for him to return to Mt. Olympus. Finally we point to two other interpretations. In Tunisia, the god Baal, the sun god and of the three seasons is represented with a bull and a Triskeles which symbolizes the flowing of time. In the Indo-Aryan symbolism the Triskeles is the representation of the Moon, the goddess Hecate with three scythes. In the light of what has emerged from our historical research we ask of those who have the duty to respond to enlighten us on the real meaning of the Triskeles placed on the Sicilian flag and especially on what values it represents.
Arti Siciliana

Arti antica e moderna s’incontranu a Agrigentu

Di Gaetano Cipolla

I soci di Arba Sicula ca participaru o tour 17esimu av’annu appiru u piaciri di vidiri na cosa spiciali e inaspittata quannu visitammu dda magnifica Valli dì Tempii a Agrigentu: un matrimoniu tra l’architettura antica e l’arti moderna. Comu sicurmente sapiti, a Valli dì Tempii è un locu diputatu di l’UNESCO come postu di retaggio dû munnu, unu dî tanti ntà Sicilia ca niautri includemu sempri ntê tour di Arba Sicula picchì offri na cunnessioni visuali dà Sicilia cà Grecia.

Chist’annu, comu cuminciannu a caminari dû Tempiu di Hera fin’ô Tempiu di Giovi di l’autru latu dà strata naziunali vittimu na vintina di enormi sculturi di bronzu misi nterra rantu u tragittu dà “Via sacra” in
Modern and Ancient Art Meet in Agrigento

By Gaetano Cipolla

The members of Arba Sicula who went on the 17th tour of Sicily this year were treated to a special and unexpected marriage between ancient architecture and modern sculpture when they visited the wonderful Valley of the Temples in Agrigento. As you probably know, the Valley of the Temples is a Unesco World Heritage site, one of many in Sicily, and it is always included in Arba Sicula’s tours as one of the many sites that provide a visual link to Sicily’s connection to Greece.

This year, as we began our mile and a half walk from the Temple of Hera down to the Temple of Zeus on the other side of the national road, we saw at least twenty enormous bronze sculpture situated along Icarus, and the Temple of Hera.
I posizioni strategiche comu si ognuna d’iddi vulissi cunvirsari cu chiddu ca resta di l’antichi tempii, na cunvirsazioni ntra l’antichi petri di tempi cu li statui di bronzu a li quali ci mancava na testa o nu brazzu. Fu n’esperienza mimurabbili ca tagghiava u ciatu a cu taliava. I statui cu tutta a so forma post-moderna, chì so formi mutilati e incompleti pi dari l’idea dù dannu causatu dù passagju dù tempu, parevanu nesciri
the “via sacra,” (the sacred way) in strategic positions as though each of them was conversing with the remains of the ancient temples, a conversation between the old stones of the temples with the truncated bronze of the statues. It was a breathtaking experience. The statues, in all their post-modern form and with their incomplete and mutilated shapes that suggest the ravages of time, seemed to have emerged from the earth to claim their rightful place among the ancient columns of the temples, in the silent and unearthly atmosphere of the Valley.

The statues are the work of a Polish artist, Igor Mitoraj, who was born in Oederan, Germany in 1944. Mitoraj who studied at the Kracow School of Art and at the Kracow Academy of Art, is a world famous artist who has exhibited his works in many countries. He has studied at the National School of Art in Paris and worked extensively in South America and Mexico. He works in a number of media, oils, terra cotta, marble and bronze. In 1997, having visited the marble quarries of Carrara which is the place where Michelangelo got the marble for his sculpture, Mitoraj set up a shop in Pietrasanta and began using marble as his main medium, as well as bronze. The statues he exhibited in the Valley of the Temples
dà terra, dumannannu u so dirittu di stari a latu di l’antichi culonni di tempii, nta dda silinziusa atmosfera d’autru munnu dà Vallata di Tempii.

I statui sunu opira di n’artista pulaccu, Igor Mitoraj ca nasciu a Oederan ntà Germania ntò 1944. Mitoraj, ca studiau a la Scola d’Arti di Cracovia e poi a l’Accademia d’Arti, è n’artista famusu ca ha avutu mostri in tanti nazioni. Iddu studiau a Scola Nazionali d’Arti di Parigi e travagghiau assai tempu ntò Sud America e ntò Messicu. Iddu usa diversi materiali pà so arti: ogghiu, terracotta, marmuru e bronzu. Ntò 1977,
were created between 1980 and 2010. As you can see from the photographs of his work, Mitoraj’s sculptures have a classical look. The bodies are beautifully modeled and classically proportioned. They are made to look flawless like the gods or heroes they are supposed to represent. The twist that makes them post-modern works lies in Mitoraj’s decision to present them in truncated forms. In the statue situated in the vicinity of the Temple of Hera, which represent Icarus, the statue’s upper body is cut off as well as one of the two wings, which presumably caused him to
dopu ca visitau i cavi di marmuru di Carrara ca è u postu unni Michelangelo iva a pigghiari u marmuru pì so sculturi, Mitoraj apriu nu studiu a Pietrasanta e cuminciavu a usari u marmuru comu a materia prima pì so sculturi, assemi ò bronzu. I statuï ca misi in esposizioni ntà Valli di Tempii foru criati dû 1980 ò 2010. Comu si pò vidiri di fortografii dî so opiri, i statuï di Mitoraj hannu n’aspettu classico. I corpi sunu modellati in manera stupenda e hannu proporzioni classici. Sunnu fattu òi mustrari a perfezioni di li dei o eroi ca iddi rapprisentanu. U toccu ca li fa divintari opiri postmoderni sta ntà dicisioni di Mitoraj di prisintarili in manera mancanti di quacchi cosa. Nta la statua situata vicinu ò tempiu di Hera ca rapprisenta a Icaru, a parti supiriuri dû corpu è mancanti e manca puru una di li du ali. Forsi era chidda ca quannu Icaru bbulau troppu autu vicinu ò sulì dda ala di cira si squagghiau facennulu cadiri a mari. Li du facci di Casturi e Polluci, i divini gimelli, sunu bellissimi e sunu prisintati tristi e pinsirusi ma ci manca la testa. Sunnu sulu profilì cu la testa vacanti. Ò corpu perfettu di Athena ca è modellata classicamente ci manca a testa, e havi un quatratu tagghiatu ntà li costi e nta na ala e havi nu scudu ca facci di Midusa ca cci mmuccia e pruteggi u sessu. Si vi ricurdati a mitologia, l’eroi Grecu Perseu fu chiddu ca ci tagghiau a testa à Midusa taliannula indirettamente ntò so scudu. Cu taliava a Midusa nta facci divintava di petra. Athena poi si misi a testa dà Midusa supra u so scudu pi fari scantari a chiddi ca a taliavanu. A dea nasciu dà testa di Giovi e rapprisenta li attività mentali, u patriarcatu, a scienza, a caccia e tanti autri cosi. Primariamenti ìdda rapprisenta a virginità e non voli aviri nenti a chi fari cu l’omo e l’amuri. L’artista Mitoraj ci misi a testa dà Midusa ntra li gammi pi scuraggiari l’omini c’avissiru intinzioni romantichi.

L’idea di la mostra vinni di Lorenzo Zichichi e Rosalia Camerata Scovazzo, presidenti pro tempore dû Parcu Archeologico di Tempii ca ha circatu di cunnettiri l’antichi monumenti cu l’arti moderna. A mostra fu inaugurata u 16 d’aprili e resta aperta pi ottu misi finu a novembri. Chistu è un periodu assai longu pi na mostra di stu generi. Ma chista è na cosa bona pi chiddi tra vuiautri ca vulissiru visitari a Sicilia in autunnu. Forsi putiti iri a vidirila in pirsunu.
fall from the sky when he went too close to the sun which melted his wax wings. The two faces of the twin gods Castor and Pollux are beautifully modeled in a pensive mood, but they are simply silhouettes, empty shells which simply give a hint of their original beauty before time ravaged their heads. The headless body of Athena is perfectly formed but it has a little square carved into her abdomen and a shield containing the face of the Medusa guarding and protecting her genitals. If you recall your mythology, the Greek hero Perseus cut of Medusa’s head by looking in a reflection of his shield. Whoever dared to look at the Medusa was turned into stone. Then Athena wore the head of the Medusa on her shield to terrify anyone who dared to look at her. She was born from Zeus’ head and is connected with patriarchy, science, hunting. She represent virginity and she wants nothing to do with men and love. Mitoraj placed the head of the Medusa between her legs to discourage any men who had romantic ideas.

The idea of the exhibition came from Lorenzo Zichichi and Rosalia Camerata Scovazzo, president pro tempore of the Valley of the Temple Archeological Park who has been trying to think of ways of connecting the ancient monuments with the present. The exhibition was inaugurated on April 16 and will remain in place for eight months until November 2011, which is an unusually long period of time for a show like it. But that is a good thing for those of you who are traveling to Sicily this fall. You can still see the show.
Nello Benintende è n’artista attaccatu a l’aria. Un sciusciu d’aria, un battitu d’ali, na biddizza di formi, na sirena armonia di linii, n’emozioni eterea; accussì nni parunu i sculturi di Nello Benintende. E accussì, suspinnuti ntra l’aria e a terra, attravirsati dà luci ca evidenzia a materia, ogni scultura nni cunta di n’arditizza di pinseru e di stili ca aviamu scurdatu nta na massa mbrugghiata di formi astratti e privi di sensu, ntô scuru d’un pinseri senza emozioni.

U mitu, comu nnû cunta Benintende, havi tratti umani e spissu caratteristichi morali: Narcisu ca si specchia û videmu comu un mezzu bustu ribaltatu e nni pari di individuari nta sta forma duplci e simmetrica l’ambivalenza stissa dà natura umana, tisa ntra l’opposti punti focali: beni e mali, amuri e odiu, vanità e trascuratizza, biddizza e bruttizza.

Eos, u Rattu di Europa, Filumela e Progni, Icaru ed autri sculturi si librano nta l’aria comu

Gea, lignu di pinu/ Gea è a matri terra di unni nasciunu tutti à cosi . Da so unioni cu celu nasci ll’aqua ca fa crisciri tuttu./

Gaea, pine wood, 68 cm, 2003. Gaea is a personification of the Mother Earth from whom all beings and things come. From her union with the Sky water falls on the earth to make everything grow.
Nello Benintende

By Corrado Di Pietro
Translated into English by Gaetano Cipolla

Nello Benintende is attached to air. A breath of air, a beating of wings a beauty of forms a serene harmony of lines, an ethereal emotion. That is what Nello Benintende’s sculptures appear to be. And thus suspended between earth and sky crossed by a light that reveals its matter, every sculpture tells us about its daring in style and thought that we had forgotten in the garbled mixture of the abstract forms without sense, in the darkness of a thought without emotion.

Myth, as related by Benintende has human features and often moral characteristics: Narcissus who mirrors himself is represented as
strutturi unni a materia si contorci e si veta, gira attornu ò vacanti e duna corpu è formi e si fa missaggiu e storia. Ccà si parra di umanissimi ambizioni: l’arba ca apri i porti dû jornu (Eos), l’ingenuità di Europa ca accittau i lusinghi dû Toru-Giovi, a salvifica trasfurmazioni di Filumela e Progni a aceddi e a caduta di Icaru nta l’abissu dà so superbia.

Benintende sapi cogghiri u significatu chiù intimu di sti miti, u mumentu dû passaggiu ntra u stadiu dà filicità di ninfì e di semidii a chiddu dà so trasfurmazioni, caduta-morti-rinascita; è chista a mitafora dà vita stissa unni u distinjocu na continua altalena di caduti e di rinasciti e ripircuorri nta l’ambitu di l’espirienza individu-ali a stissa espirienza di l’universu. E’ a lezioni chiù auta dû mitu, u paradigma di tutti i storii, singuli e cullittivi, ca fa di mudellu, ancora oggi, è disidderi e è sogni chiù sfri-

Sisifus, lignu di nespulu, 57 cm. Figghiu di Eolu rinisciu a neatinari a morti suscitannu l’ira di Marti e di Plutoni ca nun vidovu ciù moriri a nuddu. Fu cannantu a ammuttare un macigno supra na muntagna in eternu./

Sysiphus, meddlaar tree wood 2001. The son of Eolus, Sysiphus managed to imprison death evoking the wrath of Mars and Pluto who did not see anyone die any more. He was condemned to push a boulder up the mountain for eternity.
half bust duplicated below and we seem to recognize in this double and symmetrical shape the very ambivalence of human nature, stretched between the opposite focal points: good and evil, love and hate, vanity and carelessness, beauty and ugliness.

Eos, the Rape of Europa, Philomel and Progne, Icarus and other sculptures float upwards in the air like structures in which matter twists and flexes, turning around the void and giving a body to forms, becoming a message and history. Here very human ambitions are related: dawn that opens the gates to the day (Eos) Europa's naiveté who gave in to the flatteries of the Bull-Zeus, the saving transformation of Philomel and Progne into birds and the fall of Icarus in the abyss of his own pride.

Benintende knows how to capture the most intimate meaning of these myths, the moment of the passing between the stage of happiness of the nymphs and demigods to that of their transformation-fall-death-rebirth. This is the metaphor of life itself where destiny plays in a continuous see-saw of falls and rebirths, treading over the same experience of the universe through the personal individual experience. This is the most significant lesson of myth, the paradigm of all the stories, single and collective that acts as a model even today to the desires and the most excessive reams of man.

This lesson becomes more explicit in those works where ellipsis emerge, or where the drawing unravels into rings, oval shapes, twisting and revolving lines that invite space to exalt the structural daring. Men and birds are born in the oval shapes, maternity and abstract forms, forms that are connected to various symbols. One will suffice for all the others: “The rape of Deianira” in which the oval can contain the arms and the head of man as well as the legs of the centaur; the whole figure is included in invisible curved lines but still present in the structural concept. That centaur is the symbol of man who wants to escape from his own animal nature, the human part is strongly projected toward the heights and seems to be emerging from the body of the animal. And yet all remains closed inside an invisible but resistant wrap. How can one not think of the double nature of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

But the lesson of Sisyphus is also explicit. This work, derived from a trunk of the medlar tree measuring 60 cm expresses a symbol that
nati di l’omu.

Sta lezioni è chiù esplicita nta l’opiri unni emergi l’ellissi, o unni u disegnu si dipana in aneddi, ovali, turcimenti e ammugghiamenti di linii ca invitanu u spaziu a esaltari l’arditizza strut-turali. Ntâ l’ovali nas-ciunu omini e aceddi, maternità e formi astratti: formi ca rimannanu a vari simbolismi. Vali pir tutti “U rattu di Deianira” unni nta l’ovali poi racchiudiri i brazza e a testa di l’omu e puru i pedi dû centauru; tutta a fiura è inclusa in linii curvi invisibili e puranchi ben pritseni ntâ cuncezioni strutturali; ddu centauru è u simbulu stissu di l’omu ca voli evadirì dà so natura animalisca, a parti umana è vutata cu forza versu l’autu e pari nesciri dû corpu di l’armali. E puru tuttu resta chiusu ntôn involucru invisibili ma resistenti. Come non si pò pinsari à doppia natura di l’omu, ò dutturi Jekill e ò mister Hyde?

Tiche, marmura, cm 44. Figgbia di Oceann e Testi, Tiche è na personificazioni dà furtuna. Porta na benda supra l’occi pi non essiri influenzata di l’aspetto di cu ricivi i so doni. // Tiche, marble, 44 cm, 2006. Daughter of Ocean and Thetis, Tiche is a personification of Fortune. She wears a band over her eyes not to be influenced by the look of those who receive her gifts.

Tiche, marble, 44 cm, 2006. Daughter of Ocean and Thetis, Tiche is a personification of Fortune. She wears a band over her eyes not to be influenced by the look of those who receive her gifts.

Tiche, marble, 44 cm, 2006. Daughter of Ocean and Thetis, Tiche is a personification of Fortune. She wears a band over her eyes not to be influenced by the look of those who receive her gifts.
Proteo, issu patinatu, 125 cm. 2007.
Proteo era na divinità marina ca puteva indavinari u futuru. Ma cu vulva dumannarici profezzii
l’avia a immobilizzari quannu niseva dà mari a menzuornu. Iddu quannu vineva pigghiatu cangia
formi di cuntinun pi evitari di rivilari u futuru./

Proteus, plaster covered with a bronze patina, 125 cm, 2007.
Proteus was a sea divinity with knowledge of the future. But whoever wanted prophecies had to catch
him asleep when he came to shore at midday. Once captured, he would change shape continuously
to avoid revealing the future.
Ma puru pi Sisifu a lezioni di Benintende si fa esplicita: st’opira, ricavata di nu truncu di nespulu di circa 60 cm., havi na forti simbologia ca vali a pena di spiegari. Sisifu, comu si sapi, pir aviri imprigianatu a morti, vinni cunnannatu a ammuttari verso a cima di un munti un grossu macignu, ma, arrivatu ntà cima, u macignu ci scappava di manu e rutulava versu a terra, in eternu. U sculturi ha interpretau l’eternità e a montagna cù na forma auta, allungata, raffiguranti u numiru 8, contortu e spiraliformi, supra a cui superfici u pussenti Sisifu spinci na petra rutunna. Comu si sapi u numiru 8 rappresenta l’infinitu e l’eternu e l’omu-Sisifu spinci nta ta strata senza partenzi o arrivì, u pisu dà propria esistenza.

E dû tagghiu ovali di nu truncu d’albiru nasci Gea, a matri terra, a
needs to be explained. For having imprisoned death, Sisyphus, as we know, was condemned to push an enormous rock to the top of a mountain, but once he reached the top the rock tumbled down the mountain and he had to begin anew. The sculptor has represented eternity and the mountain as a tall structure in the shape of a spiral like and twisted number 8. The powerful Sisyphus pushes a round boulder up. As we know, the number 8 represents infinity and eternity and the man-Sisyphus pushes the weight of his own existence up that road without beginning and without an end.

From an oval cut in a tree trunk Gaea, the mother earth, the nature that sustains and govern us, is born. Proteus merits a separate treatment. It is a sculpture made in plaster covered with a bronze patina 130 cm tall and shown in the round in a tangle of forms that melt into a multiform monstrous figure of man and animal. Proteus is transformed into numerous horrible creatures to frighten those who came to ask for a prophecy.
natura ca nni sustenta e nni guverna.

Un discursu a parti merita Proteu na scultura in gessu patinatu cu bronzu, auta circa 130 cm e realizzata a 360 gradi, nta na massa di formi ca si funnunu ntà na mostruosa molteplici fiura d’omu e d’armali. Proteu si trasforma in numerosi criaturi orribili pir spavintari a chiddi ca ci dumannanu prufizii e Benintende ccà desi sfogu a tutta a so gini-ali inventiva: corpu d’omu e testa d’acceddu rapaci, cuda di scurpioni e gammi di sirpenti; ntà parti bascia dû corpu emergi na testa di piscicani e du granni ali di pipistreddu iazzanu a Proteu ntô celu comu n’aquila chi pigghia a vulari. Ntè mani porta un lazzu cugghiutu cûn cappiu ca gira a rota versu ddu sfurtunatu ca osa parrari cu iddu. A superfici dû corpu è fatta cun turmintatu tissutu; pilusu ô tuccari e orripilanti a taliari.

Proteu è summa di tutti i nostri chiù orribili fantasii! A scultura è ardita e slanciata versu l’autu, dinamica e appuntita in ogni so parti; Benintende cogghi l’attimu chiù terrificanti di l’ira di Proteu, u mumentu dû lanzari u lazzu e dà so chiù articulata trasfurmazioni; u surprenni nta l’estremu atteggiamentu dû mali, quasi cunquistatu di ddu maleficu sembianti ca cunteni dintra u corpu mostruosu tutti i pulsioni maligni.

Proteu si pò cunsiddirari a sintesi dà visioni artistica di Benintende: stilisticamenti ripircurri l’esperienza maturata dû sculturi di Buccheri nta tanti anni di insignamentu e di riflessioni supra l’arti; dû puntu di vista cumpositivu infatti am’à ricanusciri ntè so sculturi ca prisintamu nu richiamu di diversi esperienzi artistichi dû novicentu: dû metafisicu ô surriali, di l’arti povira a l’informali; nu caminu ca portau a Nello Benintende versu n’originali elaborazioni dì so istanzi artistichi, svulppannu formi ca jocanu chì volumi sempi cu estrema felicità stilistica.

Dû puntu di vista concettuali Benintende si rifà a ddu gustu di l’essenziali ca û distingui puru nta so vita pratica e a ddu sintimento di l’invenzioni fantastica ca rappresenta a so cifra chiù autentica. Iddu nun è sulu nu sculturi ma nu giniali “invinturi” di macchinarii e di attrizzzaturi ca ci risolvunu tanti problemi quotidiani picciriddi; nu sapienti canuscituri di tecnichi di faignmenteria, di idraulica, di elettricita, e di tanti altri così ca si ponnu truvari ntò so laboratoriu c’assumighia a chiddu dû notu pirsunaggiu disneyanu Archimedi Pitagoricu. Forsi è propriu chista sapienza tecnica ca ci cunsenti di jucari cu l’aria chiù chi cà massa
and Benintende gave free rein to his inventive genius: the body of a man and head of a bird of prey, a scorpion’s tale and serpent’s legs. In the lower part of the body emerges the head of a shark and two large bat wings raise Proteus in the sky like an eagle about to fly. He carries a lasso in his hands gathered with the open end twirling toward the unlucky person who dares to ask him to foretell the future. The surface of the body is represented as a tormented fabric, coarse to the touch and horrible to see.

Proteus is a compendium of all our most horrible fantasies. The sculpture is daring and projected toward the sky, it is pointy and dynamic in every part. Benintende captures the most terrifying moment of Proteus’ wrath, the moment when he hurls his lasso and of his staged transformation. He catches him in the extreme evil stance, as if conquered by that malefic appearance that contains inside its monstrous body all evil impulses.

Proteus can be regarded as the synthesis of Benintende’s artistic vision. From the stylistic point of view it goes back to the Buccheri sculptor’s experience made through many years of teaching and reflecting on art. From the compositional point of view, in fact, we must recognize in the sculptures presented here a connection with various artistic experiences of the twentieth century: from the metaphysical art to surrealism, from poor art to informal art, a journey that has taken Nello Benintende toward an original re-elaboration of his artistic impulses, developing forms that play with volume always with stylistic felicity.

From the conceptual point of view Benintende goes back to his taste for the essential that characterizes him even in his everyday life and to the feeling for fantastic inventiveness that represents his most authentic trait. He is not only a sculptor, but an imaginative inventor of machines and structures that resolve many of his daily problems: a wise knower of wood working techniques, hydraulics, electricity and many other things that can be found in his studio that resembles the lab of that well known Disney character Archimedes Pythagoric. Perhaps it is this technical know-how that allows him to play with air more than with material masses, giving the shape of his works an airy quality, a daring lightness.

Nello Benintende has found in his mythological research strong stimuli and passionate impulses. These have stimulated his imagination,
materica, dannu è formi dî so opiri ddu sensu dà liggirizza ca li fannu appariri liggeri e arditì.

Ntà ricerca mitologica Nello Benintende trovau forti stimuli e appassionati pulsioni; chisti sollecitarunu a so fantasia, stuzzicarunu a so sfida, chiù di l’istanzi filosofichi e religiosi ca motivanu i liggenni mitichi, chiù puru dû simbolismu ca u mitu porta sempri dappressu; Benintende si lassa guidare di l’estetica, dî formi spaziali, dù flussu di ventu c’attraversa a materia.

teased his challenge, more than the religious and philosophical impulses that motivate myths and legends, more even than the symbolism that myth always carries with it. Benintende allows himself to be guided by esthetics, by spatial forms, by the flowing of wind that crosses his matter.

A Nostra Lingua

Dialettu sicilianu: qualchi particularità

di Marco Scalabrino

Lu RADDOPPIU o la RIPITIZIONI di ‘n avverbiu, susteni Luigi Sorrento nna lì NUOVE NOTE DI SINTASSI SICILIANA, (ora ora, rantu rantu) o di ‘n aggettivu (nudu nudu, sulu sulu) “annisca di fattu dua tipi di superlativu: ora ora è chìù forti di ora e significa nna lu mumentu, nna l’istanti chi si parra, nudu nudu è tuttu nudu, assulutamenti nudu. La ripitizioni di sustantivu (casi casi, strati strati) e chidda di verbu (cui veni veni, unni vaju vaju) sunnu spiciali di lu Sicilianu. Strati strati suggerisci n’idea di allargamentu nna lu spaziu, di muvimentu nna un postu chi nun è pricisatu, tantu chi sta spriessioni nun pò essiri accumpagnata di nuudda specificazioni, comu strati strati di Palermu. L’idea di “allargamentu” veni cumunicata cu la ripitizioni di lu sustantivu, chi stabilisci accussì un particuli casu di cumplementu di locu. La ripitizioni di lu verbu si cunchiudi cu la pura e simplici furma di lu pronomi relativu cu lu verbu radduppiatu appressu. Cui veni veni voldiri cuegghe veni, tutti chiddi chi vennu: lu raddoppiu di lu verbu, annunca, rafforza n’idea pirchì l’allarga di lu menu a lu chìù, la ngrannisci a lu massimu liveddu, a lu stremu.”

Lu FUTURU. Nna lu dialettu sicilianu nun c’è lu tempu futuru di li verbi e ogni frasi chi si rifirisci a n’azioni futura veni fatta a lu prisenti e davanti a lu verbu si ci metti ‘n avverbiu di tempu (pi esempiu, dumani vegnu). Scrivi ‘n propositu Paolo Messina: “Comu si pò nterpretari, quasi filosoficamenti, sta strammarìa? Eccu lu spuntu p’un lijami fra lingua e cultura, essiri e pinzari. È lu futuru chi s’arriduci di cuntinuu a prisenti, l’hic et nunc latinu, lu da sein storicu di Heidegger, e chissu nna lu pussessu chinu di lu passatu oramai definitivement digirutu. Li Siciliani sunnu patruni di lu tempu o, pi dirila cu Tomasi di Lampedusa, sunnu Dei. Ma
Our Language

The Sicilian Dialect: Some Peculiarities

By Marco Scalabrino
Translated into English by Gaetano Cipolla

The doubling or the repetition of an adverb, according to Luigi Sorrento in his *Nuove note di Sintassi Siciliana*, (*ora ora, rantu rantu*) (now now, close close) or of adjective (*sulu sulu, nudu nudu*) (naked naked, alone alone), "deals with in fact two types of superlatives: now, now is stronger than "now" and it means at that moment, at that instant of saying the words, and naked naked means absolutely naked, stark naked. The repetition of the noun (*casi casi, strati strati*) (houses houses and streets streets) and of the verb (*cui veni veni, unni vaju vaju*) (who comes comes, where I go go) suggests the idea of expansion into space, of movement but not in a precise place, so much so that these expressions cannot be accompanied by any specifications such as "strati strati di Palermo". The idea of expansion is indicated by the repetition of the noun which establishes in this way a special case of a place complement. The repetition of the verb is concluded with the pure and simple form of the relative pronoun with the double verb following. "Who comes comes" means "anyone can come," "everyone is free to come". The doubling of the verb therefore reinforces the idea because it expands from the lesser to the greater, enlarging it to the maximum level, to the extreme.”

The future tense of verbs does not exist in the Sicilian dialect and every sentence that refers to a future action is expressed in the present tense by placing before the verb a time adverb (for example, tomorrow I come). Regarding this peculiarity Paolo Messina wrote: “How can one interpret this weirdness philosophically? Here is base for a link between language and culture, ways of being and thinking. It is the future that is
essiri (o pinzari di essiri) patruni di lu tempu pò vuliri diri duminari cu la menti la vita e la morti, aviri la cirtizza sulu di lu presenti, un presenti chi si mpussessa di lu futuru p’alluntanari la morti, ummira ncancillabili di lu essirici. Chiddu chi cunta è lu presenti. Essiri e diviniri nna l’anzia metafisica si funninu o si cunfunninu.”

La PERIFRASTICA. Na particularità di la lingua siciliana, chi pruveni di lu latinu, è la perifrastica, chi ‘n sicilianu però nun è passiva comu nna lu latinu e veni fatta canciannu lu verbu Essiri nna lu verbu Aviri. Nfatti, lu latinu *mihi est faciendum* nna l’italianu si dici “io debbo fare” mentri ‘n sicilianu “aju a fari”.


Ancora cu riguardu a li verbi, lu sicilianu nun trunca lu nfinitu e ci ncapizza la particella pronominali: darimi, pigghiarimi, farimi, contra-riamentu a l’italianu: “darmi, pigliarmi, farmi”; lu tempu passatu prossimu scadiu a favuri di lu passatu rimottu (pi esempiu, chi facisti? mi manciai na persica) e lu modu cundizionali a favuri di lu congiuntivu (si lu putissi fari lu facissi, ci vulissi jiri); lu verbu ESSIRI pirdi, a favuri di lu verbu AVIRI, li funzioni di verbu ausiliari, tantu chi dicemu aju statu, aviti statu, eccetra. Pi di chiù, l’italianu avi tri coniugazioni, lu sicilianu sulu dui: la prima in ari, amari, e la sicunna in iri chianu e sdrucciulu, tiniri, stùrdiri.


Lu sicilianu, pi finiri, nun avi lu signacasu “da”: “vengo da Palermo”,

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always brought back to the present, the *hic et nunc* of the Romans, the historical *da sein* of Heidegger, and all that in the full possession of the past by now completely absorbed. Sicilians are masters of time or to say it with Tomasi di Lampedusa, they are gods. But to be (or to think they are) masters of time can mean to dominate life and death with their mind, to have the certainty of the present only, a present that takes possession of the future to push death, the inevitable shadow of being, away from them. What counts is the present. To be and to become are fused or confused together in the metaphysical anxiousness.”

Another peculiarity of the Sicilian language that is derived from Latin is the periphrasis. In Sicilian, however, it is not passive as in Latin and it is formed by changing the verb “to be” into the verb “to have”. In fact we have *mihi est faciendum* in Latin which is equivalent to the Italian “io debbo fare” while in Sicilian we say “aju a fari.”

Sicilian does not use the passive voice. The Italian sentence: “E’ stato ucciso compare Turiddu,” (Compare Turiddu was killed), for example becomes: “ammazzaru a cumpari Turiddu” (They killed compare Turiddu) which is an active form. This gives rise to another peculiarity of Sicilian. If you have a direct object and it is a person, Sicilian puts the preposition “a” before it as in “vitti a to frati” (I saw your brother), but if the direct object is not a person, the preposition is not used: “vidi lu celu” (He sees the sky).

With regard to the verbs, Sicilian does not drop the last vowel when followed by a pronoun as Italian does. Instead the pronoun is attached to the infinitive of the verb. Thus you have *farimi* (do to me) *darimi* (to give to me) etc... Compared to Italian the present perfect tense is used less frequently than the past absolute: for example “Chi facisti? Mi manciai na persica.” (What did you do? I ate an peach). Similarly the subjunctive is regularly used instead of the conditional mood. Compare the Italian to the Sicilian for the sentence “If could do it, I would do it” (Se lo potessi fare, lo farei.” (It) “Si lu putissi fari lu facissi” or the sentence “I would like to go there” which would be translated into Italian as “Ci vorrei andare” and as “Ci vulissi iri” in Sicilian. The verb “Essiri” (To be) lost out to the verb “aviri” (To have) as the auxiliary for forming compound tenses.
pi esempiu, ‘n sicilianu addiventa “vegnu di Palermu”, lu signu di lu genitivu vali pi l’ablativu.
In Sicilian we say “aju statu” “aju vinutu” (I have been, I have come) where Italian uses the verb to be. Another difference between Italian and Sicilian: Italian has three conjugations, Sicilian only two: the first ends in *ari* such as “amari” and the second in *iri* such as in *tiniri, sturdiri* (to hold, to stun).

The Sicilian dialect of the western part (of the area of Trapani Agrigento and Palermo) does not have the metaphoric diphthong because of the Sikan influence, according to Giorgio Piccitto. The metaphonic diphthong (*vientu* for *ventu*, *fierru* for *ferru*, *buonu* for *bonu*, *trouonu* for *tronu*) is present, however, in the speech of the central and eastern zones, that is in the zones influenced by the Siculi. The western dialect of Sicily is different from all central-southern dialects.”

In conclusion, Sicilian does not have a complement to indicate provenance. For example, the phrase “I come from Palermo “ would be rendered in Sicilian with “io vegnu di Palermu.” Sicilian uses “di” (of) “da” (from or by).
Versi, detti e cantilene in vernacolo castelteminese

Di Francesco Zarbo
(1900-1940)

* Una favola degli anni ‘30 Una ricca donna agonizzante: “Vinni la morti pi arricampari na ricca signora ‘Oh morti tiranna chi vinisti a fari, pigliatu quantu vua e nun ti pigliari a mia!’ Rispose la morte: “Lu distinu ti chiama, è junta l’ura, cu mia ti n’ha viniri ... si la morti fussi fatta pi dinari, chiù ricca di mia non ci fora nuddru.”

* In occasione della domenica di Pasqua quando dagli archi si distribuivano “le cuddura” Nataluzzu non ci arrivò alla ciambella e allora si mise a piangere fino a quando l’addetto alla distribuzione delle ciambelle impietositosi gliela diede:
  “Tantu chianci Nataluzzu finu a quannu nun appi la cuddura,” Parafrasando il detto per gli insaziabili.

* “… ma nun criditi fimmini sunnu comu li ciavuli, dintra tutt’amuri, di fora ‘nfamità. Un innamorato tradito paragona le donne ai corvi.

* Tinni isti a ballari e nun mi dicisti nenti mi lu dissiru li genti ch’eratu abbrazzata a Sarvaturi e lu stringiatu cu tuttu u cori. (Ancora un innamorato tradito)

* Quannu la fortuna nun ti dici, jettati ‘nterra e cugli vavaluci. Quando ad un giocatore d’azzardo la fortuna non va dalla sua parte, allora deve smettere subito di giocare. Meglio andare sui campi a raccogliere lumache.

* Canzonetta di una ragazza messa in convento dal padre, un nobile decaduto castelterminese che per non dimezzare la dote dela figlia mag-
Poems, Sayings and Cantilenas in the Parrata of Casteltermini

By Francesco Zarbo (1900-1940)
Translated by Gaetano Cipolla

*A fable from the 30s. A wealthy lady on her death bed: “Death came to collect a wealthy old woman, ‘Oh tyrannical death, what did you come to do here? Take as much as you want, but don’t take me!’ Death replied: “Destiny calls, your time has come and you must come with me…If death were could be bought with money, there would be no one richer than me”.

* On Easter Sunday when at the Arches people distributed fig cookie, Natalazzu arrived late and started crying because he did not get his cookie. The man who was in charge of the distribution took pity on the boy and gave him one. So this saying is repeated for those who never get enough of anything: “Little Natali cried so much that he finally got his cookie.”

* A betrayed lover compares women to blackbirds:
“…but don’t believe them, women are like black birds.
Inside all filled with love, outside all terrible deeds.”

* Another man betrayed by his beloved:
You went out dancing
And you did not say a thing to me
The people saw you there and said
That you were in the arms of Sarvaturi
And kept hugging him close to your heart.

* “When Lady luck is not with you, throw yourself to the ground and collect snails.” This is about a gambler who must stop playing if luck has turned away. He is better off to go the fields and gather snails.

* A little song created by a girl who was put in a convent by her father, a nobleman from Casteltermini who in order not to diminish the
giore sacrifica la più piccola:
   “Era nica e nun capia, m’ infilaru ‘nta la batia,
   Cu biscotta e mustazzola, m’inguliaru li batiola
   e biniditta dda me soru ca si godi lu gran tesuru,
   ci vulissi un curpu di vintu, quantu si porta stu cunvintu.

   * Si dispiaci assa ... a paroli, iddru li fici pi facci faria. (Della sua
disgrazia, a parole se ne dispiacque tanto, ma lo ha fatto per finta, ip-
ocritamente).

   * Nella processione di S. Calogero il canto supplichevole di coloro
che attendono la grazia:
   “Ah stasira nun hav’a scurari ca la grazia m’havi a fari ... 

   * Jorna lunghi a lu nostru Re, chiù ni vinnu chiù tintu è. (A proposito
delia tassa sul macinato).

   * Le comari del quartiere u Convento” riunite in crocchio sparlavano
sovente della tirannica massaia Rosa N. ed in coro cantando ripetevano:
   “La gna Rosa fimmina di casa,
   a so maritu ci misi la cammisa”

   * L’appuntamento per il fidanzamento di due giovani del quartiere
di Gesù e Maria, finito male tra le famiglie di “li ziti” (promessi sposi)
prima a parole e poi a vie di fatto. Rimase memorabile il detto fino agli
anni cinquanta:

   * Finì la festa, finì l’amuri
lignati in testa cu lu sagnaturi.

   * Trivulu pi trivulu
mi pigliu a me maritu
ca è un diavulu. (A proposito di una comare che voleva convincere
una vicina di casa a lasciare il marito - che spesso la bastonava - per andare
ta convivere con un nota malvivente del paese)
dowry of the elder daughter sacrificed the younger one.
I was young and did not understand. They stuck me in this abbey,
with sweets and cakes the abbey’s down my throat
my blessed sister now enjoys the treasure as he own,
I need a gust of wind to blow this convent down.

*“He is very sorry in words, he did it only to make a show.” (He was sorry for his misfortune, at least in words but he faked it all.)

* In the procession of St. Calogero the pleas of those who are waiting for a miracle:
“Ah tonight it cannot get dark for the miracle you must make.”

*Long live our King, the more I sell the worse it gets.” (A complaint about the taxes imposed on grinding wheat.)

*The neighbors in the Convento quarter gathered together to gossip about the tyrannical housewife Rosa N. and they sing in chorus:
Oh Rose is a woman of the house
she put a shirt upon her spouse.”

*The meeting to sanction the betrothal between two young people in the Gesù e Maria section ended up badly between the families of the betrothed. First they quarreled with words, then they turned to deeds and the saying remained memorable until the fifties:

* The party’s ended, love too had to give in,
with blows on the heads using the rolling pin.

*Trouble for woe
I’ll keep my husband
even though
he’s a devil. (Reported by a woman who wanted to convince a neighbor to leave her husband who beat her often to go living with well known criminal in town).
* Mi piaci lu pani, ammugliatu 'nni l’ugliu ma travagliu un ‘nni vugliu e nun sacciu picchì. (Si ripeteva questo detto a coloro i quali non avevano voglia di lavorare)

* Di chista Filumena nun t’ha fidari anchi si eni tantu bedda nun ti l’ha maritari picchi è na fimmina senza tiledda.
(E l’avvertimento che da la madre al figlio invaghitosi della bella Filomena a non sposarla perche è senza vergogna (tiledda), civetta e puttanesca)

* L’acqua fici lu lippu, viva lu sinnacu Sanfilippu.
(Cantava il popolo riconoscente in occasione dell’inaugurazione del serbatoio e dell’acquedotto di Chirumbo il 25 dicembre 1887. Pochi anni dopo il popolo istigato da alcuni mestatori politici facenti parte dell’opposizione, manifestò a colpi di pietra all’ indirizzo della casa di abitazione del “tanto amato” Sindaco. Non vado oltre ...)

* A Napuli fannu li strummuli, a Palermu li vannu a vinniri.

* Napuli pi grannizza, Palermu pi biddrizza (Si commenta da se)

*Povera Italia china di spini, circundata di sbirri, monaci e parrini.

* Penza la cosa prima ca la fa, ca la cosa pinzata è bella assa.

* U curnutu si canusci sulu a lu so paisi, u minchiuni a tutti li banni.
*I like bread dipped in oil, but as for work I want none of it and I don’t know why. (This saying was repeated to those who had no desire to get a job.)

*You cannot trust this Filumena even though she is so fair you must not marry her ‘cause she’s a woman without a veil. (This is what a mother told her son who had fallen in love with Filumena. The girl has no shame, she is a tease).

* Water has made moss grow, Long live mayor Sanfilippo. This is what people were singing when the mayor inaugurated the new aqueduct and reservoir of the Chirumbo on December 25, 1887. A few years after the people, goaded by the mayor’s political opposition, threw stones at the much beloved mayor’s house. I say no more...

*They make the spin tops in Naples but they sell them in Palermo.

*Naples for its great size Palermo for its beauty.

*Poor Italy full of thorns beset by cops, by monks and priests.

*Think about things before you do them for things thought out are to be praised.

*A cuckold is known only in his hometown, a dumbbell is recognized everywhere.

*He goes backward like Macaluso’s ass who took one step forward and two back.
*Va ‘nnarriri cornu u sceccu di Macalusu ca facia un passu avanti e du ‘nnarriri.

* C’era na vota un poviru issaru, ca pi la via ci cadi lu sceccu, prigannu a san Rusariu cumu un pazzu si susi u sceccu e ci cadi u vrazzu.

* A li tri di maju, picca prigari si va a Santa Cruci pi sbafari. (Il tre di maggio, per la ricorrenza del ritrovamento della Santa Croce, si va nell’omonima contrada piu per sbafare (mangiare a crepapelle) che per pregare nella chiesetta.

* “Nni stu munnu nun ci sunnu genti giusti, santu Giustu di Misilmeri ed era santu e ci mancava un itu .”

* Nun si cuntenta di na cosa sula, voli lu pipi e la sarda. (Vuole tutto)

* A proposito di un meticoloso negoziente di generi alimentari del quartiere “Convento” “Mastru M. spartia u strunzu cu filu” (si commenta da se)

* ... ci ha livatu u purritu. (si diceva quando qualcuno nei discorsi metteva in risalto i suoi meriti togliendo con malizia i suoi difetti.)

*Cu vinci è un bel figliolu cu perdi si va a stujari u culu cu l’ardicula.

* Talia quantu è furbu ... talia di cca e talia di dda, havi l’ucchi e li ciglia di Santa Lucia.

*Talialu quantu e manciatariu, nun si sazzia mai, eni un saccu senza funnu, pari Peppi Solachina, comu s’avissi lu vermi tagliarinu.

* Era tantu bruttu curtu e malucavatu cumu li persuna di Serradi-
* There was once a poor plasterer whose donkey fell on the way, to St. Rosario the poor plasterer prayed he lifted his donkey but his arm he sprained.

* On May third, little praying we go to Santa Croci for the eating. (The third of May celebrates the finding of the Holy Cross, people went to the section by that same name more to stuff their bellies than to pray in the little church.)

* In this world there are no just people, even St. Just from Misilmeri was a saint and yet he lacked a finger.

* He is not satisfied of a single thing. He wants the pepper and the sardine. (Meaning that he wants everything).

* This was said about a grocer who sold food in the Convento section. Mastru M cut turds with a thread.” No comment is needed.

* “He removed the rotten part…” (Said of someone who emphasized only the positive aspects of his personality leaving aside the flaws).

  *“Whoever wins is a handsome lad, the loser goes to wipe his ass with poison ivy.

* Look how sly he is... he looks this way then the opposite.. He has the eyes and lashes of St. Lucie.

* Look at how greedy he is, he never has enough, he is a sack without bottom, he's like Peppi Solachina, like he had worms.

* He was so short, so ugly and poorly shaped he seemed like the persons from Serradifalcu who have a price upon their heads like Judas.
falco ch’hannu la taglia di Giuda.

* Ma propriu tu ha parlari ca rapprisinti l’ultimu chiuvu di la naca! In senso figurato veniva detto di uomo rozzo ed ignorante che superstis-mandosi si intrometteva, senza richiesta, nei diverbi tra persone e famiglie volendo sentenziare.

* Tutti l’acidddri mi cacanu ‘ncesta, fina lu cchiù tintu e schifiusu pipituni. “Lu cchiù tintu e schifiusu pipituni è l’upupa,” un uccello poco stimato tra i volatili per le sue abitudini e il canto monotonono.

*’Nzoccu fa la matri a lu pagliaru, fa la figlia a lu munnizzaru. Il comportamento immorale della madre viene emulato dalla figlia, per cui bene si addice l’afiorisma: “Tale madre tale figlia”.

* Nun ci sunnu matrimoni senza lagrimati ne funerali senza risati.

* Cu havi lu sceccu ‘nni lu lavuri si lu va caccia. L’asino sfuggito alla vigilanza per l’incuria del padrone, che va a pascolare nel campo di grano, dovrebbe essere lo stesso padrone a cacciarlo fuori dal seminato. Morale: in senso metaforico si dice di chi ha prodotto un danno personalmente o per mezzo di altri. In tali casi deve essere la stessa persona a rimediare, non puo pretendere che estranei provvedano al suo posto.
* You who are the last nail in the crib are now talking? (Said to someone who is ignorant and yet pretends to speak his mind when others are arguing.

* All of the birds are shitting on my head, even the worst and lousy owl. The worst and lousiest bird is the owl because he is not an admired bird because of its habit and monotonous song.

* Whatever the mother does inside the hay stack, the daughter will do inside the garbage patch. (That is the mother’s behavior is imitated by the daughter. From this we get the aphorism “Such mother, such daughter.”

* There are no weddings without tears nor funerals without laughter.

* He who has his donkey in the wheat field must go to chase him out. The donkey who goes to eat inside the wheat field through the owners’ neglect or carelessness must be removed by the owner. In other words people should be responsible for their actions or those of the people under their supervision.
I mircati a l’apertu di Palermu

Cu ha visitatu a Sicilia probabilmenti ha vistu ddi miravighiusi e vivaci mircati a l’apertu ca occupanu nu postu spiciali ntu cori di l’abitanti di so città. Duranti i tour di Arba Sicula è na tradizioni ora-mai di ntrasiri e caminari ntu mircatu caratteristicu di Catania vicinu ò Duomu. Chistu assemi à Feru ô Luni è u cori pulsanti dà città. Tutti venunu ccà p’accattari u pisci friscu, a frutta e u furmaggiu ca sunu ntu menù pì dda stissa jurnata picchi i Siciliani amanu manciari i cosi frischi vinuti di l’arbiru o dà barca. I soni e i viduti sunu straordinarii. Mentri camini cincannu di nun urrenti chû cristiani si vidinu enormi tunni tagghianti a mità e tanti autri varietà di pisci esposti supra tavuli di ghiacciu e cuntinuamenti rinfriscati cu l’acqua. Mircati comu a chisti si trovanu in ogni granni città dà Sicilia. A Palermu veramenti ci nni sunu quattru e hannu funziunatu ntu stissu postu pi seculi. Comu putemu apprenniri d’un libru di Umberto Balistreri e Carlo Pollaci, I mercati del centro storico di Palermo, , hannu funziunatu di quannu fu costruita a via Maqueda ntu seculu diciassettesimu. A strata longa ca tagghia a via dû Cassaru (a

A Vucciria, one of the four markets in Palermo, nun è chiu cun’era prima, ma è ancora attiva. / The Vucciria, one of the four markets in Palermo, is no longer what it was years ago, but it is still active.
The Open Air Markets of Palermo

Anyone who has visited Sicily has probably seen the wonderful, noisy, lively open air markets that have a special place in the hearts of the inhabitants. During our Arba Sicula tours we have made it a tradition to actually walk through the colorful and very noisy open air market in Catania off the square of the Cathedral. This together with the even larger Fera ò Luni is the pulsating heart of the city. Everyone comes here to buy the fish, or fruit or cheese slated to be consumed the same day because Sicilians like everything they eat to be fresh off the tree or the boat. The sights and sounds are remarkable. As you walk trying to avoid crashing into people you can see enormous tuna fish cut in half and many other types of fish displayed on ice and constantly freshened with water. Markets such as these exist in every major city in Sicily. Palermo has actually four of them and they have existed for centuries in the same places. Indeed as we learn from a book by Umberto Balistreri and Carlo Pollaci, I mercati del centro storico di Palermo, (The Markets

A frutta e virdura sunu esposti sutta un tiluni di plastica pi protettirili di l’acqua e du suli. / Fruits and vegetables are displayed under canvas awnings to protect them from water and sun.
of the Historical Center of Palermo) they have been around since via Maqueda was built in the seventeenth century. The long avenue which intersects the Cassaro (via Vittorio Emanuele) created four districts in the city, known as The Royal Palace, Monte di Pietà, Castellammare and Tribunali, each of which had its own open air market where people went to buy food. The markets are known as Ballarò, Vucciria, Fieravecchia and Capo. These markets are still active today, although some of them are not as lively as they used to be. They are places where the vendors, using a nasal twang that makes one think he is somewhere in the some Arabic quarter in a middle eastern country, praise the freshness and the high quality of their products with a loud and colorful language. These places are so loud that the name of one of them, “Vucciria,” in Sicilian actually means “confusion, chaos.” The next time you visit Sicily, walk around these markets and mingle with the Sicilian sounds and sights. It will give you a taste of the real Sicily of long ago.

In certi posti si ponnu vidiri ancora resti du so passatu eleganti. U Panificiu Morello ca facciata di mosaici./

In certain places you can see remains of its ancient elegance. The Morello Bakery with its mosaic front.
Recensioni di Nino Provenzano


A li tempi quannu tuttu è automatizzatu, quannu la televisioni e la radiu sunnu quasi cosi di lu passatu, e avemu li cellulari, li computer, li ipod e tanti autri prodotti di la tecnologia muderna chi ni bombardonu ogni iornu, è rinfriscanti truvari qualcunu chi ni pigghia pi la manu e cu un senza di prufunna rialtà ni cunnuci ‘nta un munnu passatu. No ‘nta un munnu passatu di seculi, ma sulu di quaranta o cinquanta anni.


Comu nta na sinfunia lu suttufunnu musicali è prisenti pi cumplimenti chi tema centrali di l’opira, accussì ni la discrizioni li la vita di famighia di sta storia biografica li virtù comu l’unistà, ginirusità, cumpassioni, fidi, rispettu e divuzioni versu li ginitura fannu di suttufunnu armonicu a lu filu chi cunnuci la narrativa.

*Emigrati a Palermu* è appuntu la storia di na famighia chi di lu so paisi, Santo Stefano di Quisquina vannu a abitari a Palermu. In qualsiasi
Book Reviews


Book Review written in Sicilian and Translated into English by Nino Provenzano

At a time when everything is automatic, when radio or even television are almost things of the past and cellular phones, computers, ipods and other products of the modern technologies are bombarding us on daily basis, it is refreshing to have someone take us by hand and with a sense of deep reality bring us back into the past. For the past I don’t mean centuries. I mean only forty or fifty years ago. *Emigrati a Palermo* (Emigrants in Palermo) by Calogero Messina is a biographical narrative. But it is also a vehicle that brings us back, into a world that does not exist any longer. The reader of mature age, will see the self in these pages as a child, will see the parents young and the grandparents loving and cuddling toward the grandchildren.

This story runs on beautiful panoramic views, on scenes painted with words into pictures of a town’s daily life. For example: the little child, watching the mother making the weekly bread for the family at home. Observing the grandmother knitting socks, undershirts, blankets, using crochet sticks and slowly unraveling a ball of yarn on her lap.

On the street in a warehouse where the fresh olive press crusher was in operation one would inhale the heavenly odor of the just made virgin olive oil. What a treat to dip the freshly baked bread in! The milkman that came with the goats in front of the client’s door, and right there he milked the goat. You can see children playing in the streets, the game of buttons, or playing musketeers with sticks for swords. Yes, everything changes, but the dramatic force of this writer is such that the reader seems to touch and see everything he describes leaving it all crystallized in memory.

Just as in a symphony the background music is present, to compliment the central theme of the piece, the same way in describing family life in this biographical story the author puts human virtues such as honesty,
cultura quannu unu mira a ghiri avanti versu un futuru chiù megghiu, avi sempri esami di differenti tipi di passari e superari. Lu patri sartu, oltri a la passioni pi lu so misteri è puru un bravu musicista.


Na storia umana vera e completa. Comu nta na funtana d’acqua chiara, cu è chi leggi stu libru, letu si ci pò rispicchiari.

Calogero Messina, Una luce nella notte, Palermo: Ila Palma. 2009
Recensioni di Nino Provenzano

Calogero Messina è ma pirsuna ca ili lutturi di Arba Sicula avissiru a canusciri. Prufissuri e ricercaturi a l’università di Palermu, Messina ha scrittu numirusi libri supra a cultura siciliana ca Arba Sicula ha avutu modu di canusciri. Basta sulu minziunari dui di so opiri I Siciliani volevano l’Inquisizione e Un martire siciliano a Nagasaki. Sti dui libri foru tradottu in nglisi e pubblicati da casa editrici Legas chi tituli, Sicilians Wanted
generosity, compassion, faith, respect and devotion for the parents as harmonic background in the entire narrative.

**Emigrati a Palermo** is indeed the story of a family that comes from a small town, Santo Stefano di Quisquina, and migrates to the city of Palermo. They conquer many difficulties and challenges.

The father is a tailor and has also a great passion for music. He is also a very good musician. He plays many instruments including the organ in church, the violin and he plays in the local musical band. The son is in the sixth grade. In the new school he is having adjustment difficulties. But soon after, he is okay. It seems that between father and son, there is a sense of non-declared competition. The father works day and night and makes great sacrifices to give his son a good education. The son works very hard in school and keeps up very good grades. The relationship between these two men is really uncommon. They compliment each other without being noticed. They read each other’s mind without even saying it. The father, in the retirement stage of his life, is very busy sewing. He is making suit after suit for his son. In fact, so many, that the son will be hugged by those suits for the rest of his life. The son goes through many obstacles to climb the ladder of his profession and social success to great heights. The father begins to descend the ladder of human destiny. He is now old and ill. But both of these men know that they have passed the test of the human existence with honor and dignity. This is a human story, true and complete. Just like when you see your own reflection in a fountain of clear water, you see yourself, and perhaps your own family in reading this book.


Book Review written in Sicilian and Translated into English by Nino Provenzano

Calogero Messina is a person that the readers of *Arba Sicula* should know. As a professor and researcher at the University of Palermo, Messina has written numerous books on Sicilian culture that Arba Sicula members have had opportunities to read. Two of his works will suffice: *Sicilians Wanted the Inquisition* and *A Sicilian Martyr in Nagasaki*, both
the Inquisition e A Sicilian Martyr in Nagasaki. Ma u profissuri Messina ha scrittu tanti altri libra in italianu e puru in francisi. Tuttu chistu pi prisintari Una luce nella notte, na raccolta di puisii ca scriviu in onuri di so patri e ca veni a fari coppiu cu lu libru Emigrati a Palermo. U libru cunteni puisii di Calogero Messina e musichi di lu patri, Filippo Messina.

La musica pi lu chiù cunteni inni religiosi dedicati a la “Romita di Qisquina,” a “San Giordano di Santo Stefano,” “Mentre Sognavo” e “Sacro Cuore.” Li puisii “Pigliami il vestito più elegane” “Muto è sem-pre là il tuo violino” “Ho risalito la solitaria erta” “Dai miei primi anni volevo restare”. Una luce nella notte, sunnu tutti puisii chi discrivinu cu pungenti pena la perdita di lu patri e celebranu in manera minuziusa fatti di vita chi l’auturi passau assemi a lu patri. Cu tutti chisti lu pueta ritorna a lu passatu chi nun è chiù ricuperabili si non cu l’arti di la puisia.


Sebastiano Santostefano, First to Last Picking, Mineola, New York: Legas, 342 pp. 2011. $22.00

Recensioni di Anthony Pagano

Stu romanzzu pubblicatu cu l’aiutu di Arba Sicula, è a storia di Si-ciliani crisciuti ntò Connecticut. Fa parti dû programma di Arba Sicula d’incuraggiari a scritturi siciliani a cuntari a so storia, inveci di lassari ca l’auturi ca ‘un hannu campatu comu Siciliani à cuntassiru. Am’à vistu vari frutta mprtanti di stu investimentu. Nu esempiu sulu nni basta: u
of whom were published by Legas. But professor Messina has written many other books in Italian and even in French. All of this to introduce *Una luce nella notte* which is a collection of poetry and music that can be considered a companion to the book *Emigrati a Palermo* (Emigrants in Palermo). The poems were written by Calogero Messina and the music was composed by his father, Filippo Messina. The music consists of religious hymns dedicated to “La Romita di Quisquina,” to “San Giordano di Santo Stefano,” “Mentre Sognavo” e “Sacro Cuore.”

The poem, “Piglami il vestito più elegante,” (Get me my most elegant suit) “Muto è sempre la` il tuo violino,” (Your violin is till there, silent) “Ho risalito la solitaria erta,” (I climbed the lonely hill) “Dai miei primi anni volevo restare” (From my firsty ears I wanted to remian) and “Una luce nella notte” (A light in the night) are all poems that describe with sorrow the loss of his father and celebrate the memories that he has of him. With these poems, the poet returns to the past, which is not humanly retrievable, without the art of his poetry.

The poem “Il mio lamento” (My lament) is also a work of art! The poet places face to face all the opposing and bizarre laws of human existence and nature. There is no life without death, there is no good without evil. The contrast of love is hate, etc. The author dresses up all these contrasts with human examples, so real and true, that the reader arrives to the conclusion that judging is useless, and looking for justice is a vain quest. The universe has its own laws, and to us what remains to be said is only “God’s will be done.” *Emigrati a Palermo* and *Una luce nella notte* are important books to be read, and for us Sicilians, they take us home.


Review by Anthony Pagano

This novel, which was published in part with the help of Arba Sicula, is the story of Sicilians growing up in Connecticut. It is part of Arba Sicula’s efforts to encourage Sicilians to tell their own stories, rather than rely on the accounts of others who did not live the Sicilian-American experience. We have already seen some notable fruits of this investment.
romanzu di Joseph Cacibauda ntitulatu After Laughing Comes Crying ca è a storia di immigranti siciliani ca vannu a travagghiari ntê piantagioni dà Louisiana. U romanzu di Santostefano tratta di inveci di giuvini ca crisciumu nta na zona dû Connecticut ca produci tabbaccu. U titulu si rifirisci à cugghiuta di fogghi di tabbaccu comu si maturanu supra a pianta. L’auturi cunta di so spirienzi e di chiddi di so cumpagni siciliani mentri cogghiunu i fogghi in cumpitizizioni cu altri gruppi etnici c’hannu spisu atteggiamenti antagonistici e di pregiudiziu contru i Siciliani. L’auturi ca crisciu e divintau prufissuri a la scola di midicina di l’università di Harvard, cunta is so spirienzi duranti a stati dû 1943, parrannu di l’amicizii ca fici, di strateggii usati pi cumpattiri contru i capi c’avianu atteggiamenti anti-italiani, e u sviluppu di camerateria e lealtà ca crisciu quannu un gruppu veni a cuntrastu cu altri gruppi. Ogni cugghiuta rapprisenta na fasi di vita e mustra l’impurtanza particulari di relazioni familiari pi Siciliani. I carusi cercanu di fari frunti è pregiudizii espressi contru i Siciliani a ddu tempu e fannu vidiri comu relazioni amichevuli tra i Siciliani e i niuri esistevanu già decadi prima ca u muvimentu pi diritti sociali nascissi ntê Stati Uniti. U romanzu allarga u raggiu dà so visuali quannu ntrasinu a famigghia, i frati e i soru di unu dî protagonisti nta l’azioni. L’auturi ora intenni costruiri nu sistema di reguli, vali a diri, nu sistema di valuri ca ponnu guidari i Siciliani ntà vita dà nova società. Mumenti particulari dà storia siciiana sunu usati pi costruiri na guida pi guvirnari a famigghia e i quarteri e chisti formanu i basi pû munnu sociali dî Siciliani e a so filosofia dà vita. Assemi a l’usu dà storia siciiana comu puntu di partenza, Santostefano spisu usa mutti e pruverbi siciliani ca servunu comu punti di riferimentu pû cunportamentu di Siciliani. Stu romanzu, comu a tutti i romanzi unni si parra di siciliani veri, è na sfida o stereotipu di Siciliani comu dilinquenti, specialmenti di quannu nisciu dda famusa trilogia dû Padrinu ntô 1972. In cuntrastu stu romanzu prisenita na drammatica e nova interpetazioni dà parola Mafia, dannu esempi di cuntribbuti c’hannu fattu i Siciliani e ca cuntinuanu a fari nta l’anni futuri pi l’America. U romanzu parra puru dû problema ca i Siciliani hannu ancora a risorviri: comu manteniri vivi i tradizioni siciliani mentri rispiranu aria miricana, circannu di arrangiari i vecchi modi chî novi, e decidennu chiddu c’havi a ristari dû vecchiu e chiddu ca
One example will suffice: Joseph Cacibauda’s novel entitled *After Laughing Comes Crying*, which was the story of Sicilian immigrants who came to work in Louisiana’s plantations. Santostefano’s novel deals instead with growing up in the tobacco growing area of Connecticut. The title refers to the harvesting, (the picking) of the tobacco leaves as they mature on the plant. The author relates his experience and that of his fellow Sicilians as they engaged in harvesting the leaves in competition with often other antagonistic and prejudiced ethnic groups. The author, who grew up to become a Professor at Harvard Medical School, relates his experiences during the summer of 1943, recalling the friendships he made, the strategies used to cope with a largely anti-Italian bosses, and the camaraderie and loyalties that grow when groups are pitted against one another. Each picking symbolizes a phase of life and the importance of a particular aspect of family relationships for Sicilians. These boys negotiate the prejudice expressed against Sicilians at the time and also display the mutual relationship Sicilians had with African Americans decades before the Civil Rights movement emerged in the United States. The novel expands the focus of its interest when it brings into the picture the Sicilian parents, sisters and brothers of one of these boys. The focus becomes now constructing a set of rules, that is a set of values that will be a guideline for living in a new society. Particular aspects of Sicilian history are used to construct rules to govern the family and neighborhood that form the foundation of Sicilians’ social world and philosophy of life. Along with using Sicilian history as points of departure, Santostefano often makes use of Sicilian maxims, proverbs, that become guide posts for behavior. This novel, like all novels that deal with real Sicilian people, challenges the stereotype of Sicilians as synonymous with the Mafia. In the United States Sicilians are automatically identified as gangsters, especially since the famous trilogy of the Godfather movies was released beginning in 1972. In sharp contrast, this novel provides a dramatic review of the history and original meaning of the word, mafia, and examples of the positive contributions Sicilians have made, continue to make, and will offer in the future that benefit America. The novel also addresses the task Sicilians face as they try to keep Sicilian customs in their lungs while breathing in American customs, and as they negotiate how to fit the old Sicilian ways of life.
ponnu abbannunari. Stu libru è n’eccellenti cuntu dà vita di l’immigranti siciliani ntò Connecticut e servi pi uncuraggiamentu pì autri siciliani ca vonnu riflettiri supra a so storia. Si tratta di nautru pezzu ntà saga di l’emigrazioni siciliana ca visti partiri di l’isula 1.42 miliuni di pirsuni, ognuna di li quali havi na storia unica e o stissu tempu familiari di cuntari.


Recensioni di Pamela Donnaruma
Edituri e diritturi, Post-Gazette, Boston MA
(prima pubblicata comu La Gazzetta del Massachusetts)


Nasciutu cu nomi di Leonardo Liotta, figghiu di immigranti siciliani di Sciacca, Vincenzu e Giacumina Liotta, u giuvini Nardu mparau a fari a pugna ntè strati di Boston e ntò club pi carusi locali. Cù sustegnu dà so famigghia, l’amici e u so quarteri, Nardu cuminciau a cummattiri ntò quatratu sutta u nomi di Tony DeMarco, pirfiziunannu a so tecnica finu a quannu divintau u Campiuni a sulu vintitri anni.

U libru nun tratta sulu di pugilatu. Tratta di Tony DeMarco, l’omu e a so vita. Tocca i so trionfi e tragedii ca lu furmarunu comu individuu. A vita di Tony appi auti e basci ca lu purtarunu dà vita di campiuni di liveddu mundiali a proprietariu di nu Night Club nta l’Arizona e finalmenti di novu a so casa di Boston unni è ancora na liggenna viventi.

Mentri cunta a storia dà so vita, Tony duna è litturi l’immagini di chiddu ca era l’età di l’oru dû pugilatu e dà vita e cultura di Boston nta l’anni 1940, 50 e 60. Tony condividi tanti stori di omini famusi e pirsunaggi ca iddu canusciu nta so carrera comu a Bob Hope, Sammy Davis, Jr., Jack Ruby e Raymond Patriarca.

*Nardo: Memoirs of a Boxing Champion* includi a mimoria pirsunali
with new ways, maintain what should be preserved, and deciding what should be discarded. The book is an excellent account of life in Connecticut among Sicilian immigrants and serves as an incentive for other Sicilians to reflect on their own story. This another piece in the saga of Sicilian immigration which saw 1.42 million Sicilians leave the island, all of whom have a story to tell, unique and at the same time familiar.

Review by Pamela Donnaruma
Publisher & Editor, Post-Gazette, Boston MA
(formerly La Gazzetta del Massachusetts)

Whether or not you are a boxing fan, the newly released autobiography of Tony DeMarco is a must read for anyone interested in a good story. *Nardo: Memoirs of a Boxing Champion* is the story of young boy of Sicilian heritage who grew up in Boston’s Italian district, the North End, and overcoming all obstacles became the undisputed Welterweight Champion of the World in 1955.

Born Leonardo Liotta to immigrants from Sciacca, Sicily, Vincenzo and Giacomina Liotta, little “Nardo” learned to fight on the streets of Boston and in the local Boys Club. With the support of family, friends and his neighborhood, Nardo boxed under the name of Tony DeMarco, honing his skills to become the Champ when he was only twenty-three years old.

This book is not just about boxing. It is about Tony DeMarco, the man and his life. It touches upon the triumphs and tragedies that shaped him as an individual. Tony’s life took a series of twists and turns that brought him from the life of a world class boxer to that of a nightclub owner in Arizona, and finally back home to Boston where he is a living legend.

In the process of telling his life story, Tony gives the reader a glimpse into the golden era of boxing and a snapshot of the life and culture of the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s in Boston. Tony also shares many stories of famous people and characters he met along the way such as Bob Hope,
di Tony dû so cummattimentu contru a Johnny Saxton quannu vinciu u campiunatu dû munnu ntô Boston Garden, a poca distanza dá so casa ntô North End. Tony cummattiu contru 8 campiuni dû munnu nta so straordinaria carrera. Stu libru cunteni puru a discrizioni di Tony dì so epichi cummattimenti contru a Carmen Basilio, cunsiddirati dui dì chiù granni cummattimenti dà storia dû pugilatu.

Arridatu cu numirusi fotografii dà so cullezioni pirsunali, Nardo: *Memoirs of a Boxing Champion* duna ô litturi na viduta intima dà vita e dì tempi di Tony DeMarco. Mentri liggeva u libru divintaiu tantu affascinata ca non potti chiù pusarilu finu a quannu l’avia finutu. Lu truvaìu na lìt-
tura intirissanti a tanti liveddi ca toccanu a vita di l’immigranti siciliani a Boston, u pugilatu nta so epuca d’oru, a vita di Tony e i so tempi. Dittu semplicimenti, stu libru è nu knockout.

Dario Brancato and Marisa Ruccolo (Eds.). *La terra di Babele:Saggi sul plurilinguismo nella cultura italiana*. Mineola, New York: Legas, 2011. $22.00

Recensioni di Sergio di Prima (Università di Missina)

I du ridatturi di *La terra di Babele* usanu un jocu di paroli (terra e turri) pi mettiri in risaltu u multilingualismu ntô sensu chiù largu ca includi a mistura di vari stili e generi comu u filu ca cunnetti chiddu ca putissi pariri comu na cullezioni di articuli siperati di du cunfirenzi diversi. U volumi, infatti, tratta vari argumenti ca dunanu na descrizioni rialistica di studi taliani in Italia e ntô Nord America oggi e i dudici articuli ca fannu parti dû volumi rapprisentanu na vera tistimunianza dá svolta ca i materii umanistici hannu fattu versu i studi culturali nta l’ultimi anni.

Ammatula u titulu, però, u libru è di granni interessi pî chiddi ca studianu lingua e littiratura siciliani vistu ca a mità di l’articuli (pri-
cisamenti chiddi di Assenza, Bini, D’Agostino, Ruffino, Russi and An-
adrighetti, e Vizmuller-Zocco) hannu a chi fari câ Sicilia o câ littiratura siciliana. Li argumenti trattati sunu vasti e vannu dá linguistica à storia dá littiratura reggionali.

U tema comuni ca si pò identificari assai facilmenti nta stu gruppu di

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Sammy Davis Jr., Jack Ruby, and Raymond Patriarca.

_Nardo: Memoirs of a Boxing Champion_ includes Tony DeMarco’s narrative of his fight with Johnny Saxton when he won the championship title at the fabled Boston Garden just a few blocks from his home in the North End. Tony fought eight world champions over the course of his notable career. This book also includes Tony’s description of his epic battles with Carmen Basilio, considered two of the greatest matches in boxing history.

Filled with many photos from his personal collection, _Nardo: Memoirs of a Boxing Champion_ truly gives the reader an insider’s view of the life and times of Tony DeMarco. As I read the book, I became captivated and couldn’t put it down. I found it to be a great read on many different levels encompassing Sicilian immigrant life in Boston, boxing in the golden era, Tony’s life, and life in his era. Simply put, the book is a knockout!

Dario Brancato and Marisa Ruccolo (Eds.). _La terra di Babele: Saggi sul plurilinguismo nella cultura italiana_. Mineola, New York: Legas, 2011. $22.00

Review by Sergio di Prima (Università di Missina)

The two editors of _La terra di Babele_ used a pun (terra, land, and torre, tower) to emphasize multilingualism in its broadest sense, which includes the mixture of several styles and genres as the thread connecting what could otherwise be seen as a piecemeal collection of papers from two separate conferences. The volume, in fact, deals with several topics that provide a realistic depiction of what Italian Studies are like nowadays in Italy and North America, and the twelve essays that make up the book are a veritable testimony of the cultural studies turn the humanities have taken in the last few years.

In spite of its title, however, the book is of great interest to Sicilian Studies scholars, as almost half of the essays (namely, those by Assenza, Bini, D’Agostino, Ruffino, Russi and Andrighetti, and Vizmuller-Zocco) deal with Sicily or Sicilian literature. The scope of the subjects is wide and ranges from linguistics to the history of regional literature.
articoli è l’identità siciliana A sicilianità, comu raggiuna Vizmuller-Zoco ntò so articulu, è n’identità costruita (supra a Facebook, precisamenti) na mistura di autu-esperienza e canuscenza basilari. Ntò casu di pagini di Facebook criati di utenti ca vivunu ntò Nord America, a lingua usata pò puru nun essiri nu fatturi determinanti pi costruiri a propria identità, ma sulu unu di fatturi, assemi a autri comu a cucina e u folclori. Pi nau-utra manu, a dicotomia ntra u sicilianu e l’italianu è cruciali pi chirddi ca nun hannu emigratu di l’Italia. Chista è a conclusioni unni sunu arrivati Assenza e D’Agostino. I so studi, rispettivamente supra studenti universitarii ca vivunu nta parti orientali dà Sicilia e a Palermu, dimustranu ca ammatula l’autu liveddu d’istruzioni, i suggetti ‘ntervistati (sempi ntòn cuntestu talianu) usanu u sicilianu comu mezzu pi criari un sensu d’appartenienza a na comunità.

L’idea dà co-prisenza di du lingu, ognuna ntò so riggistru, pò essiri cuncettualizzata comu nu mezzu pi analizzari u stili dà scrittura particolari di Andrea Camilleri ca è l’argumentu di Cinzia Russi e Traci Andrighetti, nta lu quali iddi analizzanu aspetti morfo-sintattichi di l’usu di pronomi pirsunali atoni nta tri romanzi di Camilleri.


Daniela Bini analizza n’adattamentu di La Lupa di Giovanni Verga nta n’opira post-moderna, unni a sicilianità veni canciata nta n’opira nova unni “nni dimustra ca a cumminazioni di tradizioni presenti e passati, di stili autu e basciu, è ancora possibili senza cadiri nta l’anarchia e ntò caos.”

U restu di l’articuli ntò volumi mustra a stissa ricchizza metodologica presenti ntè cuntribbuti di argumenti siciliani. In modu particolari a tesi di De Blasi e Marcato ca u linguaggiu reggionali pò puru definiri l’identità di n’auturi nun è diversa di la conclusioni ca putemu leggiri ntè capituli di D’Agostino e Assenza. La interazioni ntra vari vernaculi ntò Viridario dû pueta rinascimento Giovanni Filoteo Achillini e ntra diversi lingu ntà puisia di Edoardo Sanguineti (analizzata di Francesco Lucioli, Antonio Schiavulli e Valérie Thévenon rispettivamente) condi-
The common theme one can very easily identify in this subset of papers is that of Sicilian identity. Sicilian-ness, as Vizmuller-Zocco's essay argues, is a constructed identity (on Facebook, specifically): a mixture of self-experience and basic knowledge. In the case of Facebook pages created by users living in North America, the language used might not even be a determining factor to build one's identity, but simply one of them, along with other ones, such as cuisine and folklore. On the other hand, the dichotomy between Sicilian and Italian is a crucial one for those who have not emigrated outside of Italy. This is the conclusion to which Assenza and D’Agostino have come: their studies, respectively, on university students living in Eastern Sicily and Palermo show that despite the high level of education of the subjects interviewed, Sicilian (albeit situated within an Italian context) is still used as a device to create a sense of belonging to a community.

The idea of the co-presence of two languages, each with its own registers, can also be conceptualized as a tool to analyze Andrea Camilleri’s particular writing style, which is the topic of Cinzia Russi and Traci Andrighetti’s contribution, in which the authors examine the morphosyntactic features of the use of unstressed personal pronouns in three of Camilleri’s novels.

The essay by Giovanni Ruffino focuses on another aspect of Sicilian identity: that of popular nicknames in Sicilian poetry. The excerpts quoted from a panoply of poets--from Giovanni Meli to the most recent ones--prove Ruffino’s argument that the practice of assigning ’nciurii to people is still very alive in Sicily.

Daniela Bini examines an adaptation of Giovanni Verga’s La Lupa into a postmodern opera, in which Sicilian-ness is transmogrified into a new work “that shows us that combining present and past traditions, high and low styles, is possible without falling into anarchy and chaos”.

The rest of the papers in the volume show the same methodological richness that is found in the contributions with Sicilian content. In particular, De Blasi and Marcato’s argument that a regional language also defines the identity of an author is no different from the conclusion one can read in the chapters written by D’Agostino and Assenza; the interaction of several vernaculars in Renaissance poet Giovanni Filoteo
vidunu u stissu dinuminaturi comuni dà tesi di Bini e cioè ca numirusi linguì ponnu coesistiri ntò stissu testu cu l’obbiettivu di criari ordini, nun raprisintari u caos.

Pi concludiri, u volumi di Brancato e Ruccolo rapprisenta nu cuntribbutu validu ntò campu dì studi taliani e specificamenti dì studi siciliani pà selezioni dì cuntinuti e pì metodologii. Chistu è particolarmenti significativu ntò Nord America unni a ristrutturazioni e a riduzioni di li studi humanistichi rennunu imperativa l’esplorazioni di novi strati di investigazioni, cosa ca Brancato e Ruccolo ficiru in manera brillanti.
Achillini’s *Viridario*, and of different languages in Edoardo Sanguineti’s poetry (analyzed by Francesco Lucioli, Antonio Schiavulli, and Valérie Thévenon respectively), share the same common denominator as Bini’s claim that many languages can co-exist in the same text with the goal of creating order, not of expressing chaos.

In conclusion, Brancato and Ruccolo’s volume makes a valuable contribution to the field of Italian Studies and, specifically, to Sicilian Studies, because of its choice of content and methodologies. This makes particular sense in North America, where the restructuring and downsizing of the humanities make it imperative to explore new avenues of investigation, a task that has been brilliantly carried out by Brancato and Ruccolo.
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Arba Sicula Also Recommends

*La terra di Babele: saggi sul multilinguismo nella cultura italiana*, eds D. Brancato and M Ruccolo. Please see review for a description of its content. It’s especially interesting for its chapters regarding Sicily. The book is primarily written in Italian.

*First to Last Picking*, by Sebastiano Santostefano. This is a wonderful account of life in Connecticut for Sicilian immigrants after World War II. It is full of insights into Sicilian-Americans, their ways of coping and their struggle to become Americans while keeping Sicilian values alive.

*Sweet Lemons Two, an International Anthology with a Sicilian Accent*, edited by Delia De Santis and Venera Fazio. You may have bought the first volume published a few years ago which has been out of print for a while. It is an anthology of poems and short stories that features the work of more than 50 poets and writers who explore their rapport with Sicily and Sicilians. It is nearly 400 pages presenting a fascinating and diverse account of how writers deal with their Sicelitude.

Vincenzo Ancona’s *Malidittu la lingua/Damned Language*, recently reprinted in a new format and with two accompanying CDs or one DVD of the poet reciting his work in Sicilian Ancona’s book is certainly well known to the members of Arba Sicula, especially those who live in the New York area. Ancona was an institution in the Castellammare del Golfo community and still is remembered with affection and admiration. His book had been out of print for a number of years and it was reprinted in a more elegant edition at the request of many people.

Francesco Lanza’s *Sicilian Mimes: a Gallery of Sly and Rustic Tales*, is a classic of Sicilian humor that has delighted many generations of Sicilians since its publication.
in the 1920s. The book had never been translated into English, like so many worthy others and I felt that it had important things to say about Sicily and Sicilians, even as a parody of them. If you want to laugh at the same things Sicilians find funny, if you want to know what their taboos are, this is the book to read. Lanza’s whacky sense of humor is definitely worth experiencing.

*After Laughing, Comes Crying: Sicilian Immigrants on Louisiana Plantations,* by Joseph L. Cacibauda. This novel is based on the Mormon Church’s archive, books and memoirs of Giovanni Graci, a farmer in Sicily, his decision to leave the island, and his experience on a sugar plantation in Southern Louisiana. The story is emblematic of so many Italian immigrants’ tales, told with compassion and realism. An excellent guide to our shared past. 136 pages, $14.95. ISBN 188190169-6

*Prigheri e canzunreddi divoti da Sicilia/Prayers and Devotional Songs of Sicily,* edited and translated into English by Pepino Ruggeri. This wonderful collection of prayers and hymns that our Sicilian forefathers used throughout the year and for special occasions is a treasure you ought to have. Ruggeri has collected the traditional prayers used for specific feasts and translated them into English. Preserving the Sicilian language can be done also through these timeless prayers. The book is bilingual (Sicilian/English) 180 pages, $14.95. ISBN 188190165-3

*Tornu/The Return, Sicilian Poems,* translated by Gaetano Cipolla. This is the second volume of poetry written by Arba Sicula’s Vice President, following his successful book *Vinissi/I’d Love to Come back.* Provenzano’s style has grown freer and less attached to traditional forms, while keeping his sense of humor intact. This book confirms once again the talent and special gifts the poet showed in his first book and then some. 160 pages, $16.95. ISBN 188190171-8

*Sicilian Palimpsest: The Language of Castroreale and Its Territory,* by Ennio I. Rao. In addition to providing an excellent scholarly description of the language of Castroreale and its surrounding area, Prof. Rao who teaches at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, has included a thorough and well researched summary of the major events of Sicilian history, touching also on Sicilian literature. His grammar is useful as well for all Sicilians wishing to learn the language. Prof. Rao’s comments in most cases are applicable to Sicilian at large. This is a most useful book for anyone interested in Sicily. 160 pages,
$14.85. ISBN 188190170X

Sicily The Trampled Paradise, Revisited, By Connie Mandracchia De Caro, II Edition. This is a completely revised and updated version of the book that was sold out. Mrs. De Caro has added new chapters and expanded her narrative to enhance historical insights into the complex history of Sicily. ISBN 1881901-15-7 138 pp, paperback. Price: $14.95

Sicilian Women, by Giacomo Pilati. This is a series of interviews of 12 Sicilian women who speak of their lives, their successes and failures, providing excellent insights into modern Sicilian society. $12.95, ISBN 188190115-7

The Scent of Jasmine, by Florence Gatto. This book, containing vignettes from a Sicilian background told with conviction and heart by Florence Gatto, sold out almost immediately, and continues to delight those who read it. $14.95.ISBN 188190162-9

Time Takes no Time, by Donna L. Gestri. Sicilian traditions, beliefs and customs are explored and brought to life in the day to day existence of the colorful characters. ISBN 1881901610, paperback, 150 pages, $14.95.

Ninety Love Octaves, by Antonio Veneziano, edited introduced and translated by Gaetano Cipolla. This is the first anthology of Veneziano’s poems to appear in English translation. It gives ample justification to the name “Prince of Poets” given to Veneziano in his time. See the review of it in the previous issue of Arba Sicula. Bilingual (Sicilian/English) ISBN 1881901564 paperback $12.95

Sebastiano: A Sicilian Legacy, by Connie Mandracchia De Caro

This is wonderful novel that weaves fiction and historical facts about Sicily in the 19th century by the author of Sicily: The Trampled Paradise Revisited. ISBN 1881901521 paperback $14.95

Sicily through Symbolism and Myth: Gate to Heaven and to the Underworld, by Paolo Fiorentino This is wonderful little book that everyone ought to have. It tells the stories of the symbols and myths that have emerged out of the Sicilian soil. See the review in the previous issue.

**Siciliana: Studies on the Sicilian Ethos**, by Gaetano Cipolla. This collection of essays by Prof. Cipolla includes his well known work on the Jews of Sicily, What Makes a Sicilian?, Sicily and Greece, the Arabs in Sicily, and many new articles not published in Arba Sicula. This is a must for all members of Arba Sicula. ISBN 188190145-9, 258 pp. $18.00

**Sicilian: The Oldest Romance Language**, by Joseph Privitera. In this study, Dr. Privitera demonstrates that Sicilian is not a dialect nor a corruption of Italian. Dr. Privitera convincingly argues that Sicilian is the most ancient of the romance languages. In addition he compiles a list of words derived from other languages such as Latin, Greek, Arabic, Spanish, Catalan and Provencal. ISBN 188190141-6, 2004, 96 pp. $12.00

**Introduction to Sicilian Grammar**, By J. K. “Kirk” Bonner, Edited by Gaetano Cipolla. This is the first comprehensive grammar of the Sicilian language available for English speakers. It is also the first serious attempt at treating the various different forms of spoken Sicilian as expressions of the same underlying language. Dr. Bonner's work ought to dispel the notion that Sicilian is not a language, but a dialect. Coming at a time when Sicilian is being threatened with extinction, this work is an invitation to Sicilians and Sicilian-Americans not to let the language of their ancestors fade away. Price $27.95 the price includes a copy of *The Sounds of Sicilian*, by Gaetano Cipolla

This 32 page booklet is a description of Sicilian sounds accompanied by an interactive CD to teach you pronunciation. It should be bought in conjunction with Introduction to Sicilian Grammar. For $27.95 you can buy both, including shipping. ISBN 188190151-3, 32 pp.

**A Thousand Years in Sicily: from the Arabs to the Bourbons**, by Giuseppe Quatriglio. This is the third edition of a classic. See the review of this book on in the book review section. If you’re interested in Sicilian history, this is one book you ought to have. ISBN 0921252-17-X, 228 pp. $16.00
The Last Cannoli, by Camille Cusumano. Writing in the New York Times Book Review in 1993, Gay Talese lamented the lack of “Italian-American Arthur Millers and Saul Bellows, James Baldwins and Toni Morrisons, Mary McCarthys and Mary Gordons, writing about their experiences.” Camille Cusumano’s first novel, The Last Cannoli, begins to fill that gap. The Last Cannoli is a lively, fast-paced read in a voice that is fresh and powerful. Price $19.00

A Sicilian Shakespeare: A Bilingual Edition of All His Sonnets, By Renzo Porcelli. Why translate Shakespeare into Sicilian? Would anyone think it strange if someone translated Shakespeare into French, as indeed many people have, or Spanish, Russian or Japanese? So why not Sicilian? Sicilian was the first Italic language used by the Sicilian School of poetry under Frederick II. Sicily has produced many important literary figures writing in Sicilian and now thanks to Renzo Porcelli, Shakespeare has acquired a Sicilian voice. Price $8.00

History of Autonomous Sicily, By Romolo Menighetti and Franco Nicastro. Translated into English by Gaetano Cipolla. This is the most comprehensive history of Sicily from the signing of the Special Autonomy Statute for the Island in 1947 to the present. If you want to understand the political, economic and social situation of modern day Sicily, this is your book. Price $18.00

Sicily: Where Love Is, By Dominick Eannello. This is the story of two generations of the Salerno family who hail from a small town in central Sicily. The author leads us on a journey through the early 1940s when Joseph Salerno was hired as a Professor at Columbia University. Forced to return to Italy by the break of the war, Joseph had some experiences that would eventually change the lives of his children. It’s a fascinating tale of love, respect for the family and heritage. A “treasure” of a novel. Price $14.00

Altavilla, Sicily: Memories of a Happy Childhood, By Calogero Lombardo. “I wrote this book for the children of the family who will never know what this place was,” said Calogero Lombardo. This is more than a recollection of childhood memories. It is an interesting and insightful look at the reality of Sicily and Sicilians written with
wita nda sense of humor. ISBN 1881901-36-X. 168 pages, $14.00


This is not a translation of the Spanish novel, but an entirely original rethinking of the archetypal couple of Don Quijote and his squire Sancho, written in verse and from a Sicilian perspective. This is an essential book to understand the Sicilian psyche. Gaetano Cipolla’s translation is superb. ISBN 1881901-33-5. 320 pages- Bilingual volume (Sicilian/English) Price $18.00

**A Sicilian Martyr in Nagasaki**, by Calogero Messina.

This is the story of a Sicilian monk, Brother Giordano of Santo Stefano, a missionary who was martyred in Japan in the 17th century. He was canonized by the Christian Church as Saint Giordano. Professor Messina’s painstaking reconstruction of Saint Giordano’s life is a marvelous journey through history that shines a light on Sicilian religious feelings. It is an important contribution. ISBN 1881901-32-7. 106 pages, paperback. $12.00


This is a revised edition of Dr. Barbera’s entertaining and well documented account of the eventful period that goes from the Norman conquest of Sicily to the death of Frederick II. Dr. Barbera’s well written book places Sicily at the center of European political development during the Middle Ages. This is required reading for all who are interested in Sicilian history. ISBN 1-881901-05-X. Paperback 160 pp, with illustrations. Price: $12.00
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While Arba Sicula’s official address remains the same as before, our mailing address from now will be:

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