

CROSSING THE BORDERS ALONG THE ISONZO

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(INTRODUCTORY MUSIC) Dobervečer vsem in dobrodošli.

Good evening everyone and welcome.

Before starting the show we would like to make a necessary clarification.

Pred začetkom predstave bi radi naredili potrebno pojasnilo .

The post-war years have sometimes represented tragic moments in the lives of our grandparents and parents.

Leta po drugi svetovni vojni so včasih predstavljala tragične trenutke v življenju naših starih staršev.

Talking about the events of those years can still cause suffering and pain today.

Pripovedovanje o dogodkih, ki so se zgodili v tistih letih, lahko še danes povzroči trpljenje in bolečino.

Well, but tonight we're not just talking about the immediate post-war period, but more recent events, so perhaps this clarification is rather unnecessary. What do you think?

No, we don't know what to do or we can't do anything, we can't stop the dog, so we'll have to bite this thing. Kaj misliš ?

Stop, please. You don't have to translate into Slovenian and repeat what I'm saying, do you understand?

Nehaj prosim. Glej, ni ti treba prevajati v slovenščino in ponavljati, kar govorim, razumeš?

Dovolj, dovolj prosim! As if I hadn't said anything! Have fun!

Dobra zabava. Good, but next time explain better!

(MUSIC "THE LEGEND OF THE PIAVE")

*The Piave murmured calmly and placidly as it passed
of the first infantry on May 24th
the army was marching to reach the border
to make a barrier against the enemy .*

Maestro, one moment, forgive me but remember that you made a mistake about the war. I didn't want to talk about the first post-war period, but about the second, which would be like saying after the first. Do you understand?

No.

Of course not? In May of the fifteenth, Italy entered the war, but it was the first war, as the song of the twenty-fourth of May says: "The army marched to reach the border and to build a barrier against the enemy!"

Oh, yes. I know, I know the song well: it tells that on the twenty-fourth of May a barrier was built on the Piave.

No, that's not true! That will happen later, sorry in the seventeenth! By May 15th there will be no barrier on the Piave!

Oh no? And what did I do, otherwise I built the barrier on the Piave?

I fought the battles of the Isonzo. Dodese battles. Because Italy always enters the war later and on the other side.

How about after and on the other side?

Afterwards and on the other side a little. Was Italy not the era of the Triple Alliance? Indifferent. Now I don't have time to explain. And, under penalty of entering the war, Italy invaded Austria with the battles of the Isonzo, so much so that in August of the same year it ended up taking Gorizia.

Ah! And so in August of this year they saw a clean system in Gorizia?

Sure, to lie alone on the banks of the Isonzo, it was August, this past summer, so hot! Come on, how can you stay calm when it was war? Before that, in October the seventeenth, I had to rush back, after the twelfth battle of the Isonzo, the battle of Caporetto.

Ah, it's true, it's true! In October of the seventeenth I had to escape, after the defeat of Caporetto!

Defeated, the Italians call it defeated, for the Germans it was "the wonder of Karfreit," in Slovenian "čudež pri Kobarid," the wonder of Caporetto. The Italians had to flee back, on foot, from the Isonzo to the Piave to, this time for good, form a barrier against the enemy, as the song says. And unfortunately in the eighteenth the Italians returned here to us, when the war was over. After that was the Fassinio and after that the second war, from which we depart. Please, maestro. (*MUSIC "LILI MARLEEN"*)

*For the Kaserne for the big one, they will stand
at the Laterne and will be closer to each other
. Once again Lili Marleen.*

*Under the fountain it was so good, we ate capuzzi and luganighe with the same cren
that gnochi xe rivai are eaten little and almost never, sigh heil we're screwed, sigh
heil we're screwed. (MUSIC CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND)*

On September 8, 1943, Marshal Pietro Badoglio announced the signing of the armistice that had taken place in Cassibile, five days earlier, between the Italian General Giuseppe Castellano and the American General Walter Bedell Smith.

But come on, armistice? What armistice? Here in Italy they call it an armistice, but it's the capitulation! Capitulation: the unconditional surrender of the Kingdom of Italy to the Allies.

Don't be so argumentative, come on, and let me continue with the historical narrative. I was saying that Badoglio's announcement resulted, in the days immediately following, in the invasion of Italian territory by German armed forces; obviously, Venezia Giulia was also occupied.

Zasedna? What occupied? Venezia Giulia is no longer occupied, Venezia Giulia becomes Adriatische Kustenland and therefore a part of the Third Reich, which means being in all respects German territory, an integral part of Nazi Germany!

Excuse me, but are you angry with me, that I want to add something every moment? Can you please let me speak? Can you not interrupt me every moment?

Oh, no, darling, žal mi je. But I don't interrupt you. Don't let me ever. I'm just making clarifications. Clarifying them for the sake of precision.

OK, try to be a little less precise then.

Prav. I'll try.

September 8th also marks the beginning of the Resistance, the Italian war of liberation against Nazism. Is this okay with you? Is it right?

Odlično. Perfect! (*MUSIC "BELLA CIAO"*)

*One morning I woke up, oh beautiful hello, beautiful hello, beautiful hello hello hello
One morning I woke up
And I found the invader*

O partisans, go ahead, o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao O partisans, go ahead, go ahead, let me čeprav me čaka smrt.

(INTERRUPTING) One moment, one moment. Since you're so fond of being precise, it should also be said that "Bella Ciao" became famous many years after the end of the war and that during the years of the Resistance there were practically no partisans who sang it.

All right, but "Bella Ciao" has always been the most famous partisan song. (SINGS)
O partizani, naj pojedem z vami, pa čeprav me čaka smrt.

Oh, no, no dear! It became the anthem of the Resistance just twenty years after the end of the war, and it's not me who says this, but your friends at the ANPI, the Partisans' Association, and the song isn't present in any document before 1950.

But what difference does it make, it's one of the partisan symbols!

No, no, just to be precise, to be precise, since you want to be precise. And the song was published in L'Unità just in 1957. You know L'Unità, right?

Seveda, how do you expect me not to know her, look, I was a subscriber to L'Unità!

Were you a subscriber to L'Unità? Really? And did you read the entire paper, every day?

No, no, it wasn't necessary: L'Unità, as Dario Fo said, didn't need to be read, you just had to buy it and put it prominently in your jacket pocket for everyone to see—that was enough, it was already a form of political struggle. The bosses' newspapers, on the other hand, you had to read them all, consume them down to the last line of the last article, to justify the money you'd given them to the bosses.

He who understands you is good at buying a newspaper and then not reading it!

And I was also a season ticket holder for Primorski Dnevnik!

But what if there are very few season ticket holders at Primorski Dnevnik?

Only the year of my wedding because newlyweds were offered a free twelve-month subscription by Primorski Dnevnik.

Oh, that's interesting! And then, after the free year, did you renew your subscription?

Never!

But think that when I was still a child, I thought that Primorski Pes was the Slovenian translation of Piccolo, since the news was the same.

The news may have been the same, but I assure you that the comments were completely different, so much so that we called Piccolo “the liar”.

It doesn't matter. We were saying: at the end of April 1945, German troops retreated and Venezia Giulia was occupied by Marshal Tito's Yugoslavian soldiers.

I'm sorry, but you're not precise, ni res: in May 1945, Venezia Giulia was liberated, not occupied, by the armed forces of the Osvobodilna fronta, and do you know what "osvoboditev" means? I'll tell you. It means liberation. And the liberation front, if it's called that, can only liberate and certainly not occupy. (*MUSIC "NA JURIS"*)

*Na juriš, na juriš, na juriš,
Krik borcev vihra skozi hoste,
Sovrgove vrste so goste!
Udari, navali, usekaj, izpali,
Na jurišš, o-hej, partizan, pred tabo svobode je dan!*

Please let's not engage in pointless and sterile endless polemics, given that not even the special joint commissions of Italian-Slovenian historians have agreed on the date of liberation. Some place it in April 1945, others in May, and still others as early as June. What is certain is that during the Yugoslav occupation...

The period of liberation!

During the period of... the presence of Tito's troops, tragic events occurred: Trieste was proclaimed an autonomous city in the Seventh Federal Republic, and graffiti praising Yugoslavia appeared on buildings.

Hočemo Jugoslavijo! Trst je naš, Gorica je naša, tudi Videm je naš.

Shh! Shh! What are you doing? Are you crazy? Please, don't say those words, are you crazy? Don't even joke about them. Just think that in 2009, not that many years ago, for a banal short film titled precisely...

“ Trst je naš!”

The film, titled precisely like that and part of the film thesis of a Slovenian student, financed and distributed by Radio Television Ljubljana, aroused enormous controversy, followed even, imagine, by a formal protest from none other than the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Why didn't I see the short film, which instead was a funny parody, I must say quite funny, and which really appealed to those nostalgic for the partisan struggle.

In fact, this is a story that, thinking back on it today, really makes you smile, it's really funny, the classic storm in a teacup, much ado about nothing.

Like the story that tells of those of the ninth Yugoslav Corps, right? That they didn't want to go back to Trieste, they had to stop cleanly in Opcina, they didn't think about moving from there. Except that after two dear armed men who were yesterday at the Obelisk the brakes broke and the xe vignudi zo de balin for Scala Santa and the xe shores at Roian, and the others after all, naturally, that no one could leave them alone: echo, x and so it is that it matters that the Yugoslavs are leaving Trieste. Because what if he gave the brakes to the dear armed men.

But even these surreal stories help us understand how the memory of tragic events is still very present, especially in the memories of older people.

(MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” BEGINNING OF MALDOBRIA “IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER”)

-After the fall of the Berlin Wall we hoped that everything would come to pass, but instead the war in Yugo begins and even now every day you hear about attacks, occupations, wars. If it was better, it was better. I calculate that the worst thing that can happen is el ribalton!

-Sure, I'll turn it over for a piece of everything. And we will save others because we have had many reversals. If a country falls and no one knows who is on the shore, for

a piece of everything: no longer for the one in charge, people will become enraged and commit thefts, sales, harassment.

-Bruto, you know bruto xe ribalton!

-Bruto is the turnaround, the one from the first war is a brute but the one from the second is perhaps even worse. On the pinon of the municipality of certain villages one day if you saw a flag that the next day was flying and on the pinon you saw another one, no one knew what to do, it was those who escaped, those who surrendered, those who hid. Brutus in short.

-Why did he escape and hide?

-Because he used to come home at night, he took away all the men he had and no one knew where he was taking them, if only for forced labor for the military, but it also happened that more than once the person who took him was never seen again. Especially the young men who were in the military. I remember that the wife of Marino Slobez, who everyone here called Mario, was very worried.

-Were you worried about your husband?

-No, not for the sea, a wife after a certain age what you want is that you worry more about her than her husband. In fact, she couldn't stand it anymore because he was buzzing with notes and there was no way to get rid of him and the poor girl, she was kept awake and couldn't bring her back to sleep all night long because her husband slept like a pig, buzzing terribly. No, Slobez's wife was already worried about her son, the only son who gave her, Mario called him.

-But Mario, can't you tell me that she called her husband?

-No, the husband would have to be called Mario, who in fact later everyone called him Mario, but on the cards he was instead called Marino, Marino Slobez.

-What did he give two names, Mario and Marino?

-Yes he had two names like Franz Ferdinand, the one he had in Sarajevo! Come on, wait for me to explain, no! When the guy noticed in the room he said Mario, but Don Blas, who was a deaf guy yesterday, didn't understand well and Marino wrote, so I wanted you, Don Blas was from Arbe.

-Eh, the ghe tien, the ghe tien you know in Arbe in San Marino. I just said that San Marino he left by boat from Rab to go to San Marino. I'm in San Marino, you know.

-Sure, San Marino is beautiful, in Romagna, the Republic of Titan. But that doesn't matter, it'll make me lose my mind. I told you that this Marino was Mario for everyone, and so, do you know what he did?

-He's going to the Comun to have his name changed!

-No, on the contrary, where the son was born he was born Mario, like him, he seems to have the same name, which is why he was known there as Marino.

-Ah! He gave the child with the same name.

-Yes, and I was telling you that this is the situation, Marino Slobetz's wife, who everyone called Mario, yesterday you know was worried about her son Mario who hid him in the house, so that if he tried to catch him he could escape through the pergolas.

-And the xe vignudi to zercarlo, I'm fio?

-Of course, the xe vignudi, the xe vignudi. I stood at the door of the house of notes and the poor wife went to see me and with brutal manner these soldiers were intimate with the direction where it was Mario Slobetz who had to go away with them.

-Mama mia, what moments and what this mama did.

-And calm down, I'll take these soldiers to the bedroom where yesterday the husband was snoring and the guy said: "Here is Mario Slobetz, let him know, if he does, for me it's just a moment, for four hours that he's snoring and so, without him, maybe tonight I'll finally be able to get back to evening sleep!"

-And what did the military do?

-Nothing, they were looking for a young man, so he wanted me to be interested in an old man who was nagging in bed. No, I didn't know what to say and I left. And with this trick of the same name the ghe ga will save the fio's life. And the husband isn't short of anything.

-Ah, why didn't the husband give up his marriage?

-No, he slept like a pig there, he never knew anything about it, only later, years later, as the war was over the wife who was in charge of it, this whole story, one evening in bed, but, whatever happened, with the girl the story ended with the girl there yesterday who was buzzing like a pig. (*MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" END OF MALDOBRIA*)

In June 1945, an agreement was signed in Belgrade between the Allies and Yugoslavia that established the so-called Morgan Line, named after the British general who proposed it. This line, in addition to separating the course of the Isonzo, divided Venezia Giulia into two military occupation zones: Zone A, occupied by the British and American armies, including Trieste and Gorizia (cut in two), and Zone B, occupied by the Yugoslav army, including part of Istria.

Zone B, which for riders was called zone B, B as in zona Benzinara, which we all used to go to get gas in zone B, in fact we'll go there now too and we'll continue to call it zone B. If you still say no? We'll go to zone B or we'll go to Yugo, to get gas in Yugo, even if Yugo is no longer there either. (*MUSIC "BELLEZZA IN BICICLETTA"*)

*But where are you going, my beauty, on your bicycle,
so quickly pedaling with ardour?
Your slender, shapely, and beautiful legs
have already put passion in my heart!*

*But where are you going with your hair in the wind,
with a happy heart and an enchanting smile?
If you want it, sooner or later we will reach the finish line of love!
If we encounter a climb,
I will push you
and, holding you by the waist, I will speak to you of love.*

*But where are you going, my beauty, on your bicycle,
don't be in a hurry, stay a little in my heart,
leave the bike, give me your kisses, it's so beautiful to make love!*

After a five-year hiatus due to the war, the Giro d'Italia resumed. It was 1946, and the twelfth stage was a flat, uneventful route from Rovigo to Trieste. However, when the Giro convoy entered the Anglo-American-administered area, there were protests, stones were thrown, the road was blocked, and the riders were forced to stop.

In fact, in Pieris, just before crossing the bridge over the Isonzo, the stage was declared over after a gunshot wounded a policeman. The race was supposed to restart the following day from Udine. That's true, but a group of athletes didn't get ahead of the game! These are the cyclists who belong to the team called Wilier Triestina.

Some say it's an acronym for "Long Live Free and Redeemed Italy"; the jerseys are red with a halberd on the back. Escorted by American troops, the cyclists arrive in Trieste, and the stage winner, symbolically, amidst an enthusiastic and cheering crowd, will be a Triestine himself: Giordano Cottur.

And so Pieris's accident sparked fierce clashes in Trieste. The toll, after two days, is dramatic: two dead and forty-five injured. But no one talks about it; Italy continues to follow the Giro, unaware of everything.

The clashes continued: in August 1946, the anniversary of the capture of the unredeemed city by the Italian army in 1916 was held in the Remembrance Park in Gorizia. Three bombs were thrown into the crowd, injuring 26 people.

And then a "real witch hunt for Slavic communists" erupts across the city. The demonstration turns violent, and the police are unable to control it. One person dies and a hundred are injured.

Ah, now you understand, what about those three bombs that he threw at the monument in the Parco de la Rimembranza in Gorizia? Ara you like what xe the stuff! And think of how simple I am, I thought they were the remains of an old Roman temple.

What a Roman temple! No Roman temple! And not even the monument was blown up with those three bombs, that was blown up two years earlier, in 1944. It seems that in agreement with the Germans, who also gave it dynamite, the firebrands would have blown up that monument.

Who? After-lunches?

But what about after-lunch and before dinner? Domobranzi! Members of the *Slovensko domobranstvo* (Slovenian Territorial Guard), a collaborationist formation. Nazi , formed in Slovenia in September 1943 , equipped with weapons seized from the Italian army, specifically to counter the advance of the Osvobodilna Fronta.

But how did they fight between them in Yugoslavia?

Yes, look, it's better than I've even counted: just think that after the war the Domobranzi took refuge in Celovec, which is the Slovenian name for Klagenfurt, but, even knowing full well what they were born into, they were forcibly repatriated to Yugoslavia, so that they killed them all, about fourteen thousand of them, a terrible tragedy.

*(MUSIC "WHISTLE THE WIND") The wind whistles and the storm rages
Broken shoes and yet we must go*

*To conquer the red spring
Where the sun of the future rises
To conquer the red spring
Where the sun of the future rises (THEN VERSE IN RUSSIAN)*

*Oh Natasha, you made the piss
Yes Dimitri, I made thirty liters
You were the piss of the steppe that obscured the sun of the future
You were the piss of the steppe that obscured the sun of the future*

*O Cossack, did you poop?
Yes, Vasili, I pooped twenty kilos of it
. You were the steppe's poop that obscured the sun of the future.
You were the steppe's poop that obscured the sun of the
future.*

*Olga Olga don't do it in the Volga anymore
It's vulgar and then it makes it stink,
Katarina does it in the latrine where the sun of the future rises
Katarina does it in the latrine where the sun of the future rises*

In 1947, a peace treaty between Italy and the Allies created the Free Territory of Trieste under Allied Military Government.

Veš kaj pomeni ? It meant that if someone, let me say de Monfalcon, felt like going for a swim in the sea in Sistiana, he had to bring his passport with him because the border was at Lisert!

The Americans arrive and immediately infect the local population with their new eating habits and, above all, their musical style. (*MUSIC "IN THE MOOD"*)

With the Americans it wasn't bad, but it was them who were in charge and you had to be careful not to make them angry. I remember that one night four Americans who wanted to drink their last beer went to a place that was about to go out and pointed their finger at the counter and told the waiter to go crazy. "Four Beer"

And the waiter?

And the waiter immediately started cleaning the counter, because those Americans had made it clear that he wanted it to be polished. Clean! Clean! Ha, ha, you got it!

Unfortunately, yes, I understood it, but it would have been better otherwise. I was saying: in addition to the new songs, the American soldiers also brought with them new, unknown products like powdered milk, Coca-Cola, or chewing gum, which we who didn't know English called "chewing gum," as it was written: that is, chewing gum.

Naturally, all these bold young Americans willingly offered sugar, chocolate, and canned meat to the local girls, hoping to receive something in return. And some girls even offered them a kind of barter deal...

(SONG "I LOVE YOU JOHNNY")

I love you Johnny, I love you Texas, if you want to make love to me... you give me cigarettes, I'll give you mine... (REACTION) Uuuuh!

I love you Johnny, etc. you give me jam / I'll give you the... (REACTION) Uuuuh!

I love you Johnny, etc. you give me chocolates / I'll make you some... (REACTION) Uuuuh!

I love you Johnny, etc., you give me coke / I'll make you a... (REACTION) Uuuuh !

For reasons that are easy to understand, but not widely publicized, American soldiers are also provided with another type of gum in addition to chewing gum: the condom, the most common of which is number one, the gold category. In English: Gold One.

And that's why we poor ignoramuses here who don't know the English language and who read things as they're written, call the condom: "goldone".

(REACTION) Uuuuh! No need to talk nonsense!

It's useless that it warmed you up so much, the word is that, I can't even say it!

What is certain is that the aid that arrived from America in the post-war period, particularly the Marshall Plan, was fundamental for reconstruction and economic growth.

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" BEGINNING OF MALDOBRIA "PACCO DELL'AMERICA")

-Now there are these children who go off around the world as if they were nothing and to think that once upon a time instead of so many others they had to leave home and everything and go to distant places, like Australia and America.

- Of course, many people leave, and even those who manage to settle down in the name of good, those who leave for Australia or America find it fate, with respect they speak, the golden cul.

-Don't I understand who you're talking about?

-Don't you remember, for example, Giovanin Lovrich, there he was a boy who left for America yesterday, with the first embarkation that he landed in Neva York, there he disembarked and never went back, he learned to speak American like a true American and he also changed his name Johnny Lovrich.

-Like Johnny Lovrich?

- Sure, you don't know that for American Giovanni you say John, and so, as soon as he landed in Neva York he decided not to call Giovanin anymore, but Johnny, Jonhny Lovrich!

-What, right? I remember, I remember, young American, that once a boy went to America but that all his relatives stayed here.

-All the Lovrich cousins lived here, most of them were in Fiume, and they always wrote to them and they told them that, for anyone who was interested, in America that time was the right time to get their hands dirty, because there in America, there was, there was work.

-And if the Giovanini American had given birth?

- Smart guy who was yesterday, American who spoke as frankly as a true American, there he will immediately start clean to do his job, he will change I don't know how many jobs, because in America if you don't like a job, you say goodbye to the boss and the next day you can work somewhere else, like what we do.

-If I know. My poor cousin fired her six years ago and still can't find her.

-It doesn't matter, I wanted to tell you that this Johnny Lovrich wanted to do something, and that's how he got his money's worth in America, in short, he was doing well.

-And the Lovrich cousins?

-Well done to them too, until the end of the second war, because after they escaped they lost everything, poor people, they ended up first in a refugee camp and after that

they lived together in four in a little neighborhood that was just a room and a kitchen and that only on the stairs of the house did they give the logo of convenience.

-Not for convenience with the convenience logo, not for at home. At home the comfortable logo for you to be more comfortable!

-Of course it is more comfortable, if it calls the comfortable logo it must be comfortable. I wanted to tell you that, poor Lovrichs, they were really in bad shape yesterday, so much so that if Johnny Lovrich, who was now old yesterday, didn't want to send a package to America every month.

-Did he send gifts?

-Gifts, yes, boxes, boxes of American food, and there was always a letter too, because these boxes were all written for Americans and they didn't know that, and old Johnny Lovrich wrote something that was inside each box, that at that time for us the boxes were only for sardines.

-What, what, was there in the American boxes instead?

-Iera de toto, robe americana natural, come siropo de albero , butiro de pistaci, ciculata, marmelade, salsa americana, panzeta rosta suta, zuchero, pevere, e po' carne de dindio in scatula, bobici lessi in scatula, fin minestra de fasoi in scatula, de toto ghee iera in ste scatule.

-And Lori?

-And they, you could imagine, expected this peace of America like an oracle, hungry for it, that many times they didn't even look at the letter where something was written that was in the boxes, it was cabbage, it was scratched, and if it was good it was eaten.

-And what if it wasn't good?

-And if not, I was good about the letter that was in that box, because it must be said that Johnny Lovrich, who was old yesterday but wrote everything well, that he liked it so much to return to them, natural, and a little neat, that was in the box box by box.

-So, just read the letter first.

-Sure, except that one day in the letter from the paco Johnny Lovrich, he wrote that since he had to move, because in America they move from one place to another like nothing, for a while he won't be able to write to him anymore, but that he won't have

to worry because the paco will always come back every month, like always, except that the letter will be written by his son, because Johnny Lovrich gave a son in America.

-Everything was fine then, except that the package was sent by the son?

-Not much, because this boy only knew that he was American and he wrote for Americans, that they didn't understand him and he had to be translated every now and then by some guy who worked with the random military government. But more than anything, as always, he was pissed off and if he was good he ate without a care. Until one day he found in his package a round box with no writing on it and inside a spice he had never seen before.

-And what was inside this box yesterday?

-And the Lovrichs also ask what they like, it was like a dark masinada stuff, like pevere, but without taste

-And what happened to them? Am I magnada?

-And he thought it was an American spice, which wasn't the case here, and he put it on the food stuff like pears. I can also try making some fogazzete by mixing this spice with a little flour, egg and sugar. Palacinche type. But even then I didn't like it.

-And after the ga savù finally what spice was it, what was it?

-Of course, of course, I would have known when someone who worked in the Allied military government read the letter written for American.

-And what was written?

-I had written to him that poor Johnny Lovrich, the old man he was, was dead, poor thing, and since he always wanted to go back, the boy who had written to him sent him back to them inside the parcel, in a box. The box with the money of the old Johnny Lovrich, poor dead man. But the cousins were giving it to the magnada, the whole box with the bucks. What do you want, you know what happened that time. (*MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" END MALDOBRIA*)

(*MUSIC "CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO" BY GLENN MILLER*)

You must come skiing with me

on the Chattanooga train that goes "Choo-Choo."

In the little carriage that races merrily through the snow,

I want to teach you the art of loving.

*And while the piston puffs and the chimney smokes,
the water boils and dances in the steam engine,
the engineer sweats,
the stoker grumbles,
everything is panting and seems to go "Choo-Choo-Choo."*

*As the train rushes up to the summit,
my serene heart says to you,
"My divine child, you are my queen,
I will always love only you."*

*With the Chattanooga train going "Choo-Choo,"
we will be so happy together up there.
In the little carriage, you must tell me that you love me more and more,
and give me many kisses as you know how to kiss,
and give me lots of kisses like you know how to kiss. Choo, choo, choo
(ADLIB)*

Speaking of choo-choo trains, let's talk about the Cormons-Redipuglia railway line, which was built starting in 1949 but, despite very high costs, which have never been officially declared, has never been completed and activated.

What does the railway line between Cormons and Redipuglia have to do with it now?

It was apparently conceived by Italian military strategists precisely to avoid possible sabotage actions by the Yugoslav army given that the tracks of the Sagrado Gorizia section passed on the left bank of the Isonzo, too close to the Yugoslav border, and it was not possible to protect them.

But isn't that true? Absolutely not! The project was designed to allow freight trains on the Trieste-Tarvisio line to avoid the long Gorizia loop, which, with its considerable length, unnecessarily increased travel times.

If it were as you say, this railway line would have been put into use sooner or later, instead, coincidentally the project was abandoned just when the end of Yugoslavia was imminent.

I don't agree, but the important thing is that those horrible railway bridges that spanned the state roads be demolished once and for all.

(MUSIC "FLY DOVE")

*We were happy, united, and they divided us
The sun, the sky, the sea smiled at us We left the construction site Happy with our
work And the bell, ding dong, made the chorus for us*

*Fly, white dove, fly
Tell him that I will return*

*Tell her she will never be alone again
And that I will never leave her again .*

But the tragedies in our territories did not end with the war. In the postwar period, the tragedy of the exodus unfolded. The forced emigration of the majority of Italian-speaking and national citizens to the territories of Venezia Giulia, which had definitively passed under Yugoslavian rule.

And among these, I'm sorry to say but it's true, there are also many anti-communist Slovenians and Croatians who, once back in Italy, so as not to risk losing the subsidies and housing intended for exiles, forever stopped speaking their mother tongue! And I'm not saying this, but your Istrian friends.

There was also a reverse exodus. More than two thousand workers from the Monfalcone shipyards decided to emigrate with their families to Yugoslavia, where skilled labor was needed.

But they did it out of a strong political choice: a new society had to be built.

Subsequently, the choice to support Stalin against Tito, after the "excommunication" of the Yugoslav Communist Party with the Cominform Resolution of 1948, caused a burning disappointment that had devastating repercussions for these workers, which could even lead to their detention in the gulag of Goli Otok, the terrible Bald Island.

One of these who ended up there yesterday had been in Dachau during the war, and he said that Goli Otok regretted the Nazi concentration camps, because at least there there was solidarity between the prisoners. In Goli Otok, if you wanted to stay alive, you had to demonstrate loyalty to the party and be the one who beat up those who were once sorry to return.

The houses abandoned by the exiles had to be quickly filled with new inhabitants, causing the displacement of parts of the population, often completely unaware of the

historical facts, from the interior of Yugoslavia. (*MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" BEGINNING OF "MALDOBRIA" "LA VILLA DI ZARA"*)

-I also think it's a great fortune to be able to live like us here on the sea, where from home you have a beautiful view, where you can take a nice seaside walk if you want, and where you don't even have to go on vacation from here because there's nowhere better than here.

-Safe. The sea air is good for the lungs. And those who instead come from the interior, who are poor, don't go to the sea, they all come here from now on, to break one another under the sun, because in a short time you have to take in all the sun and the sea air which after that must suffice for the whole year that you remain at home.

-In fact, right here on the coast is everyone who moves, who rents rooms, houses, and villas for these strangers who come here from this very moment. Every year more and more people. And they come here from all over the world.

- From the whole world, lately I have also seen Russians, who please, who please the Russians, our sea and a bit like that, with the Croatians I understood well because of the similar language and so everyone comes here. I remember that in Zadar there was a very beautiful villa on the sea, not really Zara, Zara, a little earlier, but in short, very beautiful that you could see all the islands in front. And there was the Cattalinich family.

-Were these Cattalinichs the masters of the village?

-Yes and no. Lori was there, yesterday the workers of the villa, there who tended the vegetable garden and the garden and she who netted and cooked in the villa, but Lori was not in the villa, Lori with the flowers, a man and a woman gave him, he was in a small wooden shed that yesterday was the front of the villa, it sits on the detrium of the villa. And with the death of the master, who right now I don't even remember who he was yesterday because I'm talking to you about before the first war, this master who didn't give any more, who left the villa to the Cattalinichs.

-Oh, how lucky you are, and they did what they did.

-And he says, what are we going to do about this beautiful village? It's better that we sell it to someone who will keep it as workers in the house and that we will continue to stay in our little wooden shed that is on the deck. Otherwise we would end up, not by giving a job, if we also magnano the bori of the village.

-Well I thought about it. And will he find someone to sell his villa to?

-If I told you that yesterday was a very beautiful villa, why do you want me not to sell it again? In fact, just before the war ends, a Hungarian magnate returns.

-A Hungarian magnate, a magnate?

-Of course he was a magnate. Magnate el iera, full of patus, A count, supplier of the imperial house, a grandee with his entire family who ga ciolto vila as a logo of representation to invite people of the state. Except that once the war was over, as Austria fell, he had to escape and Italy returned to Zara.

-And who did the house go to?

-Save how after the reversals, no one can find the cards anymore and so the Cattalinichs, pulling out the old cards that they still gave, I told the Italians that yesterday they were the paroni and so they could sell it again to a merchant from Venice who liked it and knew how to come to Zara by boat.

-And where did they go?

-And they, with their grown-up flowers, continued their life as always, as they tended the villa to the new master and lived in a small wooden hut on the terrace of the villa. So until the second war there was another turnaround and Yugo returned.

-And where do we have to escape from?

-No dear ones, the merchant of Venice has escaped, since yesterday the master, but they who yesterday remained in the village that the 10th nationalized stage of the armed forces and there is a Serbian general, who continues to call the Cattalinichs as workers in the village, I mean the natural flowers because the old ones were now too old.

-And no, I sold it this time.

-No, it was all nationalized that time, but this Serbian general with the xe vine staying in Zara, with the bores of the state, ghe ga meso the village all in order that it seemed like a luxury hotel, that yesterday was ani anorum that no one wanted his hands.

-And as long as this Serbian general remains.

-Until ninety-one, when Yugo also fell, Zara became Croatian and the sons of the Cattalinich family, showing the papers from before the first war and being able to sell the same house again for the fourth time.

-And to whom, to whom did he sell it?

-To a Russian, a Russian financier. You know the Russians liked Zara. But the Russians understood well with the Croats because of the language which is almost a companion. But now that there is war in Ukraine even the Russian has escaped and it seems that an Arab is selling it. Cussì i said.

-And the Cattalinichs?

-I'm always there tending the garden and doing the work on the house, which by now isn't needed with all the work that's been put away, but, whatever happens, you never know if there's another turnaround with the Arabs too and the Rivi will sell the same villa to someone else once again. *(ENDING MUSIC OF MALDOBRIA WITH EXPLOSION)*

It was May 1972, and the tranquility of our region was shattered by a tragic event: an anonymous phone call to the Carabinieri in Gorizia reported a suspicious car in a hamlet in the municipality of Sagrado on the road that runs along the Isonzo River from Poggio Terza Armata to Savogna.

Slovenian Po: občina Zagraj, reka Soča, Zdravščine in Sovodnje.

Please, let's not start! The Carabinieri are lured by a trap: a car bomb that explodes when they try to open its hood. Three Carabinieri lose their lives and two others are seriously injured. It's the Peteano massacre. An investigation begins immediately to find the culprits.

And where does he look for them? Where does he look for them? But naturally among the communists of Lotta Continua, who instead had nothing to do with him but in the meantime ruined his life with years of useless trials.

But in the end the real perpetrators of the attack were found: Vincenzo Vinciguerra together with Carlo Cicuttini, a Friulian from San Giovanni al Natisone, both belonging to the subversive neo-fascist group Ordine Nuovo.

Yes, but only because the one defending the communists was the very good lawyer Nereo Battello from Gorizia, who also denounced the colonel who was trying to mislead the investigations, so much so that afterwards he was even elected as Senator of the Republic.

Let's see if I can guess which party he was elected to? The Communist Party! Did I guess correctly?

Obviously, and in addition to being a lawyer and senator, he was also President of the "Sergio Amidei" Prize in Gorizia, which you know he liked cinema.

But I told you not to advertise, right? And you insist!

But I wanted to finish the song.

Speaking of canramelle, do you remember the story of Nella who sends a telegram to her sister Mella asking Rino to come to Aunt Della's funeral? Telegram: Dear Mella, Della's Dead, Send Rino, Kisses Nella. Mella reassures her, but since Mari was born, she'll have Lino come. Telegram: Goodbye Nella, Mari's Born, Send Lino, Mella Knows.

Good candy, no digo. This, but you want to meter the Slovenian sweets: gibanica, krofi, presnitz, strucoli, carsoline, not to mention putizza, po'!

But isn't the putizza the Furlana one and the Gubana one?

No, the gubana is the xe of Benečija, the Slavia Veneta, of the Natisone valleys, in short, the xe is always Slovenian except that it has two names and there is no need for confusion!

How can we avoid confusion?

There's no need to get confused because once a friend of mine who didn't remember the two names gubana and putizza said that gubizza is our puta... (REACTION)

Uh! No need to talk nonsense.

Eh, well, it can happen to get mixed up with words!

By the way, did you save this one? There wasn't a winner in the candy contest...they were all rejected.

And did you save this? You should never accept candy from strangers... but it's also a good idea to avoid dinner invitations from certain acquaintances.

Candy always lasts too short. They should invent lithium ones.

Since I couldn't quit smoking cigarettes, I tried replacing them with candy... but they wouldn't light.

I always gave candy as a gift with great pleasure to my mother-in-law. Obviously, she was diabetic.

Instead, do you remember when they used to sell zidele in the grocery store, that they were all in big jars behind the counter.

Of course, de picio, I always begged mama to give me a few zidele so she could go to the grocery store. (MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” MALDOBRIA STROPACUL)

-Now that if you go to these hypermarkets to do your shopping, everything is frozen and you don't even know where the stuff comes from, if you just want to eat all the fruits and vegetables of all kinds even out of season, I remember instead that once upon a time in the big shops they sold what they used to, even home stuff if they had a chance.

-Of course, now in winter you can find everything, even strawberries that come from Argentina or South Africa, once upon a time it was only seasonal vegetables, so much so that in the large shop, to get the most on offer, they would also sell home stuff, if someone who had a shop, let me say, also had a vegetable garden at home.

-I remember that in the master shop there were sacks of fasioi and formenton with scoops and then also jars of jam and homemade sauces.

-Say whoever knows how to make jams and sauces yesterday, Mrs. Resi from the magnativa shop, her shop was a small buso yesterday, discount in zitavecchia, but she gave it all in there, then she also brought her stuff from the house or what she wanted to add to it, that time, you know, if you could: she prepared it with barley sugar zidele that you know ghe the flowers liked it, tomato sauce, natural, it went all the way to raspberries to make frambua, and some jams of all kinds, from figs, from apples, from plums and , with it, even from stropacul.

-What the hell is this?

-Stropacul, gavè capì ben, stropacul, which in the local dialect is called rosa canina, but here we call it stropacul.

-What a brutal name, but why does he call me because I'm stropacul el xe fate like a stropon?

-No, it is called this because it has astringent, anti-peristaltic, and stroking properties, in short, and is used specifically for those who have heartburn.

-What's wrong with you?

-The heart, the solution, the scagoto, in short, with respect speaking, and so it is that you will find the stropacul xe indicated, a little is enough, a tea of stropacul or a cook of stropacul jam, which is tasteful but good and passes everything, in fact it is called stropacul precisely for this reason. Stropacul a little!

-And Mrs. Resi made jam.

-De stropacui. Stropacui jam, astringent for those who gave el cori cori. I can tell you that in this little shop the magnativa used to give her everything and, instead of yesterday, the flowers went to that price of these cents of zidele of barley sugar. And the poor girl, every time she climbed the ladder and went to the zima of the armeron to take the vase of the zidele, she gave the zidele to the picio and went back to put the vase on the armeron in the zima.

-It's a pain to go up and down these stairs.

-Sure, I can tell you that yesterday, Mrs. Resi, poor, and I remember that one day to get rid of the flowers, so after having pulled the vase and having given these cents of sugar to the first, she asked the second if he also wanted these cents of sugar and barley. And there it isn't. And then he loosened the ladder and put the vase away and walked around and asked the boy what he wanted. And there: "You want me twenty cents of barley sugar zidele!.

-How evil these children are, they were drinking it for the hoarse.

-No, I know how you make flowers, don't think about it. But Mrs. Resi, who knew that the children liked her, gave her patience and went up and down this staircase to give the children their blessings.

-And until siora Resi ga tignudo verta la bottega magnativa.

-Until the war is over, I'll tell you about the first war, which in these magnative shops there was no longer anything to sell, which even made me look at all these half-empty shelves, which now no longer deserved any more truth to it. And now she was going through the last things, war yesterday and less and less money to eat, when a girl comes along, a friend of one of her new friends, who tells her that tomorrow he will marry her, that no one can give money to her relatives for the wedding and that please give her something.

-What was the fury of getting married to this girl, couldn't she have expected it?

-Eh! And precisely because he expected it that he couldn't expect it, did you understand me?

-No.

-Indifferent. And Siora Resi, if you want to go up the stairs alone, there must still be a large jar of jam in there, but you must go up and make it alone because you, instead of yesterday, no longer made it. And, if she eats it alone, she gives it away, mainly as a wedding gift, as. That at least so for the wedding he could treat her with bread and jam, he thought as yesterday the things during the war, wedding with bread and jam, today instead, I can't even talk about it.

-And is this girl happy with this jam?

-Happy, at least she'll be able to give her relatives something for the wedding.

-And why is this wedding going well?

-Very good, so he wanted, yesterday, everyone was hungry and so they ate three slices of bread and jam, which with the sugar he rations that yesterday, even jam seemed like a siori's stuff.

-All good, in short.

-The wedding went very well, except that the next day they all risked ending up in the hospital.

-What, was the jam bad yesterday, was it bad yesterday?

-No, yesterday was very good, except that the pusela wasn't given as soon as in Siora's magnativa shop, when you gave it up loose a jar of mamelata de stropacui, then everyone started to feel ill.

-Why did he have dysentery, how?

-No, quite the opposite, for heat, for intestinal congestion, the stropacul ve xe astringente, antiperistaltic, ve dito, and all these poor relatives because of this stropacul, speaking with all due respect, no longer manage to go to bed.

-And what happened, did everyone end up in hospital?

-No! Because as soon as Siora Resi realizes that the girl gave herself the jar of stropacui jam, immediately the girl brings plum jam, that just when there is still a large jar left

over, the plum is saved as a laxative, purgative, as you know, plums are indicated for intestinal congestion because the plum makes it vignir el cori cori, the solution, el scagoto in short, with respect speaking!

(MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” END MALDOBRIA)

It is not possible for us to condense the few minutes of the story into all the events that took place at the time in Gorizia on the banks of the Isonzo...

Reka Soča, reka Soča: v slovenščini se reče Reka Soča, in Slovenian the Isonzo is called Soča.

We know, we know, the Isonzo-Socia River rises in Slovenia, but halfway through its course it crosses the border into Italy, changing its name. And not only does the name change, but its gender changes as well: in fact, at its source, it's feminine, right?

Je res, reka Soča je ženskega spola, is feminine.

Then, upon arriving in Italy, it becomes male: the Isonzo River. I'm sorry: we're adults, we live in an evolved society, and we can admit it: it's a transsexual river. It starts out female, gently undulating through emerald-colored gorges, but then, upon arriving in Solkan, it can no longer conceal its true identity; it grows thicker and grayer, and finally becomes male: the Isonzo River.

No, no, moja mala in lepa reka Soča. Ma ne, zakaj ? No, cossa te me disi ? Xe come rivar a portarse in leto una bela putela e po' da più bella, propio co la te se undress in front, discover that soto... la ga... presenečenje ... la sorpresa.

(SONG “MEXICO AND CLOUDS”)

These are

contraband situations.

Better to sit here

and watch the wine I gulp down. (CONTINUED IN THE BACKGROUND)

We cannot fail to address the subject of the small-scale smuggling of various types of goods that took place on both sides of the border.

In Slovenian, “šverc” means border smuggling, which is the illegal transport of more or less basic goods across the border. The term derives from the German word “*schwarz*,” meaning black: illegal, therefore illegal, transport.

And I can't explain to you why, but even if I wasn't carrying anything across the border, absolutely nothing, every time I passed under the gate of the Yugoslavian border, in

front of those customs officers who looked at me with a dirty look and the red star on their chest and who told me "Priàvete", well, I swear that every time I was pissed off.

"The border is protected 97 percent by fear, the other three percent by customs, the police, and the army." That's what the border guards said.

(SONG "FINANCIERE")

Drain the meat in the drawer and put it in the trunk
, poor Busani, to make his ass tremble a little!

Passport, please, what do you declare?
Just a little gasoline , it's expensive for us.

Financier financier who's groping me
here because it's all my stuff, no because there's nothing contraband!

Every now and then there was someone who was being clever and asked the customs officer: "Alcohol? Beer? Wine? Bitter? Grappa?" he replied "Nothing, thanks, but if you want it, I can make a coffee, it's fine!"

And the customs officer?

Usually he would start laughing, but if the moon went down on him, he would get angry and he would stop for an hour, making you empty the whole car because you had to get it out until you reached the escort station.

I remember, however, that my father said that in order to carry the Sligovitz butilic beyond the border, it was enough that they were green and half-eaten.

Ah! So what was he doing?

And then yesterday we were in line at the border and he would take all the Sligovitz butilics and give us a good sluk for each one, ...and in fact we never had any problems!

Also because we had to pass through the pici, second category passes, those who had to pass through them had to have the propusnica, the pass, which was slovensko je prepustnica, but always had to have the Serbo-Croatian form propusnica, even in Italy.

(SONG "RAISE UP YOUR LEG MARICA")

Raise your leg Mariza show me your support,
if it is stamped, send it to Nova Gòriza.

Raise your leg Mariza show me your propusniza.
if the x is still valid, I put the mi stamp.

In January 1980, the President of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia, Jozip Broz Tito, was hospitalized at the Clinical Center in Ljubljana . He died on May 4, 1980, three days before his 88th birthday. This marked the beginning of the disintegration of Yugoslavia.

Lepo, you know, the Ljubljansko Klinični Center, it doesn't even seem like an hospital, it's full of shops, so you'd understand you're in a hospital just because there are so many people in dressing gowns and walking around, otherwise you'd think you were in a shopping center.

You change the subject for me, eh! Go understand, I don't want us to talk about Tito.

Not at all like our hospitals! For example, an ambulance coming from Lucinico rushing to the hospital in Gorizia, after the bridge over the Isonzo to get to the shore you have to go through I don't know how many roundabouts and then go all the way up the Corso, turn around and come back, throwing the poor guy around so badly that you don't know if he'll make it out alive.

All right, all right, whatever you want, I'm not talking about Tito.

No, no, it's better not to talk about Tito, a dangerous subject, and not only in Italy, but especially in Slovenia, Serbia, Bosnia, and Croatia. Just think that everyone born before the 1980s, therefore everyone still alive, were "pioneers" of the children. Remember the pioneers, those mules with the white shirt and the black scarf. Well, they all swore allegiance to Tito and Yugoslavia, and instead, after those years, they stopped to divide among themselves.

(SONG "PIONEERS' HYMN" or Slovenian equivalent)
are many and we are strong and nothing can stop us.

United we

Our fate is certain in the world of freedom.

Ours is the destiny of life and the progress of humanity
study and tenacious work will forever be our companion.

Meja, odprta meja, ampak vedno meja.

Sorry, what are you saying?

I say, that every time I end up talking about borders, open borders, but still borders.

Well, what can you do, unfortunately borders exist.

Listen to me: there are no borders, the only borders that exist are those we put in our heads.

But no, after all, borders always exist: think for example of rivers, or mountain ranges, or linguistic borders.

So, for the rivers and the bridges, for the mountains and the passes, and for the languages if you want to understand if you understood. I'll give you an example, what do you need el sloven for?

What do you need me for? To go out into the country to eat, it's a day of celebration.

And if you can make me understand, with your sloven, I'm in love with you?

Enough, I must say that I get along quite well: doberdan, prosim malo vode, malo vina, malo kruha, eno joto, eno ljubljansko, ajvar in krumpir, hvala.

You see! And you don't even know what's going on. I'm sorry: the only borders that exist are those we put in our heads. Because, as the great Lebanese poet Khalil Gibran said: "If you sat on a cloud, you wouldn't see the border between one nation and another. Too bad you can't sit on a cloud!"

(MUSIC) Look at the moon as it walks, look at the moon as it walks, the sun rises and then sets behind a bridge or at the bottom of the sea.

Look at the land as it moves away, the cheese, the schooner and the batana pass by,
it wanders from shore to shore with the wind blowing in the breeze
or with the north wind.

The following took part in the evening: Franko Korošec, (ALTRA VOCE) and Giorgio Amodeo

VOICE Al the accordion Aleksander Ipavec.

We wander from shore to shore with the wind blowing in the breeze or with the north wind.

END