

THE CITY OF SUGAR

by Giorgio Amodeo

(INTRODUCTORY MUSIC) Dobervejter vsem in dobrodošli.

Good evening everyone and welcome.

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

Pred začetkom predstave bi radi naredili še enkrat potrebno pojasnilo.

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

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

Talking about the events that happened in 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 are not talking about the immediate post-war period, but about more recent events, so perhaps this clarification is quite useless. 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! Enjoy!

Dobra zabava. Good, but next time explain better!

(MUSIC "MY FREE SONG")

**In a world that doesn't want us anymore
My free song is you**

**And the immensity opens up around us
Beyond the limit of your eyes**

**The feeling is born It is born in the midst of tears
And it rises very high and goes**

**And he flies on the accusations of the people
Indifferent to all his legacies**

Supported by a longing for love Of true love (IF YOU CAN, YOU WILL CONTINUE)

**In a world that (Stones, one day houses)
Prisoner is (Covered by wild roses)
We breathe free, you and I (They revive, they call us)
And the truth (Abandoned Woods)
She offers herself naked to us (Therefore survivors, virgins)
And the image is clear (They open)
Now (They hug us) (ENDS WITH AN EXPLOSION)**

It is May 1972, the tranquility of our region is suddenly shattered by a tragic and completely unpredictable event: an anonymous phone call made to the Carabinieri Station in Gorizia reports that there is a suspicious car, a Fiat 500, in a hamlet of the municipality of Sagrado on the road that goes from Poggio Terza Armata to Savogna d'Isonzo.

In Slovenian: občina Zagraj, Zdravšćine in Sovodnje ob Soji.

Please, let's not start! The carabinieri are attracted by a trap, it is a car bomb that explodes when trying to open the hood to which the detonator was connected. Three carabinieri lose their lives and two others are seriously injured. It is the Peteano massacre. Investigations begin immediately to find the culprits.

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

Of course, in addition to being a lawyer and senator, he was also President of the “Sergio Amidei” Award in Gorizia, who, you know, loved cinema.

But there is another tragic and disturbing fact that occurred in October of the same year when, during an attempted hijacking, the twenty-one year old neo-fascist Ivano Boccaccio was killed by the police at the Ronchi dei Legionari airport. He was apparently part of the group that had prepared the attack that caused the Peteano massacre.

I figured it out, I figured it out because I was afraid that he was telling me things that should have remained secret, because it seems that the explosives for the massacre were stolen from a Gladio depot in Aurisina and this explained all the attempts at misdirection.

Yes, but this is a thesis that, although supported by very authoritative magistrates, such as Judge Felice Casson, has never been confirmed.

I remind you that Gladio was a paramilitary organization created by agreement between the CIA and the Italian secret services to counter a possible Yugoslav invasion.

Of course, if there was fear that Tito, after Pola and Zara, would also want to annex Trieste and all of Venezia Giulia. So much so that, for example, around Tito, there was someone who sang this song: please, master...

(SONG “AMAPOLA”)

He loves beautiful Pola, he loves Pola, his secret goal is you alone, he longs for you, he calls upon you madly to say that he wants you intensely.

He loves beautiful Pola, he loves Pola, you are the light of his dreams for him, he loves Pola, he loves Pola, he loves Pola, he loves Trieste and Zadar.

Meanwhile, thanks to the benefits of the Free Zone, the confectionery industry is developing in Gorizia.

It must be said that the sugar factory has existed since the nineteenth century, the sugar refining company had been moved to Gorizia by Baron Ritter.

So much so that even today an important candy manufacturing company is based in Gorizia, which we, to avoid advertising, will not name. Are we right?

Perfect.

Well, let's say you could have found another term, but never mind!

(SONG "AMBROSOLI HONEY ADVERTISEMENT")

Beautiful sweet dear mummy, the most beautiful mummy, lalla lalla là là.

Beautiful sweet dear mommy, give me a little candy, lalla là.

Ambrosoli Honey Milk, how delicious.

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

But I wanted to finish the song.

It would have been better if we stopped for candy.

Good caramels, no I say. That, but I want to try Slovenian sweets: gibanica, krofi, presnitz, strucoli, carsoline, not to mention putizza, oh!

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

No, the gubana is the xe of Benejija, 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!

Why shouldn't there be any confusion?

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

Uh! No, that's not talking nonsense.

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

By the way, did you save this one? There was no winner in the contest to elect the best candy, ...they were all discarded.

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

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

Since I couldn't stop smoking cigarettes, I tried replacing them with sweets... but they wouldn't light up.

I always gave sweets 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, which were all in big jars behind the counter.

Of course, de picio, I always begged mama to give me a few zidele with which I could go to the grocery store.

(MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” BEGINNING OF 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 zitavecia, 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 fighi, from apples, from plums and, with it, even from stropacul.

-What the hell is this?

-Stropacul, you understood well, stropacul, which in the local language 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 that because it has astringent, anti-hyperstatic and soothing properties and is used specifically for those who suffer from it.

-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 wicked 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 as long as Mrs. Resi is naked, she will be running her business.

-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 I'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 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, on the contrary, for heat, for intestinal congestion, stropacul is astringent, antiperistaltic, I told you, and all these poor relatives because of this stropacul, with all due respect, could no longer go on living.

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

We know, we know, the Isonzo-Socia river rises in Slovenia, but halfway through its course it crosses the border and enters Italy, changing its name. And not only does the name change, but also its gender: in fact, it is born feminine at the source, right?

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

Then, when it arrives in Italy, it becomes male: the Isonzo River. I'm sorry, but we have to accept it: we are adults, we live in an evolved society and we can admit it: it is a transsexual river. It is born female, gently swaying between emerald-colored gorges, but then, when it arrives in Salcano, it can no longer hide its true identity, it grows bigger and grays and finally becomes male: the Isonzo River.

Ne, ne, moja mala in lepa reka Soja. But no, no, what do you tell me? And how to get back to taking a beautiful girl to bed and then at the most beautiful moment, right with you in front of you, discovering that underneath... the ga... the surprise.

(SONG "MEXICO AND CLOUDS")

These are contraband situations Better to
sit here Watching the
wine I gulp down. (CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND)

Certainly, however, 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, the term "šverc" is used to refer to cross-border smuggling, that is, the illegal transport of more or less essential goods across the border. The term comes from the German word "schwarz" which means black: transport in black, therefore not legal.

And I can't explain to you why, but even if I didn't carry anything across the border, absolutely nothing, every time I passed under the Yugoslavian border, in front of these

customs officers who looked at me with a dirty look and a red star on their chest and who told me “Priàvete”, good, I swear that every time I would have pissed myself off.

“The border is protected 97 percent by fear, the other three percent is protected by customs, the police and the army.” That’s what the graniciari at the border said.

(SONG “FINANCIERE”)

Pour the meat into the drawer and put it in the trunk, poor Busani, so that his ass shakes a little!

Passport please, what do you declare, madam?
Just a little bit of gasoline is 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 someone would be clever and ask the customs officer: “Alcoholic? Beer? Wine? Liquor? Grappa?” He would reply, “Nothing, thanks, but if you want it, I can make you a coffee!”

And the customs officer?

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

I remember, however, that my father used to say that in order to carry the Sligovitz butilies across the border, all that was needed was for them to be green and half-green.

Ah! So what was he doing?

And then yesterday we stood in line at the border and he took all the Sligovitz bags and gave them a good sluk for each one, ...and in fact we never had any problems!

Also because we had to use the smaller, second-category border crossings, the ones that required a propusnica, a pass, to pass through, which in Slovenia should be called prepustnica, but the Serbo-Croatian term propusnica has always been used, even in Italy.

(SONG “LIFT UP YOUR LEG MARICA”)

Raise your leg Mariza show me your propusniza. if it
is postmarked send it to Nova Gòriza.

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

Customs officials often turned a blind eye to small-scale border traffic, especially when it
involved food.

But certainly, if they noticed that someone was starting to exceed the quantities or even to
trade the products purchased across the border, they could not help but intervene.

(MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” BEGINNING OF MALDOBRIA “FINANCE”)

– In life, whatever it is, it's all a question of luck, for some people things go well and for others,
pegola, things go badly. No, I don't have to do anything, it's my destiny!

– Sure, if it's small, there's nothing to do, it's destiny! Let's say for those who carry out
smuggling, that here in our parts there are enormous smugglings on the border, for it's a whole
question of fortune, for those who carry out large smuggling, the ghe goes well if it is done,
with respect, the ass of gold, and for those who, pegola, for a monada, the piziga, and end up
in disgrace or disgrace in the canon.

– How come, for a monade, you ended up in the canon?

- In the canon, in the canon! In the hole, in the casetin, in preson in short! Come on, smuggling
is a crime and if it ends up in the canon! And no one even knows where, because you can end
up in the canon on one side or the other of the border, because you never know which of the
two is a piece!

- My goodness, what do these men do in order not to get punished like they used to?

– We needed to have a place where we could hide the stuff and give someone who would keep
note of what was wrong with you, because if he knows that if you have smuggling stuff, he
can't file a report!

– I stuff the stuff, my goodness, what stuff!

– Uh! The stuff, the stuff, the smuggling stuff, and why not the stuff. So yesterday it was the
one who agreed with a lawyer to clear the cards. The lawyer Miagostovich spent a period with
the young man and he was in Gorizia where he gave himself the office right outside the border!
And he gave a discount on all the accounts of these people who were involved in smuggling.

– My goodness, what a bunch of bastards! But can you do these things?

-If you don't, if you don't, you can do everything in this world, as long as you don't get caught.

- And has anyone ever noticed anything?

- These bullshit things can only be done for a short time, of course! After the rumor spreads, one morning in fact I knocked on the door of the office of the lawyer Miagostovich and there is the finance officer Rimbaldo with the financiers who tell him that everything is under seizure and that he can't touch anything there anymore, that an inspection has to be done.

- Did the finance police know that he was in agreement with those who were involved in smuggling?

- Of course I saved it, the finance police can't hide anything, but in order to file a complaint the finance police must first find the documents and then they told the lawyer Miagostovich that he has to check it and that he can't touch anything more!

- And the lawyer Miagostovich?

- Calm down, I've said that I'm still in control and that there's no way to hide it and that I'm so sorry that I'm wasting time with him because I can search as much as I want, but I won't find anything about him.

-But why wouldn't he find anything if he gave a discount on the package with all the contraband known?

- Just like lawyers and educated people, you know that if you appear nervous for the real time that you are being reported, you must always appear calm in these moments, otherwise you would understand that you get something of a discount.

-Oh my, how clever!

-The financiers meanwhile take care of the files and look at the papers and after a while they seal everything and tell them that they can't touch anything, that everything is under seizure and that they will return as tomorrow to finish checking everything. And the lawyer Miagostovich, calm, that's fine whatever happens to him tomorrow.

- And did I return as tomorrow?

-How did he want a finance not to come back with the said that it comes back, sure that the finance Rimbaldo And on that bank, in a fury in the office, another lawyer tells the lawyer Miagostovich that how and what thing he does there makes her stupid, who doesn't remember that in an hour there will be a case in the Trieste tribunal and that it is necessary

corer.

- Did he actually go to court in Trieste for a lawsuit?

- And what I also said was Rimbardo, who in fact called the Trieste tribunal where I said that yes, that the lawyer Miagostovich and his colleague were giving a case in Trieste in an hour and that they were due.

-So the finance company Rimbardo says it's going to happen?

- But the lawyer Miagostovich, with his colleague who was in a fury, zigandoghe that it is resolved that it was too late yesterday, he told the finance Rimbardo that you know he is sorry but that there the phase of the case is needed, that you cannot go to the Trieste tribunal without it.

Let the ghe give even a little in fury, if I fly, but that they can just escape.

“Let them finish the phase and let it go – said Rimbardo – so much so that they can look through the cards and that with the return they will have the job finished”.

- And then the finance department found the discount file with the contraband accounts?

- No, ah, I haven't found it! And the discount was exactly what the lawyer Miagostovich was hastily giving away, who had agreed with his colleague that he should do it hastily, telling him that he should arrange it so that he would have to go to court in Trieste, so that the finance police wouldn't have time to check.

- And what happened to that little phase?

- I burned it. On Valon while I was going to the court in Trieste. And with this trick the lawyer Miagostovich got it.

- Well, it's really true, in life, because it's all a question of luck, for some people things go well and for some others, pegola, things go badly. No, I don't have to do anything, it's my destiny!

- In fact, anyone who has had a bad outcome is sorry, because they are the client who was entitled to them in Trieste, because the lawyer Miagostovich and his colleague have to go back to court and realize that they didn't give the case with the papers of that case and so they are lost, they are sorry. Eh! Not life is all about luck. No, I don't have to do anything, it's my destiny!

(MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” END MALDOBRIA)

The Treaty of Osimo, which takes its name from the country in which it was signed, is an agreement signed in November 1975 between the Foreign Ministers of Yugoslavia and Italy, which definitively established the borders between the two nations following the London Memorandum of 1954.

In Osimo, why in Osimo. Where is Osimo?

Osimo is a municipality in the province of Ancona, in the Marche region, located on a hill almost three hundred meters above sea level. This location in the Marche region was chosen to sign the agreement because...

...because it would not have been possible to have them meet in Trieste and Gorizia, who would have been born immediately as children, with all those who were against this agreement!

...I was saying that this location in the Marche was chosen because on clear days it is possible to see the Dalmatian coast in the distance.

But even if I went to sign this agreement far from here, he was still born in Gheto!

In fact, in 1976 a committee of Triestine citizens, including Aurelia Gruber Benco, later elected member of parliament, and Letizia Fonda Savio, daughter of the writer Italo Svevo, collected approximately 65,000 signatures, with the aim of preventing the creation of the free zone across the border, as provided for by the Treaty of Osimo.

But yes, given the quantity of signatures collected, after the ga I created the List for Trieste.

And in June 1978, Lista per Trieste became the most voted party in the municipal elections. For the first time in Italy, a civic list beat the national parties. Lawyer Manlio Cecovini, a leading figure of the movement, was elected mayor and held the position until 1983.

And in the province of Trieste, Christian Democracy even becomes the third party, because, thanks to the Slovenians, even the Communist Party gets more votes than the DC!

(SONG "Tirololojska poppolska")

**And he went to Piazza Granda / and he saw my wedding and
he thought it was a rally / he'll throw a bomb at me!
And Tyrolean pop-Polish, Tyrolean pop-poop (2 times)**

**And I went to the grocery store / I asked for toilet paper but
that shop assistant gave me glass paper!
And Tyrolean pop-Polish, Tyrolean pop-poop (2 times)**

**And he went to the cemetery / he saw me at a
funeral, he thought it was carnival / and he threw confetti at me!
And Tyrolean pop-Polish, Tyrolean pop-poop (2 times)**

**And I went to the fishmonger's / and I got a lot of kilos, I
got a lot of food / only the bone left for me!
And Tyrolean poppolska, Tyrolean poppò (2 times, slowed down at the end)**

Following the Treaty of Osimo, an international road was built under Mount Sabotino, connecting the Slovenian Collio with Nova Gorica, through a right of way located on Italian territory. The Italian section is delimited by a two-meter-high trench: this road is intended exclusively for transit traffic and parking is prohibited.

Ah, but now I understand what you're talking about, the Osimska cesta, the road to Osimo, in fact: cesta means road, and osimska means Osimo.

Why does osimska mean “of Osimo”, that is, it is the genitive of the word Osimo?

No, it's not the genitive, it's the adjective, because in Slovenian it is preferred like this: as for Dunajski zrezek, which would be the Milanese cutlet, but which for us is Viennese, as for the Kranjska klobasa, which would be the luganiga de cragno, but which in reality is from Kranj, as for the Briško vino which would be the vin de la Goriška Brda, what a little about the Slovenian Collio, do you understand?

Eco, after that, don't be angry if we Italians don't start speaking Slovenian again, we who are simple are not good at it, because it's Slovenian which is an impossible language.

No, it's true, no, it's true, if one wanted to learn to speak Slovenian it would be fine.

Oh yes, so, an adjective in English is declined in two ways: singular and plural. In Italian in four: masculine feminine, singular and plural. And in Slovenian?

So, we gave: masculine, feminine and neuter plus singular, dual and plural and in addition... and in addition there are the cases: nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, locative and instrumental.

So an adjective in Slovenian must be declined. Do you know how many ways? I'll tell you: 3 times 3 times 6, in 54 different ways, an adjective that, by the way, almost never agrees with the noun.

Well that's fine, but enough with saving the main ones, you don't have to save them all.

With all these cases, genitive, dative accusative, for me the Sloven is a piece of Latin, but in Latin at school I had hours of time just to do the written translation of a small version of a few lines, while the Sloven must be spoken quickly and quickly, declining everything on the fly, so that's what I mean to you. I'll never say goodbye, for a piece of Latin!

(SONG “VADEMECUM TANGO”)

Ubi maior minor cessat talis pater talis filius motu
proprio ad maiora ahi,
vademecum tango, ad usum Delphini.

Ubi maior minor cessat, talis pater talis filius motu
proprio ad maiora, ahi,
vademecum tango... sed alea iacta est!

In January 1980, following a crisis that had struck him during a stay at Brdo Castle, the President of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia:

Jozip Broz, Tito is hospitalized at the Clinical Center in Ljubljana. He dies on May 4, 1980, three days before his 88th birthday. It is the beginning of the disintegration of Yugoslavia.

Well, you know, the Klinični Center in Ljubljana doesn't even feel like a hospital, the floor is full of shops, so you'd realise you're in a hospital just because there are so many people in dressing gowns and walking around, otherwise it would feel like you're in a shopping centre.

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 that comes from Lucinico in a hurry to go to the hospital in Gorizia, to get there you have to go through I don't know how many roundabouts and you can go all the way up the main road, turn around and come back down, breaking the poor thing so much that you don't know if he'll make it to the hospital alive.

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

No, no, it is better not to talk about Tito, a dangerous subject, and not only in Italy, but also and above all in Slovenia, Serbia and Croatia. Just think that all those born before the eighties, therefore all the people still alive, were "pioneers" of the children. You know the pioneers, those mules with the white shirt and the scarf at the neck. Well, they all swore, absolutely all, loyalty to Tito and Yugoslavia.

(SONG "PIONEERS' HYMN" or Slovenian equivalent)

United we are many and we are strong and nothing can
stop us. 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.

In the 1980s, the first casinos opened in Slovenia. Their success was so great that the city of Nova Gorica was referred to as a new Las Vegas on the banks of the Isonzo.

Gambling has always existed, as has the mania of the most inveterate gamblers. Casinos are nothing more than a method to monitor this activity, so that it does not become the prerogative of criminal associations and can ensure good revenues for the state.

The first modern European gambling house was the Ridotto, founded in Venice in 1638 by the Maggior Consiglio to provide controlled gambling during the Venice Carnival season. It was closed in 1774 because the city government felt it was impoverishing the local nobility.

And anyway, even if the house bank is always favored, there are more chances of winning at casino roulette than at national lotteries. Buying a lottery ticket is equivalent to paying a tax:... the tax on luck.

Casinos are traditionally located in the most renowned and welcoming tourist locations, such as Venice, San Remo, Saint-Vincent, Campione d'Italia in order to attract the wealthiest foreign visitors who can guarantee the gaming house a plentiful and secure income.

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" BEGINNING OF MALDOBRIA "CASINO")

-Now it's everyone who goes to these casinos across the border to throw the bores out of the window and also in the city in the bars x are full of these damned magnaflic machines that more than one, the mega counts that by dint of playing, x and he is left without even the eyes to cry.

-The houses where people gamble have always existed, people who like to gamble and don't care if they win all the bullshit and remain in canvas trousers, so many people get into these gambling messes, because you know what you say? "the dealer never loses". He is the only one who is sure of doing the honors and is the master of the house.

-Like the master of the house?

-I mean the owner of the gaming house, the management of the casino, those who are the only ones who are sure of making the rounds, even in the most beautiful places, where the crazy people go, who make these gaming houses. Gavé present: Las Vegas, Sanremo, Venice.

-It happened in Gorizia too, on the other side of the border!

- Indifferent. I wanted to tell you another thing, that the best house of yoke was that of Monaco.

- Cossa, in Monaco for the casino? No, I didn't, I didn't know that Monaco is full of places where you can eat beer and Luganighe.

-No Monaco, the German one. Monaco is the one that is down in France.
Monaco a little.

-Monaco? But wasn't it Monte Carlo?

-Monte Carlo is the country and Monaco is the Principality. Principality of Monaco indeed!

-Ah, Principality. But is there also a Prince in this Principality?

-Sure, what does that remind you of Prince Rainier? That this Prince Rainier married an American, who was all over the newspapers, who everyone talked about.

It doesn't matter, this was born later, I wanted to tell you about commander Coglievina who was in Monaco, you know, some time before, I'm telling you about before the first war.

-Ah, was Commander Coglievina going to Monaco for holidays with his wife yesterday?

-What wanted him to go with his wife? That Coglievina was old enough yesterday. There with the Commander Coglievina, a good man, from Cherso and yesterday, brought a mule boat from Marseille, which sailed the line from North Africa to Oran, Constantine, Tunis, and then returned to Marseille.

-Do you know what colors are?

-How do you know about chocolate?

-Does Marseille soap not make its own? This commander Coglievina will have this soap brought to North Africa for those Africans who wash themselves.

-What he wanted was to bring along the salt water, because at that time in North Africa there wasn't even water. He brought along data, spices, and so on: he worked for the French, he even learned to speak French. One day, when he was about to leave, the French in Tunis told him that he was Moroccan.

-Tunis and Morocco? I was aware that Tunis is in Tunisia.

-Maroche, no Maroco, who is a brute sea, a master who is strong, mistral as that he calls the French, that he is right in Marseille and that the port captaincy orders him not to come to Marseille but to stop in Monte Carlo in the port until the neverin ends.

-And was it docked in Monte Carlo yesterday? No, isn't everything full of yachts?

-Now it's all full of yachts, that time it wasn't yesterday and if it was yesterday it was less, in short the commander Coglievina stayed with the boat for one night in the port of Monte Carlo, because in Marseille yesterday it was neverin and it wasn't possible, and exactly that night in the casino of Monte Carlo the Prince threw a party.

-What Prince?

-I don't know what Prince, there are so many of them that it gets confusing. And this Prince invites to this party, of course, also all the captains of the boats that were in the port of Monte Carlo yesterday and so the invitation also goes back to Coglievina who a seamstress in livery, from Penseve, will bring the invitation right to the pier where he was sailing the boat yesterday.

-And is he going to this party?

-Sure, but it's not every day you get an invitation from a Prince of Monaco to a Monte Carlo casino. And so Commander Coglievina managed to overcome his pride so well that I must say that with Commander Coglievina's pride, a handsome man who was yesterday, he cut his figure, and he went.

-And was it nice in the casino?

-Beautiful? Beautiful was, this casino hall, opened especially for these guests, with tables for gambling, with refreshments with champagne, natural French champagne, very good and also with a theater with shows by dancers. Beautiful dancers.

-Balerine dancing?

-Of course she was dancing. Bala dancers, if they don't want to dance, what can they do otherwise? And as soon as he is introduced to the Prince of Monaco, this Prince says that he is having fun, that he is enjoying himself. "Sil vù plè, sil vù plè – el ghe diseva – juè, juè, mon ami!

-Mona me?

-No mona mi, but mon ami, which in French means my friend. And so poor Coglievina, so as not to be considered a mona in front of this Prince, has started playing at one of these tables.

-And he won?

-What meant that Commander Coglievina defeated the gabi who "Only the dealer never loses!". For half an hour there he is left without a boro, he gets a large sum of twenty francs, twenty francs, pensevese, who that time yesterday was almost all his pay for a month, the commander's pay.

-My mom, what did he do?

-Nothing, yesterday I was still there at this table without a trace, how insemplià, as one of these beautiful dancers who was sorry ended up dancing in the casino theater and

the ghe asks: "Etè vù sel?" If he is alone in short. And Coglievina said, "Oui che oui, yes yes, che el xe solo!" "Alore, alè cior pur muà un ver de sampagne!" What do you say? In short, Ghe said that he wanted a bicer de sampagna.

-And where is he going?

-Sure, he went to drink some country glasses, French country that was given there, especially for guests, very good country, one for him and one for her, and he brought this glass to this beautiful dancer.

-And she?

-And he drank this countryside and he said: "I've had so much trouble, would you like to have me as a companion?" And Coglievina, who spoke French French, said that I'm sure that if the girl is happy to be there, she will be happy to go home. She takes her arm and goes, but instead of going home, she takes him to a large hotel that was right next to the casino and gets a room from her and says to Coglievina: "Would you like to shave?" If you want to see the room in short. And Coglievina who didn't believe in his oci, that this beautiful dancer was inviting him into her room, saying that goes well, "Oui che oui!" that we go to see this room.

-And was this room nice?

-Bela? Very beautiful. First hotel in Monte Carlo, check out the casino, you can understand. Room with small passage, personal bathroom, lounge with flowers for everyone and secio with sampagna and biceri, which is immediately beautiful balerina that takes out the sacheto de la montura in Coglievina and the one that has the finger of verzer the butilia de sampagna that still has its seat. And in that moment this butilia, this ballerina, looking at him in the eyes, begins to undress in front of him, she takes off her dress so that underneath it was clear that it gave her little or no m

-And was she left naked?

-No, because just a moment before undressing he stopped for a moment and said to her: "Of course, naturally, I'm a professional, it's two hundred francs plus the shavings, a dozen francs plus the room, my friend!"

-And Commander Coglievina.

- "Mona mi!" I told Coglievina that he no longer had even a boro in short supply, unpacking his sachet and running down the stairs of this hotel he zigged ahead "Mona mi! Propio mona! I'm own mona! Mona mi!"" and away he went to the port.

the dancer, seeing Cogliervina in the commander's uniform losing ten francs in half an hour, thought that it was one of those patus batudi.

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" END MALDOBRIA)

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, borders unfortunately 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 use Slovenian 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 ljubljansko, ajvar in krumpir, hvala.

You see! And you don't even know what else you are. I'm sorry: the only borders that exist are those that 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 line 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 point or at the bottom of the sea.

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

The evening was attended by: Franko Korošec, (ALTRA VOCE) and Giorgio Amodeo

VOICE On the accordion Aleksander Ipavec.

We wander from bank to bank with the wind blowing or with the north wind. THE END