

INFINITE POST-WAR

by Giorgio Amodeo

Good evening everyone and welcome.

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

Before leaving, we could say that the years after the Second World War have sometimes represented tragic moments in the lives of our grandparents and parents.

The years after the Second World War have also represented tragic moments in the lives of our grandparents and parents.

The years after the Second World War have also represented tragic moments in the lives of our old ancestors.

Talking about the events that occurred 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 trpljenje in bolečino.

But almost eighty years have now passed and perhaps the time has come to treat these topics more lightly, trying to even raise a few smiles.

A minilo je že skoraj osemdeset let in morda je prišel čas, da se teh vprašanj lotimo bolj lahkotno in poskušamo iz njih izvabiti celo nekaj nasmehov.

We would like to try this evening, hoping not to offend anyone's sensitivity. If this were to happen, we apologize from now on.

Let's look at it again and again, so that we can enjoy it, if we want to do it.

Hvala in dobra zabava.

Thanks and have fun.

(MUSIC "LILI MARLEEN")

For the Kaserne for the big one you will find a side and you will be there again

So we woll'n wir uns da wieder seh'n bei der Laterne wollen wir steh'n

Once again Lili Marleen. Once again Lili Marleen.

Every evening under that lantern at the barracks I was waiting for you. Even tonight I will wait, and all the world will forget, with you, Lili Marleen. with you, Lili Marleen.

Under the fountain it was so good, we ate capuzzi and luganighe with the same belief that gnocchi are cheap and almost never eaten, sigh heil we're not interested, sigh heil we're not interested. (CONTINUOUS MUSIC 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 what 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.

Come on, stop being argumentative, and let me continue the story of the historical events. I was saying that Badoglio's announcement had as a consequence, in the days immediately following, the invasion of Italian territories by German armed forces, obviously Venezia Giulia was also occupied.

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

Excuse me, but do you have it in for me, that every moment you want to add something? Will you let me speak please? Can you not interrupt me every moment?

Oh, no, darling. But I don't interrupt you at all. Never allow me. I'm just making clarifications. Clarifying for the sake of precision.

Okay, try to be a little less precise then.

I'll try.

With the date of September 8th, the Resistance also begins, the Italian war of liberation against Nazi-fascism. Is that okay with you? Is it right?

Perfect ! (*MUSICA "BELLA CIAO"*)

One morning I woke up, oh bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao

One morning I woke up

And I found the invader

Oh partisan take me away, oh bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao

Oh partisan take me away

That I feel like dying.

(INTERRUPTING) One moment, one moment. Since you like to be so 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.

Okay, but “Bella Ciao” has always been the most famous partisan song.

Eh, 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 it, but your friends from the ANPI, the Association of Partisans, and the song is not 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 point out, since you want to be precise. And the song was published in L'Unità just in 1957. You know L'Unità, right?

Of course, how can I not know it, look, I was a subscriber to L'Unità!

You were a subscriber to L'Unità? Really? And you read the whole paper, every day?

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

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

And I was also a subscriber to the Primorski Dnevnik!

But, what if there are very few subscribers to the Primorski Dnevnik?

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

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

Never!

Just think that when I was still a child, I thought that the Primorski Dnevnik was the Slovenian translation of the Piccolo, 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 the 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: 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,

Sovragove vrste so goste!

Udari, navalni, usekaj, izpali,

Na juriš, o-hej, partizan,

Pred tabo svobode je dan!

Please let's not get into useless and sterile endless polemics, since not even the special mixed commissions of Italian-Slovenian historians have agreed on the date of liberation, which for some is in April 1945, for others in May and for others still just in June. What is certain is that during the period of Yugosl occupation...

The period of liberation!

During the period of... presence of Tito's troops, tragic events occurred, Trieste was proclaimed an autonomous city in the Seventh Federal Republic and writings praising Yugoslavia appeared on the 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 say those words as a joke, think that in 2009 for a banal short film entitled precisely...

"Trst je naš!"

Well, entitled precisely like that and which was part of the thesis in cinematography of a Slovenian student, financed and distributed by Radio Television Ljubljana, enormous controversy arose, followed even, think, by a formal protest from none other than the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Because no one had seen the short film, which instead was a stupid parody, you know, funny I must say, and which fooled the nostalgics of the partisan struggle. In effetti questa è una storia che, a ripensarci oggi, fa davvero sorridere, la classica tempesta in un bicchier d'acqua, molto rumore per nulla.

Come la storia che i conta de quei del nono Corpus Jugoslavo, no ? Che lori no voleva miga rivar a Trieste, lori se gaveva fermà pulito a Opcina, no i pensava miga de spostarse de là. Solo che dopo a due veci caroarmati che iera al Obelisco ghe se ga spacà i freni e i xe vignudi zo de balin per Scala Santa e i xe rivadi a Roian, e i altri drio, natural, che no i podeva miga lassarli soli: eco, xe stà cussì che i conta che i Jugoslavi ga ciapà Trieste. Perché che se ghe gaveva roto i freni ai caroarmati.

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

(MUSIC “VIENI SUL MAR” BEGINNING MALDOBRIA “NEL NOME DEL PADRE”)

-After the Berlin Wall fell we hoped that peace would come, but unfortunately the war in Yugoslavia began and even now every day you hear about attacks, occupations, war. Things were better than they were. I figure that the worst thing that could happen is the upheaval!

-Sure, an upheaval is a piece of everything. And we know it well because we have had so many upheavals. 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 a piece. 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 escape?

-Because he came home late at night, he took away all the men he had and he didn't know where he was taking them, if it was true he was for forced labor for the military, but it also happened that more than once those who wanted him never saw him again. Especially the young men who were in the military. I remember that the wife of Marino Slobetz, who everyone here called Mario, was worried about her.

-Was she worried about her husband?

-No, not about her husband, a wife after a certain age wants her to worry more about 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, Slobetz'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 Slobetz.

-What gave him two names Mario and Marino?

-Yes he had two names like Franz Ferdinand! 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, beautiful x and San Marino, in Romagna, the Republic of Titan. But this doesn't fit in, you'll make me lose the file. I told you that I'm Marino for everyone yesterday Mario and, so, do you know what's going to happen?

-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! El gaveva el fio 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 this mama is what fate is.

-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's take care of him, and if he does, for me it's just a moment, that's four hours that he's snoring and so, without him, maybe tonight I'll finally be able to go back to evening sleep!"

-And what happened to the military?

-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?

-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, the story ended with the girl there yesterday who was buzzing like a pig.

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" END 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, which divided Venezia Giulia into two zones of military occupation: zone A, by the English and American armies, including Trieste and Gorizia, and zone B, by the Yugoslavian army, including part of Istria.

Zone B, which for fun was called zone B, B as in zona Benzinara, because we all went to get gas in zone B, in fact we're going there now and we'll continue to call it

zone B. Are you still saying no? We're going to zone B or we're going to Yugo, to get gas in Yugo, even if Yugo is no more.

(MUSIC "BEAUTY ON A BIKE")

But where are you going, beauty on a bike,
so in a hurry pedaling with ardor?

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 talk to you about love.

But where are you going, beauty on a bike,
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 five years of forced interruption due to the war, the Giro d'Italia starts again. It is 1946, the twelfth stage includes a flat route, without particular difficulties, from

Rovigo to Trieste. But when the Giro caravan enters the area administered by the Anglo-Americans, there are protests, stones are thrown, the road is blocked and the riders are forced to stop.

In Pieris the stage is declared over, after a gunshot wounds an officer, the race would have restarted the following day from Udine, but a small group of athletes continues, they are the cyclists who belong to the team called Wilier Triestina.

Some say it is an acronym that means 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 one to symbolically win the stage, in the midst of an enthusiastic and applauding crowd, will be a Triestine: Giordano Cottur.

But the accident in Pieris causes violent clashes to break out 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 continue: in August 1946, the commemoration of the capture of the unredeemed city by the Italian army in 1916 is held in the Remembrance Park in Gorizia. Three bombs are thrown into the crowd, injuring 26 people.

Then a “real hunt for the Slav-Communist” breaks out in the streets of the city. The demonstration becomes violent and the police are unable to control it. One person is killed and a hundred injured.

Ah, now you understand, what are those three bombs that you threw at the monument in the Remembrance Park in Gorizia? You see, how are the things! And I, think of what an example they are, I thought they were the remains of an old Roman temple.

What a Roman temple! No Roman temple! And he didn't even blow up the monument with those three bombs, he had blown it up two years earlier, in 1944. It seems that in agreement with the Germans, who also gave them dynamite, that monument was blown up by the domobranzi.

Who? The after-lunches?

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

But how was war waged among themselves in Yugoslavia?

Yes, look, it's better than I even counted: just think that after the war the Domobranci took refuge in Celovec, which is the Slovenian name of Klagenfurt, but, even knowing well what had happened, they were forcibly repatriated to Yugoslavia, so that they all died, 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

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

Which meant that if someone, say from Monfalcon, wanted to go to Sistiana to take a dip in the sea, 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 especially their new music.

(MUSIC "IN THE MOOD" BY GLENN MILLER in the background)

With the Americans it wasn't bad, but it was them who was 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 yelled at the exhausted waiter. "Four Beer"

And the waiter?

And the waiter immediately started cleaning the counter, because those Americans had to understand that they wanted him to be shiny. For-bir! For-bir! Ha, ha, you got it!

Unfortunately yes, I got it, but it would have been better if I hadn't understood it. I was saying: in addition to the new songs, the American soldiers also bring with them new unknown products like powdered milk, Coca-Cola or chewing gum.

Of course all these bold young Americans were happy to offer sugar, chocolate, canned meat and fish to the local girls in the hope of getting something in return. And some girls were proposing a kind of barter...

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

And that's why here we poor ignoramuses who don't know foreign languages and who read things as they are written, call the condom "gold-one".

(REACTION) Uuuuh!

It's useless to get so worked up, that's the word, I can't even say it!

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

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

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

- Of course, many have left, and there are also those who have returned to settle down well, those who leaving for Australia or America have made, with respect they speak, the golden cul.

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

-Don't you remember, for example, Giovanin Lovrich, there he was a boy and yesterday he left for America, with the first embarkation 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, Jonnhy 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 paid here, most of them were in Fiume, who always wrote to each other and who there counted on the fact that, for those who were bored, in America that time yesterday was the opportunity to do the work, because there in America, yesterday, yesterday you worked.

-And what if the Giovanini American boys were to end up?

- 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 about us.

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

-Indifferent, I wanted to tell you that this Johnny Lovrich was going to do it, and so he enjoyed his fate in America, in short he had a good name.

-And the Lovrich cousins?

- Well also for them, until the end of the second war, because after the Xe I escaped and the I lost everything, poor, the Xe ended up first in the refugee camp and after that they lived in four in a small neighborhood which was once only a room and a kitchen and which only on the stairs of the house gave 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 magnar stuff, and it was always a letter too, because I knew these boxes were all written for Americans and they didn't save it, and the old Johnny Lovrich wrote something that was inside every box, that that time with us the boxes were only for sardines

-What, what, yesterday instead of American canned goods?

-I was all, natural American stuff, such as tree syrup, pistachio butter, ciculata, jam, American sauces, red panzeta, sugar, pevere, and a little dindio meat in cans, bobici boiled in cans, fine bean soup in cans, everything was in these cans.

-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 they had written something that had been in the boxes, they had it, they had it, and if it was good they were eating it.

-And if it wasn't, was it 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 of the package Johnny Lovrich, I wrote that since he had to move, because in America he moves from one logo to another like nothing, for a period of time he won't be able to write about it anymore, but that you don't have to worry that the package will always return every month, as always, only that the letter will be written by the son, because Johnny Lovrich gave a fio in America.

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

-Miga much, because all I knew was that American and he wrote for American, which they didn't understand and they had to translate every now and then from someone here who worked with the ally military government. But more than anything, as always, he took care of the boxes and if they were good, he ate them without worrying. Until one day a round, unmarked box turns up in the package with a spice inside that I 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 they thought it was an American spice, which wasn't the case here, and they 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 what yesterday, what what yesterday?

-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 yesterday?

-I gave it in writing that poor Johnny Lovrich, old that yesterday, was dead, poor, and, since he always wanted him to go back home, he sent the straw he gave to them inside the pack, in a box. The box with the ashes of old Johnny Lovrich, poor old man. But Lori got away with the whole box with the zeneri. What do you want, you know you were hungry that time.

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" END MALDOBRIA)

(MUSIC "CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO" BY GLENN MILLER)

With the Chattanooga train that goes "Choo-Choo"

you must come with me to ski a little.

In the little wagon that runs 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 it seems to always go "Choo-Choo".

While the train quickly climbs to the top,

my serene heart says to you happily:

"My divine child, you are my queen,

I want to always love only you".

With the Chattanooga train that goes "Choo-Choo"

we'll be so happy together up there.

In the wagon you have to tell me that you love me more and more,
and give me lots of kisses like you know how to kiss.

Speaking of trains that go choo choo, let's talk about the Cormons Redipuglia railway line that was built starting in 1949 but that, despite the 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 thought up, so it seems, by Italian military strategists, precisely to avoid possible sabotage actions by the Yugoslavian army given that the tracks of the Sagrado Gorizia section passed too close to the border and it was not possible to protect them.

But isn't it true? It's absolutely not true! The work was designed to avoid freight trains on the Trieste Tarvisio line, the long loop of Gorizia, which with its considerable route, unnecessarily extended 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, however the important thing is that those horrible railway bridges that overlooked the state roads be definitively demolished.

What was built in those years instead was a new city: Nova Gorica with the aim of giving an administrative center to the surrounding territorial area annexed to Yugoslavia with the Treaty of Paris of 1947, as the natural role that had been played by the city of Gorizia, which remained in Italian territory, was no longer there.

Of course. The urban and demographic development was rapid and notable with the construction of vast districts of public housing. But today Nova Gorica is known above all for the various casinos that have sprung up, a destination for many Italian gamblers.

And good! But if there are so many people who enjoy throwing away money at the casino, (and also at the casinos, because there are those too) let's talk to them, not certainly with those who run the casinos, because if no one came to these casinos, we would all have to look for another job!

(MUSIC "VOLA COLOMBA")

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 big bell, ding dong, made us the chorus
Fly, white dove, fly
You tell her
That I will return
Tell her that she will no longer be alone
And that I will never again
I will leave her.*

But the tragedies in our territories do not end with the war. In the post-war period, in fact, there is the drama of the exodus. The forced emigration of the majority of citizens of Italian nationality and language to the territories of Venezia Giulia that definitively passed under the Yugoslav government.

And among these, I am sorry to say it but it is true, also many anti-communist Slovenians and Croatians, who once back in Italy, in order not to risk losing the subsidies and housing intended for exiles, stopped speaking their mother tongue forever.

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

They did it for a convinced political choice, there was a new society to build.

Later, the choice to support Stalin against Tito after the “excommunication” of the Yugoslavian Communist Party following the Cominform Resolution of 1948, caused a burning disappointment that had devastating repercussions that could reach as far as detention in the gulag of Goli Otok, the terrible Bald Island.

One of those who had ended up there, during the war he had been in Dachau, and he said that in Goli Otok he had missed the Nazi concentration camps, because at least there was solidarity among the prisoners. In Goli Otok, if you wanted to stay alive,

you had to show loyalty to the party and be the one who beat up those who were on pain of going back.

The houses abandoned by the exiles must be quickly filled with new inhabitants, this causes the displacement of part of the population, often completely unaware of the historical facts, from the internal areas of Yugoslavia.

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" BEGINNING OF MALDOBRIA "LA VILLA DI ZARA")

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

-Sure. 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 there, 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 stay at home.

-Indeed now here on the coast x and everyone who moves, who afi rooms, houses, cowardly for these strangers who come here of this time. Every year more and more people. And here comes all the logos in the world.

-About the whole world, lately I've also seen Russians, they like you, they like our sea, you know, the Russians like it and that's what they wanted, with the Croats I understood well because of the similar language and so everyone comes here. I remember that in Zara there was a beautiful villa on the sea, not exactly Zara, Zara, a little earlier, but so beautiful that you could see all the islands in front of it. And there lived the Cattalinichs.

-Were these Cattalinichs the masters of the villa?

-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 farm and a woman gave her, she was in a small wooden shed that yesterday was the front of the villa, it sits on the terrace of the villa. And with the death of the master, who right now I don't even remember more than 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, what luck, and it's fate.

-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 tycoon, what a tycoon?

-Of course he was a magnava. Magnate el iera, full of patus, A count, supplier of the imperial house, a grandee with his whole family who ga ciolto is vila as a logo of representation to invite people of istà. 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 you go?

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

-And I have to escape?

-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 I'm not selling 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 Cattalinich children, showing the papers from before the first war, could sell the same house again for the fourth time.

-And who will I sell it to?

-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 around the house, so that now there's no need for me with all the money that's been put away, but, whatever I want, I don't know that there might be another turnaround even with the Arabs and that the rivers will once again sell the same villa to someone else. (MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR" END OF MALDOBRIA)

Good, in conclusion to this whole story. Do you know what I'll tell you?

No, contime.

That fortunately all these tragedies of this infinite post-war period, in our parts the x and not the x and more, but unfortunately around the world still happen.

I mean, the rulers of other states have learned nothing from our tragedies.

Listen! Maybe I know something that saved us.

What, what saved us?

I figure that what saved us was the osmize!

The osmice? Like the osmice?

Come on, the osmize, the frasche, the gostilne, the trattorias of the Carso.

Like the osmice of the Carso? I don't understand!

The Italians, from Trieste and Gorizia, like to go out to eat, and even the girls told them that they don't have to cook every day and that they want to go to the gostilna. And the Slovenians, know how to cook, make good wine and good pigs, make good luganighe, good persuti, panzeta, ombolo, de everything.

Good, but you know that. So what?

And then when one of you eats good stuff and the other pays you well for the stuff he gives you, there's no more fuss. It is suitable for everyone and gives good relationships.

Don't think about it badly! You know what I could also be.

So I thought that now, the problem is that: in Palestine there are no osmizes!

What, osmices in Palestine? Why did I have to travel to Palestine?

If in Palestine there were the osmizes that the Palestinians made to do well for the Jews, there would be no more war in Palestine, right? But why do you want to go to osmize in Palestine when these people don't drink wine and don't eat pork, neither do Muslims nor Jews.

So what?

So they were fighting eighty years before. Too bad, too bad that in Palestine they don't have osmize!

(MUSIC) Look at the moon as it moves, look at the moon as it moves, 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 passes, the schooner and the batana, it wanders from shore to shore with the wind blowing in the pupa or with the north wind.

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

VOICE On the accordion Aleksander Ipavec.

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

THE END

POSSIBLE ENCOUNTER

MALDOBRIA "THE CURSE OF MIRAMARE"

(MUSICA "VIENI SUL MAR")

-One of the Maldobries that is best known is that of the curse of Miramar and Barba Checo, that he slept in Castel a Miramar and so he believed that this curse should fall on him too. But is this story true?

-It is true for those who want to believe it! It's true that Massimiliano was married to Mexico and that poor Carlota, with the savesto logo, had gone out with the cops and was able to say the famous curse: "Anyone who lives under this roof dies like my husband, far from his homeland, far from the sulks, of a violent death and in mortal sin." Eco, I couldn't properly say that.

-Then this story isn't true!

-I'll tell you that he doesn't know! It is certain that after Maximilian, Rodolfo, the Emperor's son, died and in mortal sin, with a young girl in bed, shortly after his mother Elisabeta, the Sissi, died, who also always lived in Miramar, caught in the steam of Geneva.

-Jesus, it's true that I'm sorry.

-A little while ago Emperor Charles died in Madeira, far from his homeland, far from the smells, until Sangulin, who was tending his caicos in Miramar, died in the hold in Buones Aires and in mortal sin because he was drunk yesterday. Everyone in Miramar experienced these. And then, you could understand that the poor Barba Checo who was giving, slept one night in Miramar to tidy up the bedroom of the Archduchess Maria Josefa, he was exhausted, like.

-To sleep at night in Castel?

-No to sleeping at night in Castel, because I'm giving you a beautiful bedroom, with the ceiling slightly sloping, but with the broca, the cadin, the sugaman with the monogram of Maria Josefa, and me jota, that from the window you could see as far as Piran, with everything that was Siroco yesterday. There he is exhausted with his ga savesto after this story of the curse of Miramar that brought Carlota's fate.

-Of course, if all those who gave it slept in Miramar and there they lived far from their homeland!

-But Barba Checo died at his home in Ossero, at the age of ninety, with all his relatives, confessed and communicated to Don Blas, that same morning. But yesterday he was so convinced of Carlota's curse that he had to say to his children at the point of death: "It's useless, so it happens to everyone else in Miramar"!

-And after that no one else slept in Miramar?

-Of course, I'm sure I slept with others after the war. I still tell you about how after the first war, the Duke of Aosta slept in Castel de Miramar.

-But shouldn't the Duke of Aosta sleep in a Castel de Val de Aosta?

-A Duke of Aosta sleeps wherever he likes, and this Duke of Aosta, after having remained stationary in Monfalcon for two years yesterday with the Third Army, during the first war, which could not return to Trieste, but only saw him from afar this beautiful Castel de Miramar, there, once the war is over, as he finally returns to this blessed Castel de Miramar with this beautiful park and the sea in front of where I decided to sleep in Castel. That's why he wanted me to be interested in the curse of Miramar.

-Ah, and so nothing happened to this Duke of Aosta, did he die there too, old man, in his house, like Barba Checo?

-But why not save? The Duke of Aosta died in Africa, fought in battle on Am Balagi, which is a mountain proper to Africa. Far from the homeland, far from the stench of violent death. And so, in Trieste one could understand this story of Carlota's curse, which affects all those who sleep in Castel de Miramar, and will begin to spread again.

-So, after the Duke of Aosta, wouldn't anyone else want to sleep in Miramar anymore?

-Afterwards in Miramar the general who returned in 1945 with the New Zealand troops to Trieste slept, and he too knew that he liked this Castle with all the park and the sea in front. But as soon as he returns, the people of Trieste immediately hear this story of Carlota's curse which befalls all those who sleep in Castel de Miramar.

-Mama mia, so I'm general what fate is?

-And so I'm general, looking at the Castel de Miramar and all this beautiful park, I say: "Whatever? Since this park in Miramar is so beautiful, put me a tent in the park. After all, I sleep almost all the time in a tent, I can sleep in it a little longer. I don't want this story of Carlota's curse to be true!"

-And so no one was born there.

-Nothing! There he returns home clean and there, years later, he dies old like Barba Checo. Because there in Castel himself, he had never slept.

-And today? Today who is sleeping in Castel de Miramar.

-Like who's sleeping in Miramar today? You didn't know that the Castel is a museum with all the paintings and the armories and the cares of Masimiliano, Carlota, Sissi, even those of the Duke of Aosta. No more sleep, for the museum, the greenery in the morning and the evening in the evening.

-Ah, the evening of evening!

-Of course it's evening, because this story of the curse of Miramar may just be a curse, but today no one, absolutely no one, would want to sleep in Castel de Miramar anymore!

(MUSIC "VIENI SUL MAR")