



Sot la Nápe

Around the Fireplace

Volume XVI, Oct 2019

Magazine of the Fogolâr Furlan NSW in Association with the Fogolârs Furlans of Australia
And with the contribution of the Autonomous Region Friuli Venezia Giulia
and the Ente Friuli Nel Mondo



REGIONE AUTONOMA
FRIULI VENEZIA GIULIA

The Friulani and the impossible

ARTS AND CRAFTS EMBEDDED IN
THE FRIULIAN CULTURE

*Paesi del Friuli:
OUT OF TIME*

CAMPO 57, GRUPIGNANO, a discovery
A Friulian Affair
Vita di paese; SORZENTO

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A TOUCH OF ART. In some places, fake snakes may be used but this is much more original. A not so traditional scarecrow minding one of the ever present veggie patches in Pesariis.

Photo by L. Rupil

SOT LA NAPÈ

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EDITORIAL

THE NON-FRIULANI FRIULANI

They are everywhere, born in Friuli or descendants of Friulani, but preferring to call themselves Italian, Australian, Callithumpians, anything but Friulani. Not that there is anything wrong with identifying oneself with any with cultural group. But this reluctance seems to spring from some reticence about calling themselves Friulani, almost a sense of shame.

“Nobody in Australia has heard of Friuli”, they say. Even Sicilians and Calabresi are better known, for the right or the wrong reasons. But Friuli is that region that all of us are forced to identify to our Australian friends, as the land ‘just North of Venice’. It is one of Friulians’ most prominent characteristics that they shy away from publicity, from putting themselves forward. No wonder Friuli is so little known!

Of course we Friulani share some of the history and some characteristics of all Italians. But some of our history and some of our characteristics are also different. It is doubtful that Goldoni could have invented the Commedia dell’Arte if he had not been born in Venice. Antonio de Curtis could never have become Totò if he had been born in Udine and nobody, could have reflected the ambiguity of life in a play, “Six Actors in search of an Author” apart from a Sicilian, Pirandello.

The same can be said of every nation, including Australia. It is a basic characteristic of the Australian population that ‘we are all different’, Italians, English, Aborigines, Peruvians, from Turin, Triestini and Friulani. If we deny this, we will have to admit that we are all the same Australians, from the most traditional Aborigine to the latest arrival from South Sudan.

Calling ourselves Friulani is not an act of allegiance to one culture at the exclusion of another. It is simply an acknowledgement of a FACT, of the starting point of our lives: we were either born in Friuli or descendant of those born Friulani, yes, even to the third and fourth generation. Of course, we may choose not to identify ourselves as Friulani. That is our right, but it is not the same as denying the FACT of our genealogical descent. And this FACT is equally valid for the part-Friulani who have ancestors of mixed ethnic background, just like so many of our children or grand children.

Why are some Friulani so diffident about declaring their Friulian origins? Is it easier to boast about Italy - Dante, Verdi, Manzoni, Julius Caesar, Michelangelo, Machiavelli? Or because we are ashamed of such an historically insignificant region as Friuli? Or because we can’t name anything special about Friuli’s culture? Or is it because we feel that the Friuli we knew has abandoned us, that it is no longer as we knew it, that it does not speak our Friulano any more, that now no longer it pays us the attention that it used to pay on our first return-visits after having been successful in Australia? Do we feel uncared for, by-passed, over the hill?

EDITORIAL cont.

Whatever the reason, why deny our children and grandchildren their rightful cultural inheritance? Why would we want to deny Gabriella Sakkos the pride of flaunting herself as part Hellenic, part Italiana, part Furlana and 100% Aussie? It would be churlish, would it not?

The problem is not the culture, because we all have one. The problem is that we don't know it or don't know how to look for it or we don't want to find it.

Max Zanin remedies our ignorance of Friuli with a magnificent article about some of the great Friulians of the past, "The Friulians and the Impossible", those who made a name for themselves in the world, and Deborah Bolzicco, a native of the UK, adds a little shame to our reluctance, by writing so attractively about our Friuli.

DAL REDATTORE

I NON-FRIULANI FRIULANI

Si trovano dappertutto, nati in Friuli o discendenti di Friulani ma che preferiscono chiamarsi Italiani, Australiani, Vattialapesca, ogni altro nome all'infuori di Friulani. Niente di male, naturalmente, coll'identificarsi con qualsiasi cultura. Ma questa esitazione sembra sprigionarsi da quasi un senso di vergogna di essere Friulani.

"Il Friuli non è conosciuto in Australia", dicono. Anche i Siciliani ed i Calbrasi sono meglio conosciuti, anche se per buone o dubbie ragioni. Il Friuli è quella regione che noi tutti siamo obbligati a definire, ai nostri amici australiani, 'quella terra a nord di Venezia'. È una delle caratteristiche più appariscenti dei Friulani che non vogliono mettersi in mostra. Non c'è da meravigliarsi allora che il Friuli è conosciuto poco.

È vero, naturalmente, che facciamo parte della storia e caratteristiche di tutti gli Italiani. Ma ci distinguiamo per parte della nostra storia e per alcune nostre caratteristiche tipiche. Non credo che Goldoni possa aver inventato la Commedia dell'Arte se non fosse nato a Venezia. Antonio De Curtis non sarebbe mai diventato Totò se fosse nato a Udine e nessun altro avrebbe potuto descrivere l'ambiguità della vita eccetto che un siciliano, Pirandello, con il drama, 'Sei attori in cerca di autore'.

Lo stesso si può dire di ogni nazione, inclusa l'Australia. Una caratteristica fondamentale dell'Australia è che 'siamo tutti differenti', Italiani, Inglesi, Aborigeni, Peruviani, gianduiani, Triestini e Friulani. Se lo neghiamo, dobbiamo ammettere che siamo tutti Australiani uguali: dagli Aborigeni agli ultimi arrivati dal Sud Sudan.

Definirci Friulani non è una dichiarazione di adesione ad una cultura alla esclusione di un'altra. È un semplice riconoscimento di una REALTÀ: siamo nati in Friuli o discendenti di Friulani, fino alla terza e quarta generazione. Naturalmente abbiamo il diritto di non identificarci con il Friuli. È diritto nostro, ma non è lo stesso di negare il FATTO della nostra origine genealogica. E questo fatto è valido pure per quelli che sono in parte Friulani, cioè figli di etnie differenti, come lo sono molti dei nostri figli e nipoti.

Perchè tale esitazione da parte di alcuni di dichiararsi Friulani? Perchè è più facile poter orgogliarsi di essere Italiani con Dante, Verdi, Giulio Cesare, Michelangelo, Garibaldi...? O forse perchè ci vergogniamo di una regione di così poca importanza storica come il Friuli.

O perchè non sappiamo dare un nome a nessuna caratteristica culturale del Friuli? O perchè ci sentiamo abbandonati dal quel Friuli che conoscevamo, che non parla più il nostro friulano, che non ci mostra più quella attenzione che ci conferiva ai nostri primi ritorni dopo aver riscosso successo in Australia? Ci sentiamo trascurati, messi da parte, sorpassati?

Ragione a parte, perchè, però, negare ai nostri figli e nipoti il diritto alla loro eredità culturale? Perchè negare a Gabriella Sakkos l'orgoglio di vantarsi di essere parte greca, parte italiana, parte friulana e al cento per cento cangura? Sarebbe pettegolo, vero?

Il problema non è la cultura perchè tutti l'abbiamo. Il problema è che non la conosciamo o non sappiamo come scoprirla o non vogliamo trovarla.

Massimo Zanin pone rimedio alla nostra ignoranza con un magnifico articolo su alcuni dei Grandi Friulani del passato, 'I Friulani e l'impossibile', quelli che si sono fatti un nome nel mondo, e Deborah Bolzicco, di origine inglese, aggiunge un pizzico di vergogna alla nostra esitazione con un altrettanto magnifico articolo sul nostro Friuli.

FRONT PAGE

Pictured is the scene welcoming you when you reach the Rifugio De Gasperi in Val Pesarina. After the hard climb to the renowned alpine destination, owned by the CAI (Club Alpino Italiano) Tolmezzo branch, it is a refreshing site that reminds you of the wood carving talents amongst the Friulians. More of this in the article 'Arts and crafts embedded in the Friulian culture' in this issue. The alpine 'Rifugi' (refuges) originated as humble huts for the lovers of the mountains in case they were caught out in extreme weather events or to find shelter for the night. Over the years they have developed into comfortable accommodation premises with restaurant that serve typical local dishes.

During the winter months most of them remain closed for trading but they have to leave open access to one room, usually with direct entry from the outside, to provide the shelter above mentioned thus qualifying as a Rifugio. A note for the would be visitors, they all proudly fly the Friulian Flag together with the Italian flag.



Photo by L. Rupil

THE FRIULIANS AND THE IMPOSSIBLE

by Massimiliano Zanin



Giacomo Ceconi

The Friulians have always had the reputation of hard-working, serious, and obstinate people. *Sâlt, onest, lavoradôr, fasin di bessoi ...* And it is thanks to this hard character that they have often reached unimaginable goals, and sometimes the impossible. Faced with any complicated problem, the Friulano will stop a second to think about it, and then he will reply: "*bon, si cumbine!*". There are several examples of this.

In 1850 a young illiterate labourer from the Arzino valley, Giacomo Ceconi, said: "*O fas di bessoi!*" He went to Trieste, and in very few years he learned the techniques of geometric design. Having become the leader of a group of fellow workers, he completed the construction of the most important railway works of the Hapsburg Empire (up to Croatia, Carinthia and even Hungary). In 1879 the Hapsburg Empire even assigned him Austrian citizenship, between the protests of the Hapsburg entrepreneurship against "the foreign builder that prevailed over competitors".

At the end of the 19th century, a young Friulian named Arturo Malignani thought about how to light his city with electricity. "*Bon, si cumbine!*", he said, and invented the vacuum bulb, still in use today. Udine became the third city in Europe with electric lighting after Milan and London, and, thanks to Malignani, it had the best bulbs in the world for quality. Edison bought the patent from Malignani.

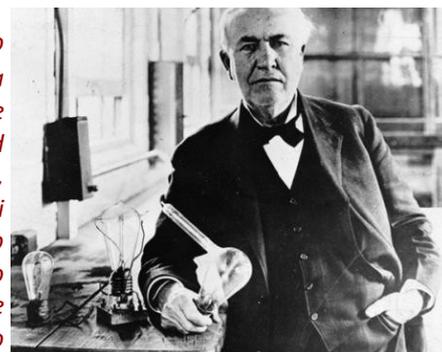
When Antonio Calligaris, in 1923, began to produce by hand the first wooden chairs stuffed with straw in Manzano, they asked him if he wanted to increase production. He replied: "*No son fastidis*", and together with his son Romeo he began to distribute his chairs with a trailer truck. Manzano became the world capital of the chair in the 1980s. Today the Calligaris company distributes quality chairs with 650 points of sale worldwide.



Luigi Del Bianco

When in 1927 they asked Luigi del Bianco, a stonemason from Meduno, Pordenone, if it was possible to sculpture an entire mountain with the faces of the presidents of the United States of America, he replied: "*Bon, si cumbine!*", and began to work. And with his hands he created the famous Mt Rushmore Memorial.

I Friulani hanno da sempre la reputazione di gente laboriosa, seria, ed ostinata. 'Salt, onest, lavoradôr, fasin di bessoi.' Ed è proprio grazie a questo carattere duro che hanno spesso raggiunto traguardi impensabili, arrivando persino a toccare l'impossibile.



Arturo Malignani

Di fronte ad un problema qualsivoglia complicato, il Friulano si fermerà un secondo a pensarci su, e poi ti risponderà: "bon, si cumbine!". Gli esempi sono svariati.

Nel 1850 un giovane manovale analfabeta della Val d'Arzino, Giacomo Ceconi, disse: "O fas di bessoi!". Si recò a Trieste, ed in pochissimi anni apprese de tecniche del disegno geometrico. Messosi a capo di un gruppo di operai compaesani, portò a termine la costruzione delle più importanti opere ferroviarie dell'Impero Asburgico (fino in Croazia, Carinzia ed anche Ungheria). Nel 1879 l'Impero Asburgico gli assegnò addirittura la cittadinanza austriaca, tra le proteste dell'imprenditoria asburgica contro «il costruttore straniero che prevaleva sui concorrenti».

Alla fine dell'800, un giovane friulano di nome Arturo Malignani pensò a come fare per illuminare con l'elettricità la sua città. "Bon, si cumbine!", disse, ed inventò la lampadina a vuoto, ancora in uso anche oggi. Udine divenne la terza città in Europa con l'illuminazione elettrica dopo Milano e Londra, e grazie a Malignani, ebbe le lampadine migliori al mondo per qualità. Edison ne acquistò il brevetto proprio da Malignani.

Quando Antonio Calligaris, nel 1923, iniziò a produrre a mano le prime sedie in legno impagliate a Manzano, gli chiesero se se la sentisse di aumentare la produzione. Rispose: "No son fastidis", e assieme al figlio Romeo iniziò a distribuire le sue sedie con un camion a rimorchio. Manzano è divenuta negli anni '80 la capitale mondiale della sedia. Oggi la ditta Calligaris distribuisce sedie di qualità con 650 punti di vendita nel mondo.

Quando nel 1927 chiesero a Luigi del Bianco, tagliapietra di Meduno di Pordenone, se fosse possibile scolpire un'intera montagna con i volti dei presidenti degli Stati Uniti d'America, lui rispose: "Bon, si cumbine!", e iniziò a lavorare. E con le sue mani creò i famosi volti di Mt Rushmore.

Ai tempi in cui Armando Cimolai, nel 1949, decise di avviare un piccolo laboratorio per la costruzione di cancelli ed infissi metallici a Fontanafredda, lo chiamavano "Cimolai pianta pai". Oggi la Cimolai è azienda leader mondiale nelle costruzioni metalliche, specializzata in grandi opere come grattacieli, stadi di calcio, ponti e viadotti. Cimolai ha ricostruito Ground Zero a New York, ed è l'azienda più rinomata nella Big Aple.

At the time when Armando Cimolai, in 1949, decided to start a small workshop for the construction of gates and metal frames in Fontanafredda, they called him "*Cimolai pianta pai*". Today, Cimolai is a world leader in metal construction, specializing in major works such as skyscrapers, football stadiums, bridges and viaducts. Cimolai has rebuilt Ground Zero in New York, and is the most renowned company in the Big Apple.



Armando Cimolai

And when Zanussi took over Udinese Calcio in the early 1980s, they asked: "Is it possible to bring the best footballer in the world to Udine?" "*Cumbinin*", they said. And in Udine a certain Zico arrived!

These are just some of many examples (we could mention Snaidero, Jacuzzi, Solari, Danieli) of unthinkable works that, with patience and obstinacy, the Friulians have carried out in the world. Without fuss, working hard, and in silence. "*O ai fat dome el me lavor*", they would tell you, with a smug smile. And so they reached the impossible ...■

M.Zanin – Fogolar Furlan Adelaide

E quando all' inizio anni '80 la Zanussi rilevò l'Udinese Calcio si chiesero: "è possibile portare ad Udine il miglior calciatore al mondo? "Cumbinin", si disse. E ad Udine arrivò un certo Zico!

Questi sono solo alcuni di tanti esempi (potremmo citare Snaidero, Jacuzzi, Solari, Danieli) di opere impensabili che, con pazienza ed ostinazione, i Friulani hanno portato a termine nel mondo. Senza clamore, lavorando sodo ed in silenzio. "O ai fat dome il me lavôr", ti direbbero con un sorriso compiaciuto. E così hanno raggiunto l'impossibile...■



Zico arrives in Udine

ANTIPASTO FRIULANO



No recipe required for this typical antipasto platters on the menu of all the Friulian *trattorie* and *agriturismi*. The treats are the ingredients themselves. Montasio or locally produced cheese, home made smoked salami, wild asparagus (*radic salvadi*), freshly made bread and a glass of excellent Ribolla Gialla.

Yummy, never mind the others, eat it all yourself.

Malga Vinadia Grande and Friulian Dolomites, Val Pesarina

A LOOK AT THE FUTURE OF THE FOGOLÂRS

Editorial note: This is the English translation of the article in Italian by Emma Luxardo, published in "Il Globo" on 15 July 2019. We are happy to reproduce it here as a tribute to Angelo's unselfish love of Friuli.

The Presidents of the Fogolâr Furlans of Australia met in Adelaide for the biennial meeting.

ADELAIDE – On the last week-end of June the Presidents of the Fogolârs Furlans of Australia met at the Fogolar Furlan of Adelaide. A biennial meeting, an opportunity to share experiences and ideas and learn from 'successes and failures', as stated by Fred Martin, Australian Representative of the Ente Friuli nel Mondo, the non-profit association founded in 1953, situated in Udine with the purpose of promoting "in complete independence the contacts with all the Friulians in Italy and overseas".

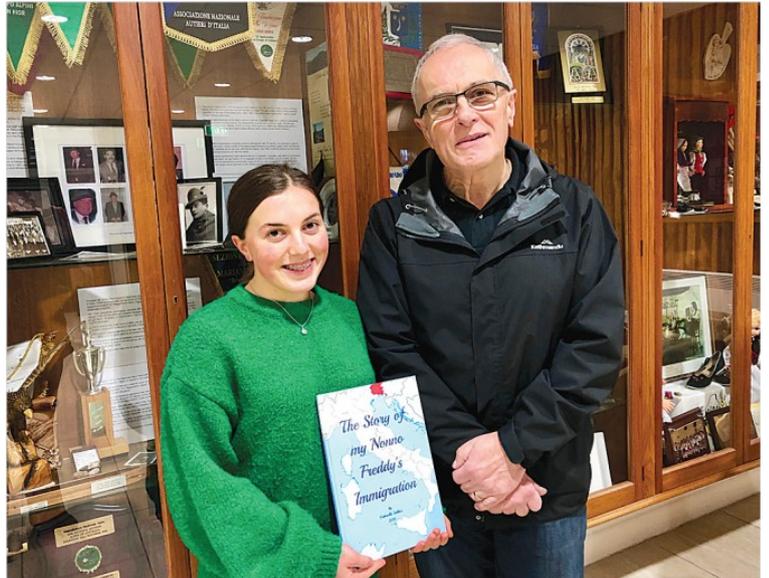
Among the most pressing issues to be confronted were the advancing age of the founding members of the Fogolârs and the need to ensure their future. How? By involving the young. It all seems so obvious, but its implementation is not at all easy.

As Fred Martin explained, the migrants arriving after WWII spent their time "heads down, working, to provide for the education of their children so that they wouldn't have to do the heavy work of their parents". These parents paid homage to their culture of origin by building clubs in their free time from their heavy work. Often, however, not managing to involve their own children in the life of the clubs. What is there to do then? "Bring back one's children through the grand-children who often show a keen interest in the culture of origin of their grandparents", said Fred

Hence the Project MY NONNI, launched some months ago in Sydney and presented on this occasion to the Presidents of the Fogolârs Furlans. The initiative came to be somewhat by chance, indeed through Fred's own grand-daughter, Gabriella, who when in year 6, as a school project decided to 'interview' grand-dad Freddy. The experience was so precious, that "a simple school homework" became a printed book, presented to nonno on the occasion of his birthday.

Leafing through the book you can read through the eyes of a young millennial girl all the emotions and the stages that a migrant must face, stages and emotions which are frequently the subject of research by experts. It is interesting that the first question, in all innocence, was on why Australia was chosen. In fact, it was not a choice that Nonno Freddy had because he arrived in 1959 when he was only 9, to join, together with the rest of his Italian family, the many brothers and sisters who had migrated previously.

We had it often heard that the decision to migrate was only for one member of the family, Many women came to join their husbands with no knowledge of what awaited them. For many it was a way of rejoining those family members who had preceded them. Besides the longing of a reunion, there was the emotion of leaving behind another life, as in the case of little Martin, "cousins, friends and one's home": this too a common feeling, equally as strong, and such as to be picked up by a 9 year old child who gives into the desire to take with him a stone from the Tagliamento river carrying the date of departure, accepted and final.



Gabriella Sakkos, together with her grandfather, shows her book "The Story of my Nonno Freddy's immigration"

And then the trip...long and rich in new experiences and discoveries, these days taken for granted, like meeting people from different countries. Little Fred had never seen people with body characteristics different from those of the Italians. For example, on arrival and meeting a man with red hair he imagined all Australians to have red hair, freckles and very fair complexion.

You can sense also the anguish of the distance with the cries of the mother who, on arriving, sees again one of her sons and the desire to create a sense of suitable "normality", when the brothers in Australia prepare the house and gardens the best they can to welcome the new arrivals. Include also the excitement of the novelty, "the yellow cabs, and the city environment" for Fred as well as the big differences, like the language. An then the instinctive ability to fit with one's peers in order not to feel like "an odd man out" to use Fred's own words who, in line with his young age, learns English in three months and "do his best to become like them in order not to be left out". Indeed, even his family name, Martin, serves less to give him away as a migrant.

Gabriella's book gave the inspiration for the whole MY NONNI project, aimed at encouraging the grandchildren of Friulian migrants to speak with their Nonni and learn about their story. From this, other initiatives took off involving young people, not only as the only hope of the future survival of the Fogolâr Furlan, but also to respond to a call from the young people themselves not to let us lose our traditions, language and culture which are also their own origins and that, even if one or two generations removed, still claim a presence.

Hence the broader presence of the Fogolârs Furlans in the social media, to create a channel of communication in line with the times, to keep alive the Friulian language, the traditional cuisine with 'frico nights', the culture with Quiz nights and trips to rediscover one's land of origin. ■ (Trans by JC)

Fogolâr Furlan NSW

by Lucia Moon in 'La Fiamma' 3rd of October 2019.

It is with pride that we print this article on Angelo Donati. He, just like so many other Friulian Australians, deserves to be put in the limelight. However, we would have never done it of our initiative, given that Angelo is our President, that is of the Fogolâr Furlan NSW and founder of this magazine. But the article was thought of and written by Lucia Moon, a journalist with La Fiamma and, therefore, we are particularly pleased of this coincidence. JC

Fogolâr Furlan NSW was set up by Angelo Donati after the cessation of activities of the Fogolâr Furlan Sydney, caused by the amalgamation with Mounties, a sports club in Mt Pritchard, in 2012.

Donati is the first and on-going president of the association. "After the amalgamation, I decided to register another Fogolâr, if you like," Donati said. "I wanted to try and do a lot for the culture of the region of Friuli."

One of the main projects of the association is the publication of its magazine, *Sot La Nàpe* (Around the fireplace) a community publication which combines articles written in Friulian, Italian and English by members of the Friulian community around Australia. The magazine is published three times a year. Donati said that the reason for giving life to Fogolâr Furlan NSW and its magazine was to spread Friulian Culture in all its manifestations Australia-wide and to reach out to the new generation of Friulians born in Australia, or recently migrated. "The magazine tries to get together all the Fogolars in Australia," Donati said. "And we try to keep up our friendship with the region of Friuli." The magazine, which is now distributed Australia-wide, is an instrument of communication and discussion available to everybody and which has been vital in preserving the future of Friulian culture.

The Fogolâr Furlan NSW recently launched a community project called 'My Nonni'. The project was launched through *Sot La Nàpe* and encourages the younger generations to find out their grandparents migration stories and record them in writing or images. ■



The FFNSW group celebrating Friuli Day with a cruise on the "Nepean Belle"

Ci è di orgoglio poter pubblicare il seguente articolo su Angelo Donati. Come tanti altri Friulani in Australia si merita proprio di essere messo in vista. Noi non ci saremmo mai permessi tale libertà, tuttavia, dato che Angelo è il nostro Presidente, cioè del Fogolâr Furlan NSW e fondatore di questa rivista. Ma l'articolo è stato motivato e scritto da Lucia Moon, giornalista di La Fiamma e perciò ci sentiamo pienamente soddisfatti di questa coincidenza. JC

*Il Fogolâr Furlan NSW è stato costituito da Angelo Donati dopo la cessazione delle attività da parte del Fogolâr Furlan Sydney, a causa dell'amalgamazione col Mounties, club sportivo di Mt Pritchard, nel 2012. Donati è stato il primo presidente dell'associazione, incarico che ricopre tuttora. "Dopo l'amalgamento, ho deciso immediatamente di costituirne un altro" ricorda Donati. "Ho voluto provarci e soprattutto ci ho messo la volontà di fare tutto il possibile per preservare e diffondere la cultura della regione friulana". Uno dei progetti principali dell'associazione è la pubblicazione di una propria rivista, *Sot La Nàpe* (attorno al caminetto), pubblicazione comunitaria che contiene articoli scritti in friulano, italiano e inglese da esponenti della comunità friulana in tutta l'Australia. La rivista viene pubblicata tre volte all'anno. Donati afferma che la ragione principale che ha dato vita al Fogolâr Furlan NSW e la sua rivista, è quella di "divulgare il più possibile la cultura friulana in tutte le sue manifestazioni in ogni angolo d'Australia e raggiungere le nuove generazioni di friulani nati in questo Paese o recentemente immigrati". "La rivista cerca di tenere uniti tutti i Fogolârs in Australia - sottolinea Donati -. E proviamo anche a mantenere ben saldi i legami d'amicizia con la regione Friuli". La rivista, che viene ora distribuita in tutta l'Australia, rappresenta uno strumento di comunicazione e discussione a disposizione di tutti e riveste un ruolo vitale nella preservazione futura della cultura friulana. Il Fogolâr Furlan NSW ha recentemente presentato un progetto comunitario chiamato "My Nonni". Questo progetto è stato lanciato attraverso *Sot La Nàpe* ed incoraggia le generazioni più giovani a scoprire le storie dell'emigrazione dei loro nonni, raccontandole sotto forma di testi scritti o immagini. ■*



Angelo at home.

Sedegliano, Friuli.

Sot la Nàpe is also read in Friuli. Proud to show it off and publicize it.

Sot la Nàpe è letta anche in Friuli. Orgogliosi di mostrarla e pubblicizzarla.



ARTS AND CRAFTS EMBEDDED IN THE FRIULIAN CULTURE

Article and photos by Lucio Rupil

I've just returned from a two month stay in Carnia, where I was born and raised, the ever enchanting mountain area on Friuli's north, bordering with Austria. Due to this proximity and having been part of the Austro-Hungarian empire for well over a century, not to mention the much earlier domination by the Germanic conquerors such as the Lombards, the Friulians have inherited, carried forward through the centuries and further developed, much of the craftsmanship that can be admired today.



Sauris di Sopra. Two fine examples of craftsmanship.

The people of Carnia had developed close trading relationships with their northern neighbours, the *Cramârs* were a typical example of that. They travelled on foot for many months of the year, usually in winter due to the need to stay home in summer to work the land and produce the very important crops vital for the survival of

their families. They traded in very basic but commonly used small goods and brought back products that likewise were useful in their villages. They were also traders in small artefacts, culture and customs.

One of those crafts visible everywhere in Carnia and Friuli generally, is wood carving. All visitors of Friuli would have seen statues of the Madonna and of Saints in churches, crucifixes along the roads, many of them undoubtedly were sculptured over the borders or by master carvers who learned the art in those lands.

On this visit to Friuli, I've seen evidence of this everywhere, in some unusual places, in churches as mentioned, in entertainment venues, stately palaces, even along forest trails.



Munich, Bavaria. Statues of Saints, The Madonna and a Crucifix in the Church of St Peter.



Pesariis: outdoor furniture, a very effective use of nature's wonders that otherwise would go up in smoke.

Sono appena tornato da una vacanza in Carnia, dove sono nato e cresciuto, la sempre incantevole zona di montagna a nord del Friuli confinante con l'Austria. La vicinanza ai paesi germanici e avendo fatto parte dell'impero Austro-Ungarico per oltre un secolo, da non dimenticare il lungo periodo molto prima nella storia, il dominio dei conquistatori doltr'alpe come i Longobardi, i friulani ereditarono, coltivarono e svilupparono a loro volta arti e mestieri che sono tuttora molto apprezzati.

La gente della Carnia aveva sviluppato buoni rapporti di commercio con i vicini a nord, i Cramârs furono un tipico esempio di questo. Viaggiavano a piedi per mesi durante l'inverno, dovuto al fatto che durante l'estate era necessario che rimanessero a casa per lavorare la terra e produrre i raccolti importanti per la sopravvivenza della famiglia. Commerciavano in minuterie comunemente usate in ogni casa, esportavano dal Friuli e importavano dai paesi germanici. In quel commercio tramandavano da un paese all'altro anche piccoli oggetti d'arte, cultura e usanze.

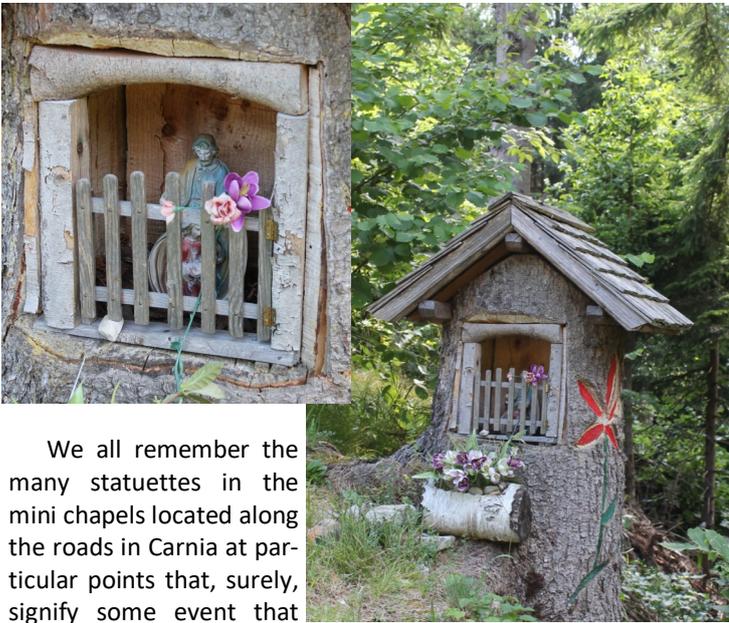
Una di queste arti visibile ovunque in Carnia ed in Friuli in generale, è l'intaglio del legno. Tutti i turisti in visita avranno visto statue di Santi e Madonne nelle chiese e Crocifissi lungo le strade che indubbiamente furono scolpite anche oltralpe o da maestri scultori che impararono l'arte in quei paesi.

In questa visita in Friuli, ho visto l'evidenza di questo ovunque, in posti non comuni, nelle chiese come anzidetto, in locali pubblici, palazzi storici, anche nei boschi lungo i sentieri.



Avausa. Carvings on the 'portone' (front door) of a house.

The mosaic plaques are by one of the retired owners who attended the Scuola Mosaicisti of Spilimbergo.



We all remember the many statuettes in the mini chapels located along the roads in Carnia at particular points that, surely, signify some event that took place there, real or legendary. I encountered many more on the Austrian roads, usually with some reference to the Saint Patron of the nearby town. They are testimony of the strong Roman Catholicism that existed and still is present in the Region.

This brilliant work of art can be encountered on a forest walk in Val Pesarina. Above is the window detail.

Timber, the most abundant resource of the alpine lands, was naturally used a lot more in the past and still is wherever it is suitable. Woodcrafts and related trades were amongst the most commonly practiced by men in Carnia. From the *boscaioli* (lumberjacks), *segantini* (sawmill workers), carpenters, *falegnami* (furniture makers), just to mention the most well known. The industry was so well developed in the nineteenth century that at its peak, in Carnia alone, 24 sawmills were operational with several more in the Val Canale/Tarvisiano and in bordering Cadore. Due to the probable shortage of manpower caused in part by the seasonal migration, even some women found employment at the mills doing work that in the past, was traditionally done by men, like stacking the sawn boards and planks for storage.



Illegio. Outdoor bar. A fine example of the use of an abundant resource.

This day and age, the industry has almost disappeared in Carnia as the use of timber products has vastly diminished. What remains is the love and interest by some crafts people who produce sculptures, souvenirs, kitchen utensils, toys and the like. Also timber is extensively used in the restoration of old

buildings to reproduce the original architecture.

Many of those Carnic craft/tradesmen emigrated in the exodus period of post WWII to Australia and other countries, bringing their skills and passion for their art with them. I won't name any to avoid omitting some whom I never had a chance to get to know. In future editions, I hope to be able to write stories about some of them and the legacy they have left behind as a testimony of the artistic culture of Friuli. All forms of art work will be included, not only woodwork that this article predominantly deals with. ■

Tutti ricordiamo le piccole statue nelle cappellette (mainas) situate lungo le strade della Carnia, in particolari posti che sicuramente furono erette in memoria di qualche episodio accaduto, di fatto o leggendario. Ho incontrato molte di più nelle strade austriache, usualmente con referenza al Santo Patrono del paese vicinante. Sono a testimonianza del forte legame cattolico-romano che esisteva ed è ancora presente in queste Regioni.

Legno, la risorsa più abbondante delle regioni alpine, naturalmente era usato molto di più nel passato, ma ancora lo è ovunque sia adatto. La lavorazione del legno ed i mestieri correlati erano tra i più comuni impieghi per gli uomini della Carnia. Da i boscaioli, ai segantini, ai carpentieri, ai falegnami e intagliatori, solo per nominarne i più soliti. L'industria boschiva era altamente sviluppata nel 19mo secolo che al suo vertice, in Carnia esistevano ben 24 segherie operanti con altre anche nella Val Canale e nel vicino Cadore. Data la scarsità di uomini in parte causata dall'emigrazione stagionale, anche le donne trovavano impiego nelle segherie svolgendo lavori che precedentemente venivano fatti dagli uomini, come accatastare le tavole per la stagionatura.

In questi tempi, l'industria in Carnia in complesso è quasi scomparsa dato che l'uso del legno nella forma naturale, è fortemente calato. Quello che rimane, è l'amore e l'interesse di pochi artisti che producono piccole sculture, souvenirs, utensili di cucina, giocattoli ecc. Il legno viene usato pure nella ristorazione di vecchi edifici per riprodurre l'architettura originale.

Molti di quegli artisti-mestieranti carnici emigrarono nel periodo dell'exodus dopo la seconda guerra mondiale, verso l'Australia e tanti altri paesi, portando con loro la loro arte e cultura. Non voglio nominare nessuno per il timore di offendere tanti che non ho avuto l'occasione di conoscere. In future edizioni, spero di poter scrivere qualche storiella in merito ad alcuni di loro, degli oggetti artistici e dei loro lasciti che sono di testimonia delle arti integrate nella cultura friulana.

Tutte le forme d'arte saranno incluse, non solamente quella della lavorazione del legno che a cui quest'articolo è particolarmente dedicato. ■



Avausa. Church of St Osvaldo. 17th century reliquarium.



The Leita Brothers of Avausa. Two young Friulian artisans makers of harpsichords.

XVI CONVENTION AND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE “FRIULANI NEL MONDO”

Organised by the Ente Friuli nel Mondo, Saturday 27th of July 2019, the Convention of the Friulani nel Mondo, took place at Tolmezzo on the theme ‘L’ingegno dei Carnici, patrimonio del Friuli e del Mondo’. The following day, the meeting of the Friulians of the world took place, starting with the SS Mass, celebrated in large part in Friulian, and the social lunch. The second day is always the most popular, around 600 people were served a rich lunch of local specialities. I participate only at the Convention which I find always interesting. I limit myself to summing up the Convention with a couple of observations. After the usual welcoming words by the Mayor of Tolmezzo, Francesco Brolo and by the President of the Ente, Adriano Luci, the various presentations started.



Adriano Luci addressing the convention.

Luigi Papais painted a picture of the migratory experiences of the region FVG over the years starting from 1871, noting that the migratory waves reflected the various economic crises and remembering that whilst the men were away, the women were working the land and manning the farms. From 1871 to 2005, 1,218,160 people emigrated from FVG, a number similar to the actual population of today; in 2018 the migrants numbered 2795 with a slight majority of males. Now, young qualified people are the ones leaving the Region, so there is the possibility that they will use their time abroad to acquire experiences useful for when they eventually return home.

Riccardo Riccardi recalled the events of last October-November when terrible storms with winds up to 200km an hour, caused enormous damage in the Friulian mountains, with estimates of over 500 million euro. Tropical climate in our mountains? It's the new reality.

The writer Angelo Floramo elaborated on the theme ‘Carnia, feminine land and against the flow’ underlining the strength and the ability of the women who managed the community in absence of their husbands and when they emigrated themselves, became labour leaders fighting for social justice. “A land not inclined to lower the head”, a common saying was that the Venetians proffered to bargain with the Turks than the Carnic women. Floramo reminded all that the Carnic women obtained the vote in 1944, a couple of years ahead of the rest of the country.

Gian Paolo Gortani spoke about the Carnic grit and the ingenuity of the Carnic industry, giving as the example his firm that, having started as a simple distillery with 20 employees, in not many years it expanded making vats for the distillerie industry and selling its products all over Europe and other countries including Australia.



Il Duomo di Tolmezzo gremito di fedeli per la SS Messa.

Organizzato dall’Ente Friuli nel Mondo, sabato 27 luglio 2019, ha avuto luogo a Tolmezzo il Convegno dell’Ente Friuli nel Mondo incentrato sul tema ‘L’ingegno dei carnici, patrimonio del Friuli e del mondo’ mentre il giorno seguente, sempre a Tolmezzo, si è svolto l’incontro dei friulani nel mondo con Messa e pranzo sociale. La seconda giornata è sempre la più popolare. Io invece partecipo solo ai convegni in cui scopro sempre qualcosa d’interessante. Mi limiterò quindi a riassumere il convegno di quest’anno, aggiungendo un paio di osservazioni.

Dopo le rituali parole di benvenuto da parte del sindaco di Tolmezzo, Francesco Brolo e del presidente dell’Ente Friuli nel Mondo Adriano Luci, sono iniziati i vari interventi.

Luigi Papais ha fatto un quadro dell’esperienza migratoria della regione FVG nel corso degli anni a partire dal 1871, osservando che le ondate migratorie hanno rispecchiato le varie crisi economiche, e ricordando che mentre i mariti erano via, erano le donne a lavorare in campagna e nella stalla. Dal 1871 al 2005 sono emigrate 1.218.160 persone (un numero simile alla popolazione attuale del FVG); nel 2018 gli emigranti sono stati 2795 con una leggera maggioranza maschile. Sono ora i giovani qualificati a lasciare la regione, quindi c’è la possibilità che usino la via dell’emigrazione per far conoscenze ed esperienze utili ad un loro eventuale ritorno in FVG.

Riccardo Riccardi ci ha ricordato del maltempo dell’ottobre-novembre 2018 quando tempesta e venti di 200 km all’ora avevano causato danni per oltre 500 milioni di euro nella montagna friulana. Clima tropicale nelle nostre montagne? È la nuova realtà.

Lo scrittore Angelo Floramo ha elaborato il tema ‘Carnia, terra femmina e controcorrente’ sottolineando la forza ed abilità delle donne - che gestivano la comunità in assenza dei mariti emigrati e che quando emigravano, diventavano sindacaliste e lottavano per la giustizia sociale. ‘Terra poco incline a chinare la testa’, tanto che si diceva che i veneti ‘preferivano trattare con i turchi che con le donne carniche!’ Floramo ha ricordato che le carniche hanno iniziato a votare nel 1944, due anni prima delle donne del resto del paese.

Gian Paolo Gortani ha parlato di ‘grinta carnica’, dell’ingegno carnico nell’industria, portando d’esempio la sua azienda che, iniziata come una semplice distilleria con un una ventina di dipendenti, nel corso degli anni si è allargata fabbricando serbatoi per distillerie e vendendo i suoi prodotti in Europa ed altri paesi incluso l’Australia. Attualmente dà lavoro a 200 persone ed è impegnata in attività ecologiche come lo spegnimento di focolai di gas metano e la costruzione di sili per essiccare cereali in modo naturale.

Presently it employs 200 people and is engaged in ecological activities like the extinguishment of methane gas leaks and the manufacturing of silos for the natural exsiccation of cereals.

Iginio Pilutti, who has written a book 'Storia della Carnia', dwelled on the important role of the emigration without which, in his judgment, there would not have been economic development, but he expressed the desire that the ingenuity given to the world by the Carnic people, comes back to Carnia. In his address he reminded all of the immense success of the Solari in which premises clocks were invented and manufactured for the whole world.

At the conclusion of the speeches, Luci redrew the attention to the common message: the sons and daughters of the migrants are free to return "libars di podè tornà". There is work for those with qualifications, he reaffirmed.

After some refreshments, the attendees moved to the Teatro Luigi Candoni for a brilliant performance by the youth choir "Freevoices" from Capriva (Go) conducted by Manuela Marussi. The repertoire included 'villotte friulane', song inspired by the migrations and a variety of musical genre from various parts of the world. They also sang a song in the Maori language. What mainly distinguishes this choir, is the choreography that changes for every song. The synchronised movements of the nine boys and nineteen girls were extraordinary, a really professional performance. I compliment the Ente for having included this performance in the program.



The Tolmezzo Palasport was the venue for lunch.

Anche Iginio Piutti, che ha scritto una 'Storia della Carnia', si è soffermato sul ruolo importante dell'emigrazione senza la quale, a suo giudizio, non ci sarebbe stato sviluppo economico, ma ha anche espresso il desiderio che 'l'ingegno dato al mondo dai carnici' ritorni in Carnia. Nel suo intervento ha ricordato l'immenso successo dei Solari nel cui impianto sono stati inventati e fabbricati orologi per tutto il mondo. A conclusione degli interventi Luci ha di nuovo attirato l'attenzione su un messaggio comune: che i figli degli emigrati sono 'libars di podè tornà [...] Lavoro ce n'è per chi è qualificato - ora si entra in camice' ha affermato.

Dopo un ottimo rinfresco, i presenti si sono accomodati nel Teatro Luigi Candoni per uno spettacolo strabiliante: la performance del coro giovanile Freevoices proveniente da Capriva (Gorizia) e diretto da Manuela Marussi. Il repertorio eseguito includeva villotte friulane, canzoni ispirate all'emigrazione ed una gran varietà di generi musicali da varie parti del mondo, incluso country, gospel, pezzi brasiliani, jamaicani ed africani. Ha pure cantato un brano nella lingua dei Maori! Ciò che maggiormente contraddistingue questo coro è la coreografia che cambia con ogni brano eseguito. La sincronizzazione dei movimenti dei nove ragazzi e delle 19 ragazze sul palco era straordinaria ed ammaliante: una performance veramente professionale. Complimenti all'Ente per aver inserito questo intrattenimento nel programma del sabato.

Prima di concludere vorrei esprimere il mio disappunto in due aspetti del convegno. Anzitutto nemmeno quest'anno c'è stato spazio o opportunità per sentire commenti o suggerimenti dai friulani provenienti da tanti paesi del mondo - ci parlano (e gli interventi sono interessanti) ma sembra non interessi loro ascoltarci o confrontarsi con noi. E poi c'è il fatto che anche quest'anno il convegno ha coinciso perfettamente con quello organizzato dall'EFASCE di Pordenone. Io (come probabilmente molti altri) avrei voluto partecipare ad entrambe le presentazioni del sabato ma la distanza tra l'una e l'altra era veramente grande. Ben venga il giorno in cui i due enti collaborano davvero (e non solo in dichiarazioni ufficiali, poco credibili) ed organizzino un unico convegno - a noi all'estero le distinzioni tra associazioni non importano affatto! ■

Yvette Alberti Devlin



The Australian flag was prominent.

Before concluding, I wish to express my disappointment about two issues. Firstly, even this year, no time or opportunity was made available to hear from Friulians around the world, they talk to us but they don't seem interested in hearing or confronting us. Then there's the clash of the convention coinciding on the same weekend with the one organised by the EFASCE of Pordenone. I would have liked to attend both on the Saturday but the distance made it impossible. We await the day when the two Enti will collaborate for real, not just with official statements of little credibility, and organise a united convention. To us abroad the distinctions between associations have no meaning!■



The Choir 'Freevoices' performing.

PAESI DEL FRIULI

Out of Time © 2019 Daniel Vidoni

"I like this place and willingly could waste my time in it" William Shakespeare, As You Like It (Act II, Scene IV), 1603

Trigonometry for Goats

Open a map on the top left corner of Friuli, hard up against its western border beyond which there is only chaos and madness.

Now draw an isosceles triangle between Monte Toc, the oddly named Col Nudo and the staggering (2,700m) Cima dei Preti; in the centre you will find the adorable and exceedingly laid back 8th century municipality of Erto e Casso.

My use of the word 'municipality' can, and probably should, be brought into question at this point as the total population of Erto is 340 (fewer than my Facebook friends), and Casso is barely there at all with just 35 souls (not enough to fill a school bus). Astonishingly, the word Casso in Latin means 'void'.



Erto is also rather well named as it means 'steep' (as those of you who have been there are not likely to forget). Both villages are in strong possession of their own character and sit comfortably on the shoulders of dolomite giants, and their wizened and endangered inhabitants are in many ways, old goats.

Mr Capra Goes to Washington

Like most Friulani, those I met and spoke with, were good natured and had interesting stories to tell, and despite their toothless age seemed strangely youthful. In this timeless snow-globe of a place they, along with everything else, appear to have been pickled where they stood.

They certainly had no trouble negotiating the treacherous terrain and slopes that had my sixty-years-younger legs burning after only a couple of short minutes and even defeated my car.

I cornered one of these personable pickled people and told them I was a traveller. They seemed very interested and asked where I had come from and I told them Sydney. They asked if that was further away than Udine. I said 'a little' and they were impressed.

Then they told me about a daring adventure they impulsively undertook when they were younger (apparently they were also great travellers) and boasted how they had gone 100kms from home. They didn't enjoy it at all and never did it again but occasionally reminisce about it as we are all prone to do - as I am doing now.

Penguins for Protection

I visited the region in 2001 and Erto was great, but it's my memories of Casso that stayed with me and shone most brightly in the years since...



I remember staring up at it from below. Imposing and humble at the same time and in equal measure. As I approached, it seemed to me that the town was hewn from the surrounding mountains. It looked like it was part of the landscape and it belonged there. If it was only mountains and folded sedimentary rock it wouldn't be entirely satisfying; and a town with no mountain range would be ridiculous. But both together make sense. It's a bit like an old couple who, in their dotage, get along just fine and snuggle comfortably into each other.

Formed from a tight bundle of stonework structures with only narrow snow-split stone pathways separating them, the town is a delight to behold. Thick walled houses, chunky lintels and strong inverted V shaped roofs easily weather the extreme climate at that elevation (800m) and have done so for a thousand years.

It's easy to picture a rainbow falling in an easy arc from above, landing in the town piazza, and where, with a little industry, a pot of gold might be found.

Everywhere are classic examples of traditional mountain architecture that don't disappoint. I can't bear to imagine the herculean efforts required to raise a town here. The desire, the determination, the commitment - magnificent. Think about it for a second - and be in awe.

From a distance all the buildings appear to be huddled together as penguins do for protection and warmth, or perhaps more like a family enjoying each others company, or perhaps both. It is a mossy and unyielding spot and an unthinkable fifty generations of resourceful and independant Friulani have marched its streets over the many long, shivering centuries.



Neolithic Television and the Vermin

Despite the remoteness in space and in time, there is technology to be found. An impressive Alpine road winds through the area. An endless black ribbon of asphalt that vanishes over the horizon (if you could see a horizon here, which oddly you can't). Italian roads are just fantastic. The road brings visitors, goods and services and connects the region.

In the town, telegraph and power lines spiral and bounce between the buildings. They are strung around ceramic isolators pegged to the stonework and somehow add to the charm of the place in a kind of cute way.

Out of Time(cont.)

Looks are deceiving and just because some parts of the place resemble a Neolithic ruin doesn't mean you can't get decent TV reception.

Warm orange light spills out of open 'scuri' (shutters). Puffs of smoke rise from chimneys leading back to dozens of fogolârs (fireplaces). People shuffle around with purpose but without haste. The streets are very clean. I smell no garbage and see no vermin. This is a civilised place run by civilised folk who need little and ask for nothing.



Dashing Squirrels

It struck me that there was a symbiosis between the antiquated hills, paths, buildings and the folk themselves. I could feel something in the crisp air or perhaps in the ground reaching up around my ankles whispering 'relax', 'slow down', 'breathe', 'stay'.

I suspect that if I'd remained overnight in that time-lost place I may well still be there, writing this to you from a decrepit 400 year old barn with a satellite dish on its roof. I imagine I'd have slept like a newborn and dreamt of passing glaciers, living trees, stelle alpine and dashing squirrels.



Out of Time

Today I wonder what will become of such lovely hamlets when the old folk depart and the young ones leave. How can a town of 35 survive? Are they running out of time?

While discussing a beautiful old muraled floor gradually wearing away from millenia of passing feet, a good and sagacious friend from Nimis once told me 'nothing is forever, one needs to enjoy, appreciate and then let it pass into memory'.

Perhaps it will be so with Erto e Casso, but I hope not, for they are magical realms, homing special people, where I made lasting memories. I liked that place and willingly could waste my time in it. ■

Drop in on Friuli anytime you feel like it using the live web cameras here:

www.rifuginrete.com/webcam#2

End.

VITA DI PAESE

LIS DALMINIS - THE CLOGS

They were the most versatile footwear of all. On Sundays and big days it was the shoes. They were custom made, of leather upper and sole, not out of vanity but necessity. Factory shoes were either not available or were too expensive. Il cjaljar, the shoemaker, was a feature of every town, as essential to the village economy as the blacksmith for the horses. Those shoes seemed to last a lifetime. They were kept at their best, polished every time they were worn and repaired in time. They were an investment. It was a part of that sense of pride, for which all Italians are known, 'di fare la bella figure': untranslatable in English, but, roughly, meaning 'look at me. I am no ordinary Joe. I have my pride. I am no beggar. I command respect'.

But the dalminis were different. They were the everyday working boots of the land. They took the farmers up to the mountain pastures with their cattle in Summer and around their farmyards all year round. The farmers walked in them inside the house and in the stable, in the fields, in the mud, in the snow and in their cattle's manure. They were easy to put on and take off and easy to clean. They just dunked them in a bucket of water.



The dalminis had a wooden base, from Holland, carved out of a single piece of wood, and covered over the toes with tough leather. It took some time for the toes to take the shape of the leather and to smooth out the corns, but, once moulded in, they were the most comfortable wear.

They were discarded with the advent of affluence after the war. Nobody knows where they ended up. Just like old dolls and toys, used and abused while growing up, they vanished to become unheralded memories of the past, not even museum pieces.

Of course, Italians being Italian, are eager slaves to the fashion they launch. The clog-wearing landlubbers, now become gentlemen farmers, give in easily to their innate sense of the beautiful and the bella figura, and adapt eagerly to the demands of the latest fashion in shoe wear they had created. ■

DA SEDEGLIANO A SYDNEY PER REALIZZARE UN SOGNO

FROM SEDEGLIANO TO SYDNEY TO REALISE A DREAM



Fioravante Giovanni
Trevisan

G-day to everyone, my name is Giulia Mezzavilla and I've arrived in Sydney just over a month ago, first I'll say that it's always been a big dream of mine since I was a child, to be able to come to the land of the kangaroos. My grandfather on my mother's side, Fioravante Trevisan, came here in the 50s as a migrant and stayed for 6 years. In the family we never got to know the proper reason why he didn't want to remain here, probably because he arrived with the

precise objective to make enough money to build a house in Friuli and then leave.

And that's how it happened, he went back home leaving here one of his brothers, Marcello Trevisan, who formed a family here in Sydney and was a proud member of the local Fogolar Furlan.

Many years ago, my brother Matteo also experience the Down Under twice, the first trip in 2002 and the second in 2010, both times on a Working Holiday Visa and thanks to our great uncle he was able to attend some gatherings at the Fogolar Furlan.

I'm lucky to have a family that loves me, sure thing is that for my parents to have both children with a passion for travelling is not a very positive thing because the distance is always hard to accept, but they've always respected our decisions, almost always.

Luckily by having some of my mother's cousins, Carla Trevisan, daughter of Marcello and Vilma Giordano, I found hospitality and a super welcome at his home with the intention to find work to enable me to move around in different places and various States.

I left like many others of my age with only the air fare, the Visa and the desire to grow up. Every body here keeps saying "it's OK", "no problem" or "doesn't matter"... like everywhere in the world and in every situation, if you apply yourself you can reach your objectives, otherwise you can go back home whenever you like.

Undoubtedly there are vast differences between here and my native village of Campi, but unlike in Italy here every thing moves faster, there are many more opportunities and more helpfulness, especially from the people and by the way I would like to add that I have been lucky indeed to have been able to get to know some of the members of the Fogolar Furlan NSW. When you are exploring the world you think of being alone but I have been received warmly everywhere and I have felt at home like I'd never left Friuli.



Giulia with great uncle
Marcello Trevisan

Bundi a ducju (G'on ya mates), mi chiamo Giulia Mezzavilla e sono arrivata a Sydney da poco più di un mese, premetto che è sempre stato un mio grande sogno fin da quand'ero bambina quello di poter venire nella terra dei canguri. Mio nonno Fioravante Trevisan (dalla mia parte materna) negli anni '50 era venuto qui come emigrante e ci è rimasto per ben 6 anni, in famiglia non abbiamo mai saputo bene il motivo per cui non abbia voluto rimanere qua, probabilmente perché era arrivato con un obiettivo ben preciso, ovvero fare abbastanza soldi per costruire una casa in Friuli per la sua famiglia e poi andarsene.

E così è stato, lasciando qui uno dei suoi fratelli, Marcello Trevisan, il quale ha creato una famiglia a Sydney ed è stato un membro orgoglioso del Fogolar Furlàn. Molti anni fa anche mio fratello Matteo ha voluto provare l'esperienza del Down Under per ben 2 volte (1^ viaggio nel 2002 e il 2^ nel 2010) sempre con il Working Holiday Visa e grazie a nostro prozio ha potuto anche lui partecipare a qualche incontro del Fogolâr Furlàn.

Sono fortunata ad avere una famiglia che mi vuole bene, certo è che per i miei genitori avere entrambi i figli con la passione per i viaggi non è una cosa molto positiva perché la lontananza è sempre un duro colpo da accettare, ma hanno sempre rispettato le nostre decisioni (quasi) sempre.

Fortunatamente avendo alcune cugine di mia madre (Carla Trevisan la figlia di mio zio Marcello e Vilma Giordano) ho trovato ospitalità e una super accoglienza a casa sua, con l'intento poi di trovare lavoro e potermi spostare per girare diversi posti in diversi stati. Sono partita anch'io come tanti miei coetanei solamente con il biglietto aereo, il visto (WHV) e voglia di crescere.

Tutti qui continuano a ripetere "it's ok", "no problem" o "doesn't matter"... dipende, come in ogni luogo o in ogni situazione, se ti impegni raggiungi degli obiettivi, altrimenti puoi tornare a casa quando vuoi. Indubbiamente ci sono delle differenze abissali tra qui e il mio paese d'origine Campi, ma a differenza dell'Italia qui è tutto molto più veloce, molte più opportunità e molta più disponibilità, soprattutto dalla gente e a tal proposito vorrei aggiungere che sono stata davvero felice di aver avuto l'opportunità di conoscere alcuni membri del Fogolâr Furlàn NSW di Sydney. Quando si è in giro per il mondo pensi di essere da solo, ma ho ricevuto davvero tanta accoglienza tutta in una volta ed improvvisamente mi sono sentita a casa come se non me ne fossi mai andata dal Friuli.

A dire il vero questa per me è la seconda esperienza in questo meraviglioso continente, la prima volta fu due anni fa (2017), ma a quel tempo era solamente per una vacanza.





In the Outback with Dario Venier

To be honest, for me this is the second experience in this marvelous continent, the first time was two years ago but it was only on a holiday.

I landed in Adelaide welcomed by a co-villager friend, Dario Venier who has been living here for ten years and together we undertook a tour. First from Adelaide to Alice Springs and on the way I was able to admire the wonderful outback with the Crocodile Gorge, the military base at Pimba, Glandambo, Coober Pedy with the underground city and the opal mines, King's Canyon, the sacred sites of Uluru and Kata Tjuta that in my opinion are the true spirit of Australia. Than we flew from Alice Springs to Melbourne and from there it started the second tour of the Ocean Road via the Gum Tree Forest, the 12 Apostles, Halls Gap, McKenzie Falls and back to Adelaide. In the end, after leaving my friend to his daily life, I've arrived in Sydney to find part of my family to which I'm very attached.

My objective is to be able to qualify for a second year on the Visa but to obtain this I have to go to work on one of the famous farms, I've always been curious and interested on the idea, also because I am a Friulian and I'm not scared to get my hands dirty, however it will go it will always be an experience, be it positive or negative, that will remain in my memories.

Again, I thank warmly the Fogolar Furlan NSW and the magazine Sot la Nape to have given me the opportunity to tell a little of my story ■ Translation LR

Sono atterrata a Adelaide da un mio amico, Dario Venier compaesano in Friuli, che vive lì da una decina di anni e assieme abbiamo intrapreso due tour, il primo è stato da Adelaide ad Alice Springs e nel mezzo del tragitto ho potuto visitare ed ammirare le meraviglie dell'Outback tra cui Crocodile Gorge, la base militare di Pimba, Glandambo, Coober Pedy (la città sotterranea con le sue miniere di Opale), Kings Canyon, le montagne sacre aborigeni di Uluru e Kata Tjuta che a mio parere sono il vero spirito Australiano, poi abbiamo preso l'aereo da Alice Springs fino a Melbourne e da lì è partito il secondo tour della Great Ocean Road passando per Gum Tree Forest, i 12 apostoli, Halls Gap, Cascade McKenzie per poi tornare ad Adelaide, infine dopo aver lasciato il mio amico al suo lavoro sono arrivata a Sydney a trovare una parte della mia famiglia a cui sono molto affezionata.

Il mio obiettivo è quello di poter accedere al secondo Working Holiday Visa, ma per poterlo ottenere devo andare a lavorare nelle famose fattorie, l'idea mi ha sempre incuriosita e interessata, anche perché sono FRIULANA e non ho certo paura di sporcarmi le mani, comunque andrà, sarà sempre un'esperienza positiva o negativa, che porterò nei miei ricordi.

Ringrazio di nuovo calorosamente il Fogolar Furlàn NSW di Sydney e il giornale Sot la Nape per avermi dato l'opportunità di raccontare la mia storia ■



Giulia at Uluru

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS

(Sot la Nape readers in all States)

As agreed at the Presidents' meeting in Adelaide last year, Sot la Nape has now gone Australia wide serving all Fogolârs

A YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION OF \$25 for 3 ISSUES IS NOW REQUIRED TO CONTINUE RECEIVING THE MAGAZINE.

Donations additional to the subscription fee are most welcome.

Strict records and confidentiality will be kept.

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VITA DI PAESE

Di Federico Buttera

Editor's note. Federico Buttera has been in Australia from the end of 2018 on a temporary working visa to gain experiences in a country with a different culture. We welcome his article which describes life in his small typical village of Friuli.

I come from a small village in the Province of Udine, set on the green hills of the Natisone river, against the border with Slovenia, towards Caporetto. It's name is Sorzento, in the Local Government area of San Pietro al Natisone. The village is engulfed in green, between the forest and the countryside. This allows one to be in the open air and go for long walks, alone or in company, keeping in close contact with nature.

Sorzento used to be known for a trattoria where many people from the valleys used to eat every day. It added to its economy as well as to its fame. Here one met old time friends, not seen for long, to have a drink together. The trattoria was opened again a few months ago after five years of inactivity, and is bringing back the village to its old splendour. The village does not have services like shops, pharmacies and so on, so the residents have to travel to San Pietro to do the shopping.



Sorzento di San Pietro al Natisone.



Church of San Nicola.

There is a positive side to this because we can use ecology friendly means of transport like the bicycle or just our feet because the two towns are only one kilometre apart and are connected by a cycle track across the green countryside.

The majority of the houses were built over a century ago, although there is also an area with more modern housing. One of the oldest structures is the fountain in the middle of the village, in the small piazza, which is a point of reference for foreign tourists doing their trekking.

Sorzento is known also as the 'Village of the Seven Quarters' because it has seven different areas, four older and only one more modern, forming an internal courtyard surrounded by the buildings, where the open space is shared by the residents.

The most important building is the small church of San Nicola, situated on a small rise in the middle of the bush, going towards the mountains, where every year, on the 6th of December the feast of San Nicola is celebrated, with Mass and then the 'apparition' of the Saint, whose clothes are worn every year by a different man (usually of middle age).

Io provengo da un piccolo paesino in provincia di Udine, situato nelle verdeggianti Valli del Natisone, a ridosso con il confine sloveno in direzione di Caporetto; il paese si chiama Sorzento ed appartiene al comune di San Pietro al Natisone. Il paese è immerso nel verde, tra i boschi e la campagna, e questo permette di stare all'aria aperta e fare lunghe camminate, sia da soli che in compagnia, restando a stretto contatto con la natura.

Sorzento era noto per una trattoria dove mangiavano, ogni giorno, numerose persone provenienti da tutte le valli; questo recava un beneficio economico, oltre alla notorietà. Qui si finiva sempre per incontrare vecchi amici, che non si vedevano da tempo, e bere un bicchiere assieme. Questa trattoria ha riaperto solo negli ultimi mesi, dopo circa cinque anni di chiusura dell'attività, ed ora sta riportando il paese al vecchio splendore.

Il paesino non presenta strutture come negozi, farmacie, od altro, per cui ogni volta noi abitanti ci dobbiamo andare fino a San Pietro per fare la spesa. Questo fattore ha anche un lato positivo, perché possiamo utilizzare mezzi ecologici come la bicicletta o semplicemente le nostre gambe, in quanto, i due paesi distano solo un chilometro l'uno dall'altro, e sono collegati da una pista ciclopedonale che attraversa il verde della campagna.

La maggior parte delle abitazioni sono state costruite più di un secolo fa, ma c'è una zona che presenta pure case di moderna concezione. Una delle costruzioni più vecchie è la fontana posta al centro del paese, nella piccola piazzetta, che fa punto di riferimento per eventuali turisti stranieri che passano di là mentre fanno trekking.

Sorzento, inoltre, è noto come "Il paese delle sette corti", infatti, presenta sette diverse borgate, quattro delle quali più vecchie e una sola più moderna, che formano una corte racchiusa dagli edifici, dove il piazzale viene condiviso dai vari residenti.

L'edificio più importante è la piccola chiesetta di San Nicola, posta su un'altura in mezzo al bosco che porta verso i monti, nella quale ogni anno il 6 dicembre viene celebrata la festa di San Nicola, con la Santa Messa e la successiva "apparizione" del santo, le cui vesti vengono indossate ogni anno da un uomo diverso del paese (solitamente qualcuno tra quelli di mezza età).

It is a very quiet village, allowing young children to play freely in the streets, because there are few cars driving through. Luckily it is removed from the main state road which takes all the traffic. The cars coming into the village are mostly the ones owned by its residents.

Life flows on calmly. It is a perfect place in which to live and to raise children. In fact, in recent times it has become the residence to many newly born and their number is increasing every year.

The village does not boast only children in large numbers, but also cats and dogs, one almost in every household. This is also an occasion for its citizens to meet along bike track walking their pets. It is a good way of keeping in contact with one's neighbours.

An unhappy reason why Sarzano is notorious is that, over thirty years ago, it had a tradition featuring the unfortunate cats when, on a particular day of the year, to reduce their numbers were served as food to the authorities, passing them off as rabbits. This tradition was stopped more than twenty years ago and now we live in perfect harmony with the dogs and cats of the village.

I think Sorzento is the perfect place to live for anybody who has a passion for walking, the mountains, loves nature and has children. Close to schools and shops, it is a perfect place for every activity and life style and I recommend it to anybody wanting to visit the Valleys of the Natisone River and admire all its sites.

I was born there and I would not change anything, the most beautiful place in which I want to live, the place I am proud to call Home. ■ (Trans. JC)



The "Fontana" in the village square.

Il paese è molto tranquillo, e ciò permette ai bambini di giocare liberamente in strada, in quanto non ci sono molte auto che le percorrono. Fortunatamente è situato lontano dalla strada statale, sulla quale passa tutto il traffico valligiano. Le auto che accedono al paese sono solo quelle dei residenti, per la maggior parte del tempo.

La vita qui si svolge in modo tranquillo ed è, quindi, un posto perfetto per vivere e per far crescere dei bambini; infatti, ultimamente sta dando dimora a numerosi nuovi nati che vanno ad

umentare così il numero di abitanti quasi di anno in anno.

Il paese non è ricco solo di bambini, ma anche di cani e gatti, in quasi ogni abitazione ce n'è almeno uno. Anche per questo motivo molti degli abitanti spesso si incontrano lungo la pista ciclopedonale mentre portano a passeggio i loro animali. È un modo utile anche per interagire con il proprio vicinato.

Un triste motivo per il quale Sorzento è famoso è che, più di trent'anni fa, aveva una tradizione dove i protagonisti sfortunati erano i gatti, che in un determinato giorno dell'anno, per ridurre l'eccessivo numero, venivano usati come pietanza mascherandoli alle autorità come conigli. Fortunatamente più di vent'anni fa la tradizione ha smesso di essere celebrata ed ora si convive in perfetta armonia sia con i cani che con i gatti del paese.

Sorzento a mio parere è un luogo perfetto in cui vivere per chiunque abbia la passione delle camminate, la montagna, ami la natura ed abbia bambini. Essendo vicino a scuole e negozi è un paese perfetto per ogni attività e stile di vita e ne consiglio la visita a chiunque voglia venire nelle Valli del Natisone e vedere tutte le sue meraviglie.

Questo è il luogo in cui sono nato e non c'è nulla che cambierei, ed è il luogo più bello nel quale voglia vivere, il luogo che sono fiero di chiamare Casa. ■

"IN CUSINE" FRICO

Ingredients

- 400 g Montasio cheese
- 250 ml homemade chicken stock
- 4 medium sized potatoes peeled, washed and thinly sliced
- 1 onion chopped
- 2 tbsp butter
- Seasoning to preferences



Melt the butter in a frying pan and lightly sauté the onions. Add the sliced potatoes and toss them briefly in the butter. Pour over the stock and gently until the potatoes are soft – add just enough stock to cover the potatoes and keep adding until the potatoes are soft otherwise you may just sit with far too much at the end. Dice the cheese and once the potatoes are cooked and all the stock absorbed, scatter the cheese over the top and allow it to melt. Continue browning and pouring off all the oil that will form as the cheese melts. When the edge and both sides are nicely browned, the frico is ready to serve. Best served with freshly made polenta.

"Frico" is a cheese pancake that isn't really a pancake because it has no eggs. Fried until it's firm and crisp, it's typical of *Carnia*, in the Friuli-Venezia Giulia region of Italy. Potatoes are usually added but the variations are endless and each village and mountain valley has their own interpretation or recipe. Nowadays it's served with a salad for starters but it really seems like a pretty hefty starter.

A really interesting place where it was made when they had friends around, was the *fogolar* which was more than just a fireplace but also so much more than merely a place where food was cooked. Friends and families socialized at a *fogolar* and met to eat, drink and be merry – much like at a barbecue. The heart, where food was grilled over a wooden fire was usually found in the middle of the kitchen and it had a massive flue overhead. Pork, chicken, beans – anything really was cooked there and it made for a stimulating evening.

The biggest *frico* ever, was made by the *Udine Association of Chefs* in Austria and measured 3 meters across, weighing just over 60 kgs.

FOGOLÂR FURLAN DIMBULAH from Massimo Bianco

Poesiis - Poesie - Poems

In ricordo di Alberto D'Orlando (1923-1998)
MUZZANA del TURGNANO un uomo che hai
miei occhi di bambino e adolescente, era seduto
sotto il porticato di casa sua con un libretto con
pagine ingiallite e una matita. Passava i pomeriggi
scrivacchiando..... Un giorno fermai la bicicletta,
scesi, mi presentai e chiesi cosa scriveva o
dipingeva. Con una voce roca rispose: Poesiis.....

In suo ricordo due poesie che ho ritrovato dopo
tanti anni.

Saluti da **22/09/2019**
MUZZANA DEL TURGNANO

IL PRIN DÎ DI NOVEMBAR

Novembar.

apene scomenzât.

L'aiar 'l à oramai piardût

chel bon odor di astât.

I contadins le tiare le àn za rivoltade,

pal lunc e frêt unviar,

arade preparade.

Dut in zâr al duar,

E nol è di vîf color, e,

In mièz a chiste atmosfere

Intal pensêr nus tornin Lôr.

Ognun di nu a'nd à

cualchidun che 'l polse là.

Cui el pari, cui le mari,

cui ducjo doi.

Cui i fradis, cui i amîs.

Cui, pies ancjemò,....i fîs.

Di come e cuant che nus ân lassàz,

No si cjacare volentêr....

Che di chê dì che Lôr son lâz

'l è gnôf dolor, ogni gnôf pensêr.

Nu, ancje vuê, poîn là

rosis bielîs, cun amôr,

che cussi, vurin mostrâ

che ju vin simpri tal côr.

Une lagrime nus cole

sun chê piere, frede,

cun sù scrit 'ne date ne un non.

TEMPO DI CACCIA

Minaccia pioggia e soffia il scirocale
sui solchi oca scuro del terreno arato,
il bifolco è pronto a seminare
il frumento nuovo sopra il nuovo prato.
Sostano a frotte corvi e gabbiani
in cerca di insetti e perduti grani.
L'umidità nell'aria è opprimente,
come spesso accade in questa stagione,
dal cielo la rondine da tempo è assente
e sopra un palo stà all'erta il falcone,
fa la sentinella già dal mattino
per prendere un topo o un uccellino.
Il corvo è silenzioso e non lontano,
stà la compagna docile e pertinente,
che lo segue senza alcun richiamo,
nel suo vagabondar continuamente
le foglie sugli alberi sembrano arrugginite
e cadono lentamente, secche e appassite.
Gli stornelli, i colombi ei fagiani
ora sono muti nei cespugli spenti
L'orizzonte è vuoto e sui rami
gli uccelli stanno più nascosti e attenti.
E se giunge un cacciatore col cane
allora fuggono in zone più lontane.
Lo fanno d'istinto con l'unico scopo
di salvar la vita per ancora un poco,
che prima o poi il crudel destino
si avvererà, e un mattino
saranno preda del sordido cacciatore
che di pietà non ha alcuna in cuore.

SCLOPÂ DI RIDI

ANNUNCIO SU SOCIAL MEDIA.

"Coltivatôr dirèt furlàn, san, sensibil e cun bisugne di
affièt, contatares scopo di matrimoni, signorine cun trattôr.
Mandait la foto dal trattôr".

Friulian farmer, healthy, sensible and in need of
affection, would contact, purpose marriage, young lady
with tractor. Send photo of tractor.

LA POLENTA.

Al gire un rumôr che une combricule di furlans, une sere,
a han rifiutât di manja la polente parcè che no vevin cjatât
il spâli par taiâle.

There's a rumor that a group of Friulians one evening,
refused to eat the polenta because they could not find the
string to cut it.

What a find.... CAMPO 57 – GRUPIGNANO by Daniela Castronini.

In August 2018 my husband Denis and I visited Friuli. We are both from Friulian heritage, my parents Filiberto & Azelia Donati (Sedegliano/Dignano) respectively and Denis's parents Giuseppe & Eliana Castronini (Udine/Cavasso Nuovo)

We have been back many times over the years also with our children but this time we returned together with our mothers. We hired a house just outside of Cividale del Friuli for 4 weeks. In that time we visited relatives, friends and various sites around Friuli. One in particular I would like to share, primarily because I was surprised not many Friulians are aware of its existence and being Australian born this piece of history linking the two countries was very poignant to me.

Campo 57 was a WWII Prisoner of war camp that mainly consisted of Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC). The camp was situated close to Cividale, 15km from Udine, in the municipality of Premariacco. Here in the middle of farming land, there is a little church that was built by the ANZACs

In brief, in December 1941 the Italian ship 'Nino Bixio' was transporting 3000 allied POW's from El Alamein to Italy. The ship was mistakenly torpedoed by the British killing 116 NZ and 40 Australians. The survivors were sent off to various camps and by June 1942 Campo 57 held some 2,000 Australian and NZ POW's in two compounds. In total, this camp with all its compounds held 20 officers and 4570 other ranks.



of ex-military engineers based in Udine (ANSET) planned to restore the church, after many years of neglect. The church is in very sound condition today. It is thanks to the dedication of this group that they continue to preserve its history. There are caretakers who live next door, we were lucky enough to gain access inside this charming little church. It was explained that the wooden cross above the altar inside a glass cabinet, bears the signatures of the POW's that rebuilt this church.



The plaque with the names of the Australian and New Zealander POWs who never made it to the Camp.



There are many stories coming out from this Camp. The most fascinating one is that there was a chapel known as San Mauro. This chapel was torn down to make way for the construction of the expanding camp; it was re-built by the prisoners of war. It was at this time a resident Chaplain convinced the head of the camp, Lieutenant Colonel Calcaterra that a spiritual space within the camp would benefit the prisoners from the monotony of camp life. Using materials they could scrounge as well as some donated by the Vatican they built an imposing wooden and stone structure. With plenty of volunteer labour from the prisoners, construction of the chapel began in November 1942. It was completed just before the Italian Armistice, September 1943.

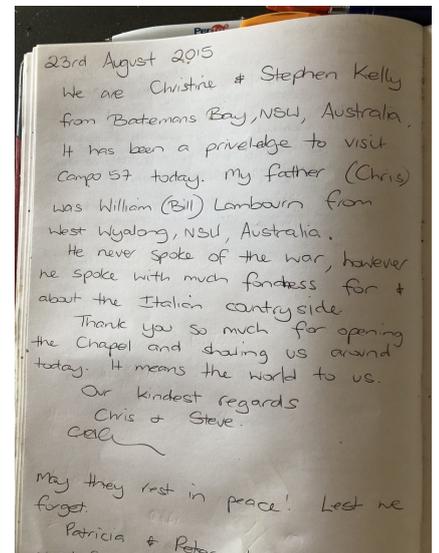
Fast track after the war then on to the year 1990 when a group

The most significant thing for me, was to see the poppies alongside the names of the fallen soldiers of the Nino Bixio, positioned honourably in between the Australian and New Zealand flags. Very moving even for our mums.

There is a lot more information I gained via the Internet after visiting this place. How the fascist leader of the camp Lt Col Calcaterra mistreated the prisoners, what their living conditions were like as well as the escape story of 19 prisoners who tunnelled into the adjoining cornfields but were soon recaptured.

The visitor's book also holds many personal stories of the families of these prisoners who have made the journey to visit the church.

If it's one thing I can recommend you to do next time you visit Friuli, is to set some time aside to make a visit to this little chapel in Grupignano situated down a small road running parallel to the SS79. It is without a doubt not only insightful but truly amazing. ■



The visitor's book signed by many ANZAC relatives.

Mandi! Daniela Castronini (Donati)

A FRIULIAN AFFAIR by Deborah Bolzicco, Fogolâr Furlan Perth.

My name is Deborah Bolzicco. I married Zeno Bolzicco in London in 1983, having first met in 1981. At the end of 1982 prior to our marriage, I visited Perth, Western Australia where I got my first taste of Friulian hospitality from the Bolzicco family and their friends. The language I heard, came as a shock to me because I thought I understood a little Italian from my visits to Rome. I couldn't however, make out the language being spoken by Zeno and his family. I soon found out that Friulian is a recognised language and not an Italian dialect. The food I was treated to, came as a delight because it is significantly different to the food I'd previously had in Rome and Italian restaurants in London.

I spent only a few weeks in WA on this occasion and I got just a taster of the joys to come, on the numerous visits I would make to the wondrous region of Friuli Venezia Giulia, during the years we lived in London.

In December 2005, Zeno and I moved permanently to Perth where we joined the Fogolar Furlan Association and Zeno became a committee member. In 2016 Zeno became vice President of the Association and has held the position of President since December 2017.

Over the years, our club has diminished in numbers due to the deaths of so many of our founding members, including our own beloved Giuseppe Bolzicco, (our father and father in law) and many of his friends. I don't mean it as a criticism when I say that the majority of the subsequent generations have not felt the need, nor the desire to join the Fogolar Furlan. This is probably, mainly due to the static nature of our club. We have for many years functioned predominantly as a meeting place for Friulians to relax, eat, drink and reminisce. Nothing wrong with that you might say, but it doesn't bring in new members.

We have now began to encourage non Friulians as well as younger Friulians to join us. We invited a number of Australians from different backgrounds to attend our Friuli day celebrations on 9th June this year and as a consequence we have boosted our membership and have generated a significant amount of interest from those people, to find out more about and even to visit the region.

The following is an account of Friuli from my own perspective, as a non Friulian, which I read out on Friuli day for those who were not familiar with the region.

Pradamano is only a few kilometres from Udine the Friulian capital. A small city but full of vibrant activity. Its streets lined with shops bars and restaurants and the stone cobbled squares full of people and majestic architecture.



Zeno and paesani at the "Festa dell'Unità" at Pradamano.

Friuli From My Perspective. June 2019

I thought it might be a good idea to give you a bit of an overview of Friuli from my perspective, given that we have a number of people here today who have never been to, nor know much about the region.

Friuli is situated in the north east of Italy and is in a perfect position for touring, from Venice to the Alps and everywhere in between. The Tagliamento River which flows from just below Tolmezzo in the mountains to the northern reaches of the Venetian lagoons, is flanked all the way by interesting and charming villages.

The snow capped mountains are spectacular with beautiful Alpine architecture and flowers in every window box.

In the valleys the land is highly cultivated due to the rich soil and the lush greenery. The predominant crop is corn, creating a stunning golden sweep across the landscape and providing the region and beyond with various types of Polenta.

After Zeno and I married, we lived in London for many years giving us the opportunity to visit Friuli and the extended family many times.

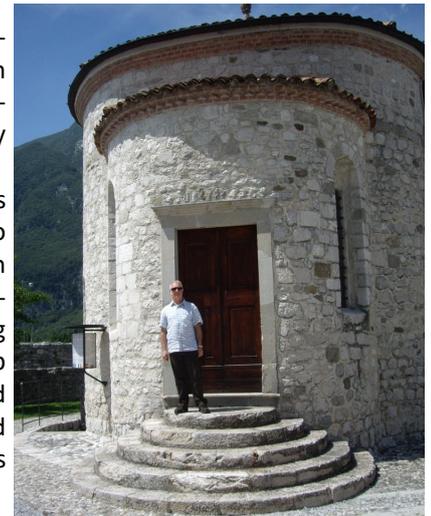
In Pradamano we stayed with Auntie Fernanda, the wife of Giuseppe's youngest brother (who had died at the age of 46 from cancer) and we visited Nonna in the house with the Madonna painted on the outside wall. This house was built in 1208 and was occupied by Bolziccicos for over 400 years. I asked how long the Madonna painting had adorned the wall and Nonna answered "forever".

Local schools would organise visits due to the historic value and interest of the house but sadly when the house was finally sold for a meagre amount of money, it was demolished (apart from one wall) and new dwellings were built.

As we walked through the village, Giuseppe's stories came to life. Zeno was recognised from previous visits as 'son of gimul', which means 'twin' in Friulian. We were treated like celebrities with generous hospitality which included wonderful tasty food and copious amounts of wine and grappa.

One night in a bar owned by the son of one of Giuseppe's old friends called Bepi Mitra, meaning Machine gun Joe, four of us ate pizzas and drank beer for several hours, only to find at the end of the evening that no payment was required.

Bepi Mitra was so called due to a narrow escape from being executed. He and several others were lined up by the Germans who occupied the village at that time in 1944. The Germans were in pursuit of Partisans. Giuseppe told the story that the men were lined up ready to be machine gunned down, when Bepi caught sight of his son, also called Bepi, and called out to the boy saying 'run home and tell your mother I may not be home for lunch and I definitely won't be home for dinner'.



Zeno outside the Mummies viewing building in Venzone.

Just minutes later an air raid by the British took place and the men were able to escape.

Udine has a long and glorious history which we explored during many visits, in its squares, at the Castle with its great views and in its museums. The region is full of interesting, ancient and historic towns.

We visited Aquileia, a Roman town and stronghold, reached by a Roman road laid over 2000 years ago. In the medieval Basilica we saw fabulous mosaics and other wonderful works of art. Palmanova, a fortress town founded in 1593 is so named on account of its unique nine pointed star shape. It has a magnificent square at its centre on which six roads converge. Monday is market day when most shops in the region are closed. Stalls are set up in the square and spread down some of the roads. The cured meats, prosciutto, salami and various sausages are all available to taste as are numerous cheeses, olives, fruit and vegetables. There are also many other vendors selling shoes, clothing, bedding, textiles, household goods and anything and everything else you could think of. There is so much more to Palmanova than its market but whenever we are in Friuli we visit it on market day! It's so much fun.

In Cividale near the Devil's Bridge lives another of the Bolzicco Aunties, this is Franca who until a few years ago, was still operating the weigh bridge. In her eighties now she continues to ride around town on her bicycle. Cividale has so much of interest and is a wonderful place to visit. Not least among its temptations is the famous Gubana. This is a large yeasty bun, filled with fruit and almond paste and flavoured with cinnamon and Grappa. It's sold everywhere but I can personally vouch for the Gubana that's found at the bakers near the Devil's Bridge and the pizza from the shop next door is extremely good too!

While we're on the subject of food, San Danielle is the place for the perfection of Prosciutto. Restaurant after restaurant line the streets, all with the same menu because they all specialise in the production of Prosciutto di San Danielle. On our last visit to San Daniele in addition to the compulsory feed of Prosciutto, lardo, soft cheese, pickles, olives and bread, we walked the hilly streets in the heat of the day and came across a deconsecrated church, where a young pianist was rehearsing for a recital that evening. He kindly invited us to sit and listen to his playing. The church was cool and the acoustics brilliant. When we finally left we felt calmed, charmed and privileged.

In Spilimbergo a town situated high on a hill with amazing views, we found the school of mosaics and were able to view some spectacular work taking place in the school and around the town.



Leonilda Bolzicco (Nilde Pittul) teaching the granddaughters to make gnocchi.

In Codroipo we were taken by a friend to a local bar where we were treated to thickly sliced and quartered mortadella which was fried and served on warm bread, sprinkled with pepper and lemon. In accompaniment to this we were given 'Clinto' a crude red wine made on the premises and no longer available or indeed legal. The same friend took us to a shop near Codroipo that sold only grappa!! Literally hundreds of different flavours and qualities. Many of them beautifully packaged. We had to limit our purchases for more than one reason!

Another amazing place is the medieval village of Venzone. It was amazing before its destruction during the earthquakes in 1976 but is amazing again as it has been rebuilt stone by stone from the rubble and shows no signs of its earlier demise. It is a walled village on the roadside and hosts the sagra (harvest festival) of the Zucca (pumpkin) every year. Venzone is also famous for its display of mummified figures found in the Rotunda. This mummification is attributed to a particular mould which thrives in the area.

We have also travelled by train from Udine into the Alps to Tarvisio close to the borders of Austria and Slovenia.

Here we ate Frico a dish found throughout Friuli, it is made by mixing together large amounts of four different types of cheese and mashed potato. It is then fried slowly for about an hour until it is crisp and golden on the outside and soft and gooey inside. It is delicious!

I did say earlier that this account would be from my perspective and you have probably deduced that my perspective is predominantly food orientated. However, I have a great connection and passion for Friuli it's people, it's culture and it's history. Pier Paolo Pasolini, a great and brave Friulian writer was raised here. James Joyce, chose to live and work in Trieste for a while and wrote part of Ulysses there.

I was overwhelmed when I sat down to write, by my vast but fragmented knowledge of the region, the numerous experiences I have had, the many people I have met and the stories I have heard. There is so much more to say but for now I will sum up by just encouraging you to visit and experience for yourselves the beauty of the place, the humour, the tenacity and the heart and soul of the people, you will not regret it! ■



Nonna Ceterina in the old kitchen. Note the ugg boots that Zeno used to send her regularly.

EDITOR'S NOTE - Zeno Bolzicco, Deborah's husband, is the President of the Fogolar Furlan of Perth. Prior to meeting Zeno, Deborah had worked in Greece as a nanny and teacher of English and, on returning to London in 1980, she took an administration job with a corporate publishing company Reed International. Deborah's article reflects not only the love and nostalgia all of us Friulani feel for Friuli, but, and especially, the fascination it attracts from all its visitors, so attractively described in Deborah's article. Does it have to be that we need the non-Friulani to proclaim its beauty?

Memories of a Friulian Wedding Celebration in Carlton in 1943

By Dr. Amelia M. Dozzi.

I recently spoke to a group of Italian seniors about the wedding of my parents and showed them the memorabilia my parents had kept and treasured about their day. Everyone thought this was a unique story to be shared.

My parents were Ferdinando Dozzi and Eleonora Rangan. My grandparents were Giovanni and Laura Rangan; Giovanni and Santa Dozzi. My father came from San Martino al Tagliamento (PN) to Australia in 1935 with his mother and sister to join my grandfather who had emigrated in 1927 to North Queensland and now was in Yelarbon, South West Queensland. They moved to Melbourne in 1937 and were part of the growing Friulian/Italian communities in Carlton. My mother came to Melbourne from Arba (PN) with her mother and sister in 1935 to join her father and oldest brother who had emigrated to Australia in 1927 and early 1930s respectively. The youngest brother stayed in Friuli as he was studying for the priesthood at the Seminario Vescovile in Pordenone.

There was a large community of Friulian families in Carlton before WWII. They socialized together, often the men worked for construction companies together and the women were dedicated to rearing families of growing children in a new country. An important part of their lives centred around St Georges Church in Carlton, where in the years before and during WWII, a priest from Friuli, Father P. Modotti, SF, was assigned to work with and serve the Italian community.

My grandparents were prominent members of the Friulian community and my parents met at the end of the 1930s just as the war broke out. Those years were difficult for Italians in Australia. My mother was a "British" citizen as being a minor when she arrived in Australia she assumed the new citizenship which her father had obtained. My father, being still an Italian was considered a Civil Alien as he was not yet a naturalized citizen. My parents decided to get married on Sunday, 21 February 1943 at St. Georges. This was the only day an Italian Mass was held at the church at 8.30am. Guided by Fr. Modotti who helped organize the day's events, my mother had strict orders to not arrive late at the church as a Mass in English was to be held after the wedding service. She dutifully arrived at the church on time with her father and two bridesmaids! Fr. Modotti officiated with two other Italian priests at the wedding ceremony and Fr. Ferruccio Romanin Sf, was then one of the altar boys. I found it confronting but reflective of the political situation at the time that in the Marriage Certificate, it is printed that Eleonora, a British citizen, married Ferdinando, an Alien! After the wedding service and official studio photographs, the bridal party, family and close friends went to lunch at the Society Restaurant on Bourke Street in Melbourne.



Acting as MC at the lunch, Fr. Modotti entertained the party of 96 people by singing a poem he had written, in Friulian, for my parents and also he mentioned my father's parents! I share this with your Friulian readers; many possibly can relate to his words of advice to a young couple who had just married.

After the lunch, everyone drove back to Carlton's St Georges Hall where the whole Friulian community and Italian friends were invited to join in the festive celebrations with traditional foods, music, singing and dancing.

Trays of crostoli and other sweets had been made by many women who had collected coupons for sugar, butter, etc. from within their community of friends. Many of the restrictions placed by the Australian Government on Italians in Melbourne at this time did not prevent this Friulian community from participating in and enjoying this wedding celebration. My parents told us that the next day, with family and friends they went back to clean the Hall and leave it neat and tidy so that the Australians would not have anything to criticize about the Italians.

The memorabilia of the wedding we still have is of sentimental value but significant to tell us about my parents wedding day, the financial costs of the time and the importance given to this community celebration by my maternal and paternal grandparents and Fr. Modotti. We have the printed wedding invitation; the wrapping of a bonboniera fit had sugar almonds made by both families; the poem of Fr. Modotti; an extensive, detailed listing of the wedding expenses; studio photographs in colour; the orange blossom wax flower from my father's jacket lapel; the white pocket handkerchief and gloves he used; the satin pouch that had the wedding rings and was carried by the flower girl and page boy; a piece of my mother's veil made into my First communion veil; and, a doll's dress made from her beautiful lace wedding dress.

Today, St. Georges church is the seminary church of the sacred Heart associated with Corpus Christ Seminary at Carlton. Fr. Modotti served the Italian community in Carlton from 1935 to 1945 and then returned to Italy. The Friulian families moved from Carlton to other suburbs of Melbourne and where their homes once were you can see office buildings and other developments. But the Lourdes Grotto in the grounds of St. Georges Church still exists. It was built by Friulian and Italian volunteers in 1941 as designed by Fr. Modotti. Families such as the Romanins, the Rangans, the Mongiats, the Stella and many others were involved. It was built as an act of solidarity of the Italian community because they were considered during the war years as people who were "not Christian and not good", It is a monument to their faith and to their devotion to the Mother, Our Lady, invoking her protection. I and several other Friulians including Fr. Ferruccio Romanin, Sf, attended the 70th Anniversary celebrations in 2011. ■



PES GNOCIZ DI NANDO E NORE DOZZI.

This poem/song was written and sung at the wedding of Ferdinando Dozzi and Eleonora Rangan by Fr P. Modotti, a Friulian Priest assigned to work with the Italian community of Melbourne. He returned to Italy after ten years of service in Melbourne.



Cu le guere ca fâs strage di ogni bande,
E cul mond ca l'è dut in cunfusion,
No us parie une pazzie,
Di pensasi a maridâ.

Ma si viot che chel Nando di Santine,
Vignût ca da San Martin al Taiament,
Dome a Nore lui al pense,
E s'infote di dut quant.

Han provât a mandâlu te foreste,
ma lui, furbo, cu lis mans inte sachete,
Al fumava la pipute,
E al tornava a morosâ.

Ce destin ca l'è mai il matrimoni,
Si va mats e se cor daûr lis frutis,
ma sposâs alore si pense,
"O Signor ce hao fat".

Ma cumò la fritaiie ie già fate,
E ie stade benedide dal Plevan,
E bisugna pur mangiâle,
E busâsi e lâ man a man.

Par no vè mal di cur tal matrimoni,
Us darai una ricete di ches buinis,
Che, se fate ogni zornade,
Puartarà felicitat.

Ogni di buin'ore e su le sere,
Un basût lu Signor e a l'un cu l'atri,
E, su salte le mattane,
Aghe in bocje dut el di.

E tu Nore cul to Nando fas le furbe,
Tu sas ben che i maris son ducj curiôs,
Dai rason ancje sal sbagliè,
E un bon plât dopo il lavôr.

E tu Nando pense simpri che la Nore,
te l'ha dade - il Signor par companie,
Non par fâle une sclavute,
ma regine de famee.

Riguardaisi che davant i vuestris vecjos,
Restais simpri picciulus come una volte,
E che i vecios la san lunje,
E che i jovins san sbagliâ.

Augurin che il Signor us dei fortune,
Ma pensait ca l'è mior mangia polente,
Che di vè la casse plene,
ma cul diaul sul fogolâr.

Augurin che il Signor us benedissi,
Ca us dei lunje vite in armonie,
E une ciase dute plene,
Di Norutis e Nandus.

E alore su la tace in compagnie,
A brindin al Nuvisse e a la Nuvisse,
E a Santine e a so Compâri,
La Comâri e Giovanin.



The Lourdes Grotto at St Georges, Carlton.



Giovanni Rangan and a Friulian friend. They helped to build the Grotto.

FROM OUR READERS

Giulia Gonano.

Dear Mirella,

Just wanted to see say what a great job you did in organising our Friuli/Carnia lunch. It was an enjoyable afternoon.....thank you. We look forward to the next one. I would also be happy to help out in any way.

Thanks again.

Giulia Gonano

Anna Husband, WALLACIA NSW

Hi Mirella,

What a lovely lunch yesterday at Le Sands and thank you to those that organised the event!

I just wanted to let you know, Warren and I would like to continue to receive a copy of the Sot La Nape.

I believe mum (Renata De Paoli) has already sent you her subscription so please continue with both. Many thanks again for everything and see you again soon.

Kinds regards

Anna Husband

N & A TOSON, LILYFIELD NSW

Dear Mirella,

We were very pleased to receive a copy of the January edition of Sot la Nape and enjoyed reading the articles and the photographs. I am going to search for some old copies of the Friuli nel Mondo which my father had kept.

Wishing you and the team much success and looking forward to the next edition.

Yours faithfully,

Norma and Amos Toson.

DAI NOSTRI LETTORI

Elsie & Henry Solari

Hi Mirella

Both Elsie and I have to express joy at attending the Friuli-Carnia Day last Sunday It is only on days like this that we ,I in particular ,get to share time with our friends from Carnia.

A lot of memories were shared with some of those people who I grew up with .

The rekindling of the friendships made with Frulans was made possible by the staging of this event .I hope we have more of them It was so convenient that we were all assembled to enjoy one another's company and speak the old language with friends from Cjargnia.

Thanks again for organising it.



Pàni (Enemonzo, Carnia). The farm of the legendary 'ORS'.



MEADOWS , FOREST AND MOUNTAIN TOPS.

Location, near 'Pàni'.

A fine example of old barns converted to get away places. The renovations have to comply with strict requirements for the preservation of the original architecture of the farm style buildings. Note the almost identical design.

At bottom right, the three small objects near the access road are wooden sculptures that welcome visitors.

At bottom left is visible the electrified fence, erected to keep domestic animals in, but especially to keep the abundant wildlife out.

The properties are splendidly maintained.

Photos L. Rupil.



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