

# -IL GAZZETTINO-

## ***Buon Settembre a Tutti!***

We are all getting excited during the final days leading up to this year's Festa Italiana, and just wanted to touch base one last time before the event to remind you how you can get involved!

We are actively recruiting volunteers to help out at the FOISOH tent, to help promote the club and sign up new members. Promoting FOISOH is one of the priorities of Festa, so don't be shy; come and support your fellow club members!

We are currently short **6 volunteers** to make having a FOISOH tent feasible for the event. We want to make sure that the club has exposure during Festa, so please reach out if you are able to help out.

In other news, we have a couple of articles from our resident FOISOH bloggers, Tommaso Gambino, and Mark Ethridge. Grazie per sempre for your contributions.

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# Upcoming Events

## **Festa Italiana**

**DATE: Saturday, October 6th**

**TIME: 4:00 p.m.**

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As a reminder, the 2nd Annual Festa Italiana will be held on **October 6, 2018** on Cooke Street in Kaka'ako (same location as last year). The Street Festival will run along Cooke Street from Auahi to Halekauwila, and along Pohukaina Street, from Cooke to Coral (street map to be released shortly). Festa has already grown in the number of sponsors, participating restaurants and street vendors, and the entertainment!



[Get your FESTA tickets here!](#)

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**Here's how you can get involved with Festa as a volunteer:**

We are looking for volunteers to cover **TWO** shifts from **3:30 - 7:00** and **6:45 - 10:30**. These volunteers will be responsible primarily for selling water, as well as selling general club related merchandise.

They will also be in charge of promoting **new membership sign-ups!** Many of you learned about FOISOH last year during Festa, and we want to be sure that the trend continues.

The board is extremely excited for the event, and we are sure that Festa will be even **BETTER** than last year's. Let's all try to contribute in our own way to make it happen.

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## Feature Stories

### Un Caffè'

*A story by Tommaso Gambino*

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Coffee is a popular drink in most parts of the globe. It is, however, a way of life in Italy. It was introduced to Europe during the 17<sup>th</sup> century with much of the beans coming from South America, Indonesia and Africa. Its spiritual birth, however, occurred in the bel paese with the Italian introduction of the steam driven, high-pressure coffee maker.

The coffee is “at the moment” and served very fast and never in advance. When you order “un caffè” in Italy you are presented with an espresso. Get it, “express” meaning immediately. No need to order an espresso as it is understood.



Some variations follow:

- Caffè macchiato: an inch of concentrated coffee with a milk stain.
- Caffè corretto: the same inch with a shot of grappa
- Affocato: scoop of ice cream showered over with the coffee
- Caffè Leccese: a bit of sweet orzato syrup drowned in coffee
- Caffè a vetro-coffee served in a small glass as opposed to porcelain.

Ad infinitum!

As a caveat, never order the famous Cappuccino, (frothed milk poured over coffee) after noon as it is considered a breakfast or brunch drink only.



What makes one caffè different from the others? Well, this is a constant subject of conversation throughout Italy. It can be the “miscela” (blend) of beans used. It can be the roasting process the beans go through. Then there is the grinder and the coffee machine and we must never forget the importance of the barista. I know of a bar in Rome that brings the water from Naples to make their caffè different from the others. When I am in the USA I make my own caffè often using the Illy or Lavazza brands that one can purchase locally.



So now we know a bit about the where from, the how to and some variations but what about the ritual? I have borrowed partially the following from our blog Italy-A presto to be found on the FOISOH web site.

I would start the day with a brief walk from my apartment located in the Palazzo Torlonia in Trastevere, Rome. There was often the near miss from an on-rushing Vespa as I made my way to my favorite bar, Cafe Settimiana, which was partially built within the ancient Savian walls that once protected Rome from barbarian attacks. How accommodating Ferruccio was, the owner cashier, as I strode threw the door crying out to his colleague, "un caffè per il dottore!" Once at the counter I was served with great ceremony an excellent caffè". I would often take part in conversation with the locals regarding politics, the weather and etc. Then I would dash out onto the cabled streets once more to arrive at my office with yet another caffè` enjoyed at Bar California. More conversation ensued on the same subjects. My caffè consumption by day's end often was 5 to 6 cups before the daily ritual was completed.



Va bene, prendiamo un caffè`?!

A presto, Tommaso

## Mark Twain's Misadventures with the Italian language

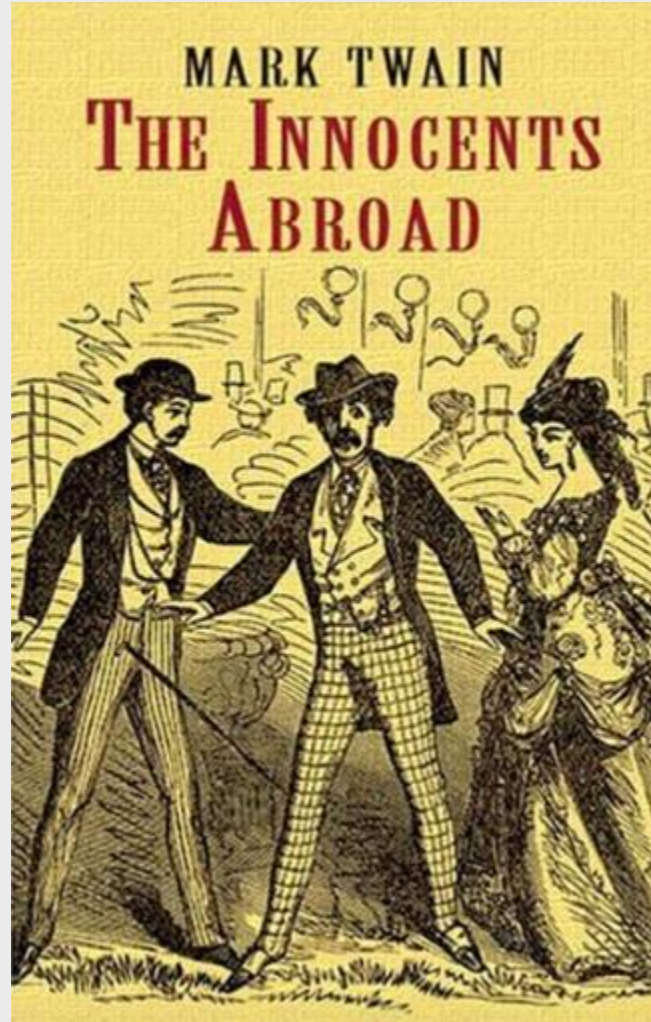
*A story by Mark Ethridge*

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Mark Twain visited Italy four times during his life: the first visit occurred in 1867 and the last took place during 1903 and 1904. During the summer of 1867, Mark Twain departed New York for a tour of Europe and the Holy Land. Twain had convinced his employer, the publication *Alta California*, to pay for his fare on the steamer the *Quaker City* in exchange for 50 reports on the trip. In these reports Twain commented humorously and irreverently on European art, architecture, life, and customs. Here is one comment that might interest our Hawaiian readers:

“The Vesuvius of today is a very poor affair compared to the mighty volcano of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, but I am glad I visited it. It was well worth it.”

The trip reports were later combined into a single book titled *The Innocents Abroad*, which would prove to be a best seller for Twain, eventually selling more copies than his Tom Sawyer/ Huckleberry Finn novels.



In April 1878, Mark Twain took his family and stayed in Europe for more than a year with visits to Germany and Austria as well as northern Italy. This visit provided material for a new book, "A Tramp Abroad." There was another visit in 1892, and a last stay during 1903 and 1904.

It was during this last visit to Florence that Twain wrote a short essay titled "Italian without a Master." In this humorous piece, Twain recounts how he manages to understand the domestics at his villa without the aid of a translator or dictionary:

"It is almost a fortnight now that I am domiciled in a medieval villa in the country, a mile or two from Florence. I cannot speak the language; I am too old not to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine



that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The "help" are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair, I throw in an Italian word when I have one, and this has a good influence. I get the word out of the morning paper. I have to use it while it is fresh, for I find that Italian words do not keep in this climate. They fade toward night, and next morning they are gone."

Twain then mentions some of the words he has used. "Yesterday's word was *avanti*. It sounds Shakespearian, and probably means Avaunt and quit my sight. Today I have a whole phrase: *Sono dispiacentissimo*. I do not know what it means, but it seems to fit in everywhere and give satisfaction...

One of the best ones is *dov'è il gatto*. It nearly always produces a pleasant surprise, therefore I save it up for places where I want to express applause or admiration."

Twain then proceeds to discuss Italian newspapers and how he manages to make sense of them without a dictionary. In fact, he says using a dictionary takes away the mystery and the charm.



Twain continues his musings on Italian in a *New York Times* article dated March 18, 1904. The reporter begins by asking Twain what he thinks of Italy:

"And how do you like Italy again after your long absence from here?" I asked.

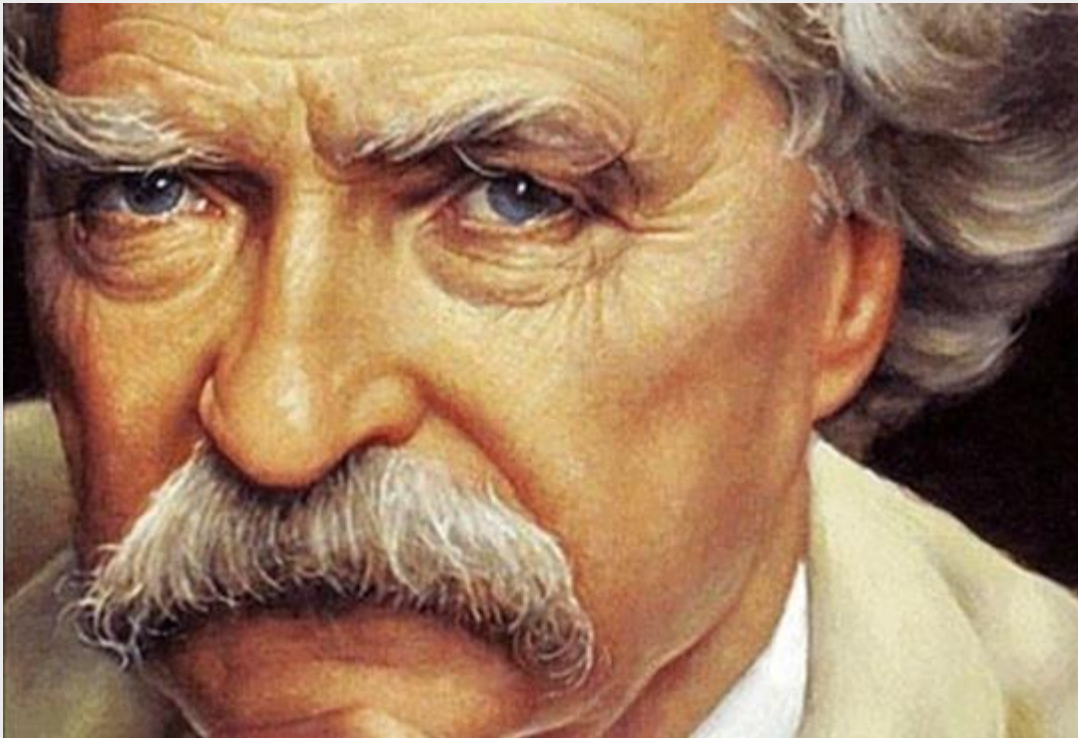
"Oh, Italy is right enough. The best country in the world to live in. Perhaps England runs it rather close, but here all is quiet, town and country alike. In England there is always London with its great unquiet pulse."

"And the Italians?"

"Right enough, too. I love to watch them, and to study their gestures and their ways. That is why I do not object to the slow pace of our horses, like my daughter there, even if they do take a time to land us in town."

"And the language?" I asked, vividly remembering an incident that occurred when he was last here.

At this point, Twain tells how he has struggled to learn Italian. He first tried sleeping with an Italian dictionary under his pillow at night, but to no avail. Then he observed the locals to discover whether they had any secrets that might help him learn the language. He observed that most were bald-headed, so in desperation, he shaved his head. "However, this drastic measure does not seem to have proved successful, for he expresses himself as much as ever at sea with the tongue."



He then describes his plan to reform the Italian language and sell it to the Italian government. As an example of the need for reform, he relates a particularly frustrating encounter. A few days earlier, he explains that he met an Italian in the town square and began exchanging pleasantries with him.

"The conversation began by Mark saying to the stranger, "Io apro il libro," which he had been taught to believe meant "None but the brave deserve the fair." He then went on to remark, "Noi chiudiamo le nostre finestre, (we close our windows,) which of course means, "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." The Italian listened with quiet

courtesy as these phrases were poured over him, but at the next remark, "Quale differenza vi e' fra questi due libri?" (what difference is there between these two books,) which according to Mark meant, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," the stranger began to look puzzled. However, he was cornered between two carts and could not break away, so the rain continued to pour down and the expressions to pour out. Mark then bethought him to show some interest in the stranger's family, and so asked him how his mother was, or in Italian, "Questo libro e' rosso," (this book is red.) The bewildered expression on the stranger's face, his look of admiration plainly showed that he took Mark for an Italian. When suddenly he asked what was the matter with him, "Che ha Lei?" (what has she literally.) Now coming from a damp, sloppy, disagreeable stranger, he did not like this. He objected to having his sex reversed. Well, he was a peaceable man, largely pacific, as largely as the ocean, and he restrained himself still he could stand it no longer, when the stranger continued, "Che ha Ella?" (What has she?) literally, a more formal mode of address.

It was bad enough to be called "She" by a sloppy, sullen, saturated stranger, but "Ella" was beyond all bearing. Ella! What a name! "He might as well," said Mark, "have called me Nancy at once." Ella! Why not Daisy or some pretty name. But Ella! It was beyond bearing. He was prepared to come to blows, to heaven knows what, but somehow or other he found himself under one of the carts. Nevertheless, he went on formulating his just objections until looking up, he found the stranger had gone. But he was resolved he should not be let off thus easily. He would find him again and call him to account. But when he got home and recounted the matter his ideas of summary vengeance were somewhat damped. He has been persuaded to believe that the stranger meant no offense. It was the grammar that was at fault, which removes a poor stranger to the third person and corrupts his sex. All the more need for his grammar. When that came out there would be a real reform."