

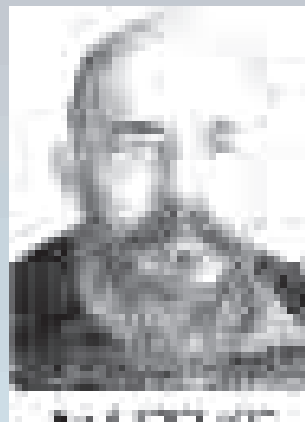


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Sala San Marco



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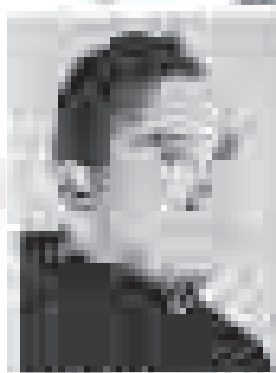
1930-1946



1972-1979
1982-1988



1971-1972



1967-1968



1968-1971
1946-1967

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The Wine Corner

L'angolo del vino

Grappa

by David Salusbury

Grappa is a refined, distilled alcohol made from fresh, fermented pomace – the remains of the grape-crushing process. It has become a very fashionable drink in the last few years, its quality having improved enormously since the beginning of the Italian wine revolution of the early 1970's. Grappa has a fascinating history. The name comes from the dialects used in the valley of the Alps in northern Italy, being closest to the Friulano word *graspe* for grape pomace (the mush containing skins, seeds, stalks and some pulp).

The precise history of this distillate is lost in the mists of time. There are records of the discovery of the distillation process in Mesopotamia, in the 8th century BC. A millennium later, legend has it that a Roman Legion brought back a still from Egypt. He had been granted a vineyard in Friuli (the region now called *Ronchi dei Legionari* – Legions' Fields) where he emulated the production of the distillate of grape pomace, which he had learnt in Egypt.

Further development of the art of distilling pomace took place in the "Salernitana" Medical School around the year 1000AD, where the distillation process was further refined and documented. The rugged distillate was prescribed as a healing elixir for a variety of ailments. The mysterious advantages of the product are encapsulated in the Latin name it was given: *acquavitem* – literally "water if life". From this was derived "*acqua di vita*", "*acquavite*" and, of course, the well known French term: "*eau de vie*".

The distilling of grapes (and other fruits) became a serious activity with the arrival on the European stage of the Alchemists in the Middle Ages (from 1200AD). These fathers of modern Chemistry spread knowledge of the still to the cognoscenti of Europe. Subsequently many medical and religious orders produced grappa and other *acquaviti*.

Up to the 1960's grappa was often considered as the poor man's beverage, a very rough, homemade brew. The owners of the vineyards kept the wine and passed on the pomace to the farm workers. They, in turn, added water to the pomace and extracted a light wine called *vinello* for personal use. Many of them then distilled the remaining humid must to extract grappa. This was done in secret, to avoid taxes. The term *grappa stelina* was one used (literally "star" grappa), the equivalent of our moonshine; referring to illicit night time distillation.

The medical use of grappa, by that time, was widespread. It was considered almost as a cure-all, being used for ailments as diverse as headaches, stomach aches, influenza, colds, rheumatism and general cleansing of the system. In the Veneto region it was common to see a drab, square bottle of the brew, (with an equally bland label) in many households – for medicinal and "general" use.

Today the use of grappa has changed and it is no longer the highly potent, rough beverage of former



David Salusbury started a part-time wine brokerage business in Montreal several years ago and now also operates in Ontario. He is currently writing a *Compendium of Italian Wines* and his articles for *Il Postino* are extracts of the book.

times. Most of the transformations have been spearheaded by a small group of *grappiste* – mainly from the epicentre of the modern grappa: the region of the three Venetos: Veneto, Friuli-Venezia-Giulia and Trentino-Alto-Adige. The alcohol level has, for the most part, been reduced from 50% and over, to closer to 40%, increasing its palatability. In 1973, Nonino of Udine (in Friuli), marketed the first monovitigno (single vine) grappa. They chose to use Picolit, the rare Friuli dessert wine for their first product. Monovitigno grappas are now commonplace.

The modern *grappista*, acquires pomace from local presses and commences distillation within 12 hours of the end of the grape crushing.

Most producers also use the double-distillation process to eliminate noxious elements that may remain after the first distillation. The distillate is then "cut" with distilled water to bring the percentage into the right range. Standard grappa production finishes there, but some producers then blend with sugar and fruit or vegetable essences. We should not look down on this process, remembering that one of the world's most prestigious *eau de vies* - Cognac, is made with the addition of distilled water and caramel, to improve its palatability.

In Italy grappa is most commonly drunk at room temperature, but the concept of chilled grappa is quickly gaining favour. Nonino, for example recommends 12 degrees as the ideal, which is more commonplace in north America. Since a small glassful warms up quickly in an environment of 25 degrees, it is good to keep your grappa in the freezer.

This week's recommendations for Grappas, in ascending price order, are:

Grappa Stravecchia (code 891879 - \$21.35) aged in wooden casks, traditional and quite smooth. Palladium Chardonnay & Strawberry Grappa (code 898635 - \$21.75) a nice compromise between strawberry essence and grappa – a must try. Grappa Moscato Stradivarius (code 637363 - \$29.45) a single vine grappa, very smooth and rich, nice gift bottle. Grappa Bottega (code 478156 - \$29.80) steam distilled, blended, light agreeable flavour, elegant bottle. Nonino Grappa Friulana (code 947069 - \$33.00) traditional Friuli blend. Nonino's original Grappa di Picolit (code 739235 - \$290.00) exquisite soft and complex flavour, difficult to find.

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Who is Victor Rabinovitch?

How does a kid from Montreal become the President and CEO of the Canadian Museum of Civilization?

by Tia Goldenberg

Like many in the Canadian mosaic and similarly in the Italian community, Victor Rabinovitch does not have his roots firmly and strongly planted in Canadian soil. Although he was born and raised in Montreal, he is a second-generation Canadian whose values, beliefs and cultural upbringing were shaped by immigrants.

The Chief Executive Officer is as warm as the welcome staff in his museum. The fair-skinned, soft-spoken man emits rays of intelligence and a conversation with him could lead anyone on the road to enlightenment. His welcoming gestures – an offer of coffee, holding doors open and even his inviting smile – are a sign that he values guests, and treats them with respect.

Rabinovitch was born in Montreal. He pursued an Undergraduate Degree at McGill University and then continued his studies at Oxford University in England, where he met his wife. He then returned to Canada and began a public service career in 1982.

During his career, he served as Assistant Deputy Minister of Fisheries and Oceans and then became Assistant Deputy Minister of Income Security Programs.

Rabinovitch is no stranger to culture and cultural policy. He served as Assistant Deputy Minister for Cultural Development and Heritage, Canadian Heritage, from 1995 to 1998. His responsibilities included coordinating programs in broadcasting, cinema, publishing, sound recording, copyright, museums and performing arts.

This cultural submersion led him to write "Method and Success in Canada's cultural policies," in 1999, for the *Queen's Quarterly*.

Finally, he was appointed CEO of the Canadian Museum of Civilization in 2000. His duties include making sure the museum operates well, ensuring sufficient scope for research and an interesting selection of topics as well as guaranteeing sound financial policy.

This prestigious man felt the sting of ethnic discrimination as a youth. He recalls others mocking him, yelling "maudit Juif" in the streets of his Montreal neighbourhood.

In this sense and others, he can relate to many children of immigrants. He sympathizes with others and recalls "the challenge of trying to feel at home, trying not to be embarrassed by relatives talking with a funny accent, trying to, at the same time, be authentic to one's origins."

Controversy has struck during Rabinovitch's three years with the institution. The museum was set to debut an exposition called "the Lands Within me," exhibiting work from 26 Canadian artists of Arab origin. The central theme was the experience of people emigrating from the Middle East to Canada.

Rabinovitch says there was talk of postponement in order for more information to be added to the exhibit. The possibility of postponement, however, coincided with rampant tensions after the Sept. 11 attacks, and many blamed the growing sentiment of anti-Islam on the delay.

"There is a lot of mistruth," says Rabinovitch. "They are deliberate mistruths and deliberate lies." Some artistic groups called the exhibit a conflict of interest because Rabinovitch is Jewish.

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien took

a strong position in the House of Commons about the delay, and called for the show to go on as planned.

After Rabinovitch reversed his decision, "the show wound up not being postponed for a day. It ran for a year and a half," Rabinovitch says.

Despite the conflict over the Arab exhibit, Rabinovitch stresses the importance of presenting different cultures in the Museum of Civilization. "For a country that values diversity, we must try to understand what it is that makes us a little more diverse."

He describes the museum's role in preserving and explaining immigrant cultures and the materials they impart with Canada.

"If, as a museum, we don't seek to consciously collect, save, gather information on and interpret those material goods, then in no time at all, they disappear, flushed down the drain. They wind up in somebody's second hand or third-hand shop to disappear into the past."

By safeguarding even the most basic objects – workday items, clothing, and religious objects – the museum keeps the Canadian mosaic intact. It is these goods that keep the memory of the old country alive, and nurture the lives of those who have brought them to Canada.

Not everyone seeks to preserve the past, however, he says. There is a dichotomy of those who say, "we created a singular unified society and we want to get rid of the vestiges of the old country" and those who say, "the vestiges of the old country are what constitute what we consider to be values, and let's try to understand them."

Furthermore, some values and beliefs are better left in the mother country and not celebrated. "Many groups that come from different countries are divided by traditional, historic, ethnic hatreds and celebrate those hatreds by saying 'that's my past.' There are limits to what one can celebrate."

Moreover, Rabinovitch explains the museum's ultimate goal is to raise awareness about different cultures, and consequently, curtail prejudice.

"Explaining [cultural differences] would make the unknown more known. When the unknown remains a secret, undiscussed, that's when fears and suspicion emerge."

He explains that the millions of immigrants who have traveled across deserts, snow-capped mountains and oceans to get here, personify what Canada was founded on: the fundamental principle of the diversity of Canada's two founding people.

But the challenge lies with staying true to one's heritage, he explains.

"People from different parts of Italy have come and brought with them various traditions. They must get those traditions to reroute themselves and adapt themselves in a reality such as North America."

"[Immigrants] have all gone through the same process of adjusting themselves, finding themselves. In a small sense, the story of *Presenza* is very much the story of Jewish immigrants, the story of Portuguese immigrants, etc."

Why, then, is Canada's Italian community being showcased? Rabinovitch states several reasons. First, there is a subjective aspect: the

exhibition's curator, Mauro Peressini, had a vested interest in seeing the over 300-artifact exhibition come to life. Size played an equally important role. Italians number more than a million people in Canada.

The immense size of the Italo-Canadian community, of course, has an affect on the third aspect – their *presenza*, or presence. Italians have made it a

point not to disappear into Canada's cultural background. Their prominence is seen in food, the construction industry, and religiosity, and a variety of other walks of life. *Presenza* exhibits these contributions to Canadian society.

"They've done incredible things in Canada, where we see such simplistic things as Italian food, Italian coffee, the influence of the Catholic Church, Italian religiosity and spirituality." The exhibit devotes an entire section to the Italian kitchen and presents various religious artifacts.

Mauro Peressini remarks, "the passion for the kitchen garden and the production of homemade food free of pesticides and additives, the interest in the produce of the land whose special flavours contribute to the pleasures of the table: these are some of the everyday customs that Italian-Canadian immigrants brought from their towns of origin. How can we view these customs merely as remnants of the past when they echo the increasingly current debates about food production in our industrialized societies?"

What is more striking and remarkable in *Presenza* is its spotlight on the values Italians brought to Canada. One focus of the exhibit is on the value inherent in Italians of mutual assistance and sharing – something, as the museum shows, Canadians value much less.

"This is part of the life and values that the Italian community brought with it. I don't think it's exclusive to the Italian community. Immigrants, generally, are that way," Rabinovitch says from experience.

Rabinovitch explains that although *Presenza* shows how tight-knit the Italian community is, "the concept of mutual

help, mutual assistance, reciprocal giving, is not far removed from the Canadian experience."

He says that whether regarding the prairie or the city experience, Canadians, including himself, have always relied somewhat on their neighbors.

"I like to use the metaphor that Canadians are shaped by the knowledge that someday it's going to be your car that gets stuck [in the snow] so you better help your neighbour in the summer."

What does divide Italians from Canadians, however, stems from the Anglo-Canadian motherland – Britain.

"Perhaps it's an English sensibility; there is more stress for respect for privacy, private property, respect for the sacrosanct nature of personal contracts."

Rabinovitch says he associates himself with the Canadian culture above all else. "It's where I was born. It's where my father was born. My mother was only five years old when she came here." Nonetheless, both Eastern European and Jewish flavours have influenced his cultural palate.

For thousands of years, the Jewish people have been known to be the eternal immigrants – a diasporic people, wandering the earth without a home. In this sense, although Rabinovitch is not a direct immigrant, he fully understands "ancient civilizations and what those ancient societies bring when they become diasporic societies."

Rabinovitch emphasizes how essential different cultures in Canada are to the shaping of the Canadian identity. Values forged in the scores of Italian villages and cities have molded who Canadians are today. He says Canada is a much more food conscious society than it was when he was growing up. This is an Italian characteristic that has morphed Canada. Moreover, he says pride in physical labour stems from Italian values.

Presenza showcases this quality: an immense wooden carving of the Duomo in Milan, complete with the intricate details of the magnificent edifice stands majestically in the exhibit's hall; a tenderly restored Fiat Topolino, parked near photos of its proud owner prove the importance of Italian artisan work and labour.

Despite the shared Canadian and Italian characteristics, Rabinovitch recognizes there are still many differences between the two. He cites industriousness, spirituality, strong family commitment and sociability as some qualities known to be Italian, but are slowly but surely shaping the Canadian image.

He also differentiates between the Canadian cultural landscape and the American one. He says that while Americans made a conscious decision to create a homogenous culture, Canadians have remained true to the cultural diversity that existed prior to confederation. He explains that it is up to the museum to understand this diversity and to present it in a way that is both commemorative and informative. The culture dictates the content. Rabinovitch selects the culture.

Rabinovitch grew up knowing it was up to him to preserve the values and traditions bestowed upon him by his parents and grandparents.

Now, as CEO of the Museum of Civilization, Canada's largest and most visited museum, he preserves the values and traditions of other cultures and knows full well the importance of his role.



Dr. Victor Rabinovitch, President and CEO of the Museum of Civilization

A DREAM THAT LIVES ON...

By Vivian Ghezzi-Trapani

Italians are proud people with courage and are not afraid to travel down an unknown road and discover an adventure to fulfill their dreams and yet still keep Italian roots close to heart. Italian emigrants crossed valleys, climbed mountains and sailed oceans to seek fortune and happiness. During their travels they brought with them their dreams and ambitions that became reality with hard work and determination. The story I'm about to tell belongs to a man I admire still to this day. His name is Tarcisio Ghezzi, my father.

Ghezzi was born on March 24, 1925 in the town of Cernusco sul Naviglio, approximately eight kilometers from the city of Milan. My father always had a sense of adventure so on August 15, 1953 he embarked on a journey to find work in Lausanne Switzerland. He met Albertina Rosanesse, who would be the love of his life, just days after his arrival in Lausanne. She was shy, young, and beautiful and always cried because she missed her family. She was determined to return home but my father was a rational man and convinced her to postpone her trip back home. Albertina remained in Lausanne and soon romance blossomed. On September 10, 1955 they married in Catelfranco Veneto, my mother's hometown. My father often spoke to my mother about his dream to open his own business, a machine shop, to support his family. After their honeymoon, they returned to Lausanne and worked rigorously to achieve their dream of owning a small business.

On January 10, 1958, I was born. The news of having a little girl brought a disappointed look to my father's face, according to my mother. The charm of a baby girl soon won my father's heart and I became daddy's little girl whom he took fishing and taught to hook a worm and wheel in a trout.

With their family growing my parents planned to purchase a piece of land in Cernusco Sul Naviglio where they had always intended to build their dream home. However, my mother's father Demetrio kept writing letters to my parents encouraging them to move to Canada and raise their young family there. With a sense of great adventure my father took his family to Canada with the intent to work several years and then return to our home in Italy.

Like many of people, my parents Tarcisio and Albertina Ghezzi and I, were confronted with a new land full of traditions as different as night and day to what we were used to. On October 21 1959, we arrived at pier 21 in Halifax and made the journey to Ottawa. During the first six months we lived with my mother's parents and brother Steno Rosanesse which they rented from the Licari's on Beech Street. Not long after we rented from Franco and Graziella Demuzio on Authur Street and one of our neighbors was the family of Frank Ierullo, the uncle of my Aunt Rosa Ierullo

(Rosanesse). They were wonderful, warm, caring people and with them I learned to eat spaghetti with hot peppers! Not long after my father was able to find another apartment just a block away from my grandparents Rosanesse on Beech Street. This was convenient for mamma because she worked at a printing shop located on Beech Street. Not long after my mamma found a better paying job at the Civic Hospital ironing physician and nurses' uniforms. Every day mamma would bring me early to my grandparents before she went off to work to help dad achieve his dream and open a machine shop.

Not long after that my father's dream became reality. He was able to open his first machine shop in 1960 with Fred Wetch, a co-worker he met at Ashton Press. Together they founded the machine shop 'Gringo' in Wakefield, Quebec and this was the start of a long friendship.

After almost four years in Ottawa my parents longed to return to their beloved Italia.

On August 1963 we sailed back to Italy.

Upon our arrival my parents began to make plans with my grandfather Ghezzi to build their first home, however,

only few months after settling in Italy my father realized Canada was a land of great opportunities and the perfect place to raise his family. Determined to do what he thought was best for his family he made the prudent decision to return to Canada once again.

On April 1964, mamma and I waved good-bye with a white hanky to father as he was ready to sail back to Canada to prepare our new home for our return. On August 1964, mamma and I arrived at the port of New York and dad came to pick us up. My father was not familiar with the surroundings of New York City and we ended up eating in a restaurant reserved for African-Americans. Once in the restaurant, I asked dad why the other diners had such dark skin and dad quietly said to hush because some of them understood Italian. The beauty of that day was that we were not refused hospitality and enjoyed a good meal in peace.

Not long after my mother surprised me with the news that I was going to be a big sister, and on August 11, 1965 my little sister Carolina was born. Although my father wanted a boy, I could detect happiness in his eyes and in his actions. That day he brought me shopping down town and purchased two Barbie dolls so my sister and I could play together.

My father had become a Canadian citizen to allow him to work at Atomic Energy located in Bell's Corners.

However, my father's dream of owning his own machine shop was never far from his mind. He worked long hours in order to open another machine shop with a new partner, Guido Agostini. The two became a compatible team and with hard work and determination opened Preston Machine Shop in May 1965. The new machine shop was located on Preston Street in the basement just above the first location of Ubaldo Cava, Photolux photography, which today the location is Café Roma.

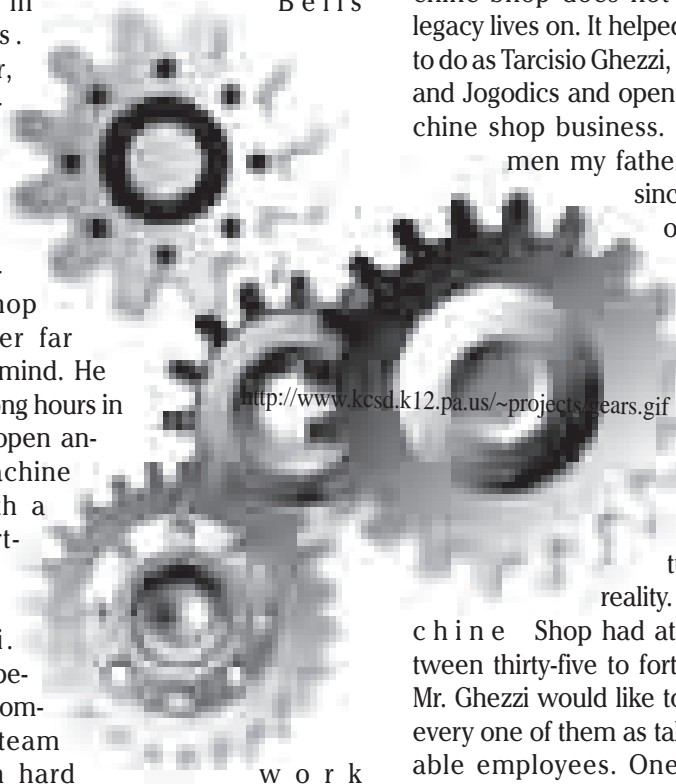
After a few months the business took on two more partners, John Jagodics and Louis Saboz, both Hungarian, and in 1968 they built a new location on 8 Cleopatra drive for their expanding business. At this time the machine shop was doing well but unfortunately one of the partners, Louis Saboz, had to leave the partnership due to an illness and died not long after. Still to this day he is in my father's thoughts and will always be remembered as a great friend and partner.

On September 23, 1971 my little brother Daniele was born. The boy my father was long awaiting had finally arrived! The exciting news lead to celebrations in the machine shop, which resulted in a joyful festive day that did not involve much work. My father dreamed of teaching his son in the trade he loved so much and he did so with great pride. My father was exceptional in his field as a precision machinist and taught a good majority of his workers the machinist trade. Most of the apprentices stayed on and worked with the Millimeter Machine shop team.

I had the opportunity to work for my father in the office and he ruled the machine shop with an iron fist. He was the toughest boss I ever had and I learned a lot from him. I can remember leaning towards the microphone in the shop and paging him to take a phone call, "Papà, line one. Papà line one." Within seconds he stormed in the office with a stern expression on his face and he uttered firmly, "From now on, for you, it's Mr. Ghezzi. It sounds more professional. At home it's Papà.. Capito?" My father managed his business in a very authoritarian way and many people found him intimidating. Those who really knew him know he is as good as gold, honest and direct and no bull was accepted. The years I worked in the office as a receptionist were the best of my life. I spent time with my father and learned what motivated him to achieve his goal. The love and support he received at home from his wife and family

fueled his dream.

Today, the original Millimeter Machine Shop does not exist, but the legacy lives on. It helped inspire others to do as Tarcisio Ghezzi, Guido Agostine and Jogodics and open their own machine shop business. Several young men my father trained have since opened their own machine shops today. I want to acknowledge them as strong and determined men that had a dream and turned it into a reality. Millimeter Machine Shop had at one point between thirty-five to forty workers and Mr. Ghezzi would like to acknowledge every one of them as talented and reliable employees. One in particular whom my father valued as one of the best is Lorenzo Ferrante who owns his own machine shop today. Now all grown up, the little boy my father always wanted is the proud owner himself alongside with his partner/cousin Giancarlo Panarotto. The two are working hard and with strong determination Fresia Machine shop located at 151 unit 9 Bentley Avenue will strive to success keeping the dream alive. Retired at 78 my father enjoys keeping busy with his vegetable and flower gardens and cherishes the time he spends with his wife of 48 years, three children Carolina, Daniele and myself and five grandchildren Giuseppe (22), Giulia (20), Paola (19), Nicholas (4)and Mathias (2). Once in awhile he still enjoys going to my brother's shop to work on a project amidst the loud sound of the machinery that once spoke to him as a young man about the dream that he made a reality.



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ALL’ ESPOSIZIONE PRESENZA

Omaggio a Guido Nincheri

Di Luciano Pradal
Il Postino, con questa edizione, inizia una serie d’ articoli per evidenziare gli espositori all’ esposizione PRESENZA in programma da giugno 2003 a settembre 2004 al Museo Canadese delle Civilizzazioni.

Il 12 giugno al Museo Canadese delle Civilizzazioni la famiglia Nincheri ha fatto bella “presenza”, c’erano il figlio di Guido Nincheri, George ed il nipote Roger con le rispettive consorti, hanno posato per Il Postino di fronte alla bellissima vetrata esposta al Museo per sottolineare la presenza dell’ Arte Rinascimentale che il grande artista Guido Nincheri ha portato e cosi’ ben rappresentato nel Continente Americano.

Il Governo Canadese attraverso questa esposizione al Museo Canadese delle Civilizzazioni ha voluto, ancora una volta, promuovere l’ arte di Guido Nincheri; sappiamo che quest’ arte appassiona molte persone che ora ne sono entusiasti promotori. Roger Nincheri, il nipote, scrive



Roger Nincheri e George Nincheri con le rispettive

a questo proposito, per giornali e riviste specializzate e sta’ ora fotografando tutti gli affreschi e vetrate per farne poi un catalogo comprensibile ed accessibile anche per internet; durante la Settimana Italiana 2003 il Comitato Giovani della chiesa S. Antonio ha organizzato un pomeriggio di visite alle opere d’ arte presenti nella chiesa S. Antonio, Olga Petosa, Paolo e Sofia Pradal hanno accolto e fatto le guide ai numerosi visitatori che erano venuti per apprezzare le opere d’ arte della nostra chiesa, questo evento e’ stato un successo insperato poiche’ si sono presentati notevoli gruppi di persone e gli organizzatori hanno dovuto avvalersi anche della presenza del Prof. Hodkinson e di Padre Camille per soddisfare l’ interesse dei visitatori.

Padre Camille sta facendo ricerche e sta’ scrivendo un catalogo dettagliato dell’ iconografia, del simbolismo, che si trova negli affreschi e nelle vetrate di Guido Nincheri, questo progetto ha gia’ stimolato la curiosita’ e l’ interesse di molti esperti d’ arte, quest’ arte insostituibile che deve essere promossa e preservata per le generazioni future, appunto, come si sta facendo ora con l’ esposizione PRESENZA al Museo Canadese delle Civilizzazioni.

UN’ ARTE SEMPLICE ED EQUILIBRATA

Di Luciano Pradal

Gia’ dal 1986 John Felice Ceprano, lavoratore indefesso, crea sculture con le rocce in una baia dell’ Ottawa River a nord di Tunney’s Pastures; se andate in bicicletta lungo la riva sud dell’ Ottawa River non potete mancare queste figure originali, migliaia di persone le ammirano e le apprezzano ogni anno, compresa la mia nipotina Beatrice, ed e’ cosi’ che abbiamo incontrato John, un artista Italo-Canadese.

Incontrare John e’ un’ esperienza in se stessa ed e’ poi un’ altra esperienza parlare con lui per farsi spiegare, per meglio apprezzarla, in che cosa consiste la sua arte.

John lavora meticolosamente per scegliere le rocce che trova abbondanti nel letto del fiume e piano piano, con molta pazienza, sviluppa i sogetti che piu’ queste rocce lo ispirano crea cosi’ il corpo di una donna, un’ animale, od altre forme delle quali pensa il nome mentre le crea; ogni forma diventa un miracolo d’ equilibrio! Le rocce piu’ grosse sono mantenute sul posto con l’ aiuto di sassolini appiattiti, qualche volta, per la sicurezza degli amanti di quest’ arte che la studiano e la



La baia dell’ Ottawa River si anima!

fotografano da vicino sotto tutti gli angoli, John usa una apposita colla che pero’ non ha usato ancora quest’ anno.

Cosi’ facendo John mette vita in questa piccola baia dell’ Ottawa River e la sua maniera d’ esprimersi artisticamente John ha avuto molto incoraggiamento ed aiuto, anche finanziario, dalla NCC della quale John ne e’ molto grato e riconoscente, come e’ grato a tutti quelli che si fermano per ammirare le sue opere ed a parlare con lui mentre si trova nel fiume a lavorare. Questa arte e’ contagiosa per molti dei suoi ammiratori, piccoli e grandi si cimentano e, cautamente, costruiscono varie forme con le pietre che riescono a trovare, cosi’ e’ stato anche con la mia nipotina Beatrice che, oltre a farne uno piccolo sul posto, ha anche voluto portare a casa qualche piccola roccia per poter cosi’ creare la sua piccola opera d’arte nel giardino.

Il lavoro di John non e’ riconosciuto solo da chi vede



John mentre mette in equilibrio la testa di una sua forma

la sua arte nell’ Ottawa River, John ha avuto riconoscimento da diversi enti governativi e privati ed anche dalle gallerie d’ arte; John fotografa i suoi lavori presto al mattino quando la luce del sole che nasce e le ombre sono propizie, le foto poi, con differenti manipolazioni, diventano dei bellissimi quadri che sono esposti alla Becker Gallery 689 Bank Str e che si vendono molto bene.

Per chi e’ interessato a saperne di piu’ su John e la sua arte potra’ visitare questi due siti che certamente apprezzerete.

Pasta e Fagioli

by Anna Maria Licari

My Grandfather Frank Licari immigrated from Reggio, Calabria the toe region of Italy when he was 21 in 1913, with my Grandfather Joseph Guzzo from Cosenza, Italy. Frank owned his Stucco & Plastering Co. and offered his home for relatives & friends arriving from Italy helping to establish them in Ottawa. Joseph worked for the City of Ottawa and was active in the Italian community along with his brother who owned Guzzo-Adamo Italian Speciality Food Store on Preston St. Joseph’s son Pat won a gold medal in the 1947 Winter Olympics playing hockey with the RCAF Flyers. Son Sam established himself as an Executive Chef and grandson Garry is currently MPP for Ottawa West.



Frank Licari

Pasta e Fagioli.

(Beans and Pasta) – Soul food for Italians!

1 pkg. of dried romano beans

tubetti pasta

olive oil

hot chilli peppers

grated pecorino romano cheese

side serving of authentic crusty Italian bread

Soak dried roman beans in a pot covered generously with water overnight.

The next day: Rinse beans and put a generous amount of water over top of the beans once again.

Simmer beans until fork tender.

Cook tubetti pasta until al dente or to the tooth and drain.

Spoon beans and tubetti in a soup bowl with liquid the beans were cooked in.

Pour a swimming amount of olive oil over top of beans.

Sprinkle a generous amount of romano cheese and hot chili peppers on top of oil.

Enjoy with crusty, Italian bread!

Look us up Online!

@

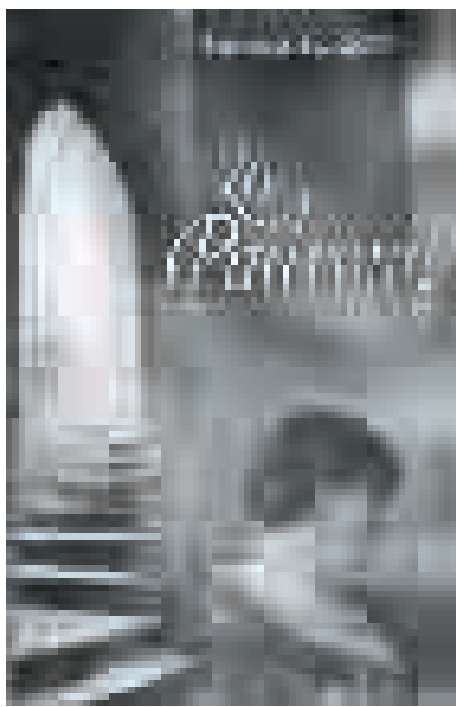
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My father Ben was an Executive Member of the Italian Business Men’s Association back in the days when women were not allowed membership in a men’s association. My mother Teresa was an Executive Member of the St. Anthony’s Ladies Aid. Both organizations are still renowned for assisting the Italian community in Ottawa.

During my childhood our home had an open door policy especially on Sundays where you don’t dare step into our house without joining us at the table to enjoy a big bowl of pasta topped with meatballs and of course glasses of red wine. You never knew how many people would drop in for Sunday dinner, as mom was well known as an accomplished home chef. The laughter and conversation were always lively at the dinner table. This was our typical Italian Sunday, a tradition we hold strong today. Even our pet Golden Retriever “Blaise” looks forward to a Sunday treat of pasta!



Joseph Guzzo



Un Nuovo Libro di Ermanno La Riccia

“La Padrona” un libro appassionante, ove si raccolta una bella storia d’amore e la lotta di due giovani per conquistarsi la libertà di volersi bene.

Dopo i successi dei due libri di racconti “Terra Mia” e “Viaggio in Paradiso”, Ermanno La Riccia torna nelle librerie con un romanzo, “La Padrona”, una drammatica storia d’amore, piena di colpi di scena, scritta con un linguaggio semplice che si legge tutta di un fiato.

Si possono acquistare copie de “La Padrona” nella redazione del Postino oppure chiamate 567-4532

COMMUNITY EVENTS

August 2nd and 3rd:
The Canadian Film Institute presents the “Bicycle Thief” at the National Library on Wellington at 7:00pm.

Domenica 3 agosto: Associazione Culturale Savuto e Cleto: Festa della Madonna (chiesa S. Antonio) Tel. 236-2304

Sabato 23 agosto: ore 18:00, Padre Luciano Segafreddo, direttore del Messaggero di Sant’Antonio, celebrerà messa con Reliqua dalla Basilica del Santo di Padova alla chiesa di S. Antonio su Booth St.. Seguirà incontro nella sala della chiesa sul tema: “Ruolo della comunicazione: sfide e prospettive dei media per gli italiani nel mondo.” Per ulteriori informazioni telefonare al COM.IT.ES di Ottawa (613)226-6942.

September 12: The 12th Annual John Denofrio-Villa Marconi Benefit Golf Tournament will be held at the Stonebridge Golf & Country Club, 3673 Jockvale Rd., Ottawa, with a 1:00 p.m. shotgun start. The registration fee is \$150 and includes 18 holes of golf, an Italian dinner and prizes. Proceeds benefit the Villa Marconi Long Term Care Centre. To find out more or register, contact Ron or Marge at 226-7326

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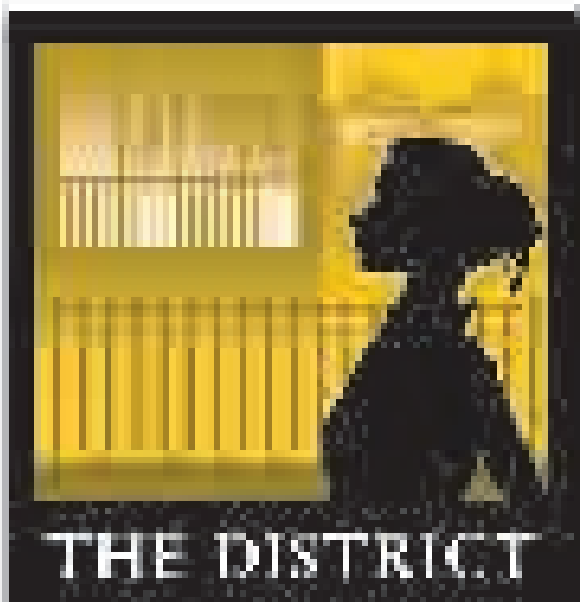
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Send your thoughts, comments, constructive criticisms and story ideas to information@ilpostinocanada.com

BOCCE BALL!



The Associazione Rapinese has fun in the sun at their annual picnic July 13th at Vincent Massey Park.



An Urban Legend is Born

The District is a fast-paced, suspenseful story that is a perfect blend of urban legend and fiction. The story is set in a city where the boundaries between reality and fiction are blurred. The author, Domicile, has created a world where the impossible becomes the norm. The book is a must-read for anyone who loves a good mystery. The legend is born, and the story is just getting started. The legend is born, and the story is just getting started. The legend is born, and the story is just getting started.

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Opera Lyra's annual fundraiser garden party at Ambassador Colombo's residence.

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1995-1996

Comment

Exercice 1



Understanding the making of a stained glass window

By Roger Boccini Nincheri

Guido Nincheri's window at the entrance of La Presenza exhibit is striking. Unfortunately, the public will regard it as another beautiful piece of art without understanding the creativity, the time and the manpower to produce a window of such dimension and artistry.

Stained glass windows have inspired reverence and satisfied the human love of beauty for over 1,500 years. A colored glass window was installed in the Basilica of St. Paul in Rome early in the fourth century and ever since stained glass has been an accepted part of religious architecture.

Unlike other arts, stained glass window making, except for a lapse of three hundred years, has changed little since it flourished in Venice about the tenth century. The style is still classic, following the ancient rules of Greek Christian art. Figure and faces are idealized and the older the model of a saint or centurion the more authentic the design.

Guido Nincheri's windows are different. They follow the ancient traditions of stained glass making but do not follow the classical style. His windows are a combination of mediaevalism and naturalism. Much of his inspiration came from the works of mediaeval masters, such as Fra Angelico or Fra Filippo Lippi who combined clear outlines and brilliant colors with a spiritual intensity.

Nincheri's compositions show movement, passion, emotion, accuracy of details, and are jewel-like in their brilliance. His windows are alive with historical characters whose faces and corporeality of their figures make the events depicted appear come alive.

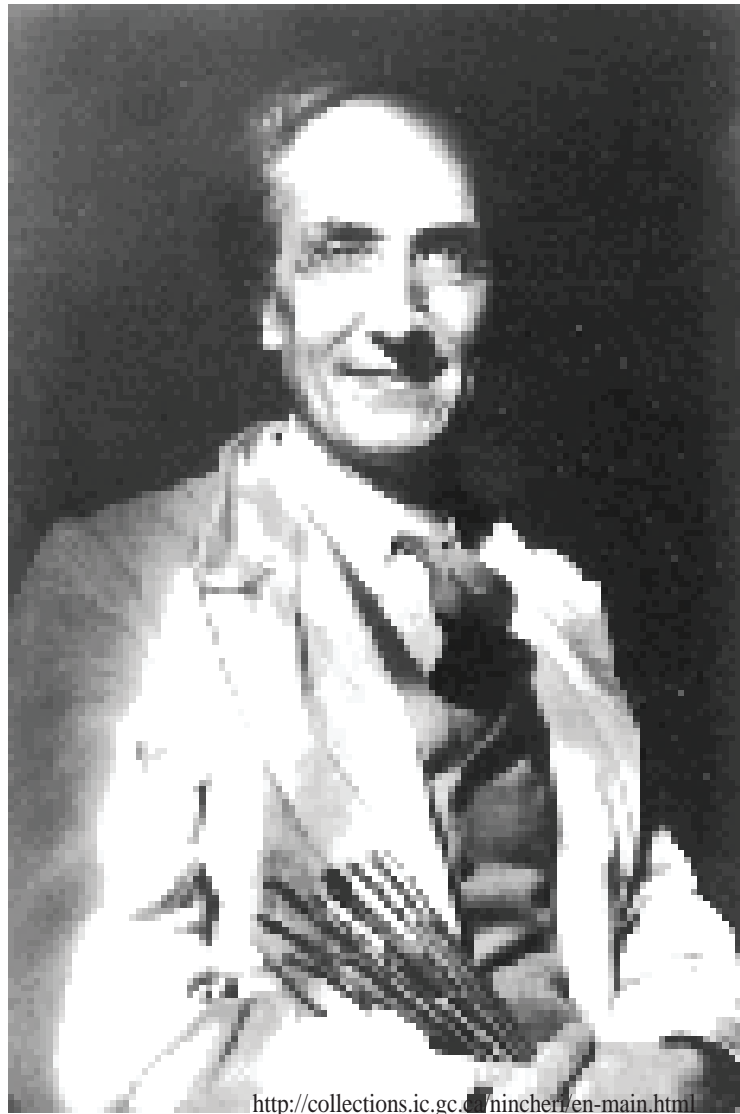
The simplest conception of a stained glass window is a translucent mosaic held together by lead with emphasis on line and color, as is seen in many arts and craft shops. On the other hand, the window in the exhibit and the other 5,000 that Guido Nincheri produced in his lifetime are by far more intricate in their conception and production.

The process of creating a stained glass window begins with a water color sketch drawn to scale. The composition of the window is determined by the architecture and interior decoration of the church, the shape and size of the windows, the name of the church, the ideas of the local pastor, and a careful research of the liturgy, as well as, the historical knowledge of the subject to be presented.

For example, in Ottawa's St. Anthony's Church the prevailing theme of the windows is the story of the Servite Order. Included within there are also windows of St. Anthony of Padua, St. Joseph and Saint Patrick which represent the original mix of Italian and Irish immigrants that made up the congregation more than fifty years ago. Included there is also a commemorative window reflecting WW II fallen soldiers.

Guido Nincheri, for each of these windows, had to research their historical,

liturgical, and symbolic meaning. Then he drew the scenography paying close attention to the reality of the scene and its minute details, such as the architecture of the scene, the costumes of the times, the natural landscape, and above all the people whom he drew from local or actual personages. In many of his windows you can recognize family members, such as Giulia his wife, or his sons, Gabriel and George and at times Guido's face peers behind some personage within the composition.



<http://collections.ic.gc.ca/nincheri/en-main.html>

There are conventions in the coloration of the garments and symbols of key figures of Christian liturgy. Jesus Christ is always dressed in white, red, or cream. His face is based upon a descriptive portrait attributed to Publius Lentulus, a Roman centurion, who is responsible for the familiar representation of the Son of God with auburn hair and beard, and a slender sensitive nose. The Virgin Mary always in pink or blue, and saints have their own special colors. The evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John are usually shown with an angel, a lion, a bull and an eagle respectively. St. Peter always with the keys and St. Paul with a sword. These characteristics are constant throughout his works as borne out by my own photographic records of more than 50 churches out of a total of 220 in Canada and the United States.

The production of stained glass windows is an art rather than a trade. The work cannot be hurried, and depending upon the size and complexity of the window it may take several months to complete. This time factor was a continuous problem between Guido

Nincheri Studio and its clients, who often complained about delivery dates.

The maquette or water colored sketch, having been analyzed and approved by the client, goes to the next stage of production. The artists of the Studio, under the direction of Guido Nincheri, draw a "cartoon" which is a the full size drawing of the window containing all of the details, but no color. This master drawing guides the glass artist in working with the hundreds or even

to a heavy brown paper. The numbering is repeated on each outline, and then the pattern is cut up using a three bladed scissors. The extra blade clips off a sliver of paper about 2mm wide which corresponds to the thickness of the "H" shaped leading strip which holds together the pieces of glass. (These scissors are the only modern addition to the process, having been invented only at the turn of the century)

After the glass is cut, the artists take over to add shading lines that will define the picture. These lines are drawn with an oxide of iron pigment which is ground to a fine powder, mixed with kerosene, and venetian turpentine, is known as '*grisaille*'. The lines, drawn with a very fine brush, provide the features of the faces, the outlines of buildings, landscapes, dresses, or other elements in the composition.

When the artist has completed the lines on the pieces of glass, the pieces are laid out on a tray of plaster of Paris which is then placed into a kiln (electric or gas). The glass is then heated gradually and evenly close to its melting point of 650 degrees Celsius. This process fuses the '*grisaille*' lines with the glass making them permanent and unalterable.

The pieces of glass, once cooled, are then mounted with beeswax on a sheet of clear glass. The artists then apply to the entire area a mixture of pigment similar to the one used in line drawing. The sheet is then lifted up to strong natural light and the pigment is carefully brushed away creating highlights and leaving degrees of shadow and tone. The pieces of glass are then separated and baked again fusing the pigment into the glass. The process may be repeated several times to certain pieces in order to achieve the right effect, such as facial features of which Guido Nincheri was extremely attentive.

The next step is the leading of the pieces with soft 'H' shaped lead strips which are easily twisted. The lead-glazier solders each joint on both the inner and outer surface of the window. Lastly, reinforcing bars are added to give greater rigidity to the window panel. The window is then inspected and if there are flaws in one of the pieces, it is extracted, processed again, and reintroduced into the frame. Once approved, putty cement is brushed into all joints on both sides of the window, making it watertight and ready for shipment and installation.

The process of making the stained glass window is then very lengthy and involved. Depending upon the size, the number of figures involved, the interior landscape, the ornate borders and many other factors, we can then appreciate the frustration and anxiety to complete a job on time. The archives of the Studio show that delivery dates were often not met to the dismay of the local pastors who had to wait months. But once received, and installed, the waiting period was well worth it and greatly appreciated by the clients and their congregation.

thousand of pieces of colored glass that may be involved.

An additional drawing, called the "cut line", is needed by the artists. Placing a transparent paper over the cartoon, a tracing is made which shows all of the outlines for the glass pieces, the leads, the cross-bars, and stanchions for support. Numbers identify these glass pieces outlines, which correspond to various types of colored glass that makes up the window.

The selection of this colored glass is not that simple. The panes of glass, from which these pieces are cut, vary in color, shading, texture, thickness and price depending if they were from European or American glass manufacturers. Consequently the glass artist has to choose sections from the colored glass pane that exactly match the color in the design and best meets the light and shade requirements shown in the maquette and cartoon. The aim is to let the glass do the work; the painters only add details that glass cannot convey. This selective process leads to loss of glass and along with special demands, such as etching to achieve certain effects, may increase the cost of producing a window.

At this point, by using carbon paper, the cut line pattern is transferred

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Nonna’s Night Visitors

by Delia De Santis

Everyone in our Italian village liked Easter except Nonna, my scrooge grandmother, who was driven mad by the Night Visitors.

The Night Visitors was the name given to the vocally talented people, who visited the homes of friends, neighbours and people they respected to sing the Easter Ballad as a good-will message.. As I remember it, each singer was given at least one fresh egg in return for singing the song. The ritual was the custom of the country people of our region in central Italy. It started on the Sunday before Palm Sunday and ended on the Holy Wednesday when mourning began for Jesus’ suffering. The singers appeared under a bedroom window at any time of the night. Most of the time, they came in groups of men and women. Sometimes it was a young, engaged couple. This would make my mother remark that the custom was very romantic. But, my father would say that it wasn’t proper.

On occasion, the Night Visitors were a very young couple, a brother and sister or a girl with a boy cousin. The little ones were chaperoned by an adult member of the family who remained out of sight, so as not to take away the limelight from the starring couple. It was these children with their sweet voices who really won my mother’s heart. She lavished them with more eggs than their miniature baskets could hold. Of course, that was no problem, for the chaperone came prepared with a huge basket into which the eggs were transferred, thus returning the children’s baskets to their original emptiness. And on they went to the next house.

It was said that to sing the Easter Ballad one had to be born with the ability. It was also said by some, with contempt, that to have this gift was no more important than to have a chicken coop full of productive hens. For if one had the eggs, one didn’t need to sing to get them. Still others said that the singers picked only the homes of families who could give plenty of eggs.

This contempt was always diminished by generosity and neighbourliness, if not downright fear of God’s punishment.

We knew only one person who did not open the window to welcome the me-

ludious voices in the night—the village’s deaf shoemaker who was saved from disgrace by his handicap.

My parents were always afraid we would have an emergency during the holy week that would necessitate leaving Nonna alone at home on one of the nights.

Then, we would be the first family to suffer disgrace—and it had nothing to do with deafness. But that never happened.

It was under Nonna’s bedroom window that the Night Visitors always appeared. My father was hesitant to open the window for fear Nonna’s screeching, from her bed, would reach the ears of the singers and mortify us. Not to mention what it would do to my old grandfather who was the most decent man, but kindly criticized for being henpecked by his younger wife.

My brother Alex, six years older than I, yanked me out of bed. “Come on! You want to hear them sing, don’t you?” Then he would add, “I wish Nonna would shut up . . . I sure wish that.” Nothing could silence Nonna. She shouted louder and louder. “Greed! Greed! Go ahead, give them eggs . . . No one understands me! No one! They make a business out of Jesus’ dying on the cross!” Father would cross the room and open the window. Mama at his side. They would make room for me between them. Alex, who was tall, stood behind us. The last to arrive was Grandfather who was slow because of his advanced age, and Father would give his place to him. Those were the most wonderful moments for me. No book records the lyrics of the ballad. It has been handed down from one generation to next in the vernacular of the

region. The ballad tells of Jesus’ persecution, suffering and death on the cross and His resurrection. It is very beautiful.

Before the singing ended, Mama would go to the pantry. We would see her descend the outside stairway, eggs held carefully in her large apron. Gently she placed the eggs one by one in the extended baskets of the Night Visitors.

The ritual was executed in silence. It made me think of the solemnity of Holy Communion.

After a few nights of being visited, the remaining eggs from the pantry disappeared. We were all aware that Nonna was the thief. “What will we do now?” Mama asked my father. “We will give them coins . . . we’ll think of something. Just don’t worry about it,” he replied. Then Grandfather straightened his back as much as a hunched-over old man could, and in an unfamiliar patriarchal tone he said: “We will give them eggs! That is the custom!” Mama had tears in her eyes, glad to see him take a firm stand against his notorious wife for once. “The eggs are under the bed,” Grandfather informed Alex. No one was surprised and Father told Alex to stay out of it. That night the window was opened as usual to the singers. But not a sound issued from Nonna. The silence was ominous and I wondered if she were dead in her bed.

Then Grandfather and not Mama went to get the eggs. Since the light in Nonna’s room was never turned on, it was hard to see if Nonna had a weapon in her hand with which to strike Grandfather. Mama nudged Alex, reminding him to act as bodyguard. My brother’s presence beside her bed was required to make Nonna drop her weapon if she had one. He was big, and hot-tempered, and he worshipped Grandfather—so no one dared hurt a hair on his head.

Even with that, I still had an awful vision of Grandfather, his head stuck under the bed, and Nonna kneeling on the bed, an ax in her hand, ready to strike at his back. But, thanks to God, Grandfather made it unharmed. The strangest thing was that the old man took out only the eggs needed at the time of his daring feat, when he could have actually retrieved the whole container of stolen goods at once. Father later said that Grandfather purposely took only a few eggs so as to have the repeated opportunity of torturing his wife. Then Holy Wednesday arrived and the Night Visitors stopped coming. The timing was right. Grandfather said the egg supply was almost depleted.

The next day, Nonna stood at the window overlooking the valley. “Look there!” she shrieked, pointing sharply at the shack of one of the singers who according to her had made repeated trips to our house. “Look at the greasy smoke coming out of their chimney. Did you ever see so much cooking done by people who can’t even afford to by a fry-pan?” Alex liked to rile her more. “Nonna, they must have a fry-pan by now to be able to cook all the eggs we gave them.” “Eggs,” she snorted. “Who said anything about eggs? No, those people don’t eat eggs. No sir! They sell the eggs so that fools like us can buy them back at an exorbitant price, and they buy lamb. You go and look in their window and you’ll see them roasting chunks of juicy lamb meat on the end of sticks. Barbarians! They’ll do that from now till Easter, thanks to stupid people like our family. I hope they burst themselves!”

And still cursing, but in a subdued manner, she grabbed the largest shopping basket and headed for the market to buy eggs. “They’ll be mighty expensive! Mighty!” Mama would call after her and offer to go in her place, for the market was five miles away, and had to be reached on foot. “No,” the sixty-seven year old Nonna replied firmly. “I might as well go myself. I have to stop at the church for confession. Kill two birds with one stone.”

I watched Nonna disappear down the road to town, glad because I knew that Easter would be a happy one with plenty of cakes and sweets.

Francesco’s Gourmet Coffee: The Taste of Experience

by Chiara Mingarelli

What do you get when you cross Fair Trade coffee beans, a 400 kg roasting machine and an 80 year old tradition with a physicist? You get Francesco’s coffee, quite possibly one of the most unique and delicious tasting coffees on the market today.

Pietro Comino, B.Sc. Physics and grandson of Francesco Comino, acquires coffee from all over the world, from Africa to Mexico. Approximately half of his beans are *Fair Trade* coffee beans, meaning that the producers of these beans are paid a set minimum price that covers the costs of production and receive advance payments or extend credit to producers to help avoid debt while financing the next year’s production. The other half of the coffee comes from emerging nations, such as regions in Africa, which are not yet involved with Fair Trade.

To ensure Francesco’s Coffee is the best coffee you have ever tasted corners are never cut. The beans are fresh and roasting in his grandfather’s enormous machine right at the front of the store.



Francesco Comino

components that need monitoring to make a great cup of coffee; heat, grind, dose, water and blend. Quality filtered water is always used in combination with 18 kinds of beans, in different ratios and combinations, to create different flavours. Mr. Comino explains the process as, “a thermodynamic tug-of-war between the bean and the equipment”.

Science and art blend to create beautiful ambience inside Francesco’s Coffee. Pietro supports local artists by displaying their artwork free of charge every month. This

“... thermodynamic tug-of-war”

Francesco developed several recipes that are still used at his grandson’s coffee shop, in combination with Pietro’s own blends engineered eight years ago.

In order to ensure high quality there are five critical

sympiotic relationship with the community is also apparent with the familiarity of the customers in his store. Mr. Comino greets all customers in his store personally and often makes suggestions on



Francesco’s Coffee Machine

new and exciting blends of coffee.

After enjoying a short espresso, the smooth taste and beautiful aroma have introduced me to a different world of flavours only 80 years of experience can produce. For more information about Francesco’s Coffee, please visit their website at www.FrancescosCoffee.com.

H.O.P.E. for the Future

by Chiara Mingarelli

H.O.P.E (Helping Other People Everywhere) is the world's largest beach volleyball tournament that takes place annually here in Ottawa at Mooney's Bay. Hundreds of volunteers prepared for the 1000 teams registered for fun in the sun. Even though the sun did not make an appearance, an estimated 20,000 spectators did! Approximately 1,000 volunteers and 10,000 volleyball players all graced the sandy beaches of Mooney's Bay to raise money for eight local charities including The AIDS Committee of Ottawa, Alzheimer Society, Children's Wish Foundation, Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, The Ottawa Hospital Foundation, Nelson House of Ottawa-Carleton,

Canadian Red Cross and St. Mary's Home.

H.O.P.E's BeachFest attracted big name performers such as Vancouver's Holly McNarland, Blue Rodeo's front man Jim Cuddy and of course, Colin James. Up-and-Comers Daisy Ella Mojo Crew (D.E.M.C) also participated voluntarily in the event. All these Canadian bands were warmly recieved at the beach despite the intermittent rain.

People from all over Canada come to H.O.P.E every year, such as Jody Smith and Shannon Sauvé from Sudbury. This was their first year competing in this



Il Postino's Volleyball team rocks HOPE

BeachFest, on a team called the Sudz. They reported having a fabulous time and will return again next year.

Although Ottawa's enormous fundraiser helps people everywhere across Canada they are expanding to have simultaneous events in Halifax (Nova Scotia) and in Guelph for 2004. Linda Quarin, Events Coordinator for HOPE here in Ottawa, explains that they hope to expand further out west but need to remain centralized for the time being. There is no doubt that H.O.P.E will soon be a nationwide event celebrated in every province in the near future.

With such positive outlooks for Canada's favorite BeachFest, there certainly is much H.O.P.E for the future.

PROGRAMMA D' ITALIANO ALLA CARLETON UNIVERSITY

Anno accademico 2003-2004

Durante l'anno accademico 2003-2004, la Carleton University offrirà i seguenti corsi di lingua e letteratura italiana :

ITAL 1000 Introductory Italian : un corso per principianti, per cui non si richiede nessuna conoscenza della lingua italiana.

Nel 2003-2004 ci saranno cinque sezioni di questo corso, di cui ecco gli orari:

- sezione A: martedì e giovedì, dalle 11,35 alle 13,35;
- sezione B: mercoledì e venerdì, dalle 11,35 alle 13,35;
- sezione C: lunedì e mercoledì,dalle 14,35 alla 16,35;
- sezione D: martedì e giovedì, dalle 14,35 alle 16,35;
- sezione E: martedì e giovedì, dalle 17,35 alle 19,35.

ITAL 2000 Intermediate Italian: un corso di medio livello, a cui possono iscriversi coloro che hanno già frequentato con successo il corso ITAL 1000 (già 26.100) - o un corso equivalente - e coloro che hanno conseguito l'OAC in italiano oppure il diploma di terza media nelle scuole del sabato.

Nel 2003-2004 saranno attivate due sezioni di questo corso:

- ITAL 2000 A: lunedì e mercoledì, dalle 10,05 alle 11,35;
- ITAL 2000 B: lunedì e mercoledì, dalle 11,35 alle 12,55.

ITAL 3000 Advanced Italian: possono iscriversi a questo corso coloro che

hanno già seguito con successo il corso ITAL 2000 (già 26.200) o un corso equivalente,oppure coloro che, pur avendo una buona padronanza della lingua italiana,desiderano rivedere dei punti specifici di grammatica e di stile o migliorare la comprensione e la produzione dell'italiano scritto e parlato.

Orario: lunedì e mercoledì, dalle 11,35 alle 12,55.

ITAL 2602 Italian Heritage in North America

Italian-American and Italian-Canadian literature and cinema as relocated culture. Such authors as Fante, Di Donato, Puzo, Di Michele, Di Cicco, Ricci, Micone and such film-makers as Coppola, Scorsese, Cimino, Ferrara will be studied. All works in English. Language of instruction: English.

Orario: martedì, dalle 14,35 alle 17,25.

ITAL 3600 Themes in Italian Culture

Topic for 2003-2004: "Arte, cinema e scrittura al femminile nel Novecento" (Art, Cinema and Literature in Twentieth-Century Italy: The Female Perspective). Texts in Italian. Language of instruction: Italian. Prerequisite: ITAL 2000 (formerly 26.200).

Orario: lunedì e mercoledì, dalle 14,35 alle 15,55.

Per ulteriori informazioni si prega di rivolgersi alla School of Linguistics and Applied Language Studies, al numero 520-6612 oppure al College of Humanities, al numero 520-2809.Per informazioni in italiano chiamare il professor Francesco Loriggio, al numero 520-2600,int.8035 oppure la professoressa Giovanna Panico al numero 520-2600, int. 3595.

Possono iscriversi ai suddetti corsi sia gli studenti iscritti ad un corso di laurea, sia i cosiddetti "special students",cioè coloro che desiderano seguire dei corsi senza iscriversi ad un programma di laurea.

MINOR in ITALIAN

Gli studenti che sono interessati a conseguire un Minor in italiano,cioè una minispecializzazione in italiano in concomitanza con una specializzazione maggiore (per es. scienze politiche,storia,inglese,business,economia,ecc.), devono seguire quattro corsi d'italiano,ossia ITAL 1000,ITAL 2000, ITAL 3000 ed un corso di letteraura o cultura italiana.

di Anello Castrucci

Terry Fox è uno dei grandi eroi canadesi che merita di essere ricordato per la lunga marcia che è stata e che resterà memorabile nel tempo. Colpito dal cancro, con stupendo coraggio e buon senso umano, con la sua maratona cercò di aiutare tutti coloro che soffrivano dello stesso male raccogliendo denaro per sostenere le ricerche e aiutare gli afflitti nelle costose cure.

Studente universitario di bello aspetto, capelli folti e ricciuti, negli anni ottanta a causa del cancro gli fu amputata la gamba destra. Sapendo che i suoi giorni erano contati cominciò la lunga maratona dall'Atlantico al Pacifico, attraverso il Canada, camminando a piccoli salti con una stampella per circa quarantadue chilometri al giorno. Un totale di cinquemila trecento settantatré km alla fine che, ovviamente, sarebbero stati molti di più se il male non si fosse aggravato durante il lungo tragitto. Lungo la strada, a volte sotto la pioggia, veniva scortato da un pulmino in caso di emergenza mentre macchine della polizia lo scortavano nelle città, paesi e villaggi dove c'era sempre una folla di gente che lo applaudiva.

Ogni tanto c'erano dei giovani che lo



Terry Fox: attraverso il Canada

Terry Fox

Terry Fox

Terry!...

Grande sei stato
all'infinito

Con la tua forza e coraggio
il cuore hai aperto
illuminato a tanti.

La gente ha seguito il tuo peregrinare
sei stato umile e intelligente

Hai dato l'esempio
del buon senso umano.

Hai traversato parte del Canada
zoppicando con la gamba
destra amputata.

Non hai potuto traversare tutto il Canada
come era tua intenzione
di trasmettere agli altri
il messaggio umano.

Il male si è aggravato
lungo la strada

della storica maratona.

La maratona della speranza
specialmente per tutti quelli
affetti da cancro.

accompagnavano a piedi, in bicicletta, o anche altri amputati in carrozze a rotelle. Certo era duro quando a volte cadeva o gli venivano meno le forze. Il suo spirito però finiva sempre col prevalere.

In alcune città gli riservavano grandi accoglienze con



La Vittoria di Terry!

bandiere canadesi e provinciali e centinaia di palloncini colorati che volevano nel cielo. La gente gli si stringeva attorno, gli dava la mano e con occhi rossi da pianto dall'emozione qualcuno gli diceva: Ti vogliamo bene, Terry!

Avrebbe potuto fermarsi, ma continuò a camminare saltellando con la sua stampella. Inutile offrirgli un passaggio, non l'avrebbe mai accettato. Doppo tutto non sarebbe stata più una matrona... Era diventato un eroe, tanto che in centro abitato gli passarono il microfono e lui fece un discorso parlando del grande sacrificio ma del successo nel debellare il cancro che sperava

per gli altri. E i cittadini risposero deponendo nel sacco che aveva a tracollo quel tanto che potevano offrire.

Oggi nella città di Ottawa, di fronte al Parlamento, meta di tanti turisti, si erge la statua di bronzo di Terry Fox, in ricordo del suo passaggio per la capitale del Canada.

To Be Young and Italian

By: Josie Bellissimo

My name is Josie and I'm 15 years old. I love writing and reading poetry. I've been writing since the age of 11, and I have no intentions of quitting. I don't think I've written one poem that doesn't rhyme. It's just no fun that way.



Josie Bellissimo

I get to eat delicious food

And taste the greatest wine,

For the family knows we're in for a treat

When we see the "Preston" sign.

I get to cheer for the soccer team

Even if I can't kick the ball,

I look forward to the Italian Festival

And the grape stomping in the fall.

I get to make fun of my mom's accent

And watch my nonni's fight,

I have learned never to argue with an Italian

Because they're always right.

I get to speak a beautiful language

Never feeling out of place,

I don't have to be shy to say "Hello!"

When I see a familiar face.

I get to be called "signorina"

Instead of plain old mam,

But the best part of being Italian:

I get to be proud of who I am.

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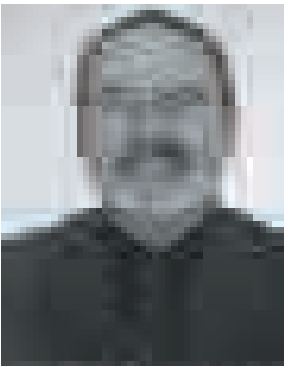
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or French

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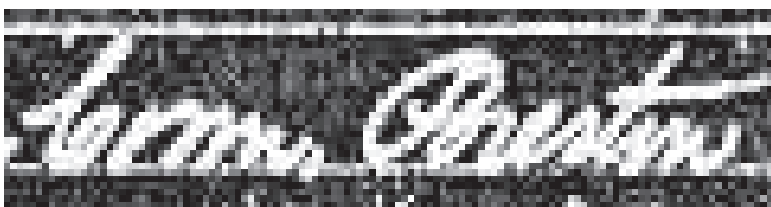


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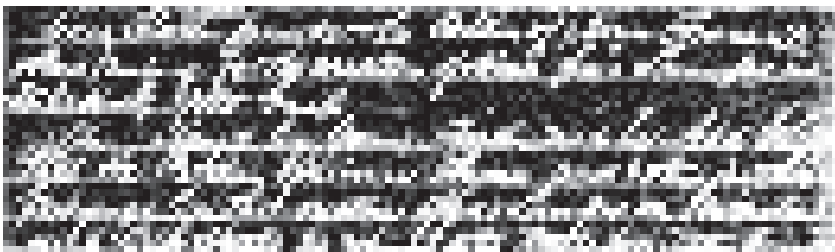
Se avete intenzione di vendere o comprare una proprietà, chiamatemi per un servizio competente e professionale.

Who Was Mr. Preston?



by Chiara Mingarelli

John Honey Preston was the Councillor for the City of Ottawa in 1858 and 1860. This may not be a long time by today’s standards, however back then, terms were only one year long. These short terms were due to city personel having several jobs, and any position required a lot of time. You also had to be part of a committee as a member of the local administration. Running a farm and keeping a house going required a lot of time, therefore terms were made short. A two year term was quite an accomplishment in the late 19th century.

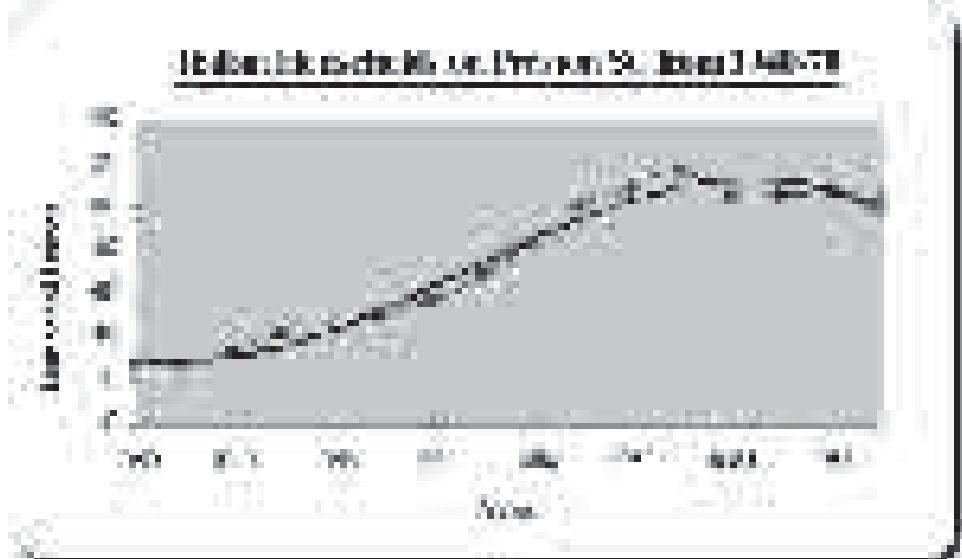


Mr. Preston did many honourable things for our great city, such as light five gas lamps on the corner of Nicholas and Daly St, as seen in the above minutes of a meeting in July 1860.



This map dated January 1st 1950 clearly shows the outlines of Ottawa’s old Wards. Preston St. is located in the Elmdale Ward.

Preston St. is not named after an Italian: it was founded long before the Italians took over the neighbourhood. This street was around when Carling and Preston was a city limit in the Elmdale Ward. Italians did not become a force on Preston St. until after WWII, when they came in force and settled close to the Canadian Pacific railway tracks.

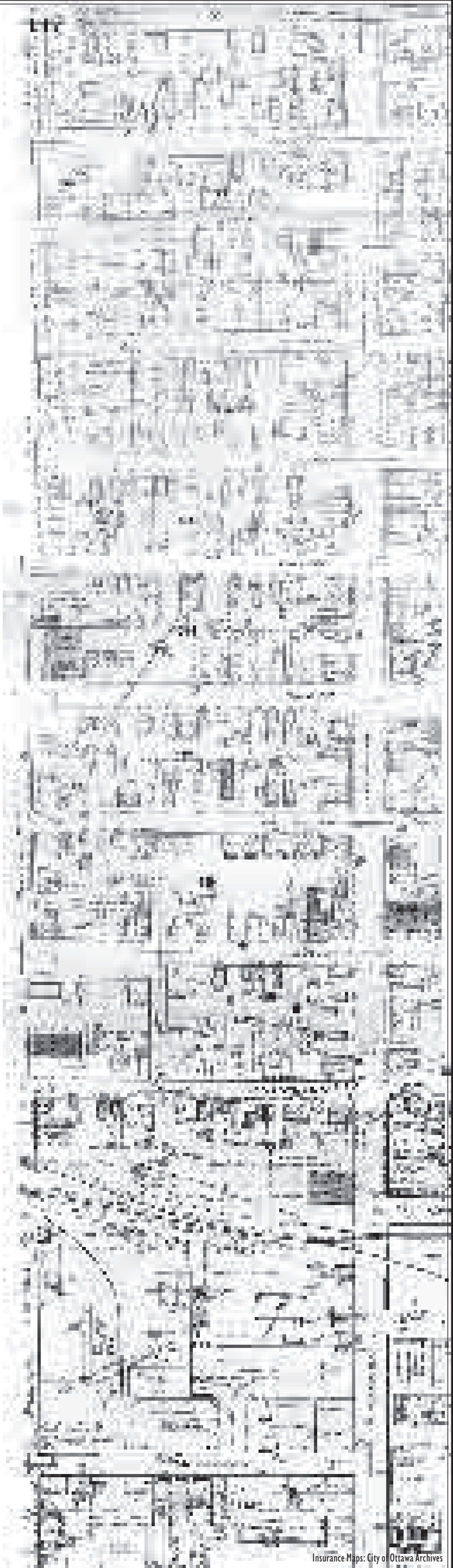


Notice the sharp rise from 1948-1962. This is when most Italians found their way to Preston St.

Contest!

Do you know who lived at 410 1/2 Preston St. in 1941?
How about 189 Preston St. in 1943?

Send in all answers via email at informtion@ilpostinocanada.com and win a prize!!



Insurance Maps: City of Ottawa Archives

RAI INTERNATIONAL VERSO L'ULTIMO TRAGUARDO

di Ermanno La Riccia

Per rispondere alle tante chiamate ed agli appelli di tantissimi italiani del Quebec e fuori del Quebec che ci chiedono notizie dell'eventuale approdo di Rai International, 24 ore su 24, sugli schermi delle nostre televisioni, cercheremo di fare il punto della situazione.

In questi giorni ci è giunto un comunicato stampa in inglese dalla direzione di Telelatino dal titolo: « Telelatino Network Facts Sheet » col quale si cerca di mettere in evidenza il « disappointment » per delle informazioni che al dire degli autori del comunicato non sono vere. Infatti, circolano voci secondo cui l'unico modo per far arrivare Rai International su un canale straniero è quello di eliminare i programmi Rai da TLN. Facendo questo, asseriscono gli autori del comunicato, si cerca di far credere ai « 3,5 milioni di abbonati di Telelatino in Canada » che i programmi Rai ora trasmessi da Telelatino, cesseranno il primo di settembre 2003.

Presentemente, sempre secondo il comunicato, TLN diffonde i programmi Rai per 50 ore settimanali attraverso il Canada ai circa 3,5 milioni di abbonati. Ciò significa che circa dieci milioni di persone, ossia un terzo della popolazione del Canada vedono con piacere i programmi Rai su Telelatino.

Il comunicato rifà un po' la storia del servizio che Telelatino ha reso negli ultimi 20 anni alla comunità italiana e termina con una frase del presidente di TLM, Aldo De Felice che dice testualmente: « TLN è orgogliosa di aver provveduto per molti anni a trasmettere i programmi RAI e noi ci siamo impegnati ad assicurare che questa programmazione continui. »

A questo punto occorre dire che i fatti descritti nel comunicato riguardano soltanto gli italiani, perché Rai International trasmette soltanto in italiano allora Telelatino dovrebbe ridimensionare il numero dei suoi 3,5 milioni di abbonati in quanto, secondo l'ultimo censimento del 2001, il numero dei canadesi di origine italiana in Canada è di soltanto 1,272,835 inclusi anche i neonati, per cui far credere che i programmi della RAI siano seguiti da 3,5 milioni di persone ci sembra fuori di ogni immaginazione. Può darsi che TLN ce li abbia quei 3,5 milioni di abbonati ma stentiamo a credere che tutti guardano i programmi RAI che sono soltanto in lingua italiana.

E poi, è difficile credere che « migliaia di italiani » preferiscano le sette ore e passa di programmi giornalieri che offre Telelatino alle 24 ore su 24 che offre la RAI. Non crediamo che migliaia di italiani alimentino una situazione assurda come quella prospettata da Telelatino ammenocché non si ricorre alla disinformazione. Ed infine, lo sappiamo tutti, Rai International trasmette i suoi

programmi 24 ore su 24 in tutto il mondo ad eccezione del Canada.

Per ciò che riguarda la eventuale cessazione di tutti i programmi RAI trasmessi da Telelatino il primo settembre prossimo, non è una notizia campata in aria per deviare l'attenzione degli italiani ma è una verità ed a pronunciarla è stato il Direttore di Rai International, Massimo Magliaro, nel corso di due grandi assemblee di italiani organizzate a Toronto ed a Montreal e ribadita in un editoriale apparso qualche settimana fa sul Corriere Italiano a firma dello stesso Magliaro. Secondo il Direttore di Rai International, la decisione è « del Consiglio di Amministrazione della Rai di considerare chiusa la prospettiva di collaborazione con la Corus.. » della quale fa parte Telelatino.

Secondo quello che lo stesso Magliaro dice, oggi la risoluzione di questo problema è nelle mani della CRTC, l'ente canadese che concede i permessi per le trasmissioni radio-televisive. Lo scorso mese di aprile Rai International, appoggiata dalla Rogers, lo sponsor per la trasmissione via cavo, ha fatto domanda alla CRTC per ottenere il permesso di creare il canale Rai-International per trasmettere programmi in lingua italiana 24 ore su 24. Se la CRTC darà il permesso prima del primo settembre, gli stessi programmi oggi trasmessi da TLN e molto di più, potranno essere visti sul nuovo canale della Rogers e di Videotron.

L'11 luglio scorso sulla Gazzetta Ufficiale è stata data ufficialmente notizia dalla CRTC della domanda per un nuovo canale di Rai International. Da quel giorno sono iniziate le audizioni che avranno la durata di un mese. Ciò significa che in questo periodo potranno essere presentate lettere di appoggio e adesioni per giustificare la richiesta di un canale esclusivo di Rai International. A tal proposito le varie comunità sparse nelle varie città canadesi, da Montreal a Toronto, da Ottawa a Calgary e Vancouver, coordinate dai vari Comites e associazioni italiane, hanno indetto una gigantesca sottoscrizione in appoggio alla venuta in Canada di Rai International. Per cui tutti gli italiani che desiderano che Rai International arrivi anche in Canada sono invitati a dare la loro adesione mettendo la loro firma sugli appositi moduli oppure inviando lettere di adesione alla CRTC. Ricordiamo che il termine è il prossimo 11 agosto.

L'ambasciata d'Italia ad Ottawa nonché i vari consolati italiani sparsi sul territorio canadese hanno dato piena adesione a questa iniziativa che insieme a capi di federazioni di associazioni e ad importanti personalità politiche, tra cui la senatrice Marisa Barth, il

presidente dell'Assemblea Nazionale del Quebec, Michel Bissonnett, il deputato Massimo Pacetti e tanti altri chiedono la necessità per la nostra comunità che venga Rai International.

Ma non tutto fila liscio. Secondo il presidente del Comites di Montreal, Giovanni Rapanà, la disinformazione continua procurando non pochi danni e molta confusione. Egli ha indirizzato una lettera all'ambasciatore d'Italia ad Ottawa, Dott. Marco Colombo, ed un seconda lettera al Segretariato Generale della CRTC e per conoscenza all'On. Tremaglia, Ministro per gli Italiani nel mondo; ai membri del CGIE, al Direttore di Rai International ed a tutta la stampa parlata e scritta con le quali deplora il comportamento di Telelatino che va diramando, tramite comunicati televisivi, informazioni come « étante de fausse représentation e non permise par les règlements de la politique du CRTC. »

Come si può constatare la battaglia per Rai International continua e i toni incominciano ad aumentare di volume. Ma prima di arrivare ad uno scontro frontale noi siamo del parere che ormai Rai International è una necessità sentita dalla stragrande maggioranza degli italo-canadesi. Ma siamo anche del parere che Telelatino, pur se non avrà più i programmi della Rai da trasmettere, ha ancora un ruolo importante da svolgere in seno alla Comunità Italiana del Canada. Dovrebbe occuparsi di creare programmi locali, che riguardino le attività della Comunità Italiana del Canada. E si badi bene che non esiste soltanto la comunità banchettara che mostra la sua vitalità dietro un piatto di lasagne ed un bicchiere di rosatello, ma esiste anche una comunità dinamica, che lavora progredisce e si afferma in tutti i campi, capace di parlare e scrivere ancora nella lingua di Dante e di fare cose notevoli. Ed allora, se si ama veramente la cultura italiana perché non dare dei servizi più ampi a questa comunità?

Attualmente nei programmi televisivi di TLN spesso si parla di cultura italiana, cosa che non accadeva in un recente passato, ebbene, è il momento di mettersi alla prova e dimostrare con i fatti che la Comunità può seguirla anche su sentieri diversi da quelli dei programmi Rai.

Un esempio di questa vitalità l'ha raccolto la CH Canale 14 di Montreal che con i tre programmi locali in lingua italiana sta vivacizzando la comunità tanto che tra qualche mese gli stessi programmi saranno trasmessi anche su canali satellitari che li irradiano in tutto il Canada.

Correction from last month's issue:

Photo Credits due to **Giovanni**:
“look who’s reading il postino” (Ambassador Colombo et. al.),
Pomeriggio Italiano, Back Page: bottom left and bottom right,
one up, were also photos taken by Giovanni.

Thank you to the **City of Ottawa Archives** for their cooperation during the research for the
“Who was Mr. Preston” article.
Chiara Mingarelli.

Una piacevole aggiunta

di **Giovanna Panico**

Con riferimento alla fotografia apparsa nel *Postino*, v.3, n.10, luglio 2003, p.4, “Piacevoli incontri”, le persone che circondano il poeta Emilio Francescucci (nella foto secondo da sinistra), vincitore del concorso letterario, indetto quest’anno dalla “Settimana Italiana 2003”.



Da sinistra: Lucio Appolloni, Antonello Mauriello, Giuliana Segarich e Giovanna Panico che, insieme a Leonardo Sbrocchi, Pierluigi Piovaneli, Anna Muzzi, Nella e Giorgio Comino, hanno fatto parte della giuria del concorso letterario.

This Month's Volunteers...



Grazie! Thank You! Merci!