
**IL VAGABONDO:
AN URBAN OPERA**



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IL VAGABONDO:
AN URBAN OPERA



Libretto
by
Glenn Carley



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Patrons of the Living Opera



Vincent and Leslie Colucci
Elaine Lithwick

Il Vagabondo is dedicated
to the Molinaros, the Mascitellis, the Strohs,
the Carleys, the Swedenborgians and the *Castropignani*
... and for Adriana, my daughter,
who was constantly present during the 'Installation'



*A Tale of Gusto and Enchantment, Adaptation,
Loss, Preserving the Old Ways of Making
a Life in Canada.*



**To the Enchanted Ensembles of
The Urban Opera:
How to Perform This Book.**



Gather with me, all Patrons of the Living Opera and we will sing together in the dialect of the love. Is not all opera about the life? Cannot the life be simple in its truth? Yes, life is not always about the fun, but there is fun in the life, when we can see it. Il Vagabondo wishes to see it with you and if you see it, you will become enchanted and when you are enchanted you will see the humanity.

Yes, this is a book, but what is a tale but a libretto in disguise? If you are tired or on the airplane, you may wish to read the thing to yourself. It is okay. It is better if you read him out loud, though, and become the performer. You are in the total freedom to do so.

An Urban Opera is an Installation Art and you are meant to be participant-readers on the stage of your own design. In this way, you complete the experience and open your imagination into the sweet melodies that lie deep within your cuore—your heart. I tell you this! You are part of the Installation Art and the work is truly complete if you perform her. Comprendi?

Like Il Vagabondo you do not have to be the good singer. All you have to do is recite either alone or together with your friends in “sing-speak (singspiel).” This is the basic unit of communication in all of the normal and the modern operas. When you have the time, perhaps you will go see them and know what I mean. They are so beautiful, yes, but you can do it on your own! In the hilltown, in the fields, tending sheep, gathering the wheat, to work is to sing ... and then rest and pass time.

I will give you the example.

Gather your friends together in your home, in your classrooms, in your book club, outside when you are camping,

anywhere you wish. You are performers in *Opera Della Casa*, the *Opera of the Home*, or *Opera Della vita*, the *Opera of the Life*, or *Opera Della scuola*, the *Opera of the School*. Do not sit.

To sing-speak is to read with a little music in your voice, like the chant. Perform the words, but do it with a little melody in it. Yes, it will seem silly at first. Yes, you have not trained for years and you are not the professional. Imagine you are in the shower or the car. This is all you need. Someone can read the address like the Puck in Shakespeare, or like the ancient messenger in the piazza of the hometown to gather you all around. Someone else can sing-speak the Stage Sequence. Then you can imagine where you are and why. Divide each part among you, double up if there is only one of you! Imagine the stage design in your mind because I am not the good drawer.

Il Vagabondo likes to warm up like a buffone.

Ripete (repeat after me) in the call and the response. This is *Installation Art*, remember? This is not the normal book. This is kinetic performance, and it is meant to be done, like you are in the ancient hill towns of your ancestors, no matter where they are or who they are. You do not have to be Italian. *Il Vagabondo* is not the Italian, but he loves his Italianioni. Especially, the mother—and the father-in-law in the story, and O yes, his sposa, his wife.

Like I say, ripete after me.

Il Vagabondo: La la la lay-O!

You: La la la lee-O

Il Vagabondo: La la la lay-O!

You: La la la lee-O

Il Vagabondo: La la la lay

You: La la la lee

Il Vagabondo: La la la lay

You: La la la lee

Together: (*sing with me, Bud!!*) La la la la lahhh/ la la la la la leeee/ la la la la la laaayyy/ la la la lee! (repeat till someone throws the shoe at you)

There, you see? You are how do we call it? You are “warmed up.” That is all you need to do. It is so easy. Bravo! Do not fight the enchantment. Encore!



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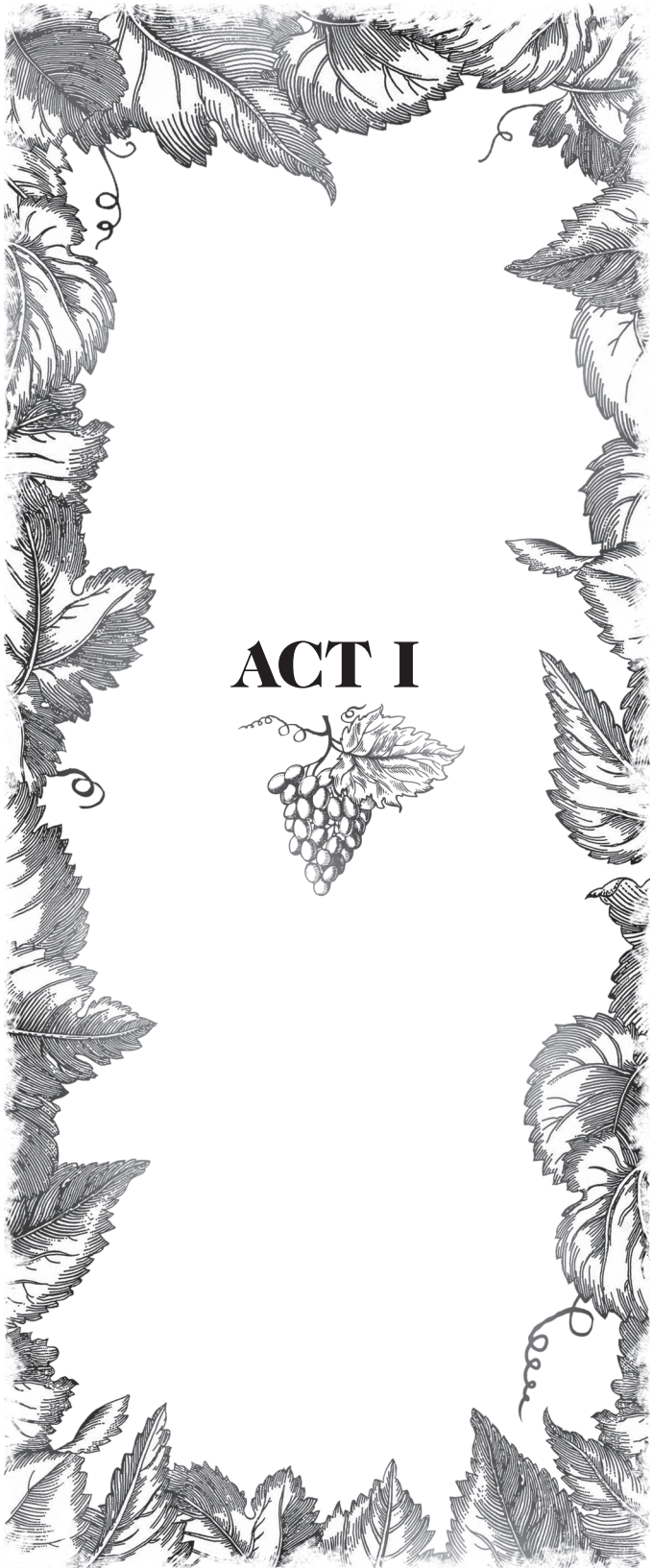
Signore e Signori, The Ladies and The Gentlemen
(an address to the audience of the Urban Opera)



Come with me to *Garibaldi's Court* and I will tell you
tales of gusto and enchantment.
We will sing, dance, laugh, cry and eat polenta at
midnight, al fresco.
I promise you homemade red wine and frittata.
Have some more! For me!
We will work hard, and then we will rest.
Always there will be the *lezione*: something to learn
and then something to eat.
Together we will sing in the living opera and, like
Il Vagabondo You will make a life too.



ACT I





ACT I: Scene 1

A Sauce-Making Tableau. Canto in red

(The English-speaking guy (Il Vagabondo) spends the day making sauce with the Italian-speaking guy (Garibaldi) and his landlady. Powerful memories of the mother-in-law are invoked. Ancient lessons are shared in the doing—The Instruction and not the Education. Cultural dissonance, so apparent, is bent like a sapling.)

Players:



Il Vagabondo—The English-speaking guy

Angelo/Garibaldi—The Father-in-law

Pasqua—The Mother-in-law (in spirit-form, a memory)

Santuzza—The Landlady

Maria (Vagabondo's wife)—offstage

[The scene opens in the present time. Il Vagabondo is invited to “La Scuola di Salsa” (sauce school), to make the tomato sauce by Angelo, The father-in-law and his landlady, Santuzza. He must drop everything and attend or forever be doomed to be an ill-fated cultural tourist. He is excited by the chance, but remembers the drama of his past, ‘red as fire’ and the memory of his departed mother-in-law, Pasqua, is invoked.]



Vagabondo: *(on the telephone)*

The tomatoes are ready? No!

I don't believe it!

(Exuberantly, to the audience)

It is not possible!

For months I send reminders

To this father-in-law and his landlady

I am captivated,

I am enchanted!

The state of gus-to/ Is the gate to paradiso

I must make la bella salsa with them.

I must make everything

for I ... am the student ...

of Salsa ... la scuola!

Angelo and Santuzza:

Could it be

that he is really interested

in the old ways?

He is young

and always in a hurry!

[Memory invites the time change and it is the past now. Pasqua, the mother-in-law and matriarch of the family, is alive and healthy. Il Vagabondo is summoned to 'help make the sauce' after playfully cajoling and blackmailing the elders with their grandchildren but he arrives late in the morning after a meeting at work. The in-laws are already cleaning up and hosing down the driveway. Vagabondo snarls in defeat. Pasqua takes pity and later sends a small colander, some tomatoes home with him and Maria, to crush. The death of Pasqua is foretold.]

Vagabondo: *(to the audience) (shrug shoulders, here)*

I will tell you:

I am ill-fated.

I am doomed.

Once, I made Maria tell her mother

Our Pasqua/ her Love

To invite me/ to make the sauce

Dio No! No Non!

Not to help/ but to make,

comprendi?

Do you not see?

Work through me/ to teach/ the children

Our halfbeeds must learn/ This spirit/ of their being.
 Eh? Do you want them/ to lose/ the old ways?
 (It is my dialect act/ of love's sheer blackmail)
 Ha ha! / Bravo, / I break them,
 Pasqua, you comprendi!
 Grazie!

Pasqua: (*in spirit form, as memory*)
 We make it on giovedi
 You must come early

Vagabondo:
 Dio! I am not retired
 I must go to work!

Pasqua:
 Eh? What am I to tell you?
 When they are ready
 you have to go.

Vagabondo: (*to the audience*)
 O my geezis!
 I came as fast as I could!
 Broke the land-speed record
 Four-wheel skid/ into the curb
 of North York.
 Only to find
 the hose is out:
 The Old Guy squeegeeing,
 the clean wet concrete
 in front of the garage
 The plastic colanders and steel pots
 all on their sides.
 Dammit I hate my life!
 I came as fast as I could!
 Still/ they think/ I am/
 an Inglese tourist
 After all these years!

Pasqua:
 You have to do the sauce
 when the tomatoes are ready.
 Do not weep

I see it/ in your eyes
 I understand/
 Your need to learn
 Your need to love
 But we/ are not teachers
 We are/ how do you say it?
 We are doers
 You must be here/ to learn.

Vagabondo: *(to the audience, intimately)*

Canto: (Lament in blue light) “Season’s Pass”

Later in the month
 In the gentle ways of women
 Pasqua quells my spirit
 Brings my yearning in
 Through deep pools of her eyes
 She sent Maria home
 With the colanders, the pots, the hand grinder
 Two twenty litre pails,
 purple, like grapes/ Vin bon!
 And the lit-tle ba-by bush-el
 of the Pom-o-doro, so-red-as-fire.
 But this is not the real way
 Geezis/ I am sentenced/ to the hobby-way,
 Tour-i-si-mo ... class.
 Dio!
 Time passes.
 Death, she comes and goes
 I convince myself to give up
 To always be the tourist
 If you are lucky enough to be around
 or better? To live there?
 You may partake.
 Otherwise, you can forget it. *(shrug shoulders here)*

[The scene jumps back to the present time. The ‘Inglese’, the Canadian, gets a second chance and arrives early at the garage. He is immediately put to work by Santuzza. Angelo names him as Il Vagabondo for the first time, and Garibaldi’s Court is named.]

Vagabondo: *(on the phone)*

When do you want me there?

Santuzza:

You come in the morning,
 the nella mattina.
 Do not get up early
 you have such/ a long way/ to travel!

Vagabondo:

Seriously!
 Signora. What time do you start?

Santuzza:

You should be here
 by the 7:30/
 before/ it is too hot.

Vagabondo:

Perfetto! I will be there by 7
 Before the sun has time
 for the aqua sporca!

[Vagabondo arrives curb-side at the house in North York.
 The garage is a hive of activity. There are big tubs of tomatoes
 bobbing, newspaper and tomatoes spread everywhere, drying
 and ready.]

Santuzza:

Ahh! You are here!
 You are early. Good!

Angelo: (the father-in-law)

Oh-oh, Il Vagabondo is here!

Vagabondo: (with a flourish)

It is I.

Angelo:

You are on time.

Vagabondo: (with mock indignity and in pidgin Italian)

Dio, Signore
 Do you think/ that I am/ the tourist?
 I must inform you
 I have come to work/ not—how do you say it?—? To Talk!
 I am no Inglese parrot

I am no buffone
 I am not a jester
 Yes, I dropped out of Italian night school, once
 But I am here/ in the Redemption!
 I will show you/ how we work!

[Quickly, for it is their way, Vagabondo is put to work by Santuzza. Like "KP" duty he begins washing the tomatoes, drying, cutting out bad parts to prepare them for grinding.]

Vagabondo:

How do you know?
 Which tomatoes are good to buy?

Santuzza:

Ahh. A tomato is a tomato.
 They are all good.
 You just know

Vagabondo:

Signora! This is my first lesson:
 La Prima Lez-i-o-ne!
 They come in the morning
 They come in the evening
 They come in the middle of the day!
 I must watch for them
 O tell me when they are coming
 So, I can tell my Inglese friends
 "A tomato/ is a tomato/ You just/ know!"

[Vagabondo begins to lift the bushels of tomatoes to carry to the back.]

Santuzza:

No, Dio No!
 You do not carry them/ to the back!
 Put them on/ our little scooter
 Mio sposo built it
 To improve on the process
 The how do I say it? The macchina
 Never do for yourself/
 What the machine/ Can do/ for you.

[The action shifts to the back yard.]



ACT I: Scene 2

Variations on Red Peppers. “The Dance of the Mudcat”
(Magnifico! Garibaldi invites Il Vagabondo to return to his Court to make the Peppers. Lessons and sistemi abound! The seeds of making a life are sown. The cycle, cadence and trance of hard work are revealed.)

Players:



Maria

Adriana—Vagabondo & Maria’s daughter (offstage)

(Stage note: Choreography: This scene could be punctuated by an imaginary dance, or ballet by red clad spirits in slow, languid gyrations of motion, like fire flickering in the background, on stage, on a shimmering curtain and up the aisles of imagination. [i.e. The Dance of the Red Peppers] [This is a counterpoint to the sorrow-besotted and troubled blue demons, who appear at intervals, and to show that love finds its way in making a life as does grief.]

[The scene opens with a telephone call. Il Vagabondo is invited ‘to make the peppers’ in North York with Garibaldi and The Landlady. He knows as an outsider; he must have made an impression and the invitation to return is a gift of acceptance and understanding. The ancients know he is interested in being instructed.]



(The phone rings and one of the children answers it.)

Adriana:

O! Hi Nonno!
 Do you want/
 to speak to Mamma?
 Daddy? It's Nonno/
 He wants to speak to Vagabondo!

Vagabondo:

Canto: "If you can make the time, you come" (*andante,*
with excitement, expressive)

O Heavens to Betsy!
 Before I can breathe
 I am asked
 If you can make the time/ you come
 Am I interested, tomorrow?
 In coming to Santuzza's
 to make the Peppers?
 Incredibile!
 Magnifico!
 it is a—How do I say it?—
 A Miracolo!
 For the first time/
 I am invited
 without having to ask/
 to Pepper La Scuola!
 Come prima,
 piu di prima,
 I'm in love.
 What time/
 Do you want me there?
 Is it only/
 going to be hard work? /
 because I only like/
 to work hard.
 I don't believe it!/
 It is not possible
 They must have had/
 a lovely time.
 They actually compendi
 They know I am In-ter-ested
 in learning to be taught.
 It is the Instruction/

and not the Education.
 To decline the invitation?
 Would violate my Father's
 Rule G!
 And no-body knows/
 what-ever-that means.
 It must mean loyalty
 and it must mean love.
 A knowledge/
 that certain things/
 must be done.
 Otherwise?
 Do you not see the thing?
 You violate Rule G.
 I must make haste!
 Tidy up!
 Get a shave
 Play some jazz/
 in the car to celebrate.
 Mamma mia!
 I must leave time/
 for the drive thru acqua sporca!
 They want me for 8
 but I will make the time
 to be there at the 7!

[After all the fuss of the importance of arriving early and on time, Vagabondo sleeps in and arrives late. Nonetheless, Inglese patterns intact, he still makes the time for morning coffee at the drive-through; the aqua sporca (dirty water). He plays the free jazz of John Coltrane triumphantly as he drives south.]

Offstage: *(Decidedly non-Italian, imaginary jazz music plays. There is a pause and an iconic voice is heard)*

Drive Through:
 May I take your order?

Vagabondo:
 Large double double please
 and make it snappy/
 I'm late!

[Vagabondo arrives and enters into a playful dialogue with The Landlady. Garibaldi is busy in the morning shade of the backyard preparing the barbecues for roasting peppers. There is a large, functional BBQ for the ancient Italians and a “baby” BBQ for the Inglese. The Landlady gives a practical lesson on getting the coals right and imparts ancient knowledge to Vagabondo.]

Vagabondo and Santuzza: (*duet w/ Garibaldi at intervals*)
Canto: “The Instruction -not the Education!”

Vagabondo:

I am late!

Santuzza:

Oh, you are here!

Vagabondo:

It is unbelievable
 I cannot/
 believe it myself!
 You will not believe me/
 but I slept in!

Santuzza:

You are so funny!

Vagabondo:

As you can see/
 I have come for the hard work/
 Grazie, for inviting me/
 to Pepe La Scuola.
 I will not drop out today!

Santuzza and Garibaldi:

Ehh,
 We shall see!

Santuzza:

No, no An-g-e-lo/
 you don't do it like that! /
 you don't put the wood/
 in with the charcoal.

Now it will burn unevenly/
 Now we have to wait! /
 You are such a testa dura!

Vagabondo:

Dio Angelo! /
 What are you doing?
 You have been/
 taught wrong!

Garibaldi:

Eh, eh, eh ...
 It will be o-kay/
 Do not be/
 so nervous!

Vagabondo:

Holy Mackerel!
 Geezis! Santuzza
 Now I will look/
 for an old style/
 Bar-be-cue/
 at the yard sale

Santuzza:

Write that down!
 That is one thing I would like/
 to go to/ The garage sales
 but I don't need anything/
 and there is never/
 enough time to go!

Vagabondo:

If you go/
 look for Mio glasses/
 For me!
 I am so worried/
 when the last one breaks
 I can no longer drink/
 any more vino!
 It is a—come si dice—a tragedy!

Hey! (Eh?) Why does the Old Guy/?
 have the large Bar-be-cue
 and this baby/
 picolito one, is for me?

Santuzza:

It is because/
 you are learning.
 Now observe!
 You take the peppers/
 and prepare them
 like this!
 The key is not to/
 burn them too much!
 Then when you cook
 the pepper/
 It will not taste too good.
 Angelo!
 This is too black.
 What are you doing?
 Mamma Mia!

Angelo:

O-kay, O-kay
 Why do you peck me?

Vagabondo:

The embers
 are like the foundation
 of the house.
 If you don't/
 build the bottom right
 everything on top/
 will have the problem.

Santuzza:

Exactly!
 See? You understand.
 Good!
 I will leave you now. *(she disappears inside the house)*

[The Landlady goes inside and the men begin their work, fanning the fire and roasting the peppers. Later she will return with a banana and teach the next step in the process.]

Il Vagabondo *takes the time to ask about Pasqua and Garibaldi grows quiet and far off. He is not in the Instruction mode. Frustrated, Vagabondo sings an arietta to the audience of the living opera lamenting a cultural dissonance that nobody—how do you say it?—Yaks!*]

Vagabondo: (*an arietta*) (*He addresses the audience*)

Canto: “Why does nobody talk?”

We stand beside each other
 So busy together in our work
 Did you make the peppers
 with Pasqua? I ask.
 No, we never made them ...
 He says, just like that!
 No elaboration.
 No Conversation.
 A simple call and response,
 Then ... silence.
 O why does nobody talk?
 I come from a family
 of yakkers.
 I love to yak!
 My mother loved to yak
 I yakked with my brother
 and everything had to be said!
 I ask my wife, Maria
 Why does no one like to yak?
 Garibaldi won't yak
 Pasqua never yakked,
 Your Brother is so quiet
 We could spend
 forever in an afternoon
 and no one/
 would need to say a thing!
 You don't have to talk/
 to be together
 is her logical defense.
 Yes, we kiss,
 Yes, I love her/
 but sometimes/ it takes me years
 to understand the thing
 Sometimes?
 I tell you this!
 I still don't.



IL VAGABONDO'S SURTITLES
(shrug shoulders here)

Canto: The Speech (not the Language)
of Garibaldi's Court:

[Il Vagabondo *sings to his audience in the dialect of love.*]

Ahh, my friends. You are still here! Perfetto! Stretch. Stay with me a little bit. Return to your seats and then you can eat what you learned to make in our tales of gusto and enchantment. Did you know that you remain for the most importante lezioni and that you are all smarter than you look? Si! I don't know if you agree with me. I don't know if you don't agree with me, but I tell you this: Although it helps, it is not necessary to speak the language to speak to the people. There is a speech in the Court of Garibaldi that is deeper than whether or not you can merely *parle Italiano*. It is called speaking in the dialect of love. You do not need the lezioni of instruction to do this, no; you need the lezioni of the experience. If you love and are loved, if you can listen and be with and amongst happily, you will be able to comprehend the universal libretto. This I guarantee. You will not need a book to learn it. Yes, all of our green white and red dictionaries are importante but! (shake your closed fist here but remember what I told you) Do they teach you the life? Do they show you how to make the peppers or to stir the polenta at midnight? No, I think not. Sing with Il Vagabondo now, and wander forever into the enchanted speech of love in Garibaldi's Court. It is everything. Ciao. Arrivadello!!

(We speak now, in the dialect of love)

Act I Scene 1.
A Sauce Making Tableau. Canto in Red



- How do you say it?:** Phrase used to punctuate an important word in the conversation or phrase used to buy time in a conversation when your mind is not working quickly enough.
- salsa la Scuola:** a school of the experience not of the instruction
- old ways:** everything before 1957
- It is too much:** dramatic phrase punctuated by shrugged shoulder, usually left, and tilted head. English translation: what's the use?
- Lina:** English translation of *Maria Christina Pasqualina Molinaro*, my mother-in-law
- comprendi!:** complete and utter understanding, similar to the phrase Eureka, I get it!
- giovedì:** Try to learn the days of the week, they are pretty easy and you will use them a lot. Using these words increases self-esteem.
- mia moglie:** another easy word to build your romantic vocabulary
- “When they are ready, you have to go”:** usually associated with the ripeness of tomatoes and a prime example of Italian laws of the land.
- squeegee:** very *importante* outside tool to keep the garage and driveway clean after you frequently hose them down
- English tourist:** stranger in a strange land
- (cock your head to the left, open up your hands at the waist, tilt your face up and bring your mouth corners down):** Fundamental body language in an Italian household; easy to learn; after a decade, the movement will become reflexive and natural body punctuation; many variations on this movement, as in dialect
- vin bon containers:** Italian equivalent of duct tape; come in purple or white
- we have time to do it:** Italian dialect or code for: “if you don't come now, then forget about it, you will miss out”
- Perfetto!:** vocabulary builder; easy word to use that makes you feel dramatic
- garage:** *importante* place in the Court of *Garibaldi*; second in the trinity of sacred rooms
- tomato machine:** distinctive Italian tool; enchanting object d'art; time slows down when you turn it on

Il Vagabondo: endearing term of affection: the Tramp, the Wanderer, the rogue, the *brigande*

burlone: what you turn into when the language doesn't take after two decades

for it is their way: ancient rhythmic phrase, like plants always turning towards the sun

you just know!: ancient rhythmic phrase associated with gyres and cycles of the seasons



Il Vagabondo rescues his audience!

Ahh, you are still reading! It is so kind of you. You have such a passion to learn these things but ... I must tell you the segreto. If someone had only told it to me. Then ... I would not be such a burlone. (shrug shoulders here)

It depends how you like to do it, but do not work so hard. You are making me nervous. There is no need to read all of this. You are not in language la scuola. After all, does anyone read the dictionary all at once? No. Aspetta.

Eh, there is nothing to memorize in the Court of Garibaldi. You must simply be there. When things are ready to be done, they will be done. You will know. It is the Experience, not the Instructione.

You can come back and read this in the winter when it is cold and there is nothing to do outside.

So, for now, you must go. Make a life! That is the lezione. It is the way I have been shown so it is the way I show you. Everyone does it their own way. Remember?



la prima lezione: the first lesson of the morning; you are much more sophisticated when you learn to pull more than one word together; trust me on this

Inglese: genteel word for cake, aka *mangia* cake

bushels: Italian garden furniture

Garibaldi's Court: enchanted place of gusto and *felice*

Garibaldi: beloved leader of the people

Act I Scene 2.
Variations on Red Peppers.
The Dance of the Mudcat

“if you can make the time, you come”: The dialect of meaning; same as: ‘when they are ready, you have to go’ and ‘we have time to do it’ You are smarter than you look.

incredible, magnifico ... a miracolo: vocabulary builders; okay, I had to look up the word for miracle

Come prima: greatest love song ever written; may be sung with utter abandon at the back of a gondola for full effect

violate Rule G: ancient *Canadese* rhythmic phrase; in Italian: *violare regola G* if you must know

“Emmph”: translation unknown

“Eh, eh, eh”: see **Emmph**; probably **tsk tsk tsk**?

Come si dice?: proper usage of: *how do you say?* If you are fooling around substitute: how do you say it in your language? or I don’t know how you call it, in Italian; otherwise the formal usage is better practice

Mamma Mia!: dramatic phrase mostly used by women or in the company of women, slightly gentler than the blasphemous, Dio!

yakker; to yak: incessant talker involving things of various and questionable importance; *Canadese* phrase

flattened cornflake box: recycled Italian tool; frequently used on the top of sauce jars, before you close the top; keeps boxes uniform and stackable (i.e., never make just one box of sauce)

“You don’t want to waste anything,”: ancient Italian *lezione* and maxim in *Garibaldi’s* Court

... like old, bent red men in the piazza: how we all feel standing up in the square after an afternoon of playing *scopa* and drinking *benezine*

bella giornata: vocabulary builder; usage: after you greet a neighbour, say “it is a *bella giornata*.” If they see you first and say “*e una bella giornata*”, the correct response is: *Ah si, si!* and then go inside the house quickly in case they say something more in Italian.

I feel the Order: vaguely like the feeling at a car wash of having your wheels grabbed, your steering wheel turned and your car pulled forward. Not unpleasant

Act VI Scene 2. Venus de Gnocchi



- we get old and we get sore:** cross cultural and empathic understanding between people
- nice and smooth-like:** smooth
- (I can't believe you take such an interest in these things):** the delight expressed by elders when young people enjoy being with them to pass time
- pressing and rolling:** action required to evoke snake stories or to make *gnocchi*
- snake stories:** fun to collect; of and pertaining to repetitive stories and acute listening for detail; see **First job**
- Can you sing: Over the Hill and Far Away?:** Irish dialect meaning your voice is out of tune
- That was her job, not his:** ancient rhythmic understanding of the way life goes; the living opera; fun to behold and to tease; see *Inglese butterfly effect*
- rapini:** child repellent
- pied piper of gusto:** the act of scraping anything off a small cutting board slowly into hot water or sauce when cooking
- Welland:** Toronto south west
- ricotta:** I read somewhere that this is what friends of angels serve their children
- Highway 400:** fastest way to Italian Day Festival at Wonderland if you are late

Act VI: Finale and Curtain



- The drama of la famiglia is the prima drama:** The Living Libretto in the Court of *Garibaldi*
- The wine is for you and for me:** Come, stay a while, be happy
- the savory and the sage:** secret *Inglese* spices in meatloaf and turkey dressing; favoured foreign food of my Italians.
- rubber bands:** ancient marking system used to tell the difference between the sauce jars that have the hot peppers in them and the ones that don't
- a tragedy:** making a large pot of sauce that the children won't eat because the rubber bands broke and you didn't know you were cooking three jars of hot sauce

Your house will smell so good: the enchanted scent of the Italian home

Ciao: the phonetic *Inglese* spelling of the word is *chow*; curious proof, without a shadow of a doubt, that the person has never met an Italian; embarrassing; worse than a *buffone*

(Perfetto. Now, you know)

About the Author



Glenn Carley is a writer and poet who lives in Bolton, ON. Previous books include the creative nonfiction *Polenta at Midnight* (Vehicule Press, 2007); short stories in *Italian Canadians at Table* (Guernica Editions, 2013) and *Good Enough from Here*, an arctic memoir (Rock's Mills Press, 2020). He is a regular contributor (fiction, non fiction, poetry) to *Accenti Magazine* (2018-present). Glenn has four books coming out in the 2021 calendar year: the libretto *Il Vagabondo: An Urban Opera* (Guernica Editions); *Jimmy Crack Corn, A Novel in C Minor* (Rock's Mills Press), along with two children's books, coauthored with and illustrated by his son Nick Carley: *The Long Story of Mount Pester* and its sequel, *The Long Story of Mount Pootzah*. (Rock's Mills Press).

