



Anno IX—Numero 35

June 2009

Andrea Salati is Gioi's New Mayor

LISTA n°1	LISTA n°2
Andrea SALATI nato a Gioi il 10 luglio 1947 (candidato alla carica di Sindaco)	Leopoldo ERRICO nato a Gioi il 27 agosto 1949 (candidato alla carica di Sindaco)
Ernesto BIANCO nato a Salerno il 27 ottobre 1976	Carmelo D'AMATO nato a Schworstadt (Germania) il 14 maggio 1955
Enza GOGLIUCCI nata a Gioi il 14 gennaio 1972	Giuseppe DI MATTEO nato a Gioi il 28 marzo 1946
Francesco GROMPONE nato a Gioi il 21 marzo 1954	Daniele D'URSO nato a Gioi il 4 novembre 1975
Angelino MANNA nato a Gioi il 1 ottobre 1953	Annino LONGO nato a Vallo della Lucania il 14 novembre 1958
Generoso MASTROGIOVANNI nato a Napoli il 10 gennaio 1960	Luca NESE nato a Vallo della Lucania il 20 luglio 1974
Carmine NASTASI nato a Gioi il 2 gennaio 1954	Agostino Rocco PALLADINO nato a Gioi il 20 maggio 1962
Nicola NASTASI nato a Vallo della Lucania il 29 marzo 1973	Annita PRINZO nata a Gioi il 1 maggio 1961
Florenzo PAGANO nato a Gioi il 18 giugno 1957	Giulio RIZZO nato a Gioi il 16 giugno 1956
Francesco PASCALE nato a Vimercate (MI) il 19 febbraio 1988	Marco RIZZO nato a Salerno il 6 aprile 1980
Carmelo Anello RIZZO nato a Gioi il 23 ottobre 1960	Valerio RIZZO nato a Roma il 27 febbraio 1955
Carmine RIZZO nato a Salerno il 28 maggio 1972	Michele Nicola RUGGIERO nato a Gioi il 7 luglio 1973
Michele SCARPA nato a Gioi il 23 ottobre 1938	Giuseppe SCARPA nato a Gioi il 10 maggio 1976
Gioi, 23 maggio 2009	

In Italy, Municipal elections are held every five years and this year they took place in Gioi on June 6 and 7, 2009. Andrea replaces the outgoing mayor Leopoldo (Dino) Errico. Also elected as councilmen are the following individuals: Michele Scarpa, Enza Gogliucci, Pascale Francesco, Ernesto Bianco, Carmine Rizzo, Generoso Mastrogiovanni, Florenzo Pagano, Francesco Grampone, Dino Errico, Carmelo D'Amato, Valerio Rizzo and Giulio Rizzo. See the election poster left, for the complete list of candidates.

Rained Out PICNIC!



June 13th was not the best time to have a SOGNA PICNIC in NJ. It rained all afternoon. But, no one can call the SOGNA members quitters! Pictures below:



SOGNA
Quarterly

Inside this issue:

My Faith saved Me	2
Mario Torracca Dies	3
User Hostile Italian Bureaucracy	4
Romana D'Angelo Honored	4
Tonino Infante	5
American Falls in love with GIOI	6
Presepe by Antonello	6
GIOI was not Built all at Once	7
Letters	7

In Questa Edizione:

La Fede mi Salvò	3
Romana D'Angelo Onorata	4
User Hostile Burocrazia	5
Americano s'Innamora di Gioi	6
Lettere	7



Belle and Horace Gardner enjoying the exquisite cuisine by Carmelina Torraca, one of the best cooks in GIOL.



Horace Gardner and I remain friends. Often, we travel together including visiting Gioi and Italy.

Belle and Horace Gardner enjoying the Dolce Far Niente in GIOL.



My Faith Saved Me...Conclusion!

I checked in at the nearby Army's Hospital, where I was told that I would be hospitalized for three days to perform that liver biopsy as Russillo had planned. Later, I learned that about ten doctors were consulted on my case and all had agreed that the biopsy was the correct course of action.

As we know by now this action would have been fatal for me. But fortunately, one other doctor, a young 25 year-old captain still an intern at the Madigan General Army Hospital, took a keen interest in my case. Doctor Gardner concluded that I could not have an enlarged liver because according to my blood tests, my liver functions were normal, whereas an enlarged

liver should exhibit some functional abnormality. Furthermore, other than suffering from side pains, I was in good health and as a rule, a healthy individual does not have an enlarged sick liver. In his opinion, the only explanation that fit the symptoms was the presence of an extraneous object in proximity to the liver that gave it the appearance of being enlarged while causing side pains. Reviewing my history, Dr. Gardner learned that I grew up in the Mediterranean region where the echinococcal parasites are relatively common. He also knew that these parasites favor the liver as a host and produce a cyst full of a poisonous liquid. He concluded then, the penetrating needle performing the biopsy would

have ruptured the cyst cavity, allowing the liquid to escape in my blood stream and poison me.

It was a brilliant diagnosis that saved my life for the third time. The other doctors were skeptical of Gardner's diagnosis; but, he raised enough of a stink to force the cancellation of the biopsy. Instead, a liver scan was performed that indeed revealed a liver of normal dimensions displaced to the lower abdomen. As Gardner had suspected, the location where the liver normally resides, was occupied by a large

obscure mass later identified as the cyst. Had the biopsy been performed, the needle would not have penetrated the liver but the cyst occupying its place. A four hour exploratory operation was later performed and a three-liter large cyst was removed successfully. *The young 25 year-old intern had saved my life!* I remained in the hospital for the remainder of 1966 when, at the end of the year I was transferred back to Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri and later in September 1967 back home to New Jersey, discharged from military service.

The nine months spent in the hospital kept me out of the war, gave me the opportunity to improve my English, take the necessary classes required to complete High School and be admitted to engineering school. With the financial aid of the GI Bill, I started college right after returning home, September 1967. Five years later, thanks to my cyst and to the US Army, I was a whole new person. Having earned a BS and a MS in EE, with a job as an electrical engineer, I felt like being at the top of the world and *I was!* considering where I had started before being drafted. Becoming an engineer was a dream-come-true, an unattainable dream that I had fantasized since my early teens knowing well that it would never happen. It was my own Cinderella story gone from rags to glory and yet... it was only the beginning of a wonderful life full of good fortunes. Best of all, it was during my college years that I met a magnificent woman who continued to shape and enrich my life, a woman whom I still love with all my heart after 37 years of marriage and two terrific daughters.

Then in conclusion, am I alive today because of a miracle or mere coincidences? The third time my life was saved by the brilliant diagnosis of Horace Gardner. The second time the Army draft prevented Dr. Russillo from performing that potentially fatal biopsy. But, there is no doubt that July 1st, 1963, my faith saved me.

Horace Gardner and I remain friends, he proud of his accomplishment and I thankful for having been saved. Often we travel together including visiting my home town of Gioi and Italy.

SEVERINO

La Fede Mi Salvò ...Conclusion!

Fortunatamente, il Dottor Russillo non si affrettò a eseguire la biopsia quando il 15 settembre, 1965 fui chiamato al servizio militare a causa della guerra del Vietnam. Fu un evento miracoloso che mi portò via da Russillo, prevenendo quell'intervento fatale. Parlando di miracoli, appena entrato nell'esercito, i dolori laterali svanirono (almeno temporaneamente) e mi sentivo molto meglio. Nel frattempo dalle caserme di Fort Dix in New Jersey, fui trasferito ovest a Fort Leonard Wood nel Missouri e poi a Fort Lewis sulla costa del Pacifico in attesa di partire per il Vietnam. Fu durante la residenza a Fort Lewis, nel Febbraio 1966 che i dolori al lato destro ritornarono. Ammesso all'ospedale militare Madigan General Hospital, mi fu detto che sarei stato trattenuto per tre giorni per eseguire la biopsia al fegato come Russillo aveva prescritto. Seppi più tardi che una diecina di medici militari arrivarono tutti alla stessa conclusione. Sarebbe a dire che confrontati con un fegato anormalmente grande, senza capirne la causa, la biopsia era l'intervento logico per chiarire le cose. Questa procedura sembrava ovvia; ma fortunatamente, oltre ai dieci medici, un altro interessato nel mio caso fu un giovane internista capitano medico di soli venticinque anni, Horace Gardner. Gardner fu l'unico dissidente a concludere che la biopsia mi sarebbe stata fatale. Dedusse così:

Sebbene il fegato appariva di essere ingrandito, in verità non lo poteva essere perché secondo gli esami di sangue, esibiva funzioni normali mentre un fegato ingrandito, non può avere funzionare normali. Inoltre, eccetto che per i dolori laterali io ero in perfetta salute. Allora, la sola interpretazione giusta di questi sintomi, era la presenza di un oggetto estraneo attaccato al fegato in modo da farlo apparire più grande del normale e causare i dolori che provavo. Gardner sapeva che nel bacino Mediterraneo, dove ero cresciuto, il parassita echinococco era relativamente comune e che questo parassita spesso si allaccia al fegato creando una ciste contenente un liquido velenoso. Allora l'intervento biopsia avrebbe perforato la ciste permettendo il veleno a contaminare la circolazione del sangue. Fu una deduzione brillante che mi salvò la vita per la terza volta. La biopsia non fu eseguita; invece fui soggetto a un'operazione esplorativa che durò quattro ore. La ciste fu rimossa e restai

in convalescenza nell'ospedale per altri nove mesi quando alla fine del 1966 fui trasferito di nuovo a Fort Leonard Wood e in fine, in Settembre 1967 tornai a casa, licenziato dal servizio militare.

Durante la lunga convalescenza ebbi l'opportunità di studiare intensamente. Imparai bene l'Inglese e tramite dei corsi offerti sulla base militare, completai la scuola secondaria (High School) e fui ammesso all'università che incominciai a frequentare una volta licenziato il Settembre del '67 con l'assistenza finanziaria della borsa di studio militare, GI Bill. Grazie alle ciste e all'esercito americano, nove anni dopo il memorabile Primo Luglio 1963, ero tutto un'altro individuo. Avendo conseguito due lauree, Bachelor e Master, lavoravo da ingegnere elettronico, qualcosa che sognavo da piccolo ma che ritenevo inottenibile. Il meglio di tutto però fu di aver incontrato una donna splendida che ancora adoro dopo trentasette anni di matrimonio.

Miracolo o coincidenza? La terza volta, fui salvato dal talento di Horace Gardner. La seconda volta, ebbi la fortuna di essere chiamato al servizio militare e non essere sottomesso alla biopsia dal Dottor Russillo. Non c'è dubbio però, che quel primo Luglio 1963 fu la fede che mi salvò!

PS. Io e Horace Gardner siamo restati amici, lui fiero della sua diagnosi ed io riconoscente di essere vivo. Spesso viaggiamo insieme. In fatti, due anni fa visitammo insieme Gioi e l'Italia.

SEVERINO

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Foto a pagina 2. Horace e Belle Gardner visitano Gioi. Sopra, disgustano la cucina squisita di Carmelina Torraca. Giù, un momento di pausa lungo una strada di Gioi.

MARIO TORRACA



In Loving Memory

Dear Fellow Gioiesi,

It is with great sadness that I say goodbye to my father. I will miss that unquenchable smile and unending humor. Like many of his generation he instilled in me the values of hard work and community. There are too many memories to recount but what I will most miss is seeing the joy in his eyes from being my children's grandfather. *Ciao Papà!*

GIANPIERO TORRACA



The User Hostile Italian Bureaucracy—My quest to regain my Italian citizenship. (Part 5)

It is nice to have friends in high places!

While describing my incredible experiences to my sister Romana, she said maybe she could help. Romana is the same sister whose friend, years earlier had rescued me in Rome in the missing passports incident. It appears that Romana has friends in every strategic place including the citizenship department of the Italian consulate at Los Angeles. Romana said to give her friend a call. "I am sure that she will be able to help." She added. I called Romana's friend at the consulate, but she was not in and the person answering said that she could not assist me anyway since she had been transferred to the pension department and was no longer involved with the citizenship applications. So, I let it go at that thinking that's too bad. It would have been nice to get some help.

In the meantime, the 15th of January 2003 was approaching. This is the date when my application should have returned from Rome as Raffaella Buiano had said two months earlier. Not expecting her to contact me, I decided to follow-up with a call and ask if we were ready to move on to the next step consisting of applying for the residency visa. Surprising, she said come in, we can proceed now. So I went back to the consulate to pick up whatever document I needed from the citizenship department and walk over to visa department to start the residency application.

While I was there awaiting, I thought why not say hello to my sister's friend. Minutes later, I looked over at the citizenship window and both, Raffaella and Romana's friend whom I will call Lavinia, were at the counter to greet me. Lavinia recognized me immediately. She remembered me from my sister's wedding of ten years earlier; she said.

Friendly, enthusiastic and ready to help, she added that although now she was working in the pension department, she had handled citizenship applications for years and knew all the rules. What a difference two months had made! During my previous visit in November, I felt like a suspect accused of a capital crime in a police station interrogation room. Now, I was being welcomed with open arms. Regaining my citizenship did not require living in Italy for one year or for any length of time, said Lavinia. Get the residency visa from here; bring it to the *questura*

(police station) of Salerno in Italy. The *questura* will in turn issue me a residency permit in Italy. Take that to city hall in my home town in Italy and I will quickly be issued my citizenship document. Finishing her explanation to me, before going away, she turned to Raffaella Buiano and said: "He is a very good friend of mine. Take good care of him."

Was I dreaming? Was this the same place where I was royally scolded just two months earlier? Why the change of rules? Why suddenly it was no longer required living in Italy for a year? Was this a secret Italian law specially designed for friends of friends? And above all who was Lavinia? Could she be the same lady who had treated me so shabbily before? I have a terrible memory for faces and I could not say if she was or wasn't. On one hand she had to be. The other lady was also in the process of handing over the citizenship department to Raffaella. But then, she recognized me now; why did not she recognize me before. Although she did not remember, maybe Romana had talked to her in the meantime. All these questions came to mind while I remained perplexed and pleasantly surprised. Clearly, having friends in the right place still made a big difference. Although admittedly, this time no provolone or lamb exchanged hands!

Raffaella Buiano, no longer treated me as the "impostor" of two months earlier, was now my best friend. She went inside and came out with those forms and documents processed two months earlier that allegedly had been sent to Rome. Surprise! They never went anywhere. Raffaella said: "I kept them on my desk till now awaiting for you to return for your visa application." I still cannot figure this thing out. Was she telling me this because we were friends now? Had I not been my sister's brother, would she have said instead the documents had just returned from Rome?

Along with the change of rules on the one year stay in Italy no longer being required, one can understand my confusion. Or maybe not; this is the Italian bureaucracy at its best. This story is proceeding better than I expected; or worse if one cares to feel sorry for me! Regarding the change of heart on the one year Italian residency, she explained a provision in the law that allows the one year to be spent in the US or elsewhere as long as one year goes by from the date of my application, November 15, 2002. This is all good. But why did this not apply to me just two months earlier when I was not yet a friend? I did not get this far with the questioning. I gathered my documents and left to start phase II.

Next episode: The Fun continues with the Visa Application.

SEVERINO

Romana D'Angelo Bracco is Honored by the National Italian American Foundation

May 27, 2009, at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, Romana and husband John Bracco were honored along three other Italian American luminaries. They are Federico Faggin, co-inventor of the microprocessor, the chip that is at the heart of every personal computer; Giacomo Marini and Pierluigi Zappacosta, recognized for their outstanding achievements in business and technology.

Among many other life long achievements, Romana, having already been honored by the president of Italy with the titles of CAVALIERE and COMMENDATORE, boasts some "firsts" of her own. She is the first woman since 1916, to become President of the Board of Directors of Italian American Community Service Agency. In addition, she was one of the very first women to be appointed manager by Alitalia.



Romana D'Angelo Bracco è Onorata dalla National Italian American Foundation

Il 27 Maggio, 2009, al Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, Romana e il marito John Bracco sono stati onorati insieme ad altri tre Italo-Americani luminari. Federico Faggin, co-inventore del *microprocessore*, la chip che è oggi al cuore di ogni computer, Giacomo Marini è Pierluigi Zappacosta sono stati riconosciuti per l'enorme successo che hanno avuto nel campo di business e tecnologia.

Romana, essendo stata già premiata dal presidente della Repubblica con i titoli di Cavaliere e Commendatore, vanta dei primati suoi propri. È la prima donna presidente della *Board of Directors* dell' *Italian American Community Service Agency* e una delle prime donne promosse dall' Alitalia alla posizione di manager durante i suoi 25 anni di servizio per la linea aerea.

La User Hostile Burocrazia Italiana—In cerca di riacquistare la Cittadinanza Italiana. (Parte 5)

È Bella Avere Amici Importanti!

Descrivendo l'incredibile corso d'eventi a mia sorella Romana, mi disse che forse mi avrebbe potuto aiutare perché aveva un'amica nel reparto cittadinanza al consolato italiano di Los Angeles. Romana è la stessa sorella che mi fu utile qualche anno prima all'aeroporto di Roma nell'incidente dei passaporti smarriti. Appare che Romana ha amici ovunque uno li richieda. "Falle una telefonata, e vediamo che dice." Romana aggiunse. Feci la telefonata al consolato, ma l'amica non c'era. E poi, disse quello che rispose al telefono, lei non è più in carica del reparto cittadinanza ma a quello delle pensioni. Peccato, pensai abbandonando l'idea, mi sarebbe stato utile avere un conoscente nel posto giusto.

Nel frattempo, arrivava il 15 di Gennaio, 2003 quando i documenti sarebbero dovuto essere ritornati da Roma come mi aveva detto la signora Buiano due mesi prima. Non aspettandomi di essere chiamato da loro, decisi di chiamare io a lei e chiedere se era ora di proseguire con il visto di residenza. Sorpreso dalla risposta positiva, mi disse, si vieni e procederemo. Così tornai al consolato per prendere i documenti necessari dalla signora Buiano e portali al reparto Visto.

Mentre ero lì ad aspettare, pensai perché non salutare l'amica di mia sorella. Minuti dopo, dando uno sguardo al finestriello delle cittadinanze, vidi entrambi, la signora Buiano e l'amica di mia sorella (che d'ora in poi chiamerò Lavinia), sorridenti mi fecero cenno di avvicinarmi. Lavinia mi ricordò avendomi già incontrato al matrimonio di Romana dieci anni prima, mi disse. Cordiale, entusiasta e accogliente, pronta a fare il possibile per assistermi con le procedure, disse che sebbene adesso fosse assegnata la reparto pensioni, era stata incaricata dal reparto cittadinanza per anni e conosceva tutte le regole. Che differenza due mesi avevano portato! All'appuntamento di Novembre mi sentii trattato come il sospetto di un crimine capitale interrogato della pulizia. Adesso, ero accolto con braccia aperte.

Per quanto riguarda riacquistare la cittadinanza, non è necessario trasferirsi in Italia per un anno secondo mi fu detto due mesi prima; disse Lavinia. Fatti fare il visto di residenza qui al consolato. Portalo alla questura di Salerno. La questura ti rilascerà il permesso di residenza. Portalo al mu-

nicipio del tuo paese di Gioi dove in turno, ti daranno il documento di cittadinanza. Avendomi spiegato tutto, prima di andarsene si rivolse alla collega raccomandandole di trattarmi bene perché ero un suo caro amico.

Stavo sognando? Era allo stesso posto di due mesi prima? Perché il cambio delle regole? Perché non era più necessario risiedere in Italia per un anno? Era questa una legge segreta riservata agli amici degli amici? E più di tutto, chi era Lavinia? È lei la stessa che mi trattò così meschino due mesi prima? La mia memoria è così male che non ricordo nessuno anche se appena incontrato. Da un lato potrebbe essere lei perché l'altra donna come Lavinia stava per cambiare reparto. Ma poi, se lo era, perché non mi riconobbe la volta scorsa? Romana mi aveva detto che non era sicura di aver discusso la mia situazione con lei. Tutte queste domande mi tempestavano la mente mentre rimanevo perplesso e stupito. Almeno era chiaro che avere amici al posto giusto è un vantaggio enorme e questa volta non era stato necessario donare un provolone o un capretto!

Raffaella Buiano, non trattandomi più come l'impostore di due mesi prima, era adesso la mia migliore amica. Andò dentro e tornò al finestriello con i documenti che sarebbero dovuto essere stati inviati a Roma. In verità non avevano mai lasciato la sua scrivania. Tornò dicendo: Li ho conservati qui aspettando che tu fossi tornato per proseguire come hai fatto adesso. Allora perché mi aveva detto che dovevano essere spediti a Roma? Perché non facemmo due mesi prima quello che stavamo facendo adesso? Ancora oggi non capisco cosa sia accaduto. Come sarebbero andate le cose se mia sorella non fosse stata amica di Lavinia? Non ho mai capito il cambiamento di regole e rimango confuso oggi come lo ero allora. Una cosa è certa, stavo rivivendo l'estrema inefficienza della burocrazia italiana. A riguardo al dovere trascorrere un anno in Italia prima di ricevere la cittadinanza, mi fu spiegato che c'è una provvisione di legge che permette di trascorrere il periodo di un anno ovunque uno voglia, in Italia, in America o altrove.

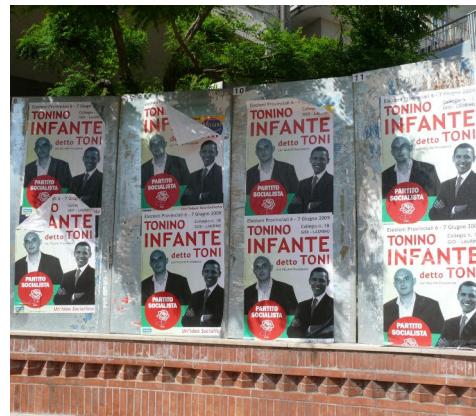
Questo è magnifico, ma perché questa legge non era conosciuta due mesi prima? Era perché non ero ancora riconosciuto come un "amico"? In verità, non ebbi l'opportunità di fare tutte queste domande. Raccolsi i documenti necessari e continuai ad andare al reparto visto per iniziare la seconda fase.

Prossimo episodio: [La saga continua con la domanda e l'acquisto del Visto di residenza.](#)

SEVERINO

Tonino Infante Runs for Political Office

Not to be confused with his American cousin Antonio Infante, Tonino lives in GIOI and he is a young man who makes all of us proud. He ran for provincial councilman in the province of Salerno. He did not get elected, but in my book, what matters is that he had the drive to try and do it. Because of that, he earns my deepest respect. See below his campaign posters that were plastered all over Gioi when I visited there last May. I never understood the reason why Obama in on the poster. Apparently, it was a decision made by the party organizers.



Tonino's other magnificent accomplishment is the writing and publishing of the book titled *Storie di guerra e prigione (Stories of War and Imprisonment)*. Written in Italian, it is a narration of WWII experiences of then Italian soldiers, Pietro Rizzo, Vincenzo Parrillo, Raffaele Ventre, Italo Grampone and Michele Scarpa. (This Michele Scarpa is not the same as the one just elected councilman.) *(Continued on Page 6)*

PICCOLA BIBLIOTECA
- 13 -

TONINO INFANTE

Storie di guerra e prigonia



Testimonianze di soldati cilentani deportati nel secondo conflitto mondiale

An America Artist falls in Love with GIOI

Neil Ledoux came to GIOI last May to paint idyllic scenes of the unspoiled country side, but once arrived in our remote little town, he was pleased to find a lot more *real nature* than he had anticipated. Here are his own words:

"I had the most wonderful time in Gioi, the best way I can explain my experience there was to say that everything was real. The tiles in the floor of every house was made of real stone, not linoleum, all the food was real food, not like the plastic food that I'm used to eating. Everything was like that, and the people were really nice, I made lots of new friends while I was there."

My days were filled with eating wonderful food, ... hiking the hillside and making lots of drawings of Gioi...I'd very much like to go back to Gioi next summer."



Above-With five beautiful Gioi's Girls!

Sopra-Con cinque belle ragazze di Gioi!

Right-Card Game at the Castello near the Chiosco.

Drawing by Neal Ledoux.

Destra-Il Gioco a Carte al Castello vicino al Chiosco.

Disegno di Neal Ledoux.



Un Artista Americano s'Innamora di GIOI

Neil Ledoux è venuto a GIOI il Maggio scorso per dipingere scene idilliche dei pristini vicinati e campagne di GIOI, ma una volta arrivato al remoto paese del Cilento, è stato piacevolmente sorpreso da tanta più *natura reale* di quanto si aspettasse. Ecco nelle sue stesse parole:

"Mi sono divertissimo tantissimo a Gioi. Il modo migliore per descrivere la mia esperienza li è di dire che tutto era vero. Le mattonelle sui pavimenti di ogni casa erano di vera pietra e non di linoleum. Il mangiare era cibo reale non come quella plastica che di solito mangio a San Francisco. Era tutto così. Con la gente schietta e cordiale o fatto un sacco di amici nuovi."

I miei giorni erano ripieni di mangiare cibo magnifico, camminare tra le campagne e fare molti disegni di Gioi. Vorrei tanto ritornare l'estate prossima."



Above-Neal and the "Master" Mario Romano in the church of San Nicola in restoration.

Sopra-Neal incontra il "Maestro" Mario Romano nella chiesa di San Nicola sotto restauro.

(Continued from Page 5)

Most poignant are the narrations by Pietro and Raffaele as prisoners of the Germans, abused, starved and subjected to forced labor under un-human conditions. I cannot imagine a worst kind of suffering.

During my visit in Gioi, last May I met all of the protagonist in the book except Italo Grompone who had already passed away. Since then, Michele Scarpa has died as well. Below is my picture with Pietro Rizzo taken in Gioi at the Castello. Due to the lung damage suffered during his forced labor at the hands of the Germans in the coal mines of



Czechoslovakia, he still speaks with a whispering voice. The book is a masterpiece.

Congratulazioni Tonino! Il libro è un capolavoro.

SEVERINO

Presepe by Antonello Errico

Antonello is a master at making small *Presepi* like the one in the picture below still under construction. He will custom make one for you for just a few hundred Euros. His address is: Via Pontella, 26, 84056 GIOI (Salerno)



Those familiar with the ancient ruins of Gioi, are aware of the existence still today, of the medieval wall encircling the town and a fortress (*Castello*) located at the highest point in town. Mistakenly, I thought that the wall and the *Castello* as we see them today, were built together at about the year 1000. Not so fast, says Ernesto Bianco, archeologist and newly elected councilman. In his book (see cover here) Ernesto documents that Gioi arrived to this configuration in three stages. The



Guide ai borghi antichi del Parco Nazionale del Cilento e Vallo di Diano

Gioi Cilento

earliest known records go back to 1134, he writes. It was around this time that the Normans (*Normanni*) built the *Castello* and a small encampment surrounding it. See tight diagonal lines on upper left of the map . According to Ernesto, The Lombards (*Longobardi*) had built an earlier structure on the site of the *Castello*, but were the Normans who erected the fortress and the ruins still standing today. Later the Svevi, constructed the first wall on the south side between *porta ovest* and *porta est* on the map. The enlarged town at this time, occupied the area within all the diagonal lines. The final expansion of the town within the perimeter punctuated by the existing towers and remains of the wall, came later still, at the hands of the Anjou (*Angioini*). The numbers along the town wall from 1 to 14 are the locations of defensive towers. Location 8 and 9 are square towers; all the others are round. The book by Ernesto Bianco is excellent and it can be found at the library on *Piazza Maio*.

SEVERINO



Above-Location of *Porta Est*. Ernesto Bianco (center) explaining the history of Gioi.



Left-Location of *Porta Ovest*, south of San Eustachio church.



Below-Ernesto discussing the origins of the *Castello*.



Some Letters from Readers

Che c'e da dire!. Come sempre, tu, e mio cugino Enzo, avete creato una gemma afflussa di emozione che viene dal cuore!

JOHN P. MARMORA

La mancanza di Enzo da questa edizione è perché è stato un po' ammalato. Per fortuna si è già completamente recuperato e lo risentiremo al più presto.

Enzo's articles are missing from this issue because he has been a bit sick; but the good news is that he is fully recovered. He will be back soon.

We miss you Enzo!

SEVERINO

I just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed your biography in last month's notice. You have much to be thankful how wonderful for you that you excelled in your field and have contributed so much to this country. You have been truly blessed. I want to also wish you a very happy "65" hard to believe where does the time go?? Keep up the good work with SOGNA we all appreciate it. Much Aloha,

HELEN PAGLINAWAN AND FAMILY

PS: Helen writes to us from Hawaii. Thank You and enjoy the good weather!

I always enjoy reading your newsletters. They are not only informative but also very heartwarming. You spoke about faith saving you in this newsletter and I can truly relate to it. I read something recently that stated "When God takes something from you, He's not punishing you, but merely opening your hands to receive something better." I feel this is so true. I also believe that through prayer, anything can be accomplished. I remember when I was pregnant with my third child (after having a C-section with my second child), my primary doctor said he would let me try natural delivery but one of the other doctors insisted that due to the way I was cut, it would not be advisable to try to deliver naturally because I could split open the scar tissue and kill not only myself but also my unborn child. There is, however, a background as to why I didn't want to have another C-section. It brought back a lot of unpleasant memories. After having the C-section, the night I came home from the hospital, my father, who I was very close to, passed away. Mentally, I didn't think I could go through another surgery after having so many bad vibes. The morning my water broke and I went into the hospital, the doctor examined me and said I had a way to go. Later when he came in to check me, he said that if I wasn't ready within the next 1/2 hour, he was going to do another C-section. I freaked out. I was in a Catholic hospital (St. Vincent's) and there was a crucifix on the wall. I prayed diligently to God to get me through this situation. Within 15 minutes, I was crowning and ready to deliver the baby naturally. God is good and answers our prayers.

GLORIA MASTRONE

[Pictures by Neal Ledoux](#)

**Below-Taken from San Nicola's Campanile.
Left-Panorama from the cell phone tower.**



Dinner/Dance will be Saturday, October 24, 2009 at La Reggia. Details in the next Issue.

SOGNA Quarterly

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FIRST CLASS

Elvira Pagano

(On front of her house in GIOI on Piazza S. Nicola.)

(Davanti a casa a GIOI su Piazza S. Nicola)