

ADULT FICTION

POETRY – ITALIAN

SWA-PY-IT1 Italy 2004

DOLINA

SW – Classical – Baroque – Choral – Vocal & Instrumental

Poet: Marcello FRALINI ([LY-CL2](#))

Mus. Comp: Mario BUGAMELLI

Perf: Andrea ZUCCOLA (reader in Italian)

Prod. Co: Nota; Udine, Italy

Liner Notes: Stefano Sacher

Time: 0:49

CD: IN CANTO

Nota CD519 (Tk 10)

Notes: Regarding this work we are told – “...the words by Marcello Fralini, author of ‘Dolina,’ on music of Mario Bugamelli (1905-1978), a melancholic and personal tribute to the stony and green hill around Trieste, that is the karst (Carso).” (Liner Notes) So clearly the word “dolina” here does not refer to a valley, but to a sinkhole in karstic limestone country.

Andrea Zuccola (see photo) solemnly reads this four stanza poem and then the choral sings it. In the first stanza the women sing the first two verses then the men repeat these same lines.

Stanzas 1 to 4 –

In un mare di pietre
l'aggio resta una dolina
dove un uomo lavora la terra
fra i colori dell'aurora.

Dopo tanto cammino
di prima mattina
è un riposo anche veder
il tenue verdi di questa tazzina.

All'orizzonte sorge la casetta.
il camino a destra vapora
e con l'occhio di vetro
brilla l'unica finestra.

Mente l'uomo ara
quel poco di terra
il cielo vicino
s'apre e si rischiara.

In a sea of stones
there remains a sinkhole
where a man works the land
between the colors of the dawn.

After such a long journey
early in the morning
is also seeing a rest
the soft green of this cup.

On the horizon the cabin rises
the fireplace on the right fumes
and with the eye of glass
Shines the single window.

Mind the man [*altar*]
that little bit of land
the sky near
Opens up and you will lighten.

For further information on the choral singing see under Classical Music – Baroque – Dolina – [CL-BA3](#).

Ref: Anon; 2011, Coro Claudio Monteverdi, In canto CD, Notes (in English) coromonteverdi.it & (in Italian)

coromonteverdi.it

Corale Claudio Monteverdi, Home Site (in Italian), coralemonteverdi.it

Coro Claudio Monteverdi, In canto CD, coromonteverdi.it

Dinaric-ZG, 2013, Dinaric Alps, Dinaric Karst, summitpost

Mihevc, Andrej; Prelovsek, Mitja et al. (Editors) 2010, *Introduction to the Dinaric Karst*, Collegium Graphicum d.o.o., Ljubljana, zrc-sazu.si



SWA-PY-IT2 Italy 1973

GROTTE DE ULISSE

SW – Fiction – Poetry

Poet: Massimo MÒLLICA

Mus. Comp: Melo Freni

Rts: (SIAE)

Perf: Massimo MÒLLICA (reader in Italian)

Prod. Co: Fonit-Cetra; Trent

Time: 0:50

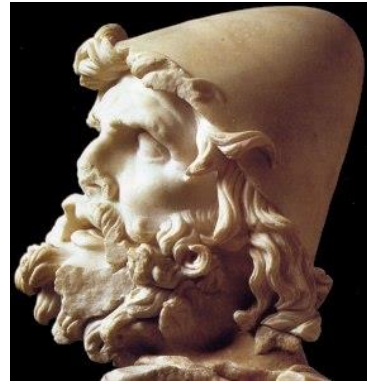
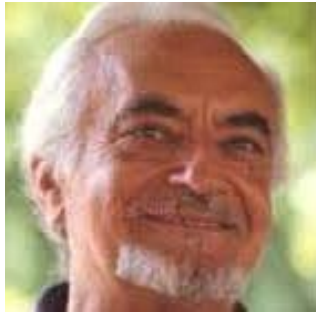
LP: CONCERTO DI POESIA

Fonit LPZ 2053 (mono)

12" 33rpm (Sd 1 – Bd 8)

Notes: A short poem in a collection by a Sicilian poet –

L'ombra tricuspidale che ci spense
tra Capo Faro e Capo Rasocolmo
nell'ora tarda che stampava ciglia
d'onice sulla riva,
copri fanciulle dense nelle grotte
marine dove Ulisse giacque, ed ora
dorme l'ibisco, meraviglia d'occhi
all'indolenza dello scoglio
aperto allo scirocco che ci oscura.
Ahi, nella dubbia vampa della pietra
su cui batte la vecchia intelligenza,
d'onda in onda d'ingrotta un grido liquido:
– Povero Cristo mio, povero Ulisse! –
E tutto il mare è nero, non c'è più:
lo scoglio sullo scoglio è la virtù.



L'ombre tri conique que nous éteigne
Entre Capo Faro et Capo Rasocolmo
Dans l'heure tardive que faisait empreinte le cil
D'onyx sur le rivage.
Couvrit demoiselles dense dans les grottes
Marines où Ulysse demeure, et maintenant
Dort l'hibiscus, merveille pour les yeux
A l'indolence des roches
Ouvert au sirocco que nous obscure.
Ahi ! Dans la flamm douteuse de la pierre
Sur laquelle tape la vieille intelligence,
De vague en vague génère un cri liquide:
Pauvre Christ à moi, pauvre Ulysse !
Et toute la mer est noire, il n'y a plus rien:
La roche sur la roche c'est la vertu.

The tri-conic shadow that we extinguish
Between Capo Faro and Capo Rasocolmo
In the late hour which imprinted the trace
Of onyx along the shore.
Cover crowded ladies in the marine caves
Where Ulysses lives, and now
The hibiscus reposes, a marvel for the eyes
With the idleness of the rocks
Open to the sirocco that overcasts us.
Ahh ! In the dubious flame of the stone
On which beats the old intelligence,
From wave to wave intrudes a liquid cry:
Poor Christ of mine, poor Ulysses !
And the whole sea is black, there's nothing more:
The rock upon the rock is the virtue.

So it would appear that this Cave of Ulysses is a littoral cave on the northeastern tip of Sicily between Capo Faro and Capo Rasocolmo north of Messina, but nothing further could be learned.

Ref: Concerto di poesia LP, [worldcat](#)

Dejardin, Nicole 2005, Translation of this poem into French

Massino Mollica, Biography (in Italian), [blogspot.fr](#)

Massino Mollica, Biography (in Italian), [Wikipedia](#)

caveinspiredmusic.com