ISTITUTO ITALIANO DI CULTURA DI MALTA

27 MAGGIO / 30 GIUGNO 2010

AIR WATER EARTH FIRE

STORY IN IMAGES Emotions and Inspirations from the Images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands

ADRIANA PIGNATELLI MANGONI

HOMERIC PARC OF THE AEOLIAN VOLCANOES AND TOWARDS A LITERARY PARK FOR THE AUVERGNE V. CABIANCA - A. PIGNATELLI MANGONI

grafica artistica: Silvana Sabatelli 2010 – ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

Patrocinio Culturale:

Commissione Nazionale Italiana per l'UNESCO Presidente: prof. Giovanni Puglisi.

> MINISTERO AFFARI ESTERI ROMA Ministro: Franco Frattini

UNIVERSITÀ DEGLI STUDI DI PISA Associazione Italiana Vulcanologia Dipartimento Scienze della Terra Presidente: prof. RAFFAELE CIONI

UNIVERSITÀ DEGLI STUDI FEDERICO II NAPOLI Dipartimento Scienze della Terra prof. LUCIO LIRER

UNIVERSITÀ DEGLI STUDI FEDERICO II NAPOLI Dipartimento di Geochimica Ambientale prof. BENEDETTO DE VIVO

UNIVERSITÀ DEGLI STUDI SUOR ORSOLA BENINCASA Magnifico Rettore prof. FRANCESCO DE SANCTIS

UNIVERSITÀ DEGLI STUDI FEDERICO II NAPOLI Polo delle Scienze e delle Tecnologie Facoltà di Architettura Presidente: prof. CLAUDIO CLAUDI DE SAINT MIHIEL

UNIVERSITÀ DI BOLOGNA Dipartimento di Scienze della Terra e Geologico-Ambientali prof. PIERMARIA LUIGI ROSSI

More of Europe

EARTH, WATER, FIRE AND AIR AS IMAGES OF HISTORY

Emotions and turmoil from the Images of 18th century travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands and to Malta.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni's work has been well received in Europe, by the UNESCO by the Aeolian Islands, by the Italian Cultural Ministry (that promoted the Baia and Naples' Castel dell'Ovo Exhibitions) by Monum in Paris, by Lille, Strasbourg and in the Loire Atlantique in France, by the Italian Cultural Institutes in Flensburg, Berlin, Hamburg, Munchen, Madrid, Barcellona, Bruxelles, Amsterdam, Stokholm, Lund, Wien, Budapest, Warsaw, Kößenhavn, Aahrus, Moscow, Saint-Petersburg, Cologne, Prague, Belgrade, Istanbul and Malta. In the context of the present debate about European unity and heritage, her work can be seen as a small contribution, conceptual rather than figurative, aimed at bringing into evidence and heightening awareness of the Italian contribution to, the creation of a unified modern Europe. This thinking is connected to the institutional role of the Italian Cultural Institutes. In fact, her reverse tour, a neo-Illuminist tour, could be seen as a return visit to the Magna Graecia Tour of famous European travellers at the end of the eighteenth century, and ought to touch the principal Italian Cultural Institutes of Europe. The European dimension of the artist's work originates from the fact that, besides the Christian roots of Europe, there is another specific root that is seldom placed in evidence: the scientific unity, which is implicit in Illuminism and in the vindication of Reason as the foundation of philosophy. The European naturalists of the end of the 18th

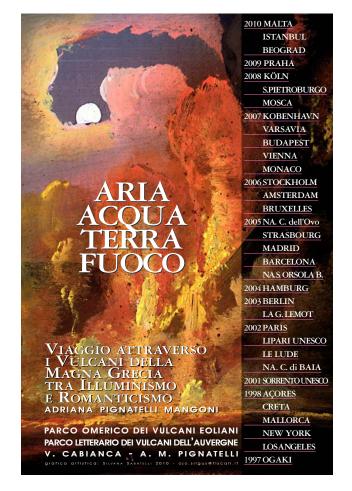
The European naturalists of the end of the 18th century worked in strict scientific collaboration among themselves, regardless of the conditions of the nations to which they belonged, whether it was France, England, Italy, Germany, etc, even though, politically, Europe was profoundly divided between French revolutionaries, Prussian and English monarchical regimes and the Papacy in Italy.

Men like Faujas de Saint-Fond, Lecoq, Guettard, Dolomieu in France, von Humbolt in Germany, Hamilton in England and as ambassador and scientist in Naples, Spallanzani in Italy collaborated harmoniously among themselves for an objective scientific understanding of natural phenomena, especially those related to volcanoes.

To day the scientific language is the one common denominator useful to develop dialogue and integration between antagonistic cultures. This cultural contribution is placed in evidence by Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni's work, with its momentous didactic apparatus prepared in collaboration with professor Vincenzo Cabianca, scientific coordinator of the Vulcanological Museum of Lipari.

Their work also aims at reinforcing the appeal that originates from the development of operational literary parks, like those of the Aeolian Islands and Auvergne, for a trans-national collaboration, especially between European scientists, authors and cultural institutions.

This, then, is the intellectual framework and perspective from which visitors are, therefore, strongly urged to see the exibition so as to understand its historical and cultural significance.



Foreward

The voyage presented in this exhibition - through lands and history, through Illuminism and Romanticism, through scientific and humanistic thought and through art and poetry - is arranged in three sections.

The first section, entitled "The Journey and the Travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands and Sicily", is dedicated to the study of the documents, "récits de voyage", and images of the volcanoes of Magna Græcia produced by European intellectuals during the "Grand Tour", from the end of the 18th century to the middle of the 19th.

The section concerns the search for significant signs of the emotions and intuitions inspired by the volcanic landscapes of Magna Græcia, as well as the first scientific interpretations: interpretations still full of doubts about the two images and dominating entities which interact in this itinerary: Mountain and Fire. The first representing the morphology of the volcanoes and the second to their eruptive activity and their products.

The second section is constituted by a contemporary and personal return to the same places on the quest for a sign or a latent image within today's landscape, transformed both by signs of the modern and by the change of vision necessary to relive the encounter of times when volcanoes were simply volcanoes, and extinct volcanoes were just mountains.

The itinerary of these small *gouaches* departs from Naples, from Vesuvius and turns to the North-West, towards Campi Flegrei, land of fire and of water, of craters and lakes, of mystery and suggestion, and onwards to Gaeta. It then continues to the East, from Portici to the plain of Paestum, dominated by the profile of the temples, and beyond, to the South, bathed by the sun and impregnated with magic, crossing Magna Græcia to arrive in Sicily and the Aeolian Islands.

The third section is constituted by a voyage through the literature on the Aeolian Islands, my spiritual home, where the power of the natural events enthralls me. I examine the people in endless expectation and the volcanoes, extreme symbols of splendour and of the ephemeral nature of all things. Together, Cenzi Cabianca and I made this voyage in the literature on the Aeolian Islands, from Homer to Sciascia, from Aristotle to Malaparte, from Thucydides to Dumas, from Pliny to Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg Archduke of Austria, from Andria de Simon to Rossellini and Moretti, and so on. The voyage connects the literature to the territory and vice versa and constitutes part of a shared project for an Aeolian Literary Park. The Park consists of signposted sites and a literature museum with associated images of the sites of literary inspiration. A Park not to be lost, given the extraordinary identity of the Aeolian Islands which, besides forming an archipelago of very beautiful islands constituted by the peaks of volcanoes of a submerged magmatic fault, is also a cultural archipelago of semiotic sites, reknowned over centuries. An indispensible Park, for the moment only imagined, which constitutes the scientific and poetic space embracing the images of the localities. A space which constitutes an arena for the history of the encounter of territory, volcanoes and literature.

A sort of tale of a space-time in expansion from discovery to discovery: from mountains which become volcanoes, summit depressions which become craters, impressions which become interpretations, wonder and awe which progressively become knowledge. Thanks to the fertile ethic of scientific method which, through its rational and systematic interpretation, makes the scientific anticipations of historical interpretations seem more and more poetic, the contradictions dissolve, promoting new and different certainties.

It concerns the history of a great love, the love of knowledge, and the history of knowledge. The love of travellers for volcanoes, of art, poetry and science, Classicism, Illuminism and Romanticism, emerge at every step of the crossreferenced reading of the natural sites and the sites of literature, in the synthesis of the localities of art.

Introduction

I have always tried to maintain and nurture the images of one thing I have always loved, nature, in its most extraordinary manifestations: volcanoes, the sky, the sea with their colours and moments, the coasts, the hills covered with olive trees, scenes at dawn, winds, earth, water, air and fire.

All these elements, which have attracted many enthusiastic travellers because of their beauty, never cease to astonish me and to stimulate me to an undersanding of their origins and history, their contexts and interconnections: that is, to see all this as more than a simple diversification of evolution.

This is what started my passion for painting landscapes which, basically, is no other than a means of preserving my spirit and of transmitting this passion to others, of reliving these sensations with my beloved Vesuvius and my beloved Aeolian Islands.

I live looking at the sea. From my house in Naples I can see the sunset turn the sky violet and set it aflame, see the sea become white with the wind on the water and see breathtaking dawns.

At the Aeolian Islands, the home of my spirit, the power of the natural events fascinates me; I examine the people in their endless wait and the volcanoes, extreme symbols of the splendour and the transience of all things. I am grateful to these places and narrate their story to you in their forms and colours, in nature connected to fire and to the deep seated magma. Thus, parting from the emotions felt during a walk on Vesuvius and from impressions of the Aeolian Islands and Vesuvius transmitted by ancient and modern writers, like Homer and Pliny, Consolo and Sciascia. I have tried to render the same state of spirit which inspired their works in gouache, a technique which concentrates on the search for transmission of light, chromatic juxtapositions and atmospheric allusions. These images have given me the opportunity of seeing the splendour of the Mediterranean in another light; I am happy to have had the chance of showing them to you and hope I

manage to reflect the great emotions which I have received from these places.

This story in images goes far back in time. I take my impetus from the sea bed of the Thetis, generated from the oceanization and inundation of the Tyrrhenean, by the subduction of the Adriatic plate with respect to the Iberic plate giving rise to the early Pliocene volcanic arc, and from the Pleistocene with the summits of the Aeolian volcanoes emerging from the sea and forming today's archipelago.

The images retrace the itinerary of fire of the currently active volcanoes starting with the complex of Campi Flegrei and Vesuvius and continuing along the mainly submarine volcanic arc which surfaces in the active volcanoes of Stromboli and Vulcano, and finally concluding with the volcanic complex of Etna. The images attempt to show the fragments of the active volcanic landscape in the perceptions

and interpretations of travellers, scientists, artists and poets of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries:

Andria de Simòn (1694), Athanasius Kircher (1602-1680), Lazzaro Spallanzani (1729-1790), the Abbé de Saint-Non (1727-1797) with Louis-Jean Desprez (1743-1804), Claude-Louis Châtelet (1749-1795) and Vivant Denon (1747-1825), Sir William Hamilton (1730-1803), Jean-Pierre-Laurent Hoüel (1735-1813), the Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg-Lorraine (1847-1915) and Gaston Vuillier (1845-1915), who were among the many cultured and adventurous travellers, who visited the South of Italy to observe and witness history, culture and a nature rich in eruptions and volcanic landscapes.

The exhibition illustrates some parts of their long and interesting expeditions through images which already form the first interpretations of volcanic activity and the magma chambers, as depicted by A. Kircher in his Mundus Subterraneus Pyrophylaciorum and of the evolution of the Earth's surface in the plate Noah's Ark on the Caucasus mountains. Eighteenth century culture laid the foundations of a first association between humanist and scientific cultures, of the interconnection of science and myth. This is, therefore, the pathway of impressions taken by the travellers of the Enlightenment, intellectuals and scientists of different origins, with a common call in the catastrophic, intriguing and irrenunciable image, constantly drawing strength from their contact with the prodigies of nature seen in volcanoes.

Narrating the experience of these travellers in images is also a way of illustrating the integration of Enlightenment scientific thought into a humanist and Romantic perspective where awe and the explosive fascination of the volcanoes are found as categories which explain the natural sciences in the light of the cognitive and interpretative attention paid to the natural aspects of the phenomena rather than only to their metaphysical aspects.

Not by chance these adventurous expeditions to the South, from Vesuvius to the Aeolian volcanoes, are often made up of companies of men of science (experts in geology, mineralogy, volcanology) and artists able to reevoke, through their images, the significative elements of nature and its autonomous evolutive continuity, as well as its interaction with human activity. The former able to direct attention to the historically dominant and significant signs of the Zeitgeist, the latter capable of grasping the sublime in the more general progressive comprehension through the interpretation of the relationships and events in a section of time as, a moment of continuous evolutionary transformation.

To me the journey, full of difficulties which we cannot even imagine, is already a story of victory and continuous conquest, in which the continuous surpassing of the previous knowledge is fused and fed by the enchantment in the call of the fascinating and mythical landscape. Thus the image of the travellers and their pictures present me with a mirror of their activity in the South.

In taking this inspiration and reinterpreting it, I wanted to historicise today's landscapes with the interpretation of the travellers, offering a historical image of their emotions, giving a central role to colours and forms, to the infinite fleeting moments which I have captured, relived and loved, and which I would like to transmit with infinite joy.

This work may serve, as it served me, to shed new light on the spirit of these places through the love of those who loved them in the past, in the same way which they are still and shall always be loved, defended and restored to their integrity and shall continue to nourish the joy of living, in how they appertain to those who live them, who visit them or those who simply see their images.

Although mountains and fire are the entities which dominate the interrelationships of this eclectic itinerary, I hope to have managed to propose these images as significant of a further and greater interconnection between scientific culture and humanist culture.

The aesthetic values in the narratives were evaluated on the basis of the effectiveness of the messages transmitted, on their capacity for imitation of nature, on the transcription of moral and ethical content into symbols and precepts in works of art and on the academic representation of nature itself, purified of the elements held to be in conflict with the moral thought of the time, on the representation of the truth, on the selection of elements believed to be significant at the time, on centralities which have changed over time and on synthetic or analytic, figurative or abstract, direct or indirect methods of representation which have, in different ages, given prevalence to the mental world of the painter, to the society of the time, or to its dominant classes and, sometimes, to the object of the representations itself. I felt urged to select and represent two great aesthetic moments which I have captured in these works of art and have tried to propose them as the ends of a great bridge between the humanistic and the scientific. I have tried to represent the humanist approach of making explicit the emotion of astonishment in the face of evident signs of the extraordinary in volcanic manifestations but at the same time to put them alongside the emerging suspicion of the phenomenon being traceable to unitary interpretations of all the phenomena of nature. A suspicion which was essential to a time when the deeper causes of the phenomena themselves were no longer the subject of mere metaphysical astonishment but started to be the subject of questioning and of structural interpretations, while the mountains of fire started to be perceived as only provisionally signifying mystery, while awaiting new interpreters.

Why volcanoes?

A STORY IN PICTURES

A Voyage to the volcanoes of Magna Græcia, through Illuminism and Romanticism

This is the way I reply to Gaugin's eternal questions, "Who are we? Where do we come from? Where are we going? When ..? Why ..? For whom ..? Against whom..? and With whom do I do all this?" I am Adriana, I love painting, I love writing, and identify myself in a new traveller who retraces the same paths which the scientists and poets of the 18th and 19th centuries followed. I am researching and reliving the emotions of the discovery and the first tenable interpretations of the volcanic phenomena in Magna Græcia. I am a traveller who restores this voyage to the Classical of the South of Italy as a cultural event, through a new voyage in reverse. A voyage which first retraces the Italian itinerary and then makes a return visit to French culture going to the Auvergne, the Massif Central, the great French volcanic regions and to today's European Park of Volcanoes. Recently I revisited the Auvergne, finding it absolutely extraordinary, especially because the French have managed to make their extinct volcanoes come to life, through museums and visitor centres. Thus, they have rekindled these volcanoes and made them active in the eyes and minds of those who look at them, through the signposting and representation of their eruptive dynamics.

What is my work?

My gouaches are not images of landscapes and volcanoes but more specifically seek to be representations of the emotions and of the interest, the quest for knowledge and the interpretation of objects. They seek to be "De Rerum Natura" of the active volcanoes and the volcanic landscapes of Magna Græcia as it was lived by travellers on the Grand Tour in the 18th and 19th centuries. Therefore they do not concern a simple voyage to the physical and the beautiful in Nature, but a voyage to the sites of stories and of poetry, of nature and of history, and the attempts at providing a more and more scientific-rational interpretation of the effects of the geodynamics of the planet.

So, what, then, is my work?

It is nothing other than the continuation of this voyage. The base and the point of departure is the first group of works coming from the récits of the Abbot of Saint Non and of many intellectuals and men of science of the 18th and 19th centuries in Magna Græcia. The second group of works is made up of an attempt at writing my own récit in the style of those travellers. This is a "récit de mon voyage" on the same itineraries, holding their diaries and accounts in my hand, looking at and studying their fabulous drawings and etchings, reliving their emotions and coming to paint my gouaches, inspired by today's situations, but still full of the fascination of their times.

From whom, from where, what are their origins?

The origins are undoubtedly my own love of Classical culture and literature, beyond the perception of the image. I reflect on Impressionism and Expressionism which touch on the problem of how much is already present in the perception of the visible and about the additions you see subjectively, in the cultural interpretation of the image. I interpret it selecting what I see in the great syntheses of the Florentine Impressionists and other Impressionists, but, as in Expressionism, trying to represent my subjective interpretation not in a purely psychological way, but one which is contextual and historical.

What is the destination of this work? Where is the pathway leading to? Gaugin's interrogative "Where?", reminds me of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" which, in this case, are the volcanoes and the landscapes in search of authors in whom they awoke so many emotions and questions, and thereby strongly contributed to the progress of science. These landscapes, these volcanoes, aroused such emotions and questions in their relationship with those who described, painted, lived and interpreted them that they were, with force and by force, transformed into images, documentation and accounts.

Why do I do all this?

This is a question which may have a simply emotive and psychological reply. My motivation is an irrepressible impulse to give formalised representation and interpretation to an emotion which pervades me, an emotion which, though, I must insist, is not prevalently a mere perceptive emotion, but an interiorised and historicised emotion. This aspect is very important to me. When I paint I see before me these figures of the past who return like ghosts in the guise of cultured and adventurous travellers of whom I should like to be heir and propagator.

If you ask me...

Who is this work destined for?

Well, I shan't tell you. The recipient is always our Secret Love... but if you are content to know only a part, I shall tell you, in secret; along with me travel the ghosts of travellers, those travellers with white wigs, with dress-swords, with a painter following them with his box of colours, palette and brushes. I see them pondering. Not having faith in me they ask themselves "But has this strange painter really understood in depth how much we from the past loved these landscapes, these volcanoes and these eruptions?" I seem to see them, a little jealous... and thus I reply, "I have done all I can to be up to the task."

Against whom have I done all this?

Against a purely perceptive and sentimental landscape painting, against painting the purely visibile, against the folkloresque and the picturesque, against the simple representation of which one speaks of light, colours and chromatic sensitivity. All this is not enough for me. I look for substance, a deep substance, as happens when there are clouds in the sky and we see the moon torn on its inside by a more intense light and the image of another moon appears at the bottom of a deep sky. This, then, is my way of seing the landscape of the volcanoes as a historical, cultural, emotional artistic and scientific voyage.

With whom did all this happen?

It happened in the best company, with the minds of Homer, Pindar, Aristotle, Andria de Simon, L.J.Volaire, J.Hoüel, the Abbot of Saint Non, G. Vuillier, Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg-Lorraine, Dumas, Guy de Maupassant, Chateaubriand, Sir W. Hamilton, Goethe, Rilke, Malaparte, up to Cabianca's modern day plan of the synoptic representation and complete structural interpretation of all the Heritage, a plan for an Aeolian Literary Park which Cabianca and I studied and proposed while we were preparing the Auvergne Literary Park.

How did all this happen?

All this happened through the constant search for the deeper substance of things beyond the perceptive image, with ever growing enthusiasm, book after book, image after image.

Where did this all take place?

All this took place in Magna Græcia, from Vesuvius to Campi Flegrei, a land of fire and water, of craters and lakes, of mysteries and impressions; from Campi Flegrei to the Aeolian Islands, to Stromboli, Panarea, Lipari, Vulcano, Salina, Filicudi and Alicudi, to sun-bathed Sicily and Etna, full of magic, to Malta, and now in the Auvergne in the Velay and Vivarais of the French Illuminists; in not only physical but metaphysical localities of the literature which surrounds them.

Where do I go to continue my voyage?

It continued in the Auvergne, land of the volcanoes which intrigue me, a story which I'd like to explore further. I am totally enraptured by the accounts of Caesar and Sidone Appolinare, the writings of Le Chevalier de Montlosier, the maps and the tables of Poulett-Scrope, the engravings of Lecoq, the "Recherches sur les volcans éteints" of B. Faujas de Saint-Fond, his letters to Sir William Hamilton, Guettard's announcement about the discovery of the volcanic nature of the mountains of the Auvergne to the Academie Française and the start of scientific literature in the second half of the 18th century in France, with the slow triumph of the "Plutonists" and the "Neptunists". I am so enraptured by all this that I think of volcanoes of the Auvergne and my current cycle of gouaches inspired by the historical account of the birth of the scientific culture of volcanism in the France of the late 18th century as my own small restitution of sight, in France itself, to my ghostly French friends of the Grand Tour in Italy, geographers, ethnographers, naturalists and artists who visited, loved, described and interpreted the localities of my spiritual home of Magna Græcia in the magic period of the culture of Illuminism and Romanticism.

When did all this happen?

It happened over the last twenty years, more or less, from when, at Panarea - the smallest of the Aeolian Islands - I turned our house into a little museum of the spirit. When I painted the first gouaches I wanted to capture these images and always have them with me in the house where I pass much of my time, because the Aeolian Islands are the home of my spirit. Then I understood that my gouaches could be of great use in helping needy Neapolitan children, whence my work.

A technique of painting: the gouache

ADRIANA PIGNATELLI MANGONI

"La Gouache" the French of "Guazzo", is a term which was already in use in the 16th century to indicate paintings made with pigments dissolved in water, temprera, and agglutenated with a light gum. The addition of water alone to the pigment gave rise to watercolours, and to be ability to speak of gouache or tempera a further element is necessary, represented by an agglutinate able to hold the coloured pigments together and to fix them solidly to the supporting medium. It is the type of agglutinate which really determines the difference between the tempera and the gouache. The guazzo is only a variation of tempera painting, a technique already well known from Roman times, and consists in dissolving the colours obtained from the grinding of certain clays and earths in water rather than in oil and to make them agglutinate through the addition of glues of animal origin. In tempera the agglutinate is constituted by animal glues (fish, rabbit or bovine glue or egg yolk) whereas in the gouache, it is constituted by vegetable resin, (gum arabic, gum tragacanth, gum of Senegal, lacquer) or other preparations like milk, the fig sap, wax melted in essences or honey. The particular type of glue gives the guazzo the characteristic of rapid drying. Since the colours dry quickly the technique requires velocity and ability with the brush and is unforgiving. It is this very aspect which confers fresh spontaniety to the gouache. Painting à la gouache is not easy. The tonalities of the colours at the time of application, while they are still wet, are much stronger than the tonalities they take on once dry and require an ability in dosing hues when wet. The opacity of the tints, a consequence of the glue and of the pigment, tends to confer a special cloudiness and softness. Colours à la gouache are never limpid, but rather, tend to be opaque. However, this characteristic, far from being a defect, constitutes a refined quality.

Just painted, the gouaches reveal velvet-like

and pasty effects or levels of opacity and delicacy of the chromatic tones which are not always found in tempera. But over time, through the inevitable transformations of the colours, especially because of the continuous exposure to light, such works in tempera and gouache almost always appear very similar to each other, even though the greater chromatic intensity of the gouaches remains noticeable to most experts. The two techniques are even found together in a single work, or are used together with the watercolour technique, which does not use additives and is limited to disolving the colours in water alone guaranteeing perfect transparency in colouration. Therefore, in such painting only a truly expert eye can well distinguish the technique of guazzo from that of a painting in tempera.

Among Neapolitan gouaches the prevailing subjects are representations of the city, its popular daily life, the customs of its inhabitants and the "sublime" phenomena of the eruption of Vesuvius. These subjects allow immediate exploitation, not necessarily accompanied by cultural mediation, or historical-artistic references. In representing the real they express a fascination which is immediate and direct. This painting technique - on canvas or on cut paper - often represented the memory of places visited and described; they had value, above all, as a pictorial and artistic evocation to stay for a while and then to return a visual emotion, enriched by cultural suggestion, to its original integrity. Cultured painting, generally produced in the second half of the 18th century by French (C. J. Vernet, A. Manglard, P. J. Volaire) or English (Wright of Derby, J. R. Cozent, T. Jones) German and Austrian (P. Hackert, M. Wutky) or Italian and Neapolitan (C. Bonavia, A. Joli, P. Fabris, G. Ricciardelli, S. Della Gatta, A. d'Anna and...) landscape artists and "vedutisti" for those nobles and refined foreign travellers who, in that period, made Naples an

obligatory stop on the educational journey to Italy (the Grand Tour), to discover its ancient art treasures and to enjoy the sun filled fascination of its Mediterranean landscapes, to be moved by a sunset on the Tyrrhenian or even more so by a stream of lava on the slopes of Vesuvius.

More than the description of places, "Gouache" is a painting technique in which, through plays of light, chromatic juxtapositions and atmospheric allusions, counts on recreating and reproducing the same state of the spirit produced by the real impact with the city, with its people, with its natural setting.

The panoramas treat all the coast and the Gulf of Naples with all the angles of the urban landscape, from the bridge of the Maddalena, to Santa Lucia, from Castel dell'Ovo to Chiaia, Mergellina and the rocky promontory of Posillipo.

One adds to these images Campi Flegrei and their antiquity, as well as the uncovered cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the Plain of Paestum dominated by the solemn profile of the temples united to the extraordinary fascination of enchanting stretches of sun drenched land and shimmering sea. The most extraordinary and glorious part, because of the captured emotions which are imprisoned within its images, is the extraordinary magnetism of the catastrophic eruptions of Vesuvius, some depicted at the very time of an event with the explosion of ash, the fall of lapilli and the torrents of incandescent lava. Other scenes regard the ceremonies of court, popular customs, tradesmen and the daily life. The thread of culture, the "periphlegheton" of Plato, the stream of lava which flows below the surface and feeds the volcanoes, the "katareusa" of Byzantine culture which has continued to flow beneath the events of history throughout the centuries of Turkish occupation, keep the originating values alive and are obligatory reference categories for understanding my choice of using this technique of painting. The transition from the metaphysical, the magical and from scientism to the Enlightenment, to neoClacissism and Romanticism, and up to modern scientific-evolutionist thought, is a process among events which, for their evocation, require coherence, also semiological coherence, which I have sought beyond the images and the icons.



Vesuvius by night



ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS BY NIGHT



THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS



VESUVIUS BY NIGHT

The Voyage and the Travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands and Sicily and Malta



VESUVIUS

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

The Voyage and the Travellers

FROM VESUVIUS TO THE AEOLIAN ISLANDS, SICILY AND MALTA

The voyage from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands is the central theme of the first part of the exhibition, which retraces the expeditions of some writers, adventurers, artists and scholars at the turn of the 18th and 19th centuries. More than a faithful reproposal of the itineraries of those voyages, the work provides a reinterpretation of the stages reported in the chronicles and in the diaries of travellers, poets and historians, in a fragmentary and always very personal way, recomposing their imagery and the suggestivity of the locations. The 'travellers' who inspire the gouaches in this exhibition are at the centre of research which I have been carrying out for some time, guided by that continual crossing of Illuminist culture and Romantic spirit which we find in the texts of the Grand Tour of the 18th and 19th centuries.

The sites and the accounts of the sack of Lipari (1544)

We are in the Aeolian Islands. The dramatic memorial of the sack of Lipari by Ariadeno Barbarossa (Kahir ad-Din), Grand Admiral of the Turkish fleet of Sulaiman the Magnificent, in 1544, reemerges with force in the verses of the 17th century Sicilian poet Andria de Simòn and in the testimony passed down by some eyewitnesses. The event is recomposed as a series of dramatic images connected to precise sites on the island, often cited both in the verses and in the prose. The vivid memory of the bombardment of the Città Murata, the 'voices' of the prisoners in chains, inspire some clear and forceful images of the island, of its sieged port and of the Acropolis devastated by the fire of the invader.

The eclectic inventory of Athanasius Kircher (Geisa, Fulda 1602, Rome 1680)

At the dawn of Illuminism, Kircher, an eclectic scholar intent on the search for a unitary interpretation of all things, carried out innumerable investigations in different and distinct disciplines, from geography to music, from glottology to medicine, producing a vast sample of images and interpretative texts, also about volcanic phenomena - one of his many interests as a scholar and writer.

The voyage to the archipelago of Lipari by the great naturalist Lazzaro Spallanzani (1729-99)

Lazzaro Spallanzani was one of the greatest representatives of the scientific advances of the "century of philosophy" and on the subject of volcanology Spallanzani is to be considered an authentic pioneer. In 1781 the illustrious Swiss naturalist Charles Bonnet would write of him: "In five or six years, you have discovered more truth than the entire Academie in half a century". While in 1788, the Maria Theresa of Austria Chair of Natural History was founded for him at Pavia. At Pavia he revealed the ordering of shells, of fossils, of rocks and of lavas. Lazzaro Spallanzani went on an excursion to the Aeolian Islands in August and September 1788. He was the first Italian scientist with a modern mentality to explore the Aeolian archipelago, and catalogued the different social and environmental conditions. As a naturalist he had the pleasant surprise of discovering the "prodigious Stromboli", admiring it at length, and for the first time studying its behaviour, from the best possible vantage point, a boat "in front of the place where the burning vomited materials fall down into the sea". At Sciara he found the spectacle "as delightful and surprising as it was noble and majestic", sensing the notable risk of simply enjoying the infernal spectacle of the "fiery liquid material, emulating fused bronze" from close-up. "The Lipari islands, in that they are all children of fire, were the primary and most inviting reasons for the visit. It is not, though, that in other ways they could not interest and please me. The temperament and customs of those inhabitants, their population, the agriculture, the commerce, were objects not to leave unexamined". The work Viaggio alle due Sicilie, in six volumes, was among the most successful because it showed the versatility of his vision, the perspicaciousness of his genius and the

Painters travelling around the South: the picturesque voyage of the Abbot of Saint Non (Paris 1727-1791)

exquisiteness of his artistic temperament.

In April 1778 three excellent landscape artists -Chatêlet, Desprez and Renard - guided by Vivant Denon, who would become the director of the Louvre, left Naples for Sicily to carry out a commission: the illustration of the most illustrious localities of the 18th century. Among the main exponents of the great landscape tradition of the 18th century the three produced an extraordinary series of images which document with care, sensitivity, and richness of detail, the very long itinerary of the voyage from Campi Flegrei, along the coasts of Campania and Calabria, to Sicily and the Aeolian Islands, constructing one of the most celebrated landscape documentaries of the 18th century, Le Voyage pittoresque de l'abbé de Saint Non.

The catastrophic eruptions of Pierre-Jaques Volaire (Tolone 1729 - Lerici 1790)

In 1769 P.J. Volaire settled in Naples and the eruption, or really the almost permanent activity of Vesuvius for more than a decade, offered him the chance of painting characteristic nocturnal representations of the volcano in eruption, in which the presence of the moon adds a further problematic cosmological sign.

The study of the volcanic phenomena in the precise and analytic annotations of Sir William Hamilton (1730-1803) and the magnificaent illustrations of Pietro Fabris, esteemed landscape artist and court painter

William Hamilton, diplomat, naturalist and art collector, was the British Ambassador to the Kingdom of Naples and stayed in the Borbonic capital for 36 years. During his stay he found a passion and dedicated himself to the study of Vesuvius and the seismic phenomena occurring in Southern Italy. He carried out a series of important observations on the Vesuvian eruptions which he summarised in the form of letters sent to the Royal Society in London.

The island of Sicily narrated by an artist of talent: the solitary voyage of Jean-Pierre-Laurent Hoüel (Rouen 1735-1813) An erudite, eclectic and inquisitive artist caught between a passion for painting and another for architecture, Hoüel belongs to the first generation of travellers who, like Goethe, faced the joys and the discomforts of the Grand Tour in Italy towards the end of the 18th century. The author of a vast and precious repertoire of drawings and sketches on the Aeolian Islands - where he undertook an exhilerating solitary tour - he hands us down a vital and luminous imaginary Mediterranean which harmoniously blends with meticulousness and precision in geographic representations. His stay in Sicily is a souvenir of a great and beautiful adventure in a beautiful and lively island.

The Aeolian Islands with enthusiasm and nostalgia: the voyage of Gaston Vuillier (Perpignan 1845 - Gimel, Corrèze 1915)

Landscape painter and writer, G. Vuillier is one of the intellectual travellers who reached the islands of the Mediterranean in the second half of the 19th century. An attraction for the most extraordinary natural phenomena and a profound curiosity for the local culture and traditions made this traveller a romanitc figure caught between wonder and nostalgia. His images of the Aeolian Islands - and of Lipari in particular- express a deep and agreeable sense of beauty suspended in an aura of nostalgia, almost as if testifying the human experience of someone who had not only observed and recounted places but who had also lived his links with the people and the culture in depth.

The 'docking' of a cultured and adventurous Archduke on the Aeolian Islands: the voyages of Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg-Lorraine (Florence 1847 - Prague 1915)

A traveller of high descent, exiled by choice from the splendour of court, little inclined to the protocols and the obligations of the rank of Archduke but studious, adventurous and enthusiastic for places and culture, it is thus that Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg is consigned to us in the chronicles of the 19th century; the almost legendary figure of the nobleman dedicated to a nomadic life and to adventure for the love of knowledge and a passion for the Mediterranean. His voyages in the Aeolian Islands are condensed in the eight volumes of *Die Liparischen Inseln* (1893-98) which gather and organise historical, scientific, anthropological and linguistic information about the islands. A very rich repertoire of images, with drawings and etchings which the Archduke himself made to support the written text: the gouaches in this part of the exhibition are inspired by this suggestive album.

Vesuvius in Swedish literature: Jacob Jonas Björnaståhl (1731-1768)

In the endless gallery of portraits of the Naples of the 1700s a prominent place is reserved for the Swede Jacob Jonas Björnaståhl: Orientalist and professor of Philosophy at the University of Uppsala, who visited the Bourbon capital and Vesuvius in the summer of 1771, during a singular, very long voyage in Europe. The work of Björnaståhl also takes on the dimensions of an original, precious document for understanding the Naples of the time.

Vesuvius, Naples and surroundings in the literature of Russian Romanticism: Sil'vestr Feodorivic Ščedrin (St. Petersburg, 1791 - Sorrento, 1830)

It was in Italy and not in Russia that Russian landscape painting of the 1800s started, and Sil'vestr F. Sčedrin, famous landscape painter was, among the Russian artists who came to Italy, one of the very few who left a written account of his stay. Active in Naples from 1824, after a brief previous visit in 1819, guest of the Russian diplomat K. Batjuskov, with Pitloo he renewed the figurative language of Neapolitan vedutism of the Romantic age. He lived in Santa Lucia to have a view of Vesuvius with its smoking plume from his windows and visited and painted the most famous places of the zone, Capri, Ischia, Pozzuoli, Sorrento, Vico and Amalfi. He was, perhaps, the first Russian landscape artist to understand the subtle links between fidelity to the natural scene and sentimental interpretation of the reality.

Aleksander Pavlovič Brjullov (St. Petersburg, 1798-1877)

In the spring of 1824 Brjullov came to Naples making excursions to Pompeii, Vesuvious, in the islands and to Sorrento. His numerous watercolours and sepia drawings, all carried out in a meticulous manner and with inimitable transparency, as well as having notable documentary value, also include those which record the night time arrival at the crater of Vesuvius of Brjullov and some of his friends, among whom the famous scholar Shelling, in May of 1824.

On his return to Russia in 1829, with the fame earned in Italy, he was nominated to the chair of architecture.

Vesuvius in Spanish literature: Juan Andrés (1740-1810)

Heir to encyclopaedism of the Spanish-Italian tradition, Andrés reached Naples in June of 1785.

His impressions even in the very rich travel literature, give an unusual image of the capital of the Kingdom of Naples in the second half of the 1700s.

The erudite Spanish abbot documented the aspects of a lively cultural panorama which travellers only rarely managed to give expression to.

Angel de Saavedra duca di Rivas (1791-1865)

He was one of the most representative figures of Iberian Romanticism From 1844 to '50 he was the ambassador of his country at the court of Naples and wrote some historical essays, among which Sublevación de Nápoles capitaneada por Masaniello 1847.

Vesuvius in Hungarian literature Polixéna Wesselényi (1801-1878)

From the bottom of the crater rocks and sparks jump with a dark noise ...

Miklós Barabás (1810-1898)

Towards five in the afternoon ...

Voyage pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile de l'abbé de Saint-Non 1781-1786

Jean Claude Richard, abbot of Saint-Non water-colourist, artist and engraver, born in Paris in 1727, died in the same city on 25th November 1791. In 1778 the abbot nominated Vivant Denon to lead a voyageexpedition of a scientific nature to describe the South of Italy, the least known parts, the Aeolian islands and the savage Sicily. To succeed in this very difficult and adventurous enterprise the qualities of the 18th and of the 19th centuries would be necessary: Love of beauty and faith in the progress of knowledge, tenacity and the taste for adventure, sensitivity and curiosity, pleasure and passion. Vivant Denon undertook the voyage with the help of an important group of painters, of architects, of engravers and of artists, among which Claude-Louis Châtelet, Louis-Jean Desprez, Jean-Honoré Fragonard, Jean-Augustin Renard and Hubert Robert, all convinced that beauty and knowledge went hand in hand. The abbot of Saint-Non published the Picturesque Voyage which appeared in 5 volumes in folio from 1781 to 1786. The highly illuminated work includes five hundred and forty-two watercolour plates and, besides, has a wonderful typography. No books on Italy have surpassed the fame of the Picturesque Voyage of the Abbot of Saint-Non, which has inspired me in my paintings and writings.



The picturesque voyage of Abbé de Saint-Non

ACCOUNTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A VOYAGE GOUACHE IMAGES

Nous allâmes passer la nuit à la tour de Melissa, demeure du Prince de Strongoli. Le hasard nous y conduisit au moment où celui-ci y arrivait ce qui nous décida à nous y arrêter. Le Prince nous y reçut comme le seigneur d'un château accueille des chevaliers. Rien ne ressemblait plus à un vieux château gothique que cette tour de Melissa, adossée à une éminence isolée de toutes les autres habitations et entourée de vieilles fortifications en assez mauvais état. Le Prince rentrait de la chasse avec sa suite lorsque nous arrivâmes au pont levis avec la nôtre. Son équipage était nombreux, mais put être logé, comme nous, dans la tour. Après un bon souper et une conversation brillante et animée nous allâmes nous coucher. Le lendemain, notre hôte, aussi courtois et noble que simple dans ses manières, nous donna des gens pour accompagner à Strongoli, où il avait envoyé demander qu'on nous prépare un bon repas. Strongoli est l'ancienne Petilia, république grecque qui résista à Hannibal et resta, seule de toute la Grande Grèce, fidèle aux Romains. La ville occupait une situation avantageuse sur une haute montagne fortifiée par la nature, avec des murailles de quinze pieds d'épaisseur. En arrivant à Strongoli on découvrait les vestiges de la richesse et de la magnificence de l'antique Petilia. Tous ses environs sont encore semés de fragments de colonnes cannelées dont les chapiteaux étaient d'ordre dorique, du style de ceux de Paestum.

On y trouve encore un grand nombre de colonnes entières, de granit d'Egypte, indestructibles, intransportables du fait de leur poids, et qui, étant indissolubles, deviennent les arcs de l'univers. Si on avait voulu en faire usage pour quelque construction moderne, il y aurait eu de quoi décorer un grand temple ou en faire un palais comme il n'en existe aucun dans le pays.

in Touristes français en Calabre au 17ème siècle

"Vue de l'entrée de la Grotte de Pausillippe, prise en y arrivant du côté de Naples Cette entrée de la Grotte de Pausilippe est dessinée ici telle qu'elle se présente quand on y arrive du côté de Naples ...

Vue d'une partie de la Ville et du Golphe de Naples, prise du Château St-Elme

La ville de Naples, bâtie sur la pente d'une montagne, est terminée entre le couchant et le nord par le Château Saint-Elme, qui la domine et la commande entièrement ... C'est aujourd'hui un héxagone assez régulier de

cent toises environ de diamètre ... C'est de l'angle de cet héxagone et du pied même du Château Saint-Elme, qu'est prise cette autre Vue de Naples, telle qu'elle est présentée dans cette gravure. L'on y découvre une grande partie de la ville, mais à une trop grande distance pour pouvoir en distinguer les détails: ce que l'on peut voir parfaitement, c'est la forme du Golfe de Naples qui décrit un demi-cercle, et qui est terminé dans l'éloignement par le Vésuve, au pied duquel on aperçoit la ville et le Château de Portici.

Vue d'un Château Gothique, bâti par les Sarrazins sur le sommet du Mont Erix

Arrivé sur le sommet, l'on y trouve une plateforme assez étendue et prodigieusement escarpée dans quelques endroits: c'est-là où sont situés les restes du Temple, ou plutôt les ruines d'un Château Sarrasin de la forme la plus gothique, à la place même où étoit, dit-on, le Temple de Venus.

Vue de l'Isle de Caprée prise dans la partie septentrionale de l'Isle où est située le port de Capri en face du golphe de la Ville de Naples ... nous débarquâmes à la Marine de Caprée, qui est une grande Anse en demicercle, défendue des vents du Levant et du Couchant par deux grands Rochers qui s'avancent dans la Mer, et du Midi, par le Terrein même de l'Isle qui s'élève en Amphithéâtre. C'est dans le fond de cet Amphithéâtre qu'est placée la Ville de Caprée ou Capri, dans la situation la plus heureuse, la plus agréable pour elle et la plus pittoresque en même-temps pour ceux qui arrivent dans l'Isle.

J-Cl.-Richard, abbé de Saint-Non, Voyage Pittoresque ou description du royaume de Naples et de Sicile, Paris, 1781-86.

Vue du Rocher de Scylla et d'une partie de la Côte de la Calabre prise de Messine

Ce que nous regrettions le plus, étoit de ne pouvoir dessiner que de loin le Rocher de Scylla; cependant comme nous étions curieux d'emporter au moins une idée de cet Ecueil célèbre, un de nos Dessinateur en prit d'abord une Vue de l'autre côté du Détroit, et tel qu'on le voit du Phare même de Messine.

Vue d'un Lac dans les Environs de Castro Giovani connu sous le nom du Lac de Proserpine avec l'Etna derrière

Nous partîmes donc pleins d'ardeur et dans l'espérance de dessiner d'après nature un sujet si souvent peint d'imagination, mais nous ne fûmes pas plus heureux ... Nous entrâmes ensuite dans une autre Vallée plus petite, où ne trouvâmes pour toutes fontaines que quelques méchans ruisseaux bourbeux, et enfin le Lac tant desiré, nommé encore, il est vrai, le Lac de Proserpine, mais qui n'est plus qu'un grand Marais de quatre milles de tour, sans bocages, sans prairies, sans ombre et sans rives fleuries, sans plage digne de recevoir le pied d'une Nymphe, mais des bords tristes et arides, des joncs marécageux, des crapauds énormes, un air empesté, qui en rend les approches dangéreuses, et le repos qu'on y pourroit prendre, mortel ... À force de tourner et de prendre le Lac sur tous les sens, nous trouvâmes cependant un aspect, un point de vue, qui pouvoit fournir un tableau assez agréable. C'est celui sous lequel il est représenté ici

Vue prise dans la campagne d'Agrigente où Vallée des Temples L'autre Vue plus pittoresque encore, offre

d'abord le Temple de la Concorde, plus loin le petit Monument qui sert d'Eglise aux Capucins, le Mont Camico, avec une partie de la Ville de Girgenti. Celle-ci est prise d'un Théâtre isolé et situé à quelque distance de la Rupe Athenea ...

Vue de la Ville et du Château de Catane avec l'Etna

C'est cette lave effroyable que l'on voit ici représentée comme un mur de fer, qui entoure le Château de Catane, et se prolonge le long des remparts de la Ville, à la hauteur de cinquante à soixante pieds; trop nouvelle encore pour pouvoir d'ici à plusieurs siècles être susceptible de la plus légère végétation, elle ne présente à la vue qu'un amas hideux de roches déchirantes, de l'aspect et du noir le plus triste et que l'oeil ne parcourt qu'avec effroi.

Vue du Phare ou Détroit de Messine prise du côté de la Calabre en arrivant à Reggio

... c'est sur-tout de ce lieu que l'on découvre le beau Bassin que forment l'extrémité de la Calabre d'une part et la pointe du Cap Pelore en Sicile de l'autre, en se croissant au Phare de Messine; ce qui donne à ce Détroit l'aspect d'un immense et superbe Lac, couvert de Bâtimens, bordé en Amphitéâtre par les plus belles Montagnes, les plus cultivées et ornées de chaque côté par les deux Villes de Reggio et de Messine. Le vaste de ce tableau, qui seroit sublime à peindre, est impossible à rendre dans un simple Dessin.

Vue d'une partie des Champs Elisée prise sur les bords du Lac Acheron et dans l'éloignement le Isles de Procita et d'Ischia

L'on y voit des Rues entières de ces Tombeaux antiques, parmi lesquels il y en a plusieurs qui ont été costruits et décorés avec soin ... Au reste il est peu de Pays plus fait pour prêter à l'imagination des Poètes et des Peintres ... il n'est pas dans la nature de lieu plus agréable à parcourir et de climat plus tempéré.

Vue du Lac Averne, des restes du Temple d'Apollon et de l'entrée de la Grotte de la Sibille de Cuma

On voit au bord du Lac Averne les restes d'un Temple antique dont l'intérieur est construit en Rotonde, d'un diamètre de quatre-vingt pieds. On distingue encore dans cette grande Ruine, les restes d'une Coupole très-élevée et plusieurs Niches propres à recevoir des Statues: quelques Auteurs ont voulu que ce Temple eût consacré à Apollon, d'autres à Mercure ou à Neptune ... je serois assez porté à croire que ce Temple, dont on voit encore de beaux restes, avoit été ordonné par le même Agrippa; car cette belle et grande Ruine paroît d'un bon siècle ... C'est vis-à-vis du Temple dont nous venons de parler et au Midi du Lac Averne, qu'on trouve la prétendue Grotte de la Sibylle. C'est une grande Galerie creusée dans les matières volcanisées, qui ne s'étend guères plus dans ce moment qu'à environ deux cents pas dans l'intérieur de la Montagne, étant terminée par un éboulement qui en ferme l'issue.

Vue générale des Temples de Paestum, près du Golphe de Salerne

On fait des descriptions souvent si éloignées de la vérité, et l'on prend des idées si monstrueuses, d'après ce qu'on lit et ce que l'on entend raconter, que nous nous attendions à trouver Paestum un désert marécageux, les Temples perdus, ou ensevelis dans les joncs ou les broussailles, un air infect, un Pays désert et sauvage: nous eûmes donc lieu d'être fort étonnés de voir la plus belle situation, sur les bords d'un Golfe d'une grande étendue, une Plaine fertile, entourée de Montagnes cultivées en vignes et en bled, des habitations qui n'annoncent point la misère, et des Habitants qui ne souffrent que de la mauvaise eau qu'ils sont obligés de boire et quelquefois du mauvais air qu'on y respire.

Vue générale des ruines de l'ancien théâtre de Taormina

Le premier objet qui frappe la vue est son fameux Théâtre, dont on apperçoit les ruines sur la cime d'une Montagne. Sans doute que le chemin antique qui y conduisoit est perdu, ou bien son sol boulversé n'en laisse aucune trace ... Il est vrai qu'il est impossible de trouver en mêmetemps une route et plus curieuse et plus amusante à faire, par la beauté et la richesse des Sites que l'on rencontre à tout moment; l'abondance des tableaux qui se présentoient à nous, nous arrêtoit pour ainsi dire à chaque pas, et nous passâmes, sans nous en appercevoir, une grande partie de la journée à dessiner tous les environs de Taormine.

Vue du port de Palerme

La Vue du Port présente du côté de la mer un aspect et un coup-d'oeil plus agréable. L'on voit à droite en arrivant la Tour du Môle, construit à l'extrémité d'une petite langue de terre qui s'avance dans la mer, et qui est ornée d'une jolie plantation et de plusieurs Edifices employés pour la Marine: c'est le point de Vue que présente une de ces Planches.

Vue du Site général et des Environs du Temple de Segeste

Nous découvrîmes bientôt de loin le beau et superbe Temple de Segeste, parfaitement conservé au milieu d'un désert, où la vue n'est distraite par aucun autre objet; nous y arrivâmes au lever du soleil et comme ce Temple est précisement tourné au Levant et bâti sur une hauteur, c'est de tout le Pays l'objet le plus frappant et que l'on apperçoit aussi de fort loin. Il nous sembloit qu'ainsi élevé dans cette solitude, il y produisoit un effet encore plus imposant et véritablement il est fort extraordinaire qu'un Edifice aussi isolé soit ainsi resté dans presque tout son entier et sans qu'on puisse reconnoître dans les environs le moindre reste d'aucun autre Monument.

Vue de l'Etna prise de Taormine en Sicile

... ce magnifique Théâtre de Taormina, que l'on peut effectivement regarder comme un des miracles de la nature et qui par son étonnante conservation et sa position admirable, est sans contredit un des Monumens les plus curieux et une des Ruines les plus intéressantes qu'il y ait ... Quoique la largeur de l'Avant-Scène soit de plus de ving-deux toises d'ouverture, qu'il soit sans Galerie souterraine, ce superbe Edifice est sonore au point d'entendre de toutes ses parties le moindre son articulé, et dans quelque lieu qu'on le frappe, il raisonne comme un instrument.

Vue générale de la Ville de Syracuse

Quoique Syracuse soit sûrement aujourd'hui une des Villes célèbres de l'antiquité que l'on peut dire être la plus éloignée de son ancienne splendeur, elle conserve cependant de loin quelque chose d'imposant, soit par sa seule situation, soit encore par la beauté et l'étendue de son Port, un des plus vastes que l'on connoisse et qu'il y ait dans le monde.

Vue de l'Etna prise d'un Jardin du Prince du Biscarie creusée dans les Laves de 1669 près de Catane Ce qui attira encore plus notre attention dans ce lieu, fut d'y jouir de la vue entière de l'Etna, et du spectacle qu'y présente ce Volcan formidable, dont on peut découvrir de là l'étendue prodigieuse. Jamais il n'y eut par un jour serein et au lever du soleil, un tableau plus noble, plus imposant et plus magique en même-temps. Cet effet vaporeux produit par le vague immense de l'air, dans un espace de plus de soixante lieues, qu'occupe la base de l'Etna, sur près de deux mille toises de hauteur perpendiculaire, est plus aisé à imaginer qu'à rendre et à peindre, ou plutôt l'un et l'autre sont également impossibles, il faut l'avoir vu pour s'en former une idée et ne l'oublier de sa vie".

J-Cl.-Richard, abbé de Saint-Non, Voyage Pittoresque ou description du royaume de Naples et de Sicile, Paris, 1781-86. Vue du Vésuve et d'une partie du Golphe de Naples prise de l'endroit appellé Dogana près le Pont de la Madeleine.



NAPLES VUE DU VÉSUVE

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Vue du Rocher de Scylla et d'une partie de la Côte de la Calabre Oltérieure prise du Phare de Messine.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Vue d'un Lac dans les environs de Castro Giovanni connu sous le nom du Lac de Proserpine avec l'Etna derrière.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Vue générale des Temples de Poestum situés sur le bord de la mer et près du golphe de Salerne

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non



ROCHER DE **S**CYLLA



LAC DE PROSERPINE AVEC L'ETNA



Les Temples de Poestum

Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands Selection of Works on Display

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

Etna depuis Catania.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Etna depuis palais du Prince de Biscari.



ETNA DA CATANIA



Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Sommité de l'Etna.

Ετνά



Ετνά



VULCANO

Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands Selection of Works on Display

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Vulcano vue de n-e de la Sicile.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Claude - Louis Châtelet for Jean-C. Richard abbé de Saint-Non

Voyage à l'île de Malte

DES RECITS ET IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE AUX IMAGES EN GOUACHE

"Colonia haec est Phenicum, qui cum negotiationes suas ad Oceanum usque ad occidentalem extenderent, refugium in hanc insulam, ob portuum commoditatem et in profundo mari situm, habebant. Quae causa fuit, ut loci ejus habitatores mercatorum beneficio statim et opibus augerentur, et nomine inclarescerent". **Diodorus Siculus,** *Bibiothecae historicae libri...*, V.

"C'est en sortant d'une chaîne de montagnes, sur le bord de la mer, en deçà du fleuve Himera, aujourd'hui Fiume Salso, qu'est bâtie Alicata. On ignore quels ont été les fondateurs de cette ville, et l'époque où elle a commancé à exister; mais un rapport très marqué entre son nom et le mot grec *Alicas* $\alpha\lambda\sigma\sigma$ ou $\alpha\lambda\nu\alpha$, qui dans cette langue signifie sel, substance salée, semble devoir lui donner une origine grecque, et par conséquent fort ancienne ...

... Nous doublâmes le Cuminetto, petit rocher inculte, et nous louvoyâmes le long de la côte basse de Malte; il n'y avait point de vent, nous allions à la rame, en suivant toutes les sinuosités de la rive, passant sous toutes les tours et les différents forts qui défendent les anses et les mouillages de cette partie de l'île; car tout l'autre côté est défendu naturellement par des rochers coupés à pic et inabordables ...

Nous arrivâmes ensuite sous le fameux fort Saint-Elme, la première fortification de Malte, celle qui coûta tant d'hommes aux Turcs, et qui ils n'emportèrent qu'après avoir tué jusqu'au dernier des chevaliers qui la défendaient. Cette forteresse est aujourd'hui plus redoutable que jamais; le rocher sur lequel elle est bâtie étant entouré par une rangée formidable de batteries placées à fleur d'eau, qui défendent l'entrée des deux ports. Ce ne fut qu'après avoir répondu à toutes les questions que nous firent les gardes et les sentinelles de ce premier fort, qu'il nous fut permis de passer outre, et que nous pûmes voir cette superbe perspective de l'intérieur du port, l'ensemble de toutes ces forteresses réunies et de ces deux villes bâties l'une au-dessus de l'autre en amphithéâtre; coup d'œil qui ne ressemble à celui d'aucune ville du monde, et qui ne le cède peutêtre à aucune en magnificence, quoiqu'à parler exactement il n'y ait pas un bel édifice dans Malte, mais ils sont tous si solidement construits, de

grands et formidables bastions sur lesquels ils sont élevés leur font de si belles bases, que rien n'est plus imposant que l'arrivée et l'aspect de Malte... ... Ils nous conduisirent d'abord à la plus importante [fortification], qui est le fort Saint-Elme, et ensuite au fort Manoel ou Emmanuel, le plus nouvellement fait, et le plus parfait en même temps. Ce dernier est placé sur une petite île qui est au milieu du port Marsa Musciette. Ce fort Manoel ou Emmanuel, parfaitement régulier, tire son nom de celui du grand-maître Manoel de la Vilhena, qui le fit construire dans la petite île du Lazaret, pour défendre le port de Marsa Musciette; il fut élevé sur les dessins du chevalier de Tigne, par le chevalier de Mondion, en 1723. Rien n'est imposant comme la vue et l'ensemble de toutes ces fortifications réunies: aussi n'y eut-il jamais de situation tracée par la nature aussi avantageusement que celle de la ville de Malte, entournée de deux ports également sûrs, également vastes l'un et l'autre, et qui pourraient contenir un très grand nombre de vaisseaux de tous les rangs ... Ayant à peux près parcouru toute la partie principale de la ville de Malte particulièrement nommée La cité Valette, nous fûmes curieux de voir les autres parties de l'île, et entre autres cet ancien faubourg qui, à si juste titre, mérita de porter le nom de cité Victorieuse ... Melita était, suivant les anciens, une ville riche et opulente. On lit dans Diodore qu'elle était surtout renommée pour les étoffes et les tissus de lin qu'on y fabriquait, et qui étaient d'un moelleux et d'une finesse extrême. Il parait que la ville de Melita était citée pour la magnificence de ses bâtiments ... Enfin après avoir parcouru la plus grande partie de l'île de Malte, et tout ce qu'elle pouvait offrir de curieux, nous nous arretâmes sur des hauteurs fort élevées, appelées les Rochers du Conradin, qui terminent le fond du port, et d'où l'on découvre absolument et comme à vol d'oiseau, toute la cité de Valette: c'est la vue qui est représentée sous le n° 507 dans notre Atlas. Elle paraîtra d'autant plus intéressante, qu'on peut y distinguer d'un coup d'œil la forme générale du port et l'ensemble des différents bassins qui le composent, ainsi que tous les détails des fortifications qui l'environnent ..."

J.-Cl. Richard Abbé de Saint-Non, Voyage pittoresque ou description du royaume de Naples et de Sicile, Paris 1781-86.



Vue de la cité Victorieuse à Malte



VUE DE L'ISLE ET DU PORT DE MALTE



Vue du port de Malte et de la Cité Valletta



VUË DU PORT D'ALICATA

.



Vue du fort Manoel et de l'Isle du Lazareth



VUE À VOL D'OISEAU DE LA VILLE DE MALTE



Seconde vue du port de Malte



Description des Isles de Malte Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the Images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands Selection of Works on Display

Vesuvius: Saint Gennaro

"It is one of the most innocent, tenderest and deepest needs of the Christian peoples", to create themselves, in the paradise of saints, a patron to whom to dedicate, after God, Jesus and the Virgin Mary, all the ardour of their own faith ...

San Gennaro is the Patron, the father of the Neapolitans... He is in our lives and in all our houses. His image shines in golden glory in our main temple and smiles in all the tabernacles of the city, and is spread in clay statuettes, which time has worn, in all the lanes of the Vesuvian countryside...

San Gennaro, the illustrious Neapolitan, mansaint, symbol of everything Neapolitan, friend and companion of the city where people relate to him as a relative, a neighbour, as fellow countryman for confiding their worries, for asking for help, comfort and support ...

It is an ancient use, one of the "most innocent, tenderest and deepest needs of the Christian peoples", to choose a patron, 'a friend in heaven', as an object of devotion and faith. Every city, every guild of art and craft has its own saints in paradise. The patron of Naples was Santo Agrippino, until San Gennaro appeared on the face of the earth with his marvellous legend and his marvellous story. He appeared with his life, with his death and with his miracles: he appeared as a citizen of Naples....

San Gennaro è dunque l'amico fidato, il protettore sollecito pronto ad intervenire ogni volta ce ne sia bisogno; soprattutto quando la città è minacciata dal Vesuvio. San Gennaro è chiamato il 'vincitore del fuoco' ... Da due giorni, prima con un rombo sordo e come sotterraneo, poi con un rombo fragoroso, quasi un instancabile ruggito di belva, il Vesuvio faceva tremare tutte le case di Napoli, specialmente quelle lungo il mare ... Andammo. Cioè salimmo sino al quarto piano del palazzo Angiulli, uscimmo sopra un terrazzino e innanzi agli occhi ci apparve la via Marina, il mare, il Vesuvio, coronato da un colossale pino di fumo bianco, il Vesuvio vomitante, vomitante lava che colorava di rosea

fiamma, in pieno giorno, i fianchi del monte; il rombo era insopportabile: era insopportabile il tremore della terra: insopportabile lo stridìo dei vetri ... L'eruzione cresceva. Le sue terribili lave fluivano sempre più rapide, in un triplice torrente di fuoco, coronate di alti pini di fumo ... e se di giorno, lo spettacolo era imponente e pauroso, appena veniva a sera, appena calava la notte, lo spettacolo era veramente tragico, nella sua bellezza, incendiato il monte, incendiato il mare nel suo riflesso, incendiato il cielo, un triplice incendio gigantesco ... I boati del monte sembravano colpi di cannone, il rombo pareva quello di un incessante tremuoto, i tre fiumi di fuoco, incandescenti di giorno, avvampati di notte; i tre fiumi di fuoco che discendevano sulle coste del monte, i tre fiumi terrificanti di cui il terzo, largo, a onde che si avanzavano, discendevano verso Napoli. Sole. Sole, la compagna ed io, lassù,

guardavamo, abbagliate, abbacinate, il maestoso e tremendo spettacolo... preghiamo San Gennaro che ci scampi...

Voi credete che egli ci scamperà ? – Ne sono certa – ella disse, con voce semplice ma ferma. E su quell'alto terrazzino tutto bianco, pieno del sole di una bella gionata di aprile, mentre odorava, in un coccio, una malvarosa, innanzi a quella montagna coperta di fumo, di fiamma, di fuoco, innanzi a quella montagna rombante, questa fanciulla del popolo, a me quasi ignota, stretta nel suo gramo scialletto nero, poggiate le mani sul parapetto di pietra, invocò, a bassa voce, San Gennaro, e pronunciò, lentamente, frase per frase, le giaculatorie, mezze in italiano, mezze in latino, mezze in napoletano, con cui s'invoca San Gennaro, il taumaturgo, il vincitore del fuoco. Io, con le mani posate sui miei libri e sui miei quaderni, con gli occhi fissi su quella nuvola di fumo, di fiamma, che si elevava al cielo, che conquistava il cielo, che si estendeva fino allo zenit, con gli occhi fissi su quel monte coperto di fiamme e di fuoco, lentamente ripetendo parola per parola ciò che diceva la povera popolanella, io invocai San Gennaro, protettore di Napoli, vincitore del fuoco ... Così, l'indomani, fummo libere e fummo salve".

da: Matilde Serao, *San Gennaro nella leggenda e nella vita*, Lanciano 1909.

Vesuvius: Sir William Hamilton (1730-1803)

FROM THE DIARIES IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLER TO GOUACHE IMAGES

Naples, June 10, 1766 My Lord,

(...) About the beginning of November, I went up the mountain; it was then covered with snow, and I perceived a little hillock of sulphur had been thrown up, since my last visit there, within about forty yards of the mouth of the Volcano; it was near six feet high, and a light blue flame issued constantly from its top. As I was examining this phænomenon, I heard a violent report, and saw a column of black smoke, followed by a reddish flame, shoot up with violence from a mouth of the Volcano, and presently fell a shower of stones, one of which, falling near me, made me retire with some precipitation, and also rendered me more cautious of approaching too near, in my subsequent journies to Vesuvius.

From November to the 28th March, the date of the beginning of this eruption, the smoke increased, and was mixed with ashes, which fell, and did great damage, to the vineyards in the neighbourhood of the mountain [b]. A few days before the eruption I saw (what Pliny the younger mentions having seen, before the eruption of Vesuvius which proved fatal to his uncle) the black smoke take the form of a pinetree. The smoke, that appeared black in the daytime, for near two months before the eruption, had the appearance of flame at night.

On Good Friday, the 28th March, at 7 o'clock at night, the lava began to boil over the mouth of the Volcano, at first in one stream; and soon after, dividing itself into two, it took its course towards Portici. It was preceded by a violent explosion, which caused a partial earthquake in the neighbourhood of the mountain, and a shower of red hot stones and cinders were thrown up to a considerable height. Immedietely upon sight of the lava, I left Naples, with a party of my countrymen, whom I found as impatient as myself to satisfy their curiosity in examining so curious an operation of nature, I passed the whole night upon the mountain, and observed that, though the red hot stones were thrown up in much greater number than before the appearance of

the lava, yet the report was much less considerable than some days before the eruption. The lava ran near a mile in an hour's time, when the two branches joined in a hollow on the side of the mountain, without proceeding farther. I approached the mouth of the Volcano, as near as I could with prudence; the lava had the appearance of a river of red hot and liquid metal, such as we see in the glass-houses, on which were large floating cinders, half lighted, and rolling one over another with great precipitation down the side of the mountain, forming a most beautiful and uncommon cascade.

(,...) The 31st, I passed the night upon the mountain: the lava was not so considerable as the first night, but the red hot stones were perfectly transparent, some of which, I dare say of a ton weight, mounted at least two hundred feet perpendicular, and fell in, or near, the mouth of a little mountain, that was now formed by the quantity of ashes and stones, within the great mouth of the Volcano, and which made the approach much faster than it had been some days before, when the mouth was near half a mile in circumstances, and the stones took every direction. Mr. Hervey, brother of the Earl of Bristol, was very much wounded in the arm some days before the eruption, having approached too near; and two English gentlemen with him were also hurt. It is impossible to describe the beautiful appearance of these girandoles of red hot flames, far surpassing the most astonishing artificial fire-work.

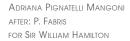
From 31st of March to the 9th of April, the lava continued on the same side of the mountain, in two, three, and sometimes four branches, without descending much lower than the first night. I remarked a kind of intermission in the fever of the mountain (*c*), which seemed to return with violence every other night. On the 10th of April at night, the lava disappeared on the side of the mountain towards Naples, and broke out with much more violence on the side next the *Torre dell'Annunciata*. The King and Queen of Naples visit the sites of the ERUPTION OF 1771 WITH SIR W. HAMILTON.



ERUPTION OF VESUVE IN 1771

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS for Sir William Hamilton

The great eruption of Vesuvius in the evening in 1779.



VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF Stromboli in 1785

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS for Sir William Hamilton

ERUPTION OF STROMBOLI AT NIGHT IN 1785.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS for Sir William Hamilton

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2006 - ojo.silgus@tiscall.it





STROMBOLI IN 1785



ERUPTION OF STROMBOLI AT NIGHT IN 1785

I passed the whole day and the night of the 12th upon the mountain, and followed the course of the lava to its very source: it burst out of the side of the mountain, within about half a mile of the mouth of the Volcano, like a torrent, attended with violent explosions, which threw up inflamed matter to a considerable height, the adjacent ground quivering like the timbers of a water-mill. (...), notwithstanding the consistency of the lava, it ran with amazing velocity; I am sure, the first mile with a rapidity equal to that of the river Severn, at the passage near Bristol. (...) our Lordship may imagine the glorious appearance of this uncommon scene, such as passes all description. (...)

In my last visit to Mount Vesuvius, the 3rd of June, I still found that the lava continued; but the rivers were become rivulets, and had lost much of their rapidity. The quantity of matter thrown out of by this eruption is greater than that of the last in the year 1760; but the damage to the cultivated lands is not so considerable, owing to its having spread itself much more, and its source being at least three miles higher up. This eruption seems now to have exhausted itself, and I expect in a few days to see Vesuvius restored to its former tranquillity. (...)

(b) These ashes destroy the leaves and fruit, and are greatly detrimental to vegetation for a year or two; but are certainly of greaty service to the land in general, and are among the principal causes of that very great fertility which is remarkable in the neighbourhood of Volcano's.

(c) In the subsequent eruptions of Vesuvius, I have constantly remarked something of the same nature, as appears in my account of the great eruption of 1767.

Naples, February 3, 1767.

Since the account of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which I had the honour of giving to your Lordship, in my letter of the 10th of June last, I have only to add, that the lava continued till about the end of November, without doing any great damage, having taken its course over antient lavas. Since the cessation of this eruption, I have examined the crater, and the crack on the side of the mountain towards *Torre dell'Anonciata*, about a hundred yards from the crater from whence this lava issued: and I found therein, some very curious salts and sulphurs; a specimin of each sort I have put into bottles myself, even upon the mountain, that they might not lose any of their force, and have sent them in a box directed to your Lordship, as you will see by the bill of lading: I am sure, you will have a pleasure in seeing them analyzed (e). I have also packed in the same box some lava, and cinders, of the last eruption; there is one piece in particular very curious, having the exact appearance of a cable petrified. I shall be very happy if these trifles should afford your Lordship a moment's amusement.

It is very extraordinary, that I cannot find, that any chemist here has ever been at the trouble of analyzing the productions of Vesuvius.

The deep yellow, or orange-color salts, of which there are two bottles, I fetched out of the very crater of the mountain, in a crevice that was indeed very hot. It seems to me to be powerful, as it turns silver black in an instant, but has no effect upon gold. If your Lordship pleases, I will send you by another opportunity specimins of the sulphurs and salts of the *Solfatara*, which seem to be very different from these.

Within these three days, the fire has appeared again on the top of Vesuvius, and earthquakes have been felt in the neighbourhood of the mountain. I was there on Saturday with my nephew Lord Greville; we heard most dreadful inward grumblings, rattling of stones, and hissing; and were obliged to leave the crater very soon, on account of the emission of stones. The black smoke arose, as before the last eruption, and I saw every symptom of a new eruption, of which I shall not fail to give your Lordship an exact account.

(e) The late Lord Morton was pleased to give these specimins to Dr. Morris, who has made several chemical experiments on them, the results of which will be communicated to the Royal Society.

from: Sir William Hamilton, An Account of the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1766: in a Letter to the Earl of Morton President of The Royal Society (philos. Trans. Royal Society, London, 56, 1766)..., in Un viaggio al Vesuvio: W. Hamilton - Il Vesuvio visto attraverso diari, lettere e resoconti di viaggiatori, a cura di Paolo Gasparini e Silvana Musella, Napoli 1981. Vesuvius from Ischia LACCO AMENO.



ISCHIA LACCO AMENO



ERUZIONE DEL VESUVIO



BAIA TEMPIO DI VENERE



Ετνα

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS for Sir William Hamilton

The great eruption of Vesuvius in the evening in 1767.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS for Sir William Hamilton

The templum of Venere at BAIA.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS for Sir William Hamilton

Etna.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: P. FABRIS

for Sir William Hamilton

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

Vesuvius: Pierre-Jacques Volaire

FROM THE DIARIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLER TO GOUACHE IMAGES

Pour qui connaît les oeuvres du Chevalier, l'association du peintre et du volcan vient immédiatement à l'esprit. Volaire; c'est le Vésuve, encore le Vésuve, toujours le Vésuve. Le thème du volcan plaît à Volaire: un Vésuve toujours chengeant, pas à fait le même, pas tout à fait un autre, mais toujours séduisant pour l'oeil de l'artiste comme pour celui du voyageur. Pour le représenter Volaire abandonnera le diurne. Le nocturne se prête mieux aux jeux de contrastes, revêt un aspect inquiétant qui n'est pas sans charmer le spectateur. La vue des éruptions de nuit est aussi plus proche de l'expérience vécue par les voyageurs:ceux-ci s'y rendaient de nuit, à la lumière des torches, pour mieux apprécier ce spectaculaire feu d'artifice. Volaire retranscrit ses impressions et celle des spectateurs dans de sublimes et innombrables éruptions nocturnes du Mont Vésuve. Quelle fut sa réaction face au Volcan? Celui-ci suscitait la crainte, excitait la curiosité, touchant la sensibilité. Et, quelle interprétation choisit-il d'en donner? ... Le Chevalier Volaire -Un peintre français à Naples au XVIIIe siècle- Emilie Beck -Saiello-Centre Jean Bérard.

"Naples, 23 avril 1774

Voicy une journée de curiosité terminée non sans peine et fatigue. Il a fallu se déterminer à aller voir le Vésuve qui nous attendoit pour faire une éruption et faire couler sa lave. Il étoit question de le voir de jour et de nuit; nous sommes partis à neuf heures; nous avions porté notre diné dans nos voitures jusqu'à Portici, et de là sur des mulets et des asnes jusqu'au bas du Vésuve. Il faut compter de Naples quattre heures pour arriver en bas. Après avoir dîné chez l'ermite qui est au milieu, nous continuâmes notre route sur nos mulets encore trois quarts d'heure après lesquels il faut mettre pied à terre. Alors on marche comme l'on peut dans une plaine couverte de morceaux d'écailles de lave d'une ancienne éruption. Tous ces morceaux sont de forme et de figure hérissée et comme des râpes de fer, présentant des intervalles et fentes considérables propres à se casser une jambe. On voit à droite et à gauche sortir des fumées qui désignent du feu. Sans doute ce chaos vient d'une ancienne éruption qui d'une montagne en a fait deux: à la fin nous sommes arrivés à notre destination en face de la lave qui couloit; alors, en

place, nous étions à portée d'entendre les mugissements de la montagne dans laquelle est renfermé cet affreux volcan. C'est un feu d'artifice continuel et on voit à chaque gerbe des muids de pierre enflammée sauter en l'air et rouler tout en feu jusqu'au bas de la montagne; devant nous à une demie lieue nous voyions venir et descendre à nous une cascade de feu de la montagne de la largeur de vingt pieds au moins, et au bas de ladite montagne prendre différentes directions comme de l'eau suivant la pente du terrain. Nous voilà donc vis à vis ce spectacle imposant! Quelques-uns uns de notre bande voulant se satisfaire de plus près entreprirent de monter le long de ce fleuve de feu, s'efforçant d'aller jusqu'en haut de la bouche. Ils partirent bien gays et avec beaucoup d'ardeur sans avoir égard à toutes remontrances, et sans suivre et tourner la montagne comme il est de coutume. De notre poste, nous les voyions grimper sur les mains et tacher d'arriver, mais ils ne purent pénétrer à une certaine hauteur; ils revinrent une heure après, déchirés, sans souliers, effrayés de mille dangers qu'ils avoient courus, et de l'effroyable bruit qu'ils avoient entendu de près, de l'odeur du souffre dont ils avoient pensé etre étouffés, et promettant qu'ils n'y retourneroient plus. Pour moi, je n' avois pas besoin de cette épreuve pour m'entretenir dans ma résolution de ne voir qu'à une distance convenable, car il y avoit longtems que j'avois vu à Rome nombre de personnes revenues de Naples se plaignant d'avoir eu la complaisance de monter sur le Vésuve au risque d'y périr ou du moins d'en revenir avec la plus grande fatigue: nous sommes resté à notre poste jusqu'à la nuit, prés de huit heures, pour voir l'effet du feu de nuit, ce qui est un spectacle bien différent que celui dejour. Un quart d'heure a été suffisant, et effectivement le spectacle est superbe de voir un torrent de feu et une bouche vomir continuellement des gerbes de feu. Nous étions très empressés de revenir, ayant les même chemins à traverser à pied au clair de lune et des flambeaux, ce qui se fait non sans peine. J'étois avec un peintre nommé Volaire qui réussit supérieurement à rendre l'horreur du Vésuve dont je rapporterai un tableau ".

P-J-O Bergeret de Grancourt, *Bergeret et Fragonard. Journal inédit d'un voyage en Italie*, 1773 -1774, M.A. Tornézy, 1895, p.30l._

Vesuvius eruption in the evening 1779.



Vesuvio

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: P.J. Volaire

Vesuvius in eruption in the night 1767.



Vesuvio

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: P.J. Volaire

Vesuvius in eruption in the night 1779.



Vesuvio



VESUVIO

Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the Images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands Selection of Works on Display

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: P.J. Volaire

VESUVIUS WITH THE SNOW 1779.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: P.J. Volaire

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

The Spanish: Juan Andrés (1740/1810), Angel de Saavedra, duca di Rivas (1791/1865)

... and here another spectacle is offered immediately, giving the soul a new pleasure, and revealing a new type of antiquity. There lie the Campi Flegrei, where the war of the giants against Hercules raged; lake Averno; the cave of the Sibyl, the Stygian lagoon, the Elysian Fields and other various recollections evoked by the poets and by mythology. On the other side, the Villas of the Romans, temples, tombs, pools and other historical monuments; in another part again the Solfatara, Nero's baths, Montenuovo and other singular phenomena of nature: everything is rare, everything a delight, and everything surprises ...

... We set off again, and after having rounded a small promontory we entered an inlet, or the old port of Baia. What praise the ancients lavish on the pleasantness and the delight of Baia! Virgil describes it as an eternal springtime; Horace says that Nullus in orbe sinus Bayis praelucet amoenis (no inlet in the world shines more than Baia); Martial Littus beatae gentis aureum Bayas superbae blanda dona naturae (golden shore of the blessed Venus, Baiae, kind gift of Nature who is proud of it); and all, poets and other writers, speak of it in this manner; and effectively sky, sea and earth together make this much sung pleasantness believable, and the vestiges of the ancient constructions still demonstrate that the Romans were in love with this place, since here Mario, Silla, Pompey, Caesar, Nero and other illustrious Romans all possessed magnificent palaces, On the other side of Naples, about eight or nine miles towards the East, appears the famous Vesuvius, which is a high mount, with a crater at the peak, in which one or more mouths open, from which a more or less dense and abundant cloud of smoke is constantly emitted together with various lava flows. This is the normal state of Vesuvius; but there are some moments of interruption and tranquillity, when neither smoke nor lava come out, which permit arriving not only to the edge of the crater, but even entering inside it and examining the entire volcano from close up Many miles before arriving in Naples you already see Vesuvius, and I confess that arriving in that city by night, and noting from quite afar a light which changed form, and above it a great cloud, I wondered what kind of meteor it could

be, without it entering my head that it was Vesuvius until the next day when I saw it from Naples. The locals, used to the spectacle, look at it with indifference, but a foreigner cannot but observe with wonder those clouds of smoke which rise continually from the top of the mount and those torrents of fire which run down. Seen from afar the lava seems to shine like fire, and the smoke really forms huge clouds which stretch around the hills, dispersing with the wind On the one side Monte Somma, with its enormous stones and great boulders, which detach continuously, and its great masses of stone always jam jam lapsura cadentique imminet assimilis (promise a fail, and shakes at every blast); on the other side Vesuvius, from where billowing smoke rises, covering the sky with dark clouds, where twenty and thirty streams, not of water but of fire, with some huge stones also aflame which do not run slowly like the lava, but which fall by jumps: and in the middle a black sea or a dark valley where nothing is seen except a dark and melancholy full expanse of enormous masses of hardened brown and blackish lava; the muted noise of the lava, which strikes the stones and the other bodies it passes; that solitude, that silence, that retreat, seeing nothing other than mounts, lava, smoke and fire, keep the soul in a deep apprehension and procure a certain pleasure which delights *per se* and for its novelty. The solitude and the obscurity offer their delights, perhaps greater than the confusion and the pleasantness; but in that solitude and obscurity one feels it a particular delight, seeing nature operate in greatness, a phenomenon that nature itself cannot replicate in other places, and which art seeks to imitate in vain. Where can one see a cauldron formed by a mount with a mouth of more than a hundred paces in diameter? where a column of smoke of such height? where rivers of fire, which slowly flow, little by little losing speed and colour? where a sea of black stone, which the touch and the sight recognise as hard, cold and dark, but which memory recalls having seen flowing as luminous and fluid as a river?

Mantova, 26 January 1786 From: Gl'incanti Di Partenope, Juan Andrés, Planes 1740 - Roma 1810; Alfredo Guida editore.

TRIP TO VESUVIUS

... From my arrival in Naples the thing which kept my imagination most occupied was Vesuvius, this superb giant which rises, isolated and solitary, and dominates the most luminous gulf of the Mediterranean. ... How vigorous mount Vesuvius rises! It offers its powerful profile to the astonished traveller from afar, standing out in a gentle sky, and takes the figure of a large, almost regular cone, from the point where it separates from Monte Somma, to which it is united at the base, and with which it is believed to have formed a single body in a far remote time. ... The fertility and warmth of its slopes, where there is a perennial springtime; the abundant and flourishing vegetation of its steep slopes; its high peak covered with scoriae and ash, which at sunset takes on a sweetest purple colour; and the feather of smoke, now whitish, now rather dark, now made golden by the sun's rays, which crowns its forehead, form such a great and magnificent spectacle that, once seen, it is never forgotten, because nothing can cancel it from the imagination.

The ascent to Vesuvius is made at night, to better enjoy the effect of the fire and to admire the dawn from its summit, the sun rising and, in the light of the new day, the most splendid countryside over which it commands. I did not want, therefore, to let the beautiful and serene moon of July pass, without it illuminating this path, for the welcome effort of climbing up to the top of the volcano, which most of the time emanated flames, threatening a small eruption. At eleven at night on the 31st of July we set out from my house in Naples with two carriages ...

... the moon shone in all its splendour and followed its path in the clearest of skies. In the air not a leaf stirred. The motionless sea, like a lagoon, slept silently on the soft sand of these gay beaches ...

... During the trip we never took our eyes away from the colossus, on the shoulders of which we were trying to climb, to observe from up close its frightening mouth. The mass dark mass appeared distinctly on the background of the starry sky, while a column of smoke and fire crowned its top. It seemed like the immense bluish helmet of a Titan, on a red feather waving on the crest ...

... in the gorge of the mount, to our left, we saw the the frightening torrent of petrified lava which, in the eruption of 1822, had almost given Resina the same end as Herculaneum, on the buried houses of which its foundations lie. We reached a crest which dominates those places, called Atrio del Cavallo. Here a rustic wooden cross has been erected, as a limit which, to the curious who wish to see the volcano during the various eruptive stages, indicates the point one may arrive to without danger, when lava flows on that side. At a short distance from there, not even a trace of vegetation remains; one loses oneself and the path completely disappears, and the terrain becomes so dry and steep that the horses cannot even make one step, and they must be abandoned. Then the terrible effort of the ascent starts. Under the pale moonlight and under the flickering and uncertain light of the torches, we saw an interminable ascent in front of us, of about sixty degrees inclination, covered and strewn with large and dense scoriae, with sharp rocks, with petrified lava, carbonised materials and dark ashes: it is a horror to see oneself at the foot of that colossus, which seems to hide the front of the fiery region, and to be climbing on its shoulders ...

We took about another two hundred paces, on smooth and unstable terrain, a mixture of ashes and lapilli, in slight descent and we reached the edge of the crater.

Who can describe the great, magnificent, terrifying spectacle which presented itself to our sight? We remained in silence, immobile, hesitant and confused... All the effort, all the dangers of the ascent were forgotten, and we would willingly have faced them a hundred times just to find ourselves there, and to enjoy that indescribable prodigy.

... Everything is mutable and ephemeral on the summit, on the slopes and around Vesuvius. Its subterranean convulsions and its eruptions have completely transformed the configuration of the territory it stands on. And now it has shown new mouths, now it has not left one to be seen. Now hills have risen on the plain, now others have disappeared. Now the beaches have moved back, revealing new bays and inlets, now they have reentered into the sea, forming new capes and promontories. For this reason the configuration of the territory of Naples and its gulf is completely different to how the ancients described it. Pompeii for example, was a seaport while today the ruins of that unfortunate city lay four miles from the coast ...

... There are periods in which the volcano seems completely extinguished, and its mouth does not emanate even the slightest vapour; then one would say that the colossus is sleeping, and that the exterminating genius hidden in its viscera is reposing. As a rule it emits smoke continually, in greater and lesser quantities. Sometimes it erupts so much ash as to completely blot out the sun; other times, a great quantity of lapilli, which fall rapidly like a dense rain all around, and it has also projected abundant jets of boiling water to great heights. But the most surprising and magnificent spectacle which Vesuvius presents is that known by the name "Pino". This is a column of smoke and ash which rises perpendicular to the crater to a prodigious height, where it expands all around like an immense head of foliage, forming the image of the tree from which the name is taken ...

... The head guide informed us that if we wanted to enjoy the spectacle of the rising sun, we would have to hurry to ascend to the highest point of the crater, which falls on the eastern side of Vesuvius. We went up without delay, sinking up to our knees in the hot ash and tripping over great masses of lava. On reaching the summit our eager gaze was presented with the greatest, the most marvellous scene in the world ...

... The fresh wind of the morning had cleared the sky of clouds and completely cleaned the atmosphere. At that height we felt suspended as if between the sky and the earth, and we were breathing the purest of air. In silence we fixed our gaze to the East and we saw the distant horizon all shining in scarlet and gold, on which the jagged outlines of the Appenninee mountains were drawn, their mass a dark blue colour. A moment later the disc of the sun started to appear, without obfuscation by the very fine vapour, and, rising slowly it seemed an immense wheel of topaz ...

... After our eyes were fulfilled contemplating such a pleasant and reposing spectacle we turned them to the West, and a scene just as fascinating expanded in front of us. The beautiful gulf of Naples seemed a lagoon of silver, and the small sailing boats crossing in every direction were like swans. The mounts of Castellamare, still in shadow, contrasted with the radiant tones of purple and gold which glazed the outlines of Capri, Ischia and Posillipo. And Naples, the delightful, the opulent, the enchanting Naples, seemed like a splendid nude woman, asleep in the middle of a garden. In the whole world there is no better view ...

... How many emotions, all so different, and all strong, we felt that night and that morning ...

... In the crater of a volcano we had contemplated the terrible force of its ire, at the entrance of the hell, and the greatness of its goodness on the vault of the sky, in the sun ... It was now time to descend from Vesuvius; with the day the heat started, so we decided to return so as to rest our souls, tired out by it as much as our bodies ...

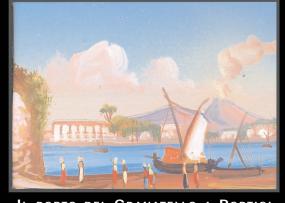
From *Vesuvius a Paestum*, Angel de Saavedra (1791-1865), Ed. Avagliano.

Il porto del Granatello a Portici.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Juan Andrés

Vesuvio.

Eruzione di fuoco del



IL PORTO DEL GRANATELLO A PORTICI



ERUZIONE DI FUOCO DEL VESUVIO



L'isola di Ischia.



L'isola di Ischia



ERUZIONE DEL VESUVIO CON LA LUNA Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the Images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Angel de Saavedra

Eruzione del Vesuvio con la luna.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Angel de Saavedra

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.lt

The Swedes: Naples "The Viper Siren" Jacob Jonas Björnståhl (1731 - 1768)

21 June 1771

.... "But here one may see very different works of nature, so surprising and extraordinary to almost erase the memory of the one just described. Vesuvius on one side of the city and the Solfatara on the other. The Dog's Cave, the Sybil's Cave and then the sources of boiling water, thermal baths and the lakes of Aceronte and Averno and many other phenomena, may well be considered merely humdrum wonders of nature ...

... Naples lies in the most delightful position imaginable, inside a great Mediterranean gulf. To the south, the sea pushes right into the city forming a beautiful port made very safe and convenient thanks to stone wharves, piers, the castle, the towers and the lighthouse. To the south, distant across the sea, right in front of the city there is the island of Cabrea, now called Capri or Cabri, made famous by Emperor Tiberius, who led a life of luxury there. To the north and east the city is surrounded by high mountains largely covered by magnificant trees and vines which form a verdant and shady forest everywhere around. The mount which you see to the east is called Pausilypus, a name meaning "without pain". Today, one may still see Virgil's tomb here, on which there are bushes of evergreen laurel: I gathered a handful and made myself a garland but despite this was not, in truth, overcome by any poetic rapture ...

... If you proceed further to the west, half a Swedish mile about from the city, you reach the Dog's Cave: I shall talk of the surprising phenomenon it produces at another time. Not far from this place there is the lake of Agnano with the natural thermal springs which are here called *stufe* (stoves). Further in the distance you see the smoking Solfatara mount, called Phlegre in antiquity, or also Forum Volcani because it spat out fire like Vesuvius, but at that time it burnt to such a point that to this day it still smokes everywhere and emanates the hottest vapours one may imagine. These vapours form an ammoniac salt of which I have collected a sample to bring back with me to have its components analysed by one of our scientists.

Still further west there is the city of Puteoli, today called Pozzuoli, situated beside the sea, at seven or eight Italian miles from Naples, which is equal to a Swedish mile and a quarter (N.B: I reckon almost six Italian miles for every Swedish one). Near the city, twenty years ago, the so-called Temple of Serapide was discovered. Until then it had been completely buried. This is quite a grandiose monument, with columns and marble slabs. Here, among the inscriptions, I saw two or three marble statues indicated as Dusari sacrum. For the moment I shall leave it to the experts to decide which divinity they were meant to indicate and where they should be situated ...

... I shall omit speaking of the so-called bridge of Caligola which, crossing the gulf, united Pozzuoli with Baia, and the Sybil's Cave on the nearby Lake Averno. Here there are, as is well-known, the places sung by Virgil. In these same places I read the verses of the poet so that I could appreciate their greatness with greater and renewed vigour ...

... a little further on there is the promontory of Miseno where Pliny, while he was stopping with the Roman fleet, saw rising clouds of smoke from Vesuvius. From here he went to Herculaneum by sea to better observe this phenomenon, which at that time must have been quite extraordinary. This trip must be about four Swedish miles in length. Not far from Miseno there are the Campi Elisi, the Aceronte and the Mare Morto which is in fact a small lake. Here one can also see the port from where Charon ferried the dead, for burial; here there are also sepulchres all about ...

... More distant, towards the west, there are the ruins of the city of Cuma, the very place where Aeneas landed; in fact the peasants of the zone still call it Eneia or Einea, a somewhat ancient term which should correspond to the Greek form.

Dedalus is also supposed to have arrived here at Cuma, coming from Crete, if not by his real wings, then at least by *alas nauticas*. More to the north than Cuma there is Liternum, where Scipione was buried with the famous epitaph *O patria, ne ossa quidem, mea habes.* In front of the Miseno promontory is the island of Prochyta, today Procida, where the royal court resides in September for pheasant hunting, the game being found in great quantities here. Further out to sea in front of Cuma there is the island of Ischia, the antique Pithecusa or also called Aenaria or Inarime where in the ancient times there were the enormous Vulcans which Pliney speaks of, traces of which still remain ...

... here there are a great number of hot water springs and wonderful thermal water baths, which are frequented with a great advantage to health.

But perhaps now you shall make me note that I am going too far to the part west of Naples and not to return to Vesuvius, with its buried cities, which are found in the opposite direction. I have done this deliberately so as not to fall into the error, as many have done, of speaking of these wonderful places or of Pliny's trip, without having any knowledge of the geography, or when they have not seen these places with their own eyes.

So, the eastern border of the city is the river Sebethus or Sebeto, on which there is a bridge called Ponte della Maddalena.

This is the beginning of the road which leads to Portici, to Vesuvius and to the Solfatara, where it was believed the Titans fought against Giove. Naples, therefore, lies on the world's most frightening channel or subterranean cavity. But for my comfort I do not want to believe that this is true, at least not while I'm here. All the same I have had no convincing proof of the existence of this frightening subterranean passage of fire. On the coast between these two extremes, which measure from east to west about fifteen Italian miles, lies Naples. Everything around the soil is rich in sulphur, salt, pitch and combustibles of every type. Here the earthquakes are not rare and rivulets of fire often run outside Vesuvius. Now, however, as I am bringing to a close this little geographical sketch so as to speak to you about the antiquities of the discovered cities, I do not have time to tell you of two trips I made to the top of Vesuvius and up to the crater itself. Nor can I, at the moment tell you of the great benefits which this mountain gives to the surrounding localities. Later on I shall have the

chance to convince you that this paradox corresponds to the truth.

From Naples to Portici, towards the South, the road procedes along the coast for six Italian miles.

Here surroundings, containing many houses, gardens and villages, seem all built like a single city, but they have different names.

With time it is cetain that they shall also build in the empty spaces nearer to Naples and then Portici shall be completely united to it by houses and roads, thus forming a magnificent arena over the sea.

Today Naples extends its length of five Italian miles, but joined to Portici it would be double. From Naples to Portici, in a straight line across the gulf, is only four Italian miles, a little more than half a Swedish mile, for which reason Portici seems to be much closer.

This distance, from the Royal Palace of Naples to the Royal Palace of Portici, was calculated at the time of His Majesty the Catholic King of Spain as six Italian miles; while from the edge of the city, that is from Ponte della Maddalena, which crosses the river Sebeto, to the Royal Palace at Portici, it is only four

From: *La Sirena Vipera*, Jacob Jonas Björnståhl, Naples - Ed. Alfredo Guida L'isola di Ischia dal mare.



Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. J. Björnståhl

L'ISOLA DI CAPRI DAL MARE.



Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. J. Björnståhl

Pozzuoli e il suo golfo.





POZZUOLI E IL SUO GOLFO



ERUZIONE DI FUOCO DEL VESUVIO Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. J. Björnståhl

Eruzione di fuoco del Vesuvio.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. J. Björnståhl



graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

The Hungarians of the Grand Tour in Magna Græcia

VESUVIUS: MIKLÓS BARABÁS AND POLIXÉNA WESSELÉNYI

Towards five in the evening I went to eat at the trattoria called "A la ville de Rome", where I usually ate, and from the terrace I delighted in admiring the Gulf of Naples. Towards six, while I was paying the bill, the earth suddenly moved with a terrible boom which came from below the ground, so much so that I had to hold on to the table so as not to fall over. I was behind the terrace, and at first I didn't know what was happening, but seeing everyone running towards the terrace, I also turned and saw that the entire Gulf was illuminated. Naturally, I immediately thought of Vesuvius and also ran to the terrace. What I saw was unimaginable: Vesuvius had threw the entire cone of the crater, which had circumference of three miles (and on which only two days before we had been cooking eggs), into the air and through the fissure a column of fire rose more or less as high as the mount itself. Who would dare to describe or paint such a scene? How could one represent that majestic movement, that continuous change which increased the grandeur of the scene, changing it from minute to minute! The speed with which it threw on high thousands upon thousands of incandescent rocks, the perennially iridescent outline of the clouds of smoke, the incessant booming underground, booming caused by the enormous masses of stone that were thrown against the sides of the crater, and all this seen mirrored in the sea, painting the waters of the Gulf with fire.! And the hues which coloured all the surrounding landscape going from sunset to the darkness of night! How some ship approached the port, black on the surface of the fiery sea. Anyone who has witnessed a similar vision only once in their life can never forget it. Those who stayed on the terrace, waiters and clients, remained like statues, from six to ten. Nobody thought of eating, nobody said a word, nor could they find words apt for their admiration. If someone had been served a steak at the time of the eruption, they didn't touch it until ten. At a quarter to ten the fire started to subside and a quarter of an hour later it was dark. Only then did the people start to move, leaving the terrace in silence, but with great sighs.

From: Miklós Barabás : Autobiography (1834)

The next day we prepared early and I was impatient to leave because, from a very young age, climbing Vesuvius had been one of my dreams which not even with age had faded... ... Believing myself strong enough, I started to ascend on foot, using a stick. The southern sun spread all its heat and my legs sank in the burning sand up to the knee, and with every step forwards taken with great effort, I slipped two backwards. The stick wasn't of great use to me either, because pushing it into the sand meant I could no longer manage to pull it out. The guide, putting his arm around my waist tried to drag me out, but I was sunk in the sand to such a point that I couldn't add my force to his. Not being able to move I sat down, desperate. "It's impossible, I can't go on not another step - I'm dying of heat - I want nothing but a drop of water." "Your Excellence! Patience!" my guide said to me. "It isn't very easy to go up Vesuvius, and you have undertaken it with too much energy, those who go slowly, go well." N.N. who was half-melted by the heat caught up to me. "What happened to you? I did say that you wouldn't keep it up, and that we should have hired a sedan chair." I was on the verge of tears: "Oh! And now what shall I do, it's impossible to go on, but I must see the top of Vesuvius." Our guide sent back the man who had been carrying our food and we waited until he returned, albeit without finding a bit of shade to take refuge in from the unbearable heat. I felt humiliated, as the one whose fault all of this was: I remained seated in silence, ashamed (in truth) of the situation in which, through my stubborness, I had involved my companions. In the end the sight of eight men who were

In the end the sight of eight men who were bringing a chair lightened us up. I was made to sit and four of them carried me raised above their heads, every so often changing with the other four, and never stopping for a moment. I seemed poised between the sky and the earth, on my chair: I held my breath, and didn't see the steep ridge under me but I did see Naples, shining under the sun, and beyond that the sea which merged with the blue of the sky We reached the area at the bottom of the crater, where we stopped. I was there, in the place that I had desired to be with great passion and for a long time: my eyes and all my being were won over to admiration, mixed with joy and transport. In my soul only one voice echoed: Lord, how beautiful and great are thy works! From the bottom of the crater rocks and sparks jump up with a heavy boom, dark columns of smoke rise towards us, spread in the air cover the blue sky above us with a dark veil. But what a lively and clearly visible surprise for our eyes was the countryside! There is no place on earth with a more agreeable landscape, a more magnificent sight, than that which opens in front of us from Vesuvius. It has an indescribable beauty. All the Gulf of Naples with its soft arc and calm sea of a deep azure colour, in the background the green islands as if they were floating; Naples with its innumerable white buildings, the splended limpid sky, the colour of which cannot be imitated even by the noblest brush, and which was unsullied, not even by a single cloud: this panorama alone is worth a journey from the other hemisphere. I can number few moments of such happiness in my life, because my joy was not disturbed by the least nuisance.

The transport was not false, but rather felt in the depths of my heart elevating the soul above the body and, for a few moments, making everything else forgotten: then we also began to feel hungry, and taking out our food we cooked eggs in the sand. Meanwhile another chair arrived, and a beautiful woman dressed in ash coloured silk, trimmed with black, with a black veil over her hat, stepped out; she was accompanied by only the guide and an old servant. As often happens, we tried to understand what nationality she was, and why she was travelling alone. "She's certainly a widow, her clothes tell everyone. She seems sad" said some. Our guide then told me: "I meet a lot of foreigners so I know their nationality just by looking . Excuse me, Madame, for my impertinence, but I was vainly trying to understand what nationality you are. I can see that you're not English, Italian, nor Spanish, French, I believe you're not German either" - and while he listed the various nationalities I continuted to shake my head. "I'm Hungarian" she said finally. He scratched his head, like when you hear something that you don't fully understand. "Yes, yes, Austrian." "Not Austrian, but Hungarian." Oh yes, now I remember I saw the regiment, fine soldiers, they have large moustaches." (...)

which is encrusted with foul smelling sulphur which runs down in yellowish and greenish streams. A little later they returned running as fast as they could, the smell of the sulphur exhalations being so foul. Then, I too expressed a desire to go there, but our guide said that it wasn't something for ladies; and since this argument always provokes me, my desire became my will and I became just like a petuant child, then we set off to at least make a round of the double crater. In parts the soil was so hot that it burnt my feet, so that I had to run. The wind started to blow in our faces, bringing a mass of suffocating smoke with the exhalations of the sulphur and I couldn't breathe, I lost my strength, and I only managed to pronounce these words: "I'm finished!" "Be strong, Madame," said our guide encouraging me," you are accompanied by our Savior." What happened to me later, I can't remember. They dragged me out of the suffocating smoke and when I came to, I was on the piazzola. If I had been alone, I would certainly have died. A little after that I got better and we started the descent. On the steep slope I proceded in sand up to my knees, slipping, and it was such a new and strange sensation that I burst out laughing. The burning sand damaged my shoes, so I wrapped my feet in one of N's scarves and in our guide's handkerchief, and in this way I arrived at the bottom.

We found our horses ready. At Resina we got into a carriage. It was now night, a fresh breeze blew in from the sea; we were tired, and tried to keep a conversation going but in vain; after some observations made between long silences, like "how pleasant this breeze - the moon is beautiful - Naples with in the night time is even more beautiful than by day - it's possible - it's true", each of us retired to a corner and slept. A yell awoke us. A carriage had overturned next to us and the travellers were on the ground on top of each other.Without asking what had happened, N leapt out of our carriage and helped as best he could. We offered our carriage but fortunately nobody had been hurt, nor was their carriage broken. Picking themselves up from the ground they reentered their caririage and thanked us for our offer. Separating from them we arrived in Naples without any other inconveniences.

From: Polixéna Wesseléni: Viaggio in Italia e Svizzera (1842)

(Thanks for the kind supply of the text: Prof. *Győzö Szabó, prof. László Sztanó*.)

Eruzione del Vesuvio di notte nel 1839.



ERUZIONE DEL VESUVIO DI NOTTE

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Polixéna Wesselényi

Cratere del Vesuvio con l'eruzione notturna del 1820.



CRATERE DEL VESUVIO CON L'ERUZIONE

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Polixéna Wesselényi

Interno del cratere del Vesuvio 1839.



INTERNO DEL CRATERE DEL VESUVIO



Eruzione del Vesuvio con luna Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations From the images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Polixéna Wesselényi

Eruzione del Vesuvio con la luna.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: Miklós Barabás



graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

Vesuvius, Naples and Campania in the literature of Russian romanticism

Aleksander Pavlovič Brjullov (St. Petersburg 1798-1877)

Our first wish was to see Pompeii and Vesuvius; passing Torre del Greco we finally saw an ample rise, covered by a woods which was still young, and we were told that it was Pompeii. We approached, and saw the already unearthed part of this happy city. We climbed up ... The view of the ruins forced me to imagine, involontarily, the time in which the city was inhabited, in which the Forum, where there were now only ourselves and the silence, broken only by the scampering of a lizard, full of people who trading with the greatest commitment to earn themselves a little more, unaware of the danger that was threatening them, and that would soon deprive them of all their wealth ...

One cannot walk among these ruins without feeling the growth of an absolutely new sentiment which forces one to forget everything, except the terrible plight of this city. After having hastily passed along some empty streets I arrived at the main Forum, flanked by columns on two sides. And on the right there was the temple of Giove, on the left the tribunal, in front of me a basilica, next to this the temple of Venus facing the Pantheon. Try imagining all this and you may understand my own feelings when facing this spectacle.

In a letter to his parents dated 8 May 1824 the young artist describes an excursion thus: We reached Portici and, having hired donkeys, started the ascent. With every step the road became more incredible: on one side a stupendous infinite view, on the other well-kept gardens, but it was enough to advance only a few steps and the gaze ranged across a desolate desert of waves of petrified lava.

In the end we reached the hut built on a small rise, let's say halfway up.

After resting a little, we set off again: at first I got off the donkey and started to attack the steepest slope; after a stretch of that climb I started to feel surprised at the fact that someone had described the excursion as difficult ... with each step, however, I met with new (obstacles)

so much so that in the end I almost stopped advancing, continually sinking in the sand and in the ashes and slipping downwards ... the sun had already started its race to the west and all of nature seemed to have entered a state of calm.

A wisp of smoke rose from the crater; at night we saw some fires, but with no consequences. In Naples, many people, seeing fire on Vesuvius, had thought of a small eruption ...

From: Lucio Fino, Napoli ed i suoi dintorni nelle opere dei vedutisti tedeschi, russi e scandinavi del primo '800. Napoli. Grimaldi Editori, 2007.

Sil'vestr Feodrovic Ščedrin (St. Petersburg 1791 - Sorrento 1830)

The landscape artist Sčedrin was invited by the Grand Duke to go to Naples to prepare two watercolour views. In a letter to his father he expresses his impressions of the city: "I am living on the water's edge, in the most marvellous and popuous place, where there is the passage for the Royal Park; under my windows there are seats for spectators; on the shore a multitude of itinerant vendors of oysters and various types of fish, and the terrible shouts of idlers who sell putrid mineral water - they draw it up anyway and serve it to passers-by. So they cry out all night and to sleep well one must simply get used to it. I am disgusted by the Neapolitan manner of speaking, it seems that everyone is crying or that they are making animal noises to each other, and the language it the worst of all Italy. Here, however, French is in use and in the inns everyone speaks it. Living is more expensive than in Rome but everything is done finely, everything is ordered and embellished, although not always well, but the houses are considerably more expensive.

From: Aleksej Kara-Murza, *Napoli Russa*, Ed. Sandro Teti.

Il castello Aragonese di Ischia.



Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: A.P. Brjullov

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: S.F. Ščedrin

Villa Reale.

Passeggiata lungo la

L'Isola di Ischia.

IL CASTELLO ARAGONESE DI ISCHIA



L'Isola di Ischia



PASSEGGIATA LUNGO LA VILLA REALE



LA GROTTA AZZURRA AIR WATER EARTH FIRE STORY IN IMAGES EMOTIONS AND INSPIRATIONS FROM THE IMAGES OF TRAVELLERS FROM VESUVIUS TO THE AEOLIAN ISLANDS SELECTION OF WORKS ON DISPLAY

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: A.P. Brjullov

LA GROTTA AZZURRA.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: S.F. Ščedrin

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

THE PICTORIAL DIARY OF MY "MINI-TOUR" TO MAGNA GRÆCIA



Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

The Pictorial Diary of my "Mini-Tour" to Magna Græcia: Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Aware of the accounts and the images of travellers and the mental contexts of their times I followed a sentimental voyage to the volcanoes of the south

"God's sweet islands

The island is the end of every voyage, the end of the greatest road, for which reason it has always been part of every adventure and has navigated through human civilisation: the island is a last breath and a harbour, an escape from every uncertainty and anxiety, it overcomes nature, is discovery, the beginning of consciousness, a project of history and a project for community. But the island is also a brief stop-over, a wait, a pause in which regenerates fantasy about the unknown, the desire to travel, the need of passing the limit, of discovering new spaces. The island is a metaphor of our world; a rock in an enormous sea, a wandering grain in infinite space; it is the metaphor of human life; the resting place of a soul in the eternity in which we live, to which destiny inexorably pushes us. It is the mother's womb, a pitiful protection against panic and terror". from: Vincenzo Consolo, in the convention "Alle radici della vita civiva nelle Eolie", Lipari 17 May 1995

"Male di pietra' continuò il marinaio 'è un cavatore di pomice di Lipari. Ce ne sono a centinaia come lui in quell'isola. Non arrivano neanche ai quarant'anni. I medici non sanno che farci e loro vengono a chiedere il miracolo alla Madonna negra qui del Tindaro. Speziali e aromatari li curano con senapismi e infusi e ci s'ingrassano...'Sotto lo sguardo dell'uomo, acuto e scrutatore, ritornò con la mente al cavatore. Al di là dei Canneti, verso il ponente, s'erge dal mare un monte bianco abbagliante che chiamasi Pelato. Quivi copiosa schiera d'uomini, brulichio nero di tarantole e scarafaggi, sotto un sole di foco che pare di Marocco, gratta la pietra porosa col piccone; curva sotto le ceste esce da buche, da grotte, gallerie; scivola sopra pontili esili di tavole che s'allungano nel mare fino ai velieri". Da: Vincenzo Consolo, Il sorriso dell'ignoto marinaio, Torino 1976.

"'Che mare! E dove c'è un mare così?' 'Sembra vino' disse Nenè. 'Vino?' fece il prof. perplesso. 'Io non so questo bambino come veda i colori: come se ancora non li conoscesse. A voi sembra colore di vino, questo mare?' 'Non so: ma mi pare ci sia qualche vena rossastra' disse la ragazza 'l'ho sentito dire, o l'ho letto da qualche parte: il mare color del vino', disse l'ingegnere ... 'Vedi: qui sotto, vicino agli scogli, il mare è verde; più lontano è azzurro, azzurro cupo' 'A me sembra vino' disse il bambino, con sicurezza ... Da: Leonardo Sciascia, *Il mare color del vino*, Torino 1973.

"A Canneto avevo un giardino io, e c'era una serpe. Il marito mio sempre mi diceva: 'Vedi che c'è sempre una serpe vicino al gallinaio. Non toccare mai questa serpe, non la toccare'. Io la vedevo: lei era in mezzo alle pietre e io le dicevo: 'O te ne vai o ti ammazzo'. Lei se ne saliva, bella, per sopra e io non la disturbavo mai. Perché quando uno trova una serpe vicino alla casa, dice che non si tocca. Anzi le dico che, una volta, conoscevo uno che trovò una serpe dentro la pila dove lavavano i panni, lui proibì a tutti di andare a lavare nella pila. Le portava il mangiare, le portava l'acqua e la pila la coprì con un pezzo di tavola. Quanto durò questo tempo non lo so, ma che le portava l'acqua e le portava il mangiare ... lo so perché le successe alla mamma mia. Lui le disse: 'Grazia, non ci andare più a lavare nella pila'... Perché può darsi che sono pure anime condannate, una non è che lo può sapere, capita,

in mezzo a tante, che ce n'è qualcuna". Da: Macrina Marilena Maffei, *Capelli di* serpe. Cunti e credenze delle isole Eolie, 1995.

Nam planities circa Capuam pars est Italiae totius nobilissima: regio bonitate atque amoenitate praecellens: ad hoc, mari adjacens, et emporia ea habens, ad quem solent appelere, qui ex omnibus fere orbis partibus in Italiam navigant. Urbes praeterea celeberrimasque Italiae continet. Oram enim maritimam Campaniae Sinuessani, Cumani et Puteolani colunt: item Neapolitani, et novissimi omnium Nucerini. In mediterraneis ad septentrionem sunt Caleni et qui Teanum habent: ad ortum et meridiem Dauni [immo Caudini] et Nolani. In mediis campis sita Capua urbs est, quae omnes alias felicitate quondam superabat. **cp. Polybius,** *Historiae***, V.91.** "Indeed we did; it's the loveliest spot in Sicily,... a wild bit of coast» isn't it, senator? Utterly deserted, not a house in sight; the sea is peacockcoloured; and right opposite, beyond the iridescent waves, Etna. From nowhere else as from there is it so lovely, so calm, masterful, truly divine. It is one of those places in which one sees an eternal aspect of that island of ours which so idiotically turned its back on its vocation, that of serving as pasturage for the herds of the sun."

"This was fulfilled at six o'clock on the morning of the fifth of August. I had just awoken and got straight into the boat; a few strokes of the oars had borne me far from the pebbles on the beach, and I had stopped under a large rock whose shadow would protect me from the sun, already climbing in swollen ferment and turning to gold and blue the candour of the dawn sea. I was declaiming away when I suddenly felt the edge of the boat lower, to the right, behind me, as if someone had seized it to climb on board. I turned and saw her: a smooth sixteen-year-old face emerging from the sea, two small hands gripping the gunwale.

The girl smiled, a slight fold drawing aside her pale lips and showing a glimpse of sharp little white teeth like a dog's. But it was not in the least like one of those smiles you people give, which are always debased by an accessory expression, of benevolence or irony, pity, cruelty or the like; this expressed nothing but itself, that is an almost animal joy, an almost divine delight in existence. This smile was the first of the spells cast upon me, revealing paradises of forgotten serenity. From rumpled sun-coloured hair the seawater flowed over green widely open eyes down features of childlike purity.

"Our captious reason, however predisposed, rears up before a prodigy, and when faced with one falls back on memories of the obvious; I tried, as anyone else would, to persuade myself had met a girl out bathing, and moved carefully over above her, bent down and held out my hands to help her in. But she with astounding vigour emerged straight from the sea as far as the waist and put her arms round my neck, enwrapping me in a scent I had never smelt before, then let herself slither into the boat...She was a Siren. "She lay on her back with head resting on crossed hands, showing with serene immodesty a delicate down under her armpits, drawn-apart breasts, perfectly shaped loins; from her arose what I have wrongly called a scent but was more a magic smell of sea, of youthful voluptuousness. We were in

shade, but twenty yards away the beach lay abandoned to the sun and quivering with sensuality. "She spoke: and so after her smile and her smell I was submerged by the third and greatest of charms, that of voice. It was slightly guttural, veiled, reverberating with innumerable harmonies; behind the words could be sensed the lazy surf of summer seas, last spray rustling on a beach, winds passing on lunar waves. The song of the Sirens does not exist. Corbera: the music from which there is no escaping is that of their voices. "She was speaking in Greek and I had great difficulty in understanding her: 'I heard you talking to yourself in a language similar to my own; I like you; take me. I am Lighea, daughter of Calliope. Don't believe in the tales invented about us; we kill none, we only love.'... "Bent over her, I rowed, gazing into her laughing eyes. We reached the shore; I took that aromatic body in my arms and we passed from glare to deep shade; she was already bringing to my mouth that flavour of pleasure which compared to your earthly kisses is like wine co tap-water."... Lighea was very often away; without any previous hint she would plunge into the sea and vanish, sometimes for many hours. When she returned, usually early in the morning, she would either meet me in the boat, or, if I was still indoors slither on her back over the pebbles, half in and half out of the water, pushing herself along by the arms and calling for me to help her up the slope, 'Sasà', she used co call me, as I had told her that was the diminutive of my name. In this action, hampered by that very part of her body which made her so agile in the sea, she had the pitiful aspect of a wounded animal, an aspect which the laughter in her eyes cancelled at once... often I saw her emerge from the sea, her delicate torso gleaming in the sun... ..."You are young and handsome; follow me now into the sea and you will avoid sorrow and old age; come to my dwelling beneath the high mountains of dark motionless waters where all is silence and quiet, so infused that who possesses it does not even notice it. I have loved you; and remember that when you are tired, when you can drag on no longer, you have only to lean over the sea and call me; I will always be there because I am everywhere, and your

"Once she told me she would be away a long while, till the evening of the next day. 'I must go a long way off, to where I know I shall find a gift for you'.

thirst for sleep will be assuaged.'

"She returned with a superb branch of lilac coral encrusted with sea-shells barnacles.... ... In the mornings the dove-coloured sea would moan like a turtle-dove with arcane restlessness, and in the evenings crinkle without any perceptible breeze in gradations of smoke-grey, steel-grey, pearl-grey, all gentle colours more tender than the former splendour. Far away wisps of mist grazed the waters: maybe on the coasts of Greece it was already raining. Lìghea's mood also changed in colour from splendour to tender grey. She was silent more often, spent hours stretched on a rock gazing at a horizon no longer motionless, seldom went away. 'I want to stay on with you; if I leave the shore now my companions of the sea will keep me back. Do you hear them? They're calling me. 'Sometimes I did seem to hear a different, lower note amid the screech of sea-gulls, to glimpse unruly flashes from rock to rock. 'They are sounding their shell, calling Lighea for the storm festival!'

"This hit us at dawn on the 26th. From the rock we saw the wind sweep closer, fling the distant waters into confusion, as near us swelled vast and leaden billows. Soon the broadside reached us, whistled in our ears, bent the dried-up rosemary bushes. The sea below us did not break; along came the first white-crowned wave. 'Good-bye, Sasà. You won't forget!' The roller crashed on our rock, the Siren flung herself into iridescent surf; I did not see her drop; she seemed to dissolve into the spray." **from: Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa,** *The Siren and selected writings*, trans. by A. Colquhoun, ed. The Harvill press, London 1995.

"In quegli anni gli abitanti delle Eolie facevano parte di un mondo ancora arcaico e poverissimo, dove non vivere, ma sopravvivere era difficile. E quando qualcuno non ce la faceva più, partiva per l'Australia. Nell'assenza degli uomini, le donne, che in Sicilia rimanevano rinchiuse in casa, qui uscivano per cogliere i capperi e per pescare, lasciando i vecchi a fumare sotto i pergolati delle terrazze sostenute da colonne cilindriche imbiancate di calce, le stesse dall'età minoica ...

In queste isole prive di sorgenti, la sola acqua era l'acqua piovana, che veniva raccolta dalle terrazze, ingegnosamente incanalata e filtrata e conservata nelle cisterne.

Accanto alle cisterne, due per ogni casa, gli eoliani sistemavano un banco per la biancheria, pronta per essere lavata ... Ogni famiglia aveva un piccolo vigneto, innestato con la vite americana dopo la maledizione della fillossera che aveva distrutto nell'Ottocento quasi tutte le piante, ricavandone un vino forte e profumato dal colore dell'ambra e con la gradazione alcolica di un liquore. A Stromboli i capperi venivano coltivati lungo le pendici del vulcano in buche profonde anche un metro, per ripararli dal vento e mantenerli dentro un alone protettivo di umidità. Da lontano nessuno avrebbe mai immaginato che quei pendii ricoperti di cenere nerastra si potesse nascondere una piantagione rigogliosa. Francesco Alliata si ricordava che l'odore dominante delle Eolie, avvertibile in tutte le isole appena uno sbarcava, era quello pungente e piccante dei capperi sotto sale ... 'Alla vista di Vulcano Anna si è rianimata', faceva sapere uno di loro. 'L'isola si presenta in pieno e terrificante splendore. È un lembo di luna caduto nel mare. Ma non luna morta, luna viva, fuoco, zolfo rupi torturate, ginestre pazzamente gialle e un monte dalle rughe di una vecchiaia spaventevole"". Da: Stefano Malatesta, Il cane che va per mare, Vicenza 2000.

Tenuere Osci, Graeci, Umbri, Tusci, Campani. In ora Savo fluvius, Volturnum oppidum cum amne, Liternum, Cumae Chalcidensium, Misenum, portus Baiarum, Bauli, lacus Lucrinus et Avernus, iuxta quem Cimmerium oppidum quondam, dein Puteoli colonia Dicaearchea dicti, postque Phlegraei campi, Acherusia palus Cumis vicina; litore autem Neapolis, Chalcidensium et ipsa, Parthenope a tumulo Sirenis appellata, Herculaneum, Pompei haud procul spectato monte Vesuvio, adluente vero Sarno amne, ager Nucerinus et VIIII p. a mari ipsa Nuceria, Surrentum cum promunturio Minervae, Sirenum quondam sede.

cp. Caius Plinius Secundus, *Naturalis historia*, III. 5.

« On nous conduisit aux Etuves [de Néron] à la célèbre Grotte du Chien, qui n'est qu'une petite caverne naturelle dans l'un des rochers qui entourent le lac d'Agnano. A juste titre, on en a fermé l'accès car il en émane une odeur de soufre si pestilentielle que celui qui s'y aventurerait tomberait raide mort.»

J.-C. Richard, abbé de Saint-Non, *Journal ou notes sur un voyage fait en Italie 1759 et 1760*, ed. cons. Roma 1981.

Il Vesuvio in eruzione di CENERE.



Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

IL VESUVIO IN ERUZIONE VISTO DAL MARE.





ERUZIONE DI CENERE DEL VESUVIO



ERUZIONE DEL VESUVIO DI NOTTE



ERUZIONE DEL VESUVIO DI NOTTE 1

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Veduta notturna del VESUVIO IN ERUZIONE.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Veduta dal mare del Vesuvio in eruzione di NOTTE.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni



graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

"Eine Wasserfahrt bis Pozzuoli, leichte Landfahrten, heitere Spaziergänge durch die wundersamste Gegend von der Welt. Unterm reinsten Himmel der unsicherste Boden. (...) Der herrlichste Sonnenuntergang, ein himmlischer Abend erquickten mich auf meiner Rückkehr; doch konnte ich empfinden, wie sinneverwirrend ein ungeheurer Gegensatz sich erweise. Das Schreckliche zum Schönen, das Schöne zum Schrecklichen, beides hebt einander auf und bringt eine gleichgültige Empfindung hervor. Gewiss wäre der Neapolitaner ein anderer Mensch, wenn er sich nicht zwischen Gott und Satan eingeklemmt fühlte." Johann Wolfang Goethe, Italienische Reise, [1786-88] ed. Jena 1816-29.

"Enfin, voici Ischia. Un château bizarre, perché sur un roc, forme la pointe de l'île et domine la ville avec qui il communique par une longue digue.

La rive est charmante. Elle s'élève doucement, couverte du verdure, de jardins, de vignes, jusqu'au sommet d'une grande côte. Un ancien cratère, qui fut ensuite un lac, forme maintenant un port où les navires se mettent à l'abri. Le sol que la mer baigne a le brun foncé des laves, toute cette île n'étant qu'une écume volcanique. La montagne s'élève, devient énorme, se déroulant comme un immense tapis de verdure douce. Au pied de ce grand mont on aperçoit des ruines, des maisons écroulées, pendues, entr'ouvertes, des maisons roses d'Italie." **Guy de Maupassant,** *La Vie errante***, Paris 1890.**

"Eine Weile geht die Fahrt hart neben dem Meer einher, und wenn dieses stürmt und mit donnernden Wogen gegen das Ufer rollt, dann soll es, so erzählt mir mein Genius, plötzlich starren und anhalten, von dem schwarzen Flug finsterer, rätselhafter Ungetüme erschreckt. Ich hatte lange in Neapel voll Vergessenheit im Schoße der köstlichen Natur geschlummert, ich hatte bei Betrachtung der Altertümer, wie manche Nervenkranke, ein nächtliches Dasein, ein zweites Leben geführt, wo das Nächste und Hellste unsichtbar wird, das Entfernte gegenwärtig und körperlich vor Augen tritt - so war die Eisenbahn fremd und störend, und dennoch jauchzte ich, da ich sie sah und auf ihr zog, jauchzte von neuem, wie damals, als ich das erste Mal dieses Wunder mit Augen gesehen. Alle Geister der Menschen und Tage, die über

diese Gegend einst gegangen, der alten Cimmerier mit ihrem nächtlichen Totendienst. der Osker und Etrusker mit ihren Gewölben aus Quadern, die Chalridier, Samier und Sybariten mit ihrer milden Menschlichkeit, die Geister endlich der naturbezwingenden Römer, der phantastischen Mauren und ritterlichen Normannen, sie alle, in dieser vulkanischen Gegend des Dampfes und der Feuerblitze gewohnt, versammeln sich erschreckt, schauen und begreifen nicht. Sie fühlen ein gleiches, wie jener alte Fischer auf Capri, der mir davon erzählte, und sicherlich war dieser Natursohn an seiner Klippenküste, derselbe, wie vor dreitausend Jahren. Hätten Naturereignisse ein Bewusstsein wie wir, der schauerliche Avenersee, die dunkle Sibyllenhölle, die öde Solfatara und der schrecklichste von allen, der Vesuv, würde den Dampfwagenzug als Genossen ihrer Natur aufnehmen und ihr Geschlecht um ein neues Glied vermehrt glauben. Ja, zu dieser reichen Gegend ist ein neues Wunder gekommen."

Victor Hehn, *Reisebilder aus Italien und Frankreich*, Hrsg.: Th. Schiemann, Stuttgart 1894.

"Keine Landschaft kann in der Tat griechischer sein, kein Meer voller an antiker Größe als diese Erde und dieses Meer, das ich beim Spazierengehen auf den Pfaden in Anacapri sehe und erlebe.

Es ist Griechenland, ohne die Kunstwerke der griechischen Welt, kurz vor seinem Entstehen. So als ob alles noch kommen müsste, liegen dort oben große Vorräte von Steinen, und so als ob all jene Götter noch geboren werden müssten, die Griechenlands Übermaß an Schönheit und Schrecken heraufbeschwor. Und was für eine Sprache die Leute dort oben sprechen! Ich habe nie aus menschlichem Munde solche antiken Wörter vernommen. Frage sie nach dem Namen des Ortes, den du siehst und sie werden dir etwas großes, mächtiges antworten, was sich anhört, wie der Name eines Königs, eines dieser antiken legendären Könige, und es kommt dir vor, als hättest du seinen Namen schon gehört, wie die Anzeichen bei Gewittern und beim Ausbruch aufgehalten vom Meer, das sich aufzubauschen beginnt."

nach Rainer Maria Rilke, *Briefe aus den Jahren 1907 bis 1914*, Leipzig 1939.

Eremo del Vesuvio.



EREMO DEL VESUVIO

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

CASTEL DELL'OVO.



Vesuvio

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Il Vesuvio dal molo GRANDE.



IL VESUVIO



IL VESUVIO

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Il Vesuvio da Torre del Greco.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

I sprang from the Sorrento sailing-boat on the little beach

Swarms of boys were playing about among the upturned boats or bathing their shining bronze bodies in the surf, and old fishermen in red Phrygian caps sat mending their nets outside their boat-houses.....

......We reached at last the top of the seven hundred and seventy-seven steps, and passed through a vaulted gate with the huge iron hinges of its former drawbridge still fastened to the rock. We were in Anacapri. The wole bay of Naples lay at our feet encircled by Ischia, Procida, the pine-clad Posilipo, the glittering white line of Naples, Vesuvius with its rosy cloud of smoke, the Sorrento plain sheltered under Monte Sant'-Angelo and further away the Apennine mountains still covered with snow. Just over our heads, riveted to the steep rock like an eagle's nest, stood a little ruined chapel. Its vaulted roof had fallen in, but huge blocks of masonry shaped into an unknown pattern of symmetrical network, still supported its crumbling walls.

'Roba di Timberio', explained old Maria. 'What is the name of the little chapel?' I asked eagerly.

'San Michele.'

'San Michele, San Michele!' echoed in my heart. In the vineyard below the chapel stood an old man digging deep furrows in the soil for the new vines. 'Buon giorno, Mastro Vincenzo! 'The vineyard was his and so was the little house close by, he had built it all with his own hands, mostly with stones and bricks of the Roba di Timberio that was strewn all over the garden.....

.....La Bella Margherita put a flask of rosecoloured wine and a bunch of flowers on the table in her garden and announced that the 'macaroni' would be ready in five minutes. She was fair like Titian's Flora, the modelling of her face exquisite, her profile pure Greek. She put an enormous plate of macaroni before me, and sat herself by my side watching me with smiling curiosity. 'Vino del parroco,' she announced proudly, each time she filled my glass. I drank the parroco's health, her health and that of her dark-eyed sister, la bella Giulia, who had joined the party, with a handful of oranges I had watched her her picking from a tree in the garden....I just remembered in time to drink her health, but after that I did not remember anything except that the sky overhead was blue like a sapphire, that the parroco's wine was red like a ruby, that La Bella Margherita sat by my side with golden hair and smiling lips.

'San Michele!' suddenly rang through my ears. 'San Michele!'echoed deep down in my heart!

.....We rounded Monte Circeo as the sun was rising, caught the morning breeze from the Bay of Gaeta, darted at racing speed under the Castle of Ischia and dropped anchor at the Marina of Capri as the bells were ringing *mezzogiorno*. Two hours later I was at work in the garden of San Michele whith hardly any clothes on. After five long summers' incessant toil from sunrice till sunset San Michele was more or less finished, but there was still a lot to be done in the garden. A new terrace was to be laid out behind the house, another loggia to be built over the two small Roman rooms which we had discovered in the autumn......

.....We passed through the village and halted at Punta Tragara. 'I am going to climb to the top of that rock,' said I, pointing to the most precipitous of the three Faraglioni glistening like amethysts at our feet. But Gioia was sure I could not do it. A fisherman who had tried to climb up there in search of sea-gulls' eggs had been hurled back into the sea by an evil spirit, who lived there in the shape of a blue lizard, as blue as the Blue Grotto, to keep watch over a golden treasure hidden there by Timberio (°) himself. Towering over the friendly little village the sombre outline of Monte Solaro stood out against the western sky with its stern crags and inaccessible cliffs.

'I want to climb that mountain at once', said I.

(°) The old emperor who lived the last eleven years of his life on the island of Capri and is still very much alive on the lips of its inhabitants, is always spoken of as Timberio.

Axel Munthe, *The Story of San Michele* First published in Great Britain by John Murray - 1929

Why visit Campania

This land is so happy, so delightful, so fortunate that is obvious that it is nature's favourite. This revitilizing air, the perpetually clear skies, the so fertile land, the sunny hills, the dark forests, the mountains lost among the clouds, the abundance of vineyards and grapevines...and so many lakes, the copiousness of the running waters and springs, so much sea and so many ports! A land open at all sides to commerce and that, as if to encourage man, reaches its arms out into the sea.

Plinius the Elder, Its century B.C.

The Cathedral, which has a beautiful door and columns of African and Egyptian granite that once graced the Temple of Apollo, contains the celebrated blood of San Gennaro, or Janarius. It is preserved in two little ampullas in a silver reliquary and three times a year it miraculously liquefies to the great joy of the people.

Charles Dickwns, 1845

But, look: what mean yon surly walls? A fortress? and in the heart of town? Even so. And rapt I stare thereon.

Herman Melville, 1857

The first impression is that of having landed in the palace of some oriental emperor. There is nothing in all of Europe that even comes close to this theatre, non even in the remotest way. Your eyes remain dazzled, your soul raptured... **Stendhal**

"I am leaving. I will forget neither via Toledo, nor any of the other quarters of Naples: to my eyes it is, without a doubt, the most beautiful city in the universe"

Stendhal, 1817

I think of you every day, when, opering the balcony I see this sparkling sea unfold itself under the oranges of Posillipo, furrowed by the many boats, whose two little white veils are similar to the white wings of the seagulls. At my feet the grassy fields of the Royal Villa, dotted whith rose bushes, already green like our most beautiful ones in Spring.

Alphonse de Lamartine, 1820

There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb. The way he cut, an English mile in length, thorough a roch of stone, in one night's space.

Christopher Marlowe, 1588

Say, tell or paint what you will, but there all expectations are exceeded. This shore, the gulfs, the coves... May all those who lose their minds in Naples be forgiven!

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, 1787

Beneath, the great city with its four hundred thousand solus, its red tiles and irregular masses of brick-work, contrasting with the gilded domes of the superb churches.

A.J. O'Reilly, 1884

Capodimonte, that rises on the mountaintop...is a vast palace begun by Don Carlos, presently King of Spain. Here are housed all the riches... from the Parma Palace of the Farnese family that Charles took to Naples when he came through this Duchy to the throne of the Two Sicilies. The position of this palace is the best of the world.

Marquis de Sade, 1776

A boat trip (to Pozzuoli); some short drives in a carriage; walks on foot through the most astonishing landscape in the world.

Johann Woltgang Goethe, 1781

There lies between Naples and Great Puteoli, a chasm deep cloven, and Cocytus churns there his current; the vapor in fury escapes from the gorge with that lethal spray laden.

Petronius. I AD

You cannot imagine anything more romantic than the short walk from the lake of Averno to the entrance of the cave, especially for those with their heads full of legends... It is possible that Virgil had this place in mind when he elaborated his tale.

Johann Golffried Seume, 1802

Nero's Baths, the ruins of Baiæ, the Temple of Serapis; Cumæ, where the Cumæn Sybil interpreted the oracles, the Lake Agnano, with its ancient submerged city still visible far down in its depths.

Mark Twain, 1869

And each time we reach higher ground, we discover an ample and splendid landscape. In front, the calm, blue sea; down below, enveloped in a light haze, the coast of Italy, the classic coastline of even rocks; Capo Miseno closes in the distance, everything in the distance.

Guy de Maupassant, 1890

I saw the places of Virgil...then the lakes of Averno and Lucrino, and stagnant waters of Acheronte. I saw the fatherland, and the house of Sybil and that fearful cave from which fools do not return and where wisemen do not dare go. Francesco Pelrarca, 1343

At a distance the mountain seems to be harmless, the blue outline of the lofty cone terminating in a dense bank of smoke, like storm clouds gathering around the snowy peaks of the distant Apennines; but when the adventurous tourist wishes to approach nearer to its blazing crater, and toils up its tom and blackened sides, he will see in the immense chasms and rents traces of might convulsions. **A.J. o' Reil/y, 1884**

I have just come from speaking. .. of Vesuvius and of the recently discovered ancient city of Herculaneum. Nothing is more remarkable than having found an entire city in the bossom of the earth.

Charles de Brosses, 1739

The appeal in short was genial, and, faring out to Pompeii of a Sunday afternoon, I enjoyed there, for the only time I can recall, the sweet chance of a late hour or two, the hour of the lengthening shadows, absolutely alone. The impression remains ineffaceable.

Henry James, 1900

My island has small solitary roads closed in by ancient walls, on the other side of which orchards and vineyards that seem like Imperial gardens stretch. It has several beaches of delicate and clear sand, and other shores that are smaller, covered in pebbles and seashells, and hidden between high cliffs.

Elsa Morante, 1957

Ischia could be seen as an immense vineyard; her fruits are exquisite and her figs were praised by Horace...

Audot, 1834

I suddenly found myself in an extraordinary grotto (the Blue Grotto) and gave out an involontary cry of delight. In front of me, around, above and behind, I saw things too marvellous to describe. Imagine a completely blue cavern, as though God was amusing himself making a tent with pieces of firmament. Alexandre Dumas, 1835

We descend towards Sorrento on steep roads, lined by walls that protect thick groves of lemons and oranges with fruit-Iaden limbs, rose bushes and camelias in flower, palm and pine trees which free their green cusps in the air. Louise Colet, 1863

I remember well the place and the moment when the car that was taking me on the road that goes to Sorrento towards Sant'Agata crossed the backbone of the sorrentine peninsula when suddenly the other sea appeared, the Gulf of Sorrento, and the little Sirenuse islands, and all the scenery around me was suddenly arid, naked and wild, without a tree, without a house, and in front of me there was only a series of curves on the edge of the cliff over the water, far below me, and the little street that courageously ventured between curtains of rock that skirted one abyss after the other.

Raffaele La Capria, 1992

Positano bites deep, It is a dream place that isn't quite real when you are there and becomes beckoningly real after you have gone. Its houses climb a hill so steep it would be a cliff except that stairs are cut in it. The small curving bay of unbelievably blue and green water lips gently on a beach of small pebbles.

John Steinbeck, 1953

The aerial precipice of Amalfi is immersed in a network of pure colours that does not repeat the nauseating and lazy colours of certain famous tropical seasons along the route of the great journeys. Here is the garden that we are eternally and uselessly searching for, after the perfect places of our childhood.

Salvatore Quasimodo, 1966

...close to Salerno is a coast looking out at sea, called by the locals the coast of Amalfi, covered with little towns, gardens and fountains, and men rich and profitable in the art of trade and other. Amongst the towns there is one called Ravello.

Giovanni Boccaccio, 1351

I have never seen more gracious places. The first you find is Maiori...

The solitary streets and tranquil trails enter into the mountain, from which clear and fresh waters spring. So much romantic solitude restores one's soul and gives birth to the desire to live there in peace, or at least spend a summer.

Ferdinand Gregorovius, 1861

How wonderful to look upon, like Ulysses, on a clear day the Gulf of Salerno towards southeast, with as backdrop the high hazy coast and the crystalline mountains. One abandons the gods of today to discover a new self.

David H. Lawrence, 1920

Those hills form the last slopes of the Cilento mountains, all covered in olive groves, fig trees and vines.

Cosimo De Giorgi, 1882

The palace will be more beautiful than Versailles... the acqueduct is so magnificent that I have never seen one similar elsewhere.

Jacob Jonas Björnstaehl, 1771

The azure bay seems to borrow more of the blue of heaven as it stretches far away to the horizon; the little steamers and innumerable yachts that ply between the islands give the scene animation and variety.

A.J. O'Reilly 1884

Rarely does one find similar magic in any other place.

Johan Gottfried Seume, 1802

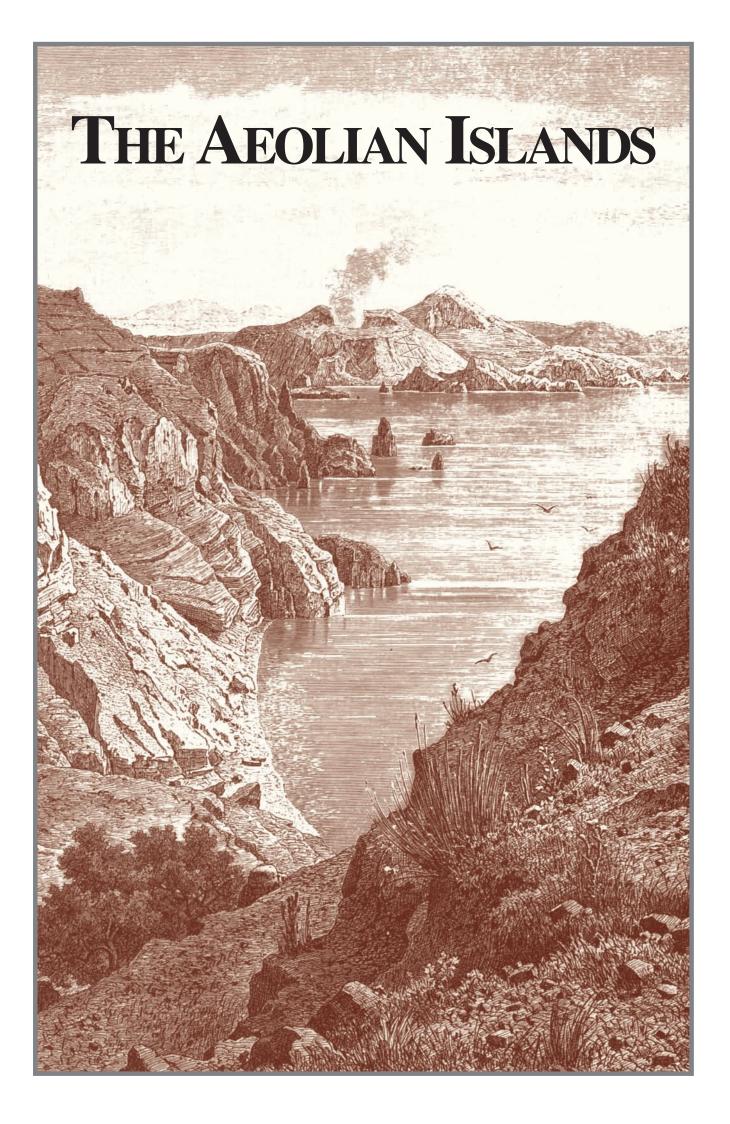
We touched the via Appia, the most beautiful of the ancient roads... from where we were it points straight to Benevento, and goes on to die in Brindisi; this is the road that Horace followed in his poetic journey.

Alexandre Dumas

All the eras were lived out in this region: the

ancient Cimmerians with their moonlit funeral rites; the Oscans and the Etruscans with their vaults, the Calcidians, the Sibarites with their soft humanity, and finally the Romans, masters of nature, the fabulous Moors and the Norman horsemen.

Victor Hehn, 1884



The Aeolian Islands: San Bartolo

San Bartolo the protector.

San Bartolo is the symbol of unity and of the brotherhood of the Aeolians in the world. For the islanders the connection with the Apostle of Christ is truly very strong. In Lipari or in Australia the cry is one and the same "Viva, long live, with all honour, Saint Bartolo the protector". The cult which the saint enjoys is still intense today and during the year four feast days are celebrated in his honour, with solemn processions.

La ricorrenza religiosa più antica si ha nel mese di febbraio; fino al 1700 si festeggiava nel giorno 13 la prima traslazione del corpo, intorno al III secolo, e si accompagnava a tre giorni di fiera che si svolgevano interamente nell'area della Maddalena, dove si trovava il templum magnum; nel passato ricordava l'arrivo di san Bartolo nell'isola, oggi viene celebrata come 'la festa dei pescatori' sui quali il Santo ha assunto specifico protettorato. Il 15 marzo, su richiesta dei contadini che nel 1823 scamparono alla pestilenza, si festeggia il ritorno dell'abbondanza dopo la carestia. Secondo la tradizione chiesastica locale e quella orale popolare, fu san Bartolo a guidare nell'isola un vascello carico di viveri che salvò la popolazione dalla morte per fame; l'evento viene celebrato come la festa 'dei campagnoli' e su di essi il Santo esercita un patronato particolare. Ma quella del 24 agosto, festa ufficiale del Santo, è la più grande.

Quella che raccoglie a Lipari i fedeli di tutte le isole, in un solo grande abbraccio con il Santo. Il 16 novembre, infine, è celebrato come 'la festa dei terremoti' e ricorda il violento sisma del 1895. La tradizione vuole che Bartolo Apostolo subì il martirio in Armenia. Dopo molti anni – vedendo che il popolo accorreva al suo sepolcro – i pagani decisero di eliminarne pure il ricordo. Misero il corpo in un sarcofago di pietra e lo gettarono in mare.

Ma quel pesante sarcofago, attraverso l'Egeo e lo Stretto di Messina, arrivò miracolosamente a Lipari, nella spiaggia di Portinente, dove venne accolto da numerosi fedeli e dal vescovo

Agatone – avvertito in sogno – che nominò san Bartolo patrono delle Eolie.

Secondo san Gregorio di Tours era il 13 febbraio del 264 (la data non è certa, ma è compresa fra il 241 e il 313). Agatone ordinò la costruzione della prima cattedrale, nella zona di Maddalena. Nell'838, Lipari viene saccheggiata e distrutta dagli arabi guidati da Fadh ibn Jaqub.

Le ossa del Santo furono disperse insieme ai resti dei monaci defunti. Si narra che il Santo apparve in sogno ad un monaco greco, indicandogli di raccogliere le proprie ossa, che si sarebbero distinte dalle altre per lo splendore; i monaci affidarono poi le reliquie ai vascelli longobardi della flotta del principe Siccardo, che le portarono a Salerno e poi a Benevento. La cattedrale di San Bartolo, insieme al chiostro benedettino, fu edificata all'inizio del secolo XII sotto il gran conte Ruggiero I il Normanno. Dopo l'incendio del 1544 ad opera dei turchi (Khair ad Din, dai cristiani chiamato Ariadeno Barbarossa), fu ricostruita nella seconda metà del 1500 conservando però le antiche volte a crociera ogivali, che vennero affrescate nel 1700 con scene bibliche.

La chiesetta di San Bartolo extra moenia, quella sorta a Maddalena, adesso è dedicata a Sant'Agatone. Nel XVI secolo sorse la confraternita di San Bartolo, e nel 1728 la venerata statua d'argento. Negli anni Trenta, infine, fu aggiunto il Vascelluzzo in argento, che ospita parte della pelle del Santo, donata dal patriarca di Venezia. Ricorda un miracolo del 1672, quando nella Lipari affamata dalla carestia, spinto da venti irresistibili giunse un vascello carico di grano.

C'è anche la reliquia del pollice del Santo chiusa in un braccio d'argento. Per gli eoliani san Bartolo è sempre stato un parafulmine contro le avversità. L'ultima risale al 16 aprile 1978, quando un terribile terremoto ha interessato la Sicilia settentrionale.

A Lipari si contò solo qualche danno, mentre la statua argentea del Santo – incredibilmente – rivolse lo sguardo verso il cielo.

In conclusione, il protettorato di san Bartolo nasce nelle isole Eolie come esclusivamente antisismico ma nel tempo, progressivamente, va ampliandosi.

Oggi riguarda i contadini e i pescatori, che rappresentano categorie sociali economicamente rilevanti per la comunità.

Fra' Bernardino Salvatore O.F.M. Vescovo di Lipari, *L'Apostolo S. Bartolomeo*, A. Natoli ed., Lipari 1999. M.M. Maffei, San Bartolomeo a Lipari.

The Aeolian islands: Giovan Andrìa di Simòn, Lazzaro Spallanzani

FROM THE DIARIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLERS TO GOUACHE IMAGES

"In the community of Lipari in the second half of the 16th century and throughout the following century, saying the word 'ruina' was equivalent to reevoking a precise local historical event, the catastrophic sack of Lipari at the hands of Ariadeno Barbarossa. Thus 'before the ruina' and 'after the ruina' meant before and after 1544. Now, many people do not know that there was a popular Sicilian versifier, G. Andrìa di Simòn, who wanted to put the sad case of Lipari in poetry and composed *La Distruzione de Lipari per Barbarossa*.

'Allarmi! Allarmi! La campana sona. Li Turchi sunu scisi a la marina! Cui havi 'i scarpi rutti si li sôla; iò 'i mei li sulavu stamatina'.

Ci pare comunque di credere che, tra tutte le isolette del basso Tirreno, Lipari fosse l'unica inespugnabile. Lipari, a giudizio del di Simòn, era:

'forti e bello, e nullu pensava giamai fussi prisu'.

L'ultimo del mese di giugno (1544) comparve a vista di Lipari Ariadeno Barbarossa con centocinquanta galere, alla qual vista si spopolò tutto quel borgo correndo ognuno 'a refuciarsi nella Città Murata colle loro robbe'. Per alcuni giorni la città di Lipari viene sottoposta ad intenso bombardamento con 'grandissimo danno delle muraglie'.

'Tant'erano li tiri che sparavano con loru grossi e forti cannunati chi l'Isuli di Stronguli tremavano, Burcàno e tutti quilli altri contrati. Li poveretti donni sempre stavano facendo orationi ingenocchiati; diciànu tutti: "O Matri di clementia, scàmpane di sta crudili sententia'.

'Non manco di trecento cannonati, a signo di lo forti bastiuni, lo primo giorno li foro sparati a' Liparoti per primo boccuni. Li Liparoti corpi misurati facciàno senza fari svariuni, tali ch'a' Turchi tutti li trincieri sparando li rumpiano volintieri.

La notti poi sequenti rinforzaro loro trinceri e tornaro in battaglia; lo numero de' tiri che spararo non lo potria resistere muraglia. Li Liparoti giamai non cessaro sparando contra la genti canaglia, tal chi Draut, videndu tali effettu, irato biastimava Mahomettu' ".

da: Giuseppe Iacolino, I turchi alla Marina di Lipari. 1544. Con edizione critica e commento de 'La destruttione di Lipari per Barbarossa' composta per Giovanni Andria di Simon detto il Poeta, Lipari 1985.

"Sparse per il mare Mediterraneo, non molto lunge da quella parte della Sicilia che guarda al settentrione, s'alzano sopra le onde alcune isole dalli Greci dette già Hephaestìades, da' Latini Vulcanee ovvero Eolie. Meglio sia dunque, esclusa Ustica, inserire, come vuole la verità, l'Isola di Panaria tra le Eolie e mantenere in tal modo il numero settenario di esse, dicendo sette veramente essere l'Isole Eolie, cioè Lipari, Vulcano, Strongoli, Panaria, le Saline, Alicudi e Felicudi, così chiamata ciascheduna col proprio nome, e tutte unitamente si dicono l'Isole di Lipari. Hanno queste a menso giorno la Sicilia, a tramontana Napoli, la Calabria al levante, ed a ponente Sardegna. Il loro sito più che del piano ha del montuoso, ma non dell'aspro nè dell'orrido, e son fertile dall'industria de' popolani, che però vi si scorgono alberi fruttiferi d'ogni sorte, viti generose e frumenti squisiti, benché di questi non siano tanto abondanti quanto dell'uve, delle quali provistisi i paisani a sufficienza di vini che riescono spiritosissimi, gran parte di quelle si riducono da' medesimi in delicati zubibi e passoline, che poi si trasportano in Sicilia, Napoli, Roma, Livorno, Genova, Venetia, Inghilterra ed altri Regni dell'Europa con lucro notabilissimo di queste Isole dove da' mercanti amanti d'una tal merce si diffondono somme considerabili di contanti". da: Pietro Campis, Disegno historico o siano le abbozzate historie della nobile e fid.ma città di Lipari, ms., 1694, a cura di Giuseppe Iacolino, Lipari 1980.

Incendio della città di Lipari del 1544.



INCENDIO DELLA CITTÀ DI LIPARI

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni da: A. de Simòn

Lipari vista della città da Nord-Est.



Lipari



Il Castello di Lipari.



IL CASTELLO DI LIPARI



Bocca di Vulcano Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations rom the images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands Selection of Works on Display

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni da: Lazzaro Spallanzani

Bocca di Vulcano.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni da: Lazzaro Spallanzani

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

The Aeolian Islands: Jean-Pierre Louis-Laurent Hoüel

FROM THE DIARIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLERS TO GOUACHE IMAGES

"Ad una punta dell'isola, che guarda a mezzo giorno e si chiama Lingua, vi è come un lago d'un miglio incirca detto lo Pantano, dove già s'introduceva l'acqua marina e per essa vi si produceva il sale".

da: Pietro Campis, *Disegno historico o siano le abbozzate historie della nobile e fid.ma città di Lipari*, ms. 1694, ed. a cura di Giuseppe Iacolino, Lipari 1980.

Une excursion en vaporetto

...«Je loue une barque pour aller visiter Volcano. Entraînée par quatre rameurs, elle suit la côte fertile, plantée de vignes. Les reflets des rochers rouges sont étranges dans la mer bleue. Voici le petit détroit qui sépare les deux îles. Le cône du Volcano sort des flots, comme un volcan noyé jusqu'à sa tête.

C'est un îlot sauvage, dont le sommet atteint environ 400 mètres et dont la surface est d'environ 20 kilomètres carrés. On contourne, avant de l'atteindre, un autre îlot, le Volcanello, qui sortit brusquement de la mer vers l'an 200 av. J.C. et qu'une étroite langue de terre, balayée par les vagues aux jours de tempête, unit à son frère aîné. ... Je traverse un grand jardin potager, puis quelques vignes, puis un vrai bois de genêts d'Espagne en fleur. On dirait une immense écharpe jaune, enroulée autour du cône pointu, dont la tête aussi est jaune, d'un jaune aveuglant sous l'éclatant soleil et je commence à monter par un étroit sentier qui serpente dans la cendre et dans la lave, va, vient et revient escarpé, glissant et dur...

J'atteins enfin, sur le faîte, une large plate forme autour du grand cratère. Le sol tremble, et, devant moi, par un trou gros comme la tête d'un homme, s'échappe avec violence un immense jet de flamme et de vapeur, tandis qu'on voit s'épandre des lèvres de ce trou le soufre liquide, doré par le feu. Il forme autour de cette source fantastique, un lac jaune bien durci.

Plus loin, d'autres crevasses crachent aussi des vapeurs blanches qui montent lourdement dans l'air bleu.

J'avance avec crainte sur la cendre chaude et la lave jusqu'au bord du grand cratère. Rien de plus surprenant ne peut frapper l'œil humain. Au fond de cette cuve immense, appelée « La Fossa », large de 500 m et profonde de 200 m environ, une dizaine de fissures géantes et de vastes trous ronds vomissent du feu, de la fumée et du soufre, avec un bruit formidable de chaudières. On descend le long des parois de cet abîme, et on se promène jusqu'au bord des bouches furieuses du volcan. Tout est jaune autour de moi, sous mes pieds et sur moi, d'un jaune aveuglant, d'un jaune affolant. Tout est jaune: le sol, les hautes murailles et le ciel lui-même.

Le soleil jaune verse dans ce gouffre mugissant sa lumière ardente, que la chaleur de cette cuve de soufre rend douloureuse comme une brûlure. Et l'on voit fleurir d'étranges cristaux, mousser des acides éclatants et bizarres au bord des lèvres rouges des foyers...

Je reviens lentement, essoufflé, haletant, suffoqué par l'haleine irrespirable du volcan; et bientôt, remonté au sommet du cône, j'aperçois toutes les Lipari égrenées sur les flots. Là-bas, en face, se dresse le Stromboli, tandis que, derrière moi, l'Etna gigantesque semble regarder au loin ses enfants et ses petits-enfants.

De la barque, en revenant, j'avais découvert une île cachée derrière Lipari. Le batelier la nomma : « Salina ». C'est sur elle que l'on récolte le vin de Malvoisie. Je voulus boire à sa source même une bouteille de ce vin fameux. On dirait du sirop de soufre. C'est bien le vin des volcans, épais, sucré, doré et tellement soufré, que le goût vous en reste au palais jusqu'au soir: le vin du diable ».

Guy de Maupassant, La vie errante, Paris, 1890.

Lipari

« Pendant une partie de la journée nous longeons la côte; nous avons sans cesse le vent contraire. Nous passons en revue Salina, Lipari et Volcano, en voyant à chaque passage entre Salina et Lipari le Stromboli qui agite à l'horizon son panache de flamme. Puis à chaque fois que nous retournons vers Volcano, tout enveloppé d'une vapeur chaude et humide, nous distinguons mieux ses trois cratères courbés vers l'ouest dont l'un a laissé glisser une mer de lave de couleur brune qui contraste avec la terre rougeâtre et avec les bancs de roches sulfureuses qui l'entourent ... » **Alexandre Dumas père,** *Impressions de voyage. Le capitain Arèna***, Paris, 1855.** Vue des deux bouches de Volcanello, de l'Isle de Lipari et de l'Isle appellée Saline.



VOLCANELLO

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. P. L. Hoüel

Vue de l'Isle de Basiluzzo et de l'ecueil de Dattilo.



BASILUZZO

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. P. L. Hoüel

Plan de l'Isle de Volcano et de Volcanello.



VULCANO E VULCANELLO



STROMBOLI

Air Water Earth Fire Story in Images Emotions and Inspirations from the Images of travellers from Vesuvius to the Aeolian Islands Selection of Works on Display

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. P. L. Hoüel

Vue à l'Orient de Stromboli.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni after: J. P. L. Hoüel

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2006 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.lt

Destinazione Panarea

"Era di buon mattino, soffiava un forte ma spiegato libeccio accompagnato da ininterrotte nubi temporalesche. Agitato era il mare, ma favorevole essendo il vento per questa velata, il padrone della feluca, che era altresì il timoniere sol mi disse, scherzando, che avremmo ballato. Spiegate erano tutte le vele, e l'andar nostro non era un correre, ma un volare.

Nonostante che il vento e il mare ingagliardissero sempre di più e che or ci vedessimo sospesi sulla punta di un'onda, or sprofondati come su una voragine, nulla avevamo a temere per essere sempre stato il libeccio intavolato per poppa. Per qualche tratto di viaggio fummo accompagnati da una torma di marini animali che ci fecero una specie di corteggio. Questi erano delfini che, preso in mezzo il nostro legnetto, si diedero a scherzarvi attorno e a trastullarsi guizzando da prora a poppa e da poppa a prora, d'improvviso profondandosi nell'onde, poi ricomparendo e, fuori cacciato il muso, lanciando a più piedi d'altezza il getto d'acqua che a riprese espellono dal forame che sul capo si apre. E in questi allegri lor giochi appresi cosa mai da me veduta nelle migliaia di questi piccoli cetacei in altri mari osservate. Ciò fu l'indicibile loro prestezza nel vibrarsi dentro l'acqua. Uno o più delfini talvolta movevano da prora a poppa. Ad onta di dovere allora rompere l'impetuoso scontro del fiotto, volavano con la rapidità d'un d'ardo. Il contatto di simpatia tra il visitatore e l'isola di Panarea s'instaura assai prima dello sbarco al molo di San Pietro, perché l'abbraccio che quel corpo roccioso tende al forestiero s'anticipa a notevole distanza facendosi ampio e molteplice. Mentre il battello piega a Nord per venire a rada, da levante fanno gioiosi ammiccamenti una mandria di isolotti e di scogli bizzarri di forma, strani nei colori e nei nomi, disseminati qua e là, ora raggruppati ora dispersi, alcuni lontani oltre due miglia: è un formicolio ridente di onde e di spume, di riflessi di mare e di frammenti di rupi immobili. Ma anche queste masse, nel resistere che fanno alle folate di brezza che increspano la marina, paiono tutte muoversi in unica direzione, come le formiche. E Formicole, appunto, chiamarono i pescatori panarioti di moltissimi anni fa le quattro o cinque pietre lisce che, lì presso, affiorarono dall'acqua. C'è poi Lisca Nera e Lisca Bianca, Dàttilo e Bòttaro, più in là ancora Panarelli e, sullo sfondo ceruleo, quasi addossati a Stromboli, Spinazzola e Basiluzzo. È un arcipelago, dunque, Panarea, un arcipelago

in miniatura facente parte di un altro arcipelago più esteso, un minuscolo sistema inglobato in una più dilatata galassia. Ma può pure considerarsi un pianeta a sé stante il comprensorio di Panarea, un pianeta in fase di declino e di dissolvimento, un campionario di residuati di rocce, tutto mozziconi, spuntoni, slabbrature; un pianeta che, da almeno settecentomila anni, ha subìto da prima le violenze dei fuochi e dei sismi, poi le ingiurie dei venti e delle tempeste. Ora, 'addomesticato' giace nel profondo assopimento che gli deriva dalla sua lunga e sofferta giovinezza. Per la sua posizione amena e per i suoi terrazzi facilmente difendibili Panarea fu prescelta come punto ideale d'insediamento da gruppi neolitici del II millennio a.C. Evidenti affiorarono le tracce di quella facies culturale in località Calcara, ma quanto mai significativi appaiono i resti del villaggio di punta Milazzese che risalgono all'età del bronzo, ad un tempo che va pressappoco dal XV al XIII secolo a.C.". Lazzaro Spallanzani, Destinazione Eolie, Viaggi alle due Sicilie ..., Pavie 1792-97

Vue de la saline situé sur une langue de terre au midi de l'Isle de Saline « Après ce coup d'œil jeté sur l'Isle, on me conduisit à la saline : on y voit encore quelques portions de murs antiques construits par les Romains, et très reconnaissables par un caractère non équivoque ; c'est le réticule. Ce réticule est composé de petits moilons de terre cuite taillés en losange, et posés très régulièrement sur l'angle ; ce qui forme à l'œil des carreaux. On appelait cette construction réticule à cause de la ressemblance avec les rêts des pêcheurs. Les Romains cachaient cet assemblage par un enduit dont ils revêtaient l'édifice...Ces vestiges sont les restes de quelques bains qu'on avaient construits au bord de la mer. Le chapelain qui m'avait conduit en ce lieu m'expliqua de quelle manière on fait le sel. on ne s'y prend pas autrement que dans la saline de Sicile. L'eau est amenée d'abord dans la plus grande sale B, B, d'où on la fait passer dans la sale C,C, d'où elle coule successivement dans les autres jusque dans la dernière, où achevant de s'évaporer on obtient en quinze jours, selon la beauté du temps, deux pouces et demi ou trois pouces de sel pour cinq pouces d'eau. Quand ce sel est formé on l'entasse sur le rivage en masses pyramidales: c'est là qu'on vient le prendre, et qu'on en charge des animaux, ainsi que je l'ai représenté sur le devant de ce tableau. J.-P. Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque..., Paris 1871.

1 1

L.X. Hapsburg-Lorraine (1847-1915) The islands of the Archduke

Until after the middle of the nineteenth century the Aeolian Islands were often mentioned, but seldom visited and explored.

Beyond the Greco-Roman myth and the geological terrors, few seemed interested in going and investigating, for example, how a numerous population managed to survive in settings which were certainly splendid, but which had no water and were hostile to cultivation.

Until, that is, the arrival of a young gentleman with fringed hair and a perfumed beard and moustache who bore the name of one of the most illustrious families of Europe: Louis Xavier of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

He was born in Florence, at Palazzo Pitti, on 4th August 1847, the ninth and last son of Leopold II of Hapsburg, Grand Duke of Tuscany and Maria Antonia of Bourbon and died at Brandys (Prague) on 12th October 1915. In 1859 after the annexation of Tuscany to the Italian-Sabaudian state, along with his illustrious family, he was forced to leave Florence and to go to Bohemia where he lived in a

perpetual state of intollerance towards the protocols and the austerity of the Hapsburg court. He received an illuminist and liberal education, knew some twelve languages, from Spanish to Latin, classical Greek, modern Greek, French and Italian, and many Mediterranean dialects, like Ladino, Majorcan and Sicilian, and had a knowledge of scientific, literary and figurative subjects. He was certainly not ignorant of the successions and interactions which dictated the culture of the XIX century: romanticism and naturalism.

In 1870 he was nominated as Governor of Bohemia by Franz-Joseph, a title which left him entirely indifferent, at least regarding its competencies and duties.

Two years later he decided to leave his family and travel, travel understood as a metaphor for the search of "knowledge", to live his adventures incognito, at sea aboard his beloved "NIXE", a large and elegant motorised yacht, and from that moment he passed much of his time navigating around the Mediterranean and studying the places where he stopped.

Besides being a cultured geographer, a princely writer, ethnographer, geostrategist, polyglot, explorer, anthropologist, botanist, œnoloist, ornithologist and one of the first ecologists, the Archduke is also a young colonel and a ship's captain, therefore also a nautical and terrestrial topographer, and has all the knietic energy and momentum of his concentrated and specific

personal formation.

An acute observer of populations of the Mediterranean, islands and coasts, he contributes to making the Balearic Islands and the Aeolian Islands known to intellectual and scientific worlds of the time. Louis-Xavier of Hapsburg has a stupendous humanity, but to maintain his autonomy he has to give the Emperor continuous signs of his always being always part of the Hapsburg Empire,

something he does with great culture and nobility. Thus, he becomes an urbanist-Archduke researching strategic plans of vast range (from the geography of urban systems, economic geography and territory science) because his research has territorial strategic value regarding the insular outposts of the Mediterranean, of Spain, the Southern Tyrrhenian, Greece and the Ionian. Quite rightly Vincenzo Cabianca says that the Archduke has a strong philosophical similarity with

the character of Prospero, the Duke of Milan, in Shakespeare's The Tempest. Like Prospero, the Archduke is shipwrecked, destitute of his kingdom, but with much greater power: the arts of knowledge and fantasy, the enchantment of something which allows him to say: "my library was sufficient to dukedom to me". He has the knowledge and the creativity of mind represented by the spirit Ariel.

The Archduke personifies the primacy of knowledge, both romantic and rational, over to the heirarchies of power, and associates the Mediterranean dream of the Hapsburgs to the pleasure of discovery of knowledge in a voyage of posivitist exploration which is not merely romantic (Text by:

V. Cabianca, Tra Prometeo ed Hermes: il Piano dei Beni Culturali Territoriali Eoliani). The value of the Archduke's research is given by the "Ludovician " tables, a basic scheme which he followed for any new research topic. These are questionaires which he distributed to selected people in the islands, returning after a few years to take them back. Louis Xavier of Hapsburg first nears the Aeolian Islands in 1872, then returns at least twice a year for at least twenty years. "I happened to stay several times on the island of Lipari, year after year, and every time I stayed,

it was most dear to me to explore a new corner, step by step, and to draw new images." He already has an idea of a Mediterranean unity, which he describes with the simplicity of someone reading a story. He makes us feel his love for the islands. The Aeolian Islands as an object extending towards scientific and humanist knowledge. He wants to become the patron of pieces of the world

the world.

He wrote an encyclopaedic work in eight volumes about them, "Die Liparischen Inseln" (published between 1883 and 1896): Vulcano, Salina, Lipari, Panarea, Filicudi, Alicudi, Stromboli and one only partly general, adding his own illustrations and quoting terms in perfect Aeolian dialect. The Archduke walks and on the way describes what he sees, and meets with romanticism. For Louis Xavier of Hapsburg a good imagination was worth more than words and he wanted to fix everything graphically with drawings and xylographs.

The Archduke navigates on a sea "the colour of wine" (Homer) slowly ploughing through the same waves as Ulysses' sailors and navigates towards berthing at "Lipari", a safe haven,

For him the sea is symbol and metaphor of every freedom. His look already shows the intention of producing a "scientific" work, of providing rigorous documentation of what could interest

enthusiasts of ethnology, but also botany, zoology, economics ... the marvellous archipelago is truly described in a complete and exhaustive way. The peoples are studied with special care, not only does the Archduke investigate their somatic and anthropological characteristics, but their mores and customs, their bearing, even touching on the souls of the peoples. The anthropologist

Archduke has understood that history is not only written by monuments but also seen in the looks and the faces of men.

The descriptive rigour of the text echoes the meticulousness of the images taken from his sketches. With his drawings he wishes to communicate what he hears and sees, which is the song of nature, of the sea, of the islands..

His drawings are fresh and simple, they have the greatest importance and are so clear that the reader may ignore the text.

The Archduke is always awestruck by the surprising beauty and the specialness of nature. One of his concepts is "I trusted more in my drawing pencil than my pen." The Archduke, stresses his intention of representing the islands "at their best": I mean to say that the Archduke visited those places in all seasons, but he always represents them to us in an idyllic atmosphere, with the sea always calm. An mannered image emerges from his writing of the islands which appear as places of peace, oases of tranquility. The contemplation of nature was, for Louis-Xavier of Hapsburg a question of sensitivity, seen as a prayer to approach God. Islands blessed by nature, inhabited by mythical and industrious creatures. The small islands as a point of contact with the great forces of the earth. A sort of paradise on earth, which the ravishes of time and the anguish of common humanity barely seem to touch.

Islands as true laboratories of description. The Archduke, who saw the places and the peoples again and again over a long period, and therefore gleaned the problems and negative aspects, proposes us bright visions, like a dream land. A sort of idealisation of these places, as happens to someone who, though knowing the defects of a woman he loves, loves her anyway, because in his way of seeing her, in his truth, she is the ideal woman. In him there is a romantic formation, which is also, of human nature and which blossoms despite all; as well as in the identification of the

islands as an ideal place, the "elsewhere" where every man wishes to find refuge. Lipari and its Acropolis are presented like Castle Miramar made by nature. The memory of the

Balaeric Islands does not recur in the phrases we have quoted by chance; Louis Xavier of Hapsburg had Castle Miramar built there. For him it is like a fortress which puts all his historicalartistic identity within reach. Miramar, the antithesis of his Castle of Brandys, which he sees as the Prague equivalent of the sinister Castle of Glamis, the Scottish castle associated with Macbeth and Mary Stuart. Miramar overturns the relationship of impregnable castle-fortress which defends itself, becoming an open castle which offers itself, opening the doors of its cultural identity to everyone. Just as our castle would like to be, the Castle of the Acropolis of Lipari.

The Aeolian Islands: Archduke Ludwig S. of Hapsburg-Lorraine

FROM THE DIARIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLERS TO GOUACHE IMAGES

"Set in the enchanting Sicilian waters, these small islands, in an extraordinary way, won over my soul, whether I made them out in the buffeting Tramonane winds of Winter, for which perhaps the name Aeolia, or whether they appeared through one of the many sea-spouts which very frequently accompany the Springtime storms, or the vine leaves of the Summer, like emeralds in the saphire blue of the sea. This is how I knew them, they were just as dear to me, so that, having finished the description of the Balearic islands, I should like to dedicate my work to a description of the seven Liparian islands."

Panaria

Panaria, benchè la più piccola, è certamente la più graziosa delle isole Liparesi, un angolo del mondo veramente idillico. Dappertutto si ammirano meravigliose vedute panoramiche; dappertutto piccole case intonacate di bianco con colonne e pergolati, accanto alle quali cresce un rigoglioso fico od un carrubo e da dove si gode una ampia vista sul mare. Particolarmente bello, dietro la chiesa, è il gruppo del Timpuni con le sue rocce, i sorbi selvatici, gli ulivi, le canne, la bella vista sul mare e le isole di *Basiluzzu* e *Dattilu*. Nella parte sud-orientale dell'Isola c'è una caratteristica piccola insenatura, il Puortu Drauttu, dove le rocce sporgenti creano quasi una mezza luna ed abbracciano una spiaggia di sabbia pittosto fine e di colore rossiccio insieme ad alcuni scogli bagnati interrottamente dalla marea. È il porto principale di Panaria, dove le piccole navi possono ancorare abbastanza al sicuro. Presso la terrazza della casa di Sutta u Castieddu si trova una cisterna con acqua potabile. Vicino a questa casa non crescono, come nelle altre vicino al mare, i pergolati, per cui si rimedia con le canne ... Dal Castieddu, il sentiero porta, alla Cuntrata du Castieddu, la quale composta di terreno lapilloso ed è coperta completamente da pergolati bassi che producono uva nera. A destra, un sentiero fiancheggiato da ulivi superbi, da fichi d'India e da cespugli di capperi, porta verso Drauttu ...

Alicudi

La chiesetta di *San Bartulumei* si erge al centro dell'isola, quasi a metà altezza, in una superba posizione da cui si gode un'ampia vista sul mare.

Sulla sinistra della chiesa s'innalza la torre campanaria; e davanti si estende la scarpata pianeggiante che domina i sottostanti dirupi della Sciara. Nei pressi si scorgono terrazzamenti e case isolate intonacate di bianco, mentre sull'altro lato si apre la vista sulle scoscese alture della Muntagna. Rivolgendo lo sguardo all'in giù si può ammirare la spiaggia di Bazzina verso cui tendono i terrazzamenti della Vaddi o Sgorbiu. ... La terra davanti la chiesa è coltivata a melanzane, pepe spagnolo, zucche e pomodori, trai quali crescono anche due palme da datteri. Più in giù in una casetta posta nelle vicinanze, ombreggiata da un pergolato sostenuto da due Pulera, intonacati di bianco, da cui si gode una bella vista sul mare, si è soliti ospitare i carabianieri o altri visitatori di passaggio. Un sentiero conduce dalla chiesetta fino a Punta a Bazzina. Tra la chiesa e le case della Cuntrada o Sgurbiu, che sorgono dirimpetto, si estendono graziosi e lussureggianti pergolati (Preuli). Crescono qui anche isolati ulivi, sorbi selvatici, e castagni, i quali ultimi potrebbero costituire una vera ricchezza per tutta l'isola ... Alicuri è, dopo Panaria, la più piccola delle Isole Eolie. Sulla sua base circolare insiste un unico cono. L'Isola è piuttosto brulla, molto simile in questo a Filicuri con la quale forma, per così dire, un gruppo diverso ed a sè stante, per caratteristiche, dalle altre Isole Lipari.

Filicuri

L'approdo più sicuro di Filicuri, resta quello di Picurini, abbastanza protetto dai venti del nord. Lungo la pietrosa spiaggia si allineano barche tirate a secco, tini ed altri attrezzi di proprietà dei pescatori di Milazzo che frequentano l'isola con assiduità. Si notano pure numerose nasse che appartengono però agli isolani. Picurini è un modesto agglomerato di case, in una delle quali lavora un bottaio. Due case contadine poste un po' più in alto, mostrano superbi pergolati di Livedda, uva nera molto carnosa. Un sentiero per niente angusto, sale da Picurini fino alla chiesa. Superato il Vadduni e Picurini con i suoi strapiombi di lava grigia rivolti alla Muntagna e rocce ricoperte di fichi d'India su entrambi i lati, esso si inerpica tra massi rocciosi. Da: Luigi Salvatore d'Asburgo-Lorena, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1893-98.

Stromboli

La località *Cuntrata di S. Vicienzu*, è formata da un abitato di case sparse, in prossimità della chiesa, su un dolce pendio, ai piedi della montagna di *Struognuli* che digrada, fino alla riva, ricoperto da splendidi vigneti, in prevalenza di piccola e nera uva Passolina e tra i quali emergono le case che, in un meraviglioso contrasto, s'inseriscono col loro bianco abbagliante, nel ridente verde smeraldo delle pendici ...

San Vicienzu è certamente il posto più bello dell'isola, oltre che il più lontano dalla Fossa minacciosa.

Di sera, quando il sole inclina, il cono del vulcano diffonde la sua benefica ombra sui pendii e sulla spiaggia di *San Vicienzu* il posto è particolarmente allettante anche per la sua piacevole frescura.

La nera spiaggia di *Rupiddu* cinge, quasi come in una bordura d'agavi, il mare color zaffiro. Da *San Vicienzu*, la strada principale si snoda attraverso i vigneti rigogliosi, offrendo una bella vista all'acuminato Strombolicchio o, come lo chiamano qui, la *Petra di Struognuli*.

Salina

Salina è dopo Lipari, la più estesa, la più popolata e nel contempo la più ricca delle isole Eolie.

È composta di due coni montuosi separati da una vallata, il più alto dei quali, 961,71 m rappresenta la più elevata cima delle Lipari. L'isola presenta, nel suo insieme, un aspetto verde e sorridente e le sue colline appaiono per lo più coperte di ginestra (*Genista ephedrioides*), *Cytisus, Erica arborea, Rubia peregrina, filci* (*Pteris aquilina*), *Cistus incanu*, assenzio. Le falde dell'isola sono ammantate da lussureggianti vigneti nel cui verde s'immergono i bianchi e graziosi sobborghi. Guardandola da lontano Salina assume un ingannevole color di metallo e le sue montagne, proprio per la loro altezza, appaiono

difficilmente sgombre dalle nubi.

Santa Marina, il centro più importante di Salina, si adagia tra i vigneti, le case sono aumentate di numero negli ultimi anni, hanno balconi, portici ed archi tondi. Altre più sontuose presentano, oltre al portico ed archi, anche un pergolato e i balconi con ringhiere di ferro.

Proseguendo quasi in pianura lungo lo *Stratuni* fino al *Baruni*, si vedono agrumi e alberi da frutta intorno a tutte le casette e i muretti o filari di viti lungo la strada.

Il *Baruni* è un agglomerato di casette rifinite con stipiti in pietra, i cui usci, a doppio battente, hanno la parte superiore mobile che funge da finestra, secondo le antiche usanze di Salina.

Vulcano

Vurcanu, la prima del gruppo delle Eolie che si incontra navigando verso queste isole dopo aver lasciato la costa settentrionale della Sicilia, dista solo ventuno miglia marine da Capo Calavà e ventuno miglia e mezzo da Capo Milazzo. L'isola, tipicamente vulcanica, aspra e selvaggia, dominata dal suo vasto e minaccioso cratere e contornata da scoscesi rocciosi che dilungandosi tracciano talvolta linee di sorprendente bellezza, assume nel suo insieme, caratteristiche così rare che è difficile poterne cancellare il ricordo, anche se si è vista una sola volta.

È separata da Lipari, la maggiore del gruppo, verso cui offre una vista pittoresca, da un modesto canale marino non più largo di ottocento metri. La sua propaggine settentrionale è costituita dall'Istmo di Vurcanieddu collegato a Vurcanu da una piatta lingua di terra ai cui lati si aprono i due Porti di Livanti e di Punenti. Vurcanu è composta per lo più di materiali eruttivi. L'isola è quasi completamente brulla e incolta e le sue tinte bruciate e cupree le conferiscono un aspetto del tutto particolare. Solo sul versante sud, rivolto alla Sicilia, è possibile riscontrare qualche vegetazione: viti, fichi, e alcune querce sempre verdi. Vurcanu, è collegata a Vurcanieddu da una lingua di terra piatta e sabbiosa che forma, ai suoi due lati i porti di Punenti e di Livanti. Sul lato di ponente le onde si infrangono spesso con violenza e spinte dai venti raggiungono talvolta il centro della lingua di terra che, coltivata a giunchi, assume un aspetto palustre. Più protetto appare invece appare il versante del Puortu i Livanti, dove le onde, per la minore intensità del loro moto, riescono solo difficilmente a spingersi in profondità. È in questo porto, che costituisce anche l'approdo, che noi intendiamo sbarcare per intraprendere il nostro vagabondare tra le solatie alture di quest'isola, i suoi dirupi selvaggi e le sue profonde gole, per poi ripartire via mare in un giro intorno all'isola che ci consenta di ammirare le sue favolose coste fatte di fantastiche rocce e affascinanti grotte. L'approdo è costituito da un molo in muratura su cui poggiano due gru per issare i battelli ...

LIPARI: IL SEMINARIO.



L SEMINARIO

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: L.S. HABSBURG-LORRAINE

LIPARI: IL CASTELLO.



IL CASTELLO



Salina: La Loggia.



LA LOGGIA



LIPARI

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: L.S. DE HABSBOURG-LORRAINE

LIPARI VISTA DA SUD-EST.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

AFTER: L.S. DE HABSBOURG-LORRAINE

graphique: Silvana Sabatelli 2007 - ojo.silgus@tiscali.it

Lipari

Lipari, la maggiore tra le isole dell'Arcipelago che da essa prende il nome, è anche la più popolata, la più fertile e la più affascinante. La sua forma subcircolare è interrotta solo da due promontori.

Il primo, costituito da *Munti Iaddina* e da *Munti a Uardia*, termina a sud, proprio difronte a *Vurcanu*, con *Punta a Crapazza*; l'altro a nord, con *Punta a Castagna*.

Tra i due promontori si interpone il duplice rilievo di Munti Rosa e Munti Mazzuni, che separa tra loro le insenature di Lipari e di Cannitu. L'interno dell'isola è dominato da una doppia massa centrale costituita da Munti Sant'Anciulu, e da Munti a Chirica che si collega a est col Munti Pilatu. Ad ovest, invece, il versante, tende a confondersi con gli altopiani di Quattrupana, Castiddaru, e Chianuconti, che, solcati da numerosi Vadduna, formano, in prossimità del mare, innalzamenti o Timpuna. La più gran parte dell'isola è destinata alla viticoltura e i ridenti Prieuli (vigneti) si arrampicano fin su i più erti pendii, cedendo il posto ai fichi d'India, dai frutti succosi e di un rosso acceso.

Frequenti gli ulivi, i carrubi e i salici, utilizzati qui per legare le viti. Frequenti anche i fichi, i susini ed i mandorli; mentre nei luoghi meglio protetti vegetano aranci e limoni. Gli unici versanti incolti restano solo quelli esposti alle furie dei venti dell'ovest, la cui vegetazione spontanea è in prevalenza costituita da rovi, *Inula viscosa, Nepita nepitella, Cistus*, erica, felce, dafne e lentisco.

Lipari gode di una posizione privilegiata rispetto alle altre Isole e il suo centro abitato sorge all'interno di una profonda insenatura protetta naturalmente da quasi tutti i venti ed esposta solo a quelli di est e di sud-est, mai irruenti, per la vicinanza delle coste della Sicilia e della Calabria che impediscono loro di diventare sostenuti. Talvolta, tuttavia, gli stessi venti, che imperversano violenti nello Stretto di Messina, possono indurre ad abbandonare gli ormeggi per un più sicuro riparo dietro la collina, verso Cannitu. La città è formata da una piattaforma lavica con pareti a strapiombo, dal Castieddu, e dall'abitato vero e proprio, le cui case si spingono verso l'interno, lambendo il mare solo in prossimità di Marina Longa, a nord, e di Marina Curta, a sud. A ovest digradano dolci pendii coltivati a ridenti vigneti e protetti, alle spalle, dalle alture di Munti Sant'Anciulu. Munti a

Uardia e *Munti Iaddina*. I promontori di *Munti Mazzuni* e *Munti Rosa*, a nord e l'altro del *Capparu*, a sud, chiudono entrambi l'insenatura.

Le vie della città sono acciotolate e rifinite con lunghi quadroni al centro ed altri più piccoli e trasversali ai lati. Per lo più tortuose, tranne via Vittorio Emanuele e via Garibaldi, che è la principale e in salita, esse sono totalmente strette che è possibile lambire la casa dirimpetto, tenendo una mano dall'altra ...

Muovendo dal molo dove i *Liparuoti* usano ormeggiare le loro barche più piccole e far sostare, solo temporaneamente, quelle di maggior stazza, che preferiscono tenere al sicuro nel porto di Messina, ci inoltriamo in questa singolare cittadina, miracolosamente sottratta, tuttora, al transito dei veicoli. L'approdo di *Sutta o Ministieri* presenta un banchina in muratura, ed è fiancheggiato da magazzini addossati alle grigie rocce di lava sporgente che sostengono l'antico Convento dei Francescani. Verso il molo piccolo si estende un tratto di spiaggia cosparsa di pietrisco e dalla quale emergono rustici ormeggi in pietra ...

Sul lato destro del Corso sorge l'antica costruzione del *Seminariu* delimitata da un muro con merli centinati nel quale si apre un ampio ingresso. Il luogo, detto *Chianu* o *Puzzu*, è formato da due spiazzi che si allargano difronte al *Seminariu* e dove si notano due pozzi, ciascuno sormontato da un arco di ferro. A piano terra si nota un portone centrale sormontato da un bassorilievo che raffigura *San Vartulumeu* con la scritta: 'Advocatus et protector noster est'.

Il consueto approdo di Lipari, sorge a Marina Corta nei pressi della *Criesia i l'Animi* o *Priatoriu*, che pare quasi galleggi sul mare, dove si trova un piccolo molo con alcuni ormeggi. Sulla spiaggia di *Marina Curta*, fiancheggiata su un lato da graziose case a due piani, di cui una fila si spinge fin sotto le rupi del *Castieddu*, vengono tirate a secco numerose imbarcazioni, le più grosse a destra e le più piccole a sinistra, ma soprattutto numerose barche di pescatori. Al centro della spiaggia si erge la statua del protettore di Lipari, *San Vartulumeu*.

Da: Luigi Salvatore d'Asburgo-Lorena, *Die Liparischen Inseln*, Praga 1893-98.

Stromboli.



STROMBOLI

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: L.S. HABSBURG-LORRAINE

I due porti di Vulcano.



I DUE PORTI DI VULCANO

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: L.S. DE HABSBOURG-LORRAINE

PANAREA BASILUZZO Stromboli.



PANAREA BASILUZZO STROMBOLI



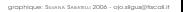
SALINA LA MONTAGNA DEL PUORRI

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni AFTER: L.S. DE HABSBOURG-LORRAINE

Salina, la montagna del Puorri.

Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

AFTER: L.S. DE HABSBOURG-LORRAINE



The Aeolian Islands: Gaston Vuillier

FROM THE DIARIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLERS TO GOUACHE IMAGES

Lipari

"Nous gagnons à la rame le port de Lipari où nous jetons l'ancre vers deux heures. Avec son château bâti sur le roc et ses maisons disposées selon les courbes du terrain,

Lipari offre un aspect extremement pittoresque. Du reste nous avons tout le temps d'admirer sa situation étant donné les innombrables difficultés qu' on nous fait pour débarquer. Les autorités à qui nous avons eu l'imprudence d'avouer que nous ne venions pas pour le commerce de la pêche, seul commerce de l'île, et qui ne comprennent pas qu' on puisse venir à Lipari pour d'autres motifs, ne veulent à aucun prix nous laisser entrer.

Finalement, lorsque nous présentons nos passeports à travers une grille et que, par peur du choléra, on nous les prend des mains avec de gigantesques pinces, et après s'être assuré que nous venions de Palerme et non pas d'Alexandrie ou de Tunis, on nous ouvre la grille et on consent à nous laisser entrer. Quelle différence avec 1 'hospitalité du roi Eole ! Rappelons-nous que Lipari n'est autre que l'antique Eolie où Ulysse débarqua après avoir échappé à Polyphème.

Voici ce que raconte Homère : 'Nous arrivons fort heureusement à l'île d'Eolie, île accessible et bien connue où règne Eole, l'ami des dieux. Un rempart indestructible et inexpugnable, entouré de rochers lisses et escarpés, cerne totalement l'île.

Les douze enfants du roi constituent la principale richesse du palais : six garçons et six filles, tous dans la fleur de la jeunesse. Eole fait régner l'harmonie entre eux et, auprès d'un père et d'une mère dignes de leur vénération et de leur amour, leurs jours s'écoulent en splendides festins abondants et variés'.

Non seulement Eole accueillit Ulysse et lui fit fête dignement pendant tout le temps où lui et ses compagnons séjournèrent à Lipari, mais au moment du départ, il leur fit aussi don de quattre outres contenant les principaux vents: Euros, Austros et Aquilon.

Seul Zéphyr était resté libre et avait reçu du souverain l'ordre de pousser favorablement vers Ithaque le roi fugitif.

Mais malheureusement l' équipage du navire qu'Ulysse gouvernait eut la curiosité de regarder ce que contenaient les outres bien gonflées, et un beau jour les ouvrit. Les trois vents si heureux d'être libérés depuis le temps qu'ils étaient restés prisonniers des outres se lancèrent dans le ciel d'un seul coup d'aile et, en manière de jeu, s'engagèrent dans un tel combat que tous les navires d'Ulysse furent détruits et lui seul parvint à sauver sa vie grace à une planche.

Le vent souffie impétueusement sur la cime et comme nous sommes trempés de sueur nous profitons de l'abri que nous offrent quelques blocs de lave. Les fumerolles nous enveloppent de vapeurs sulfureuses et le paysage ne nous apparaît que par moments. Dans le lointain audelà de la plaine, on voit la plage, la montagne ardente, le Vulcanello dénudé, espèce de sol lunaire, et la baie de Ponente où les vagues se brisent sur les rochers. Enfin apparaît Lipari estompé dans les nuages...

... Enfin le cratère est là. J'oublie la fatigue devant le tableau qui s'offre à mes regards. Je suis penché sur un immense entonnoir, et de toutes parts des rayures noires, sanglantes ou soufrées convergent en s'amincissant vers le fond. Là, comme dans une chaudière monstrueuse, se meut, s'agite, se gonfle, crève, s' aplatit et crépite une masse rougeâtre saupoudrée de cendre par endroit. Un bruit infernal monte du fond du cratère, et les vapeurs qui s'en échappent voilent le ciel au-dessus de nos têtes. Le sol tremble sous nos pas, il brule : Il s'est emparé aussi des autre, il est aisé de la voir. Le capitaine seul apparaît, au milieu des vapeurs, calme, les yeux dans le gouffre. Il se baisse maintenant, pousse devant lui un bloc de lave qui roule et va s'abîmer dans les ardentes profondeurs. Alors nous l'imitons tous et les blocs se succèdent, roulant sans interruption. Les uns, arrivés au fond du cratère, éclatent, d'autres s'enfoncent avec un bruit sourd dans les Matières en fusion qui par instant pétillent.

Gaston Vuillier, *La Sicile, impressions du present et du passé,* Parigi 1896.

HOMERIC PARK AND LITERARY SITES OF THE AEOLIAN ISLANDS



A. PIGNATELLI MANGONI Stromboli

Vincenzo Cabianca Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Homeric Park and literary sites of the Aeolian **Islands** Vincenzo Cabianca and Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

I wished to integrate this voyage into history, art, culture and nature through images with another voyage which I made, together with Cenzi Cabianca, through the literature on the Aeolian Islands, from Homer and Aristotle to the present, to Malaparte and Sciascia, to Consolo, Bernabò Brea and Madeleine Cavalier.

The purpose of our voyage is the constitution of an Aeolian Literary Park, developed in two sections, one a museum in Castello, the other in the open on all the islands, in the sites of literary inspiration. The first museum section has a starting point in the written texts, among which those of many French authors stand out, these also being, in some cases, the authors and commissioners of illustrative gouaches: among them the Abbot of Saint Non, Dolomieu, Hoüel, Vuillier and Dumas. Each text is accompanied by a suggested itinerary and the identification of the literary site. The second section, in the open and on the islands comprises the sites of literary inspiration. These latter should be enriched by on-site signposts, made as lecterns, (like music stands) which propose selections of literary texts inspired by them, with information about the authors, their cultural, historical, Humanist or scientific background, while inside the itinerary there would be a topographical indication for visiting them, possibly integrated with the other cultural elements like archaeology, vulcanology, bio-geography, ethno-anthropology, etc..

In the case of other literary parks the territorial identity comes from the highly semiotic great poets' poetic-literary celebration of the small sites, a 'fraternal tomb', an 'avenue of cypresses', the 'infinite beyond a hedge'. At the Aeolian Islands the territorial identity comes from a small archipelago of islands, with the summits volcanoes belonging to a larger subterranean eruptive fault emerging from the sea, with volcanic phenomena which fascinate the collective imagination and make the islands a theatre of imagination and history. Poets, narrators, essayists, travellers, artists, film makers and scientists have developed, formalised and communicated their literary interpretations of the islands' exceptional nature. A situation in which literature does not provide the identity of the place, but, rather, the place generates the literary phenomenon, all the more extraordinary in that the same thing is seen by

many subjects and through many cultures, all with different viewpoints. These interpretations of the Aeolian identity, starting from the idea of the profound, the sacred, the divine, the mysterious, the fantastic and the magical, have developed from popular traditions and the accounts of erudite writers up to today's scientific and multimedia communications, contributing to a new emerging science of humanities.

The particular and extraordinary identity of the Aeolian Islands makes them a 'cultural archipelago' of semiotic sites, celebrated in time by literature. The Islands thus become the theatre of the inspirations and interpretations which vary with the variations of the culture and knowledge of the various epochs and the chance meetings in the evolutionary process of history. In a total synthesis, the path of literature inspired by the Aeolian Islands develops over time, from the Homeric myth of the Odyssey, to the scientific descriptions of Pliny, to the masques of Classical literature of the cult of Dionysus, to the geographical descriptions from Strabo to the Hydra, from the medieval legends, to the interpretations at the dawn of the application of scientific methodology to the earth sciences, to the scientific interpretations and representations of Spallanzani, Dolomieu, to the landscapes of Hoüel, to the readings of travellers like Dumas and Vuillier, to the exceptional images in the work of Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg with his eight volumes on the islands at the end of the 19th century. The voyage extends to the most recent literary visitors, to Malaparte, Sciascia and Consolo, to the scientific work of the National Volcanology Group, at the cutting edge of scientific research in Italy, to the archaeological works of Bernabò Brea and Madeleine Cavalier, or the ethnoanthropology of M. Maffei and Todesco, or to V. Cabianca's work concerning the structural landscape of all the national heritage in the islands, to the submarine documentaries of the Prince Alliata, to the films of Dieterle, Rossellini and Moretti, up to television documentaries on myth and literature by G. Bongiorno and the scientific ones of T. Mercuri. The centuries' old literary celebration of the Aeolian Islands has anticipated the recent (28/11/2000) inscription of the Aeolian Islands in the list of places recognised by UNESCO as World Heritage.

The theatre of the Aeolian Islands: Vincenzo Cabianca

THE THEATRE OF AN ERUPTION

the Old Forge the terror of the Year One Thousand which approaches

the fear of a massive flow of lava impending over the village with demons tempting among the flames

THE THEATRE OF THE MYTHS

like Aeneas and Dido like Odysseus and Calypso and Nausicaä tell me and narrate to me once again the story of our love

the Year Two Thousand: a vulgar overpowering building-boarding the warning signs of placated fear

The poet leads the Beloved Woman to visit the theatre of violence, of the Earth's orgasm, expressed by the menacing images of degassed lava flows, endings, which stop with swollen fronts to mark the physical limit of the thoughtless audacity of the building-abuses and the dormant administrators.

The Beloved Woman explains to some passers-by who have heard the speech of the poet that the violence is not that of the lava flow but that of the building-abusers. The Beloved Woman asks her poet to speak once more of the Aeolian Islands as the theatre of myth, of Odysseus, of Aeolus and his palace, of Calypso, of Ogygia, of the Planktai in the story of Circe, of Hyerà, the Sacred Isle, of the Isle of the Dead, of the Hephaestus' forge, of the medieval legends, of the entrance to the Christian hell, of Theodoric, thrown into the crater by Simmac and by Pope John, up to the passage from myth to legend and to the story of a request which once more is repeated in their love.

VOLCANOES

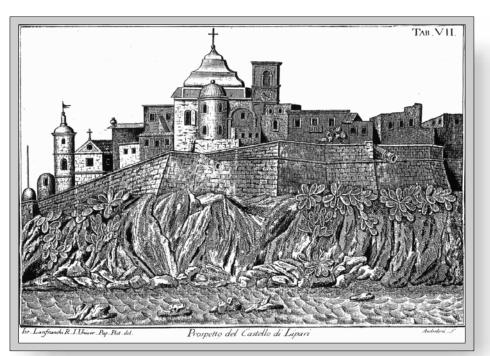
others adore them with human sacrifices others as the residence of Titans others as the reign of Hephaestus others as the mouths of Hell others as the fruit of geodynamics others as windows on the depths of a slowly degassing planet others as the building blocks of life I do so

as the history of all this as perceptive emergences forming the semiotic-structural landscape describing the historical-perceptive landscape and as intangible heritage of mankind

The well-worded reply of the poet to Sirena Lighea who had maliciously asked why so much love for a volcanic arch in his secret relationships, of love and the Aeolian volcanoes.

V. Cabianca - Tra Prometeo ed Hermes - Vol. XI - Il Teatro delle Eolie - Roma 2004

HOMER



The castle of Lipari in the second half of the 18th century (From L. Spallanzani, Viaggio alle Due Sicilie etc., Paris 1972)

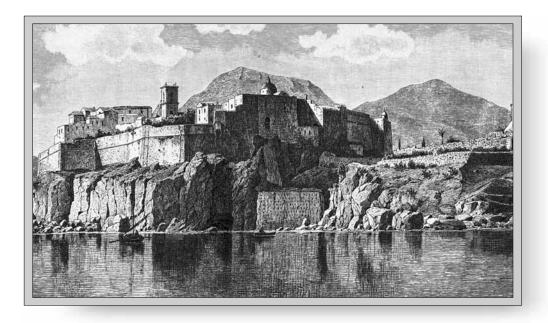
Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Castle of Lipari

In Antiquity the commentators of the Odyssey interpret Homer's Aeolian island as Lipari and the Acropolis as the mythical dwelling of the king of the Aeoli, Aeolos Hyppodates, king of the winds, Odysseus' host.

Αἰολίην δ' ἐς νῆσον ἀφικόμεθ'· ἕνθα δ' ἕναιεν Αἴολος 'Ιπποτάδης, φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι, πλωτῆ ἐνὶ νήσῷ· πᾶσαν δέ τέ μιν πέρι τεῖχος χάλκεον ἄρρηκτον, λισσὴ δ' ἀναδέδρομε πέτρη.

- 5 τοῦ καὶ δώδεκα παιδες ἐνὶ μεγάροις γεγάασι, ἐξ μὲν θυγατέρες, ἐξ δ' υἰέες ἡβώοντες. ἔνθ' ὅ γε θυγατέρας πόρεν υἰάσιν εἶναι ἀκοίτις. οἱ δ' αἰεὶ παρὰ πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητέρι κεδνῆ δαίνυνται· παρὰ δέ σφιν ὀνείατα μυρία κεῖται,
- 10 χνισήεν δέ τε δῶμα περιστεναχίζεται αὐλῆ ήματα· νύχτας δ' αὖτε παρ' αἰδοίησ' ἀλόχοισιν εὕδουσ' ἕν τε τάπησι καὶ ἐν τρητοῖσι λέχεσσι. καὶ μὲν τῶν ἰκόμεσθα πόλιν καὶ δώματα καλά. μῆνα δὲ πάντα φίλει με καὶ ἐξερέεινεν ἕκαστα,
- 15 "Ιλιον 'Αργείων τε νέας καὶ νόστον 'Αχαιῶν καὶ μὲν ἐγὼ τῷ πάντα κατὰ μοῖραν κατέλεξα. ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ ὁδὸν ὅτεον ἡδ' ἐκέλευον πεμπέμεν, οὐδέ τι κεῖνος ἀνήνατο, τεῦχε δὲ πομπήν. δῶκε δέ μ' ἐκδείρας ἀσκὸν βοὸς ἐννεώροιο,
- 20 ένθα δὲ βυκτάων ἀνέμων κατέδησε κέλευθα κεῖνον γὰρ ταμίην ἀνέμων ποίησε Κρονίων, ἡμὲν παυέμεναι ἡδ' ὀρνύμεν ὄν κ' ἐθέλησι. νηt δ' ἐνὶ γλαφυρῆ κατέδει μέρμιθι φαεινῆ ἀργυρέη, ἕνα μή τι παραπνεύση ὀλίγον περ.

Thence we went on to the Aeoli island where lives Aeolus son of Hippotas, dear to the immortal gods. It is an island that floats (as it were) upon the sea, iron bound with a wall that girds it. Now, Aeolus has six daughters and six lusty sons, so he made the sons marry the daughters, and they all live with their dear father and mother, feasting and enjoying every conceivable kind of luxury. All day long the atmosphere of the house is loaded with the savour of roasting meats till it groans again, yard and all; but by night they sleep on their well-made bedsteads, each with his own wife between the blankets. These were the people among whom we had now come. "Aeolus entertained me for a whole month asking me questions all the time about Troy, the Argive fleet, and the return of the Achaeans. I told him exactly how everything had happened, and when I said I must go, and asked him to further me on my way, he made no sort of difficulty, but set about doing so at once. Moreover, he flayed me a prime ox-hide to hold the ways of the roaring winds, which he shut up in the hide as in a sack- for Jove had made him captain over the winds, and he could stir or still each one of them according to his own pleasure. He put the sack in the ship and bound the mouth so tightly with a silver thread that not even a breath of a side-wind could blow from any quarter.



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Castle of Lipari

With sections dedicated to archaeology prehistory and the classical period, to epigraphs, to submarine archaeology, to vulcanology, to quaternary paleontology and to biogeographical evolution and proposals for sections dedicated to ethnoanthropology, literature, the travels of the Archduke, the political boundaries and Territorial Heritage, the castle today appears as a Humanistic and Scientific Cultural Centre for knowledge and communications about the Aeolian culture.

The castle becomes the symbol of the triumph of culture in the passage from a border area to a place which has become more and more accessible to knowledge and to the exploitation of the values of the many-sided cultural identity of the Aeolian culture.

The ex-police station of the castle could become the location of the introductory museal part of the Literary Park, in which there could be displayed, in an extended form, the works, the itineraries, pictures of the locations of inspiration which could then be visited in the islands, places which could, in turn, be provided with display boards illustrating the continual play between the places of inspiration and the literary works themselves. In some of the museal sections it is possible to develop integration between scientific and literary aspects through the history of ideas relative to each discipline. For example, in the case of the Vulcanology section, by introducing a historical segment dedicated to Dolomieu and Spallanzani who looked in the ancient literary texts for information concerning Aeolian vulcanism which they then verified in the places, trying to interpret it in a proto-scientific form.

The complex of buildings on the Acropolis, first conquered, then transformed from prison grounds into a centre for education and later, from the end of the Second World War, adapted to become an extensive indoor and outdoor museal system by L. Bernabò Brea and M. Cavalier, authors of an exceptional scientific work on Aeolian archaeology in more than ten volumes, under his successors the L. Bernabò Brea Regional Archaeological Museum has continued to expand with new sections, displays and multimedia communications.

Illustration by: Luigi Salvatore d'Austria, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. III, p.2 - Text by: Cabianca V. - Pignatelli M. A. : Tra Prometeo ed Hermes: Intervista sul Piano dei Beni Culturali Territoriali Eoliani - Palermo 2003.

<text>

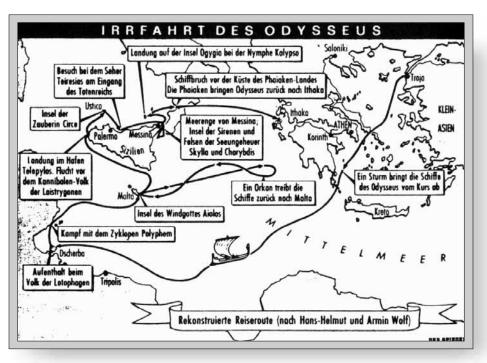
Aeolian Locations of Literature: in the interpretation of the Odyssey

Odysseus' voyage, is not only a geographical voyage among territories, but a voyage through the cultures of the Mediterranean and the religions of the time. As such it is a testimony and a guide to the whole ideolgical geography of the time, of the protostorical world, seen as the theatre of struggles between the gods, with their psychology, interests, behaviour and completely mortal vices. A world in which the gods give a name to categories of positive and negative values, which still constitute psychoanalytical dialectic poles in the interpretation of individual and collective behaviour, as well as literary references and frameworks for the historical authenticity of the Classical culture and art.

In the Literary Park the didactic support (in the Visitors' Centres at the start of the visits to the territory along the itineraries, the cultural pathways, the places which have inspired literature) which connect the territory and literature are aimed at stimulating new mental connections, in which spatial perception always has a historical dimension, and where history is a flow - not only of events - but of interconnected ideological, cultural, economic and political contexts, strongly integrated among themselves.

Thus, the Literary Park expresses the territory in the literature and the literature inside the territory.

H.H. WOLF



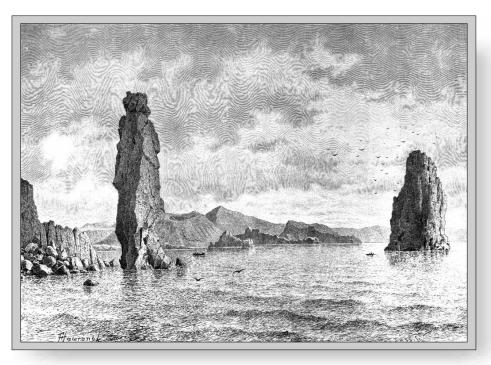
Aeolian Locations of Literature: the Homeric component of the Aeolian Literary Park.

- Odysseus' Voyage according to A. Wolf and H.H. Wolf.

The "nostos", the return, Odysseus' ethical voyage, across the conscience and overcoming human vices, to be defeated so as to reconquer the home and the family (the point of arrival and departure for Homeric morals), and the voyage (in counterpoint) as an expression of the tension towards knowledge of the unknown, have geographical references clearly connected to the cosmography of the 8th century BC.

Over time, disregarding this temporal parameter produced an infinity of interpretations connected to the geographic realities which were progressively being discovered, passing from the area of Magna Græcia, to the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Baltic and the whole world. A section of the Literary Park will be dedicated to the literary presence of Odysseus in the Aeolian Islands, in the various interpretative hypotheses which involve: Southern Lipari (Planctai), Vulcano and Vulcanello in formation (Scylla and Charybdis), Lipari and Stromboli (palace of Aeolus), Panarea (Calypso, isle of Ogygia). The support provided by the extraordinary study of A. and H.H. Wolf of the geographic interpretations of the time of Odysseus' voyage has allowed the production of 82 tables of extraordinary interest, in the literary museum section prior to the visit to the locations, also with many implications for the added value of the hypotheses formulated by many experts from Classical times to today.

HOMER



Aeolian literary locations: Le Planktai

Isolated columns with Homeric doves:

"As many as the cliff envelops the great Jove generates" The Summer vision of the Planktai from high on the bridge of a ship makes the two pinnacles credible as a Homeric location only because of the doves of Zeus (as many as the cliff envelops the great Jove generates). A Winter vision from a craft of proto-historical dimensions makes the idea of the trap of the tall pinnacles and the great danger more credible, also in relation to the activity of the area between Vulcano and the Planktai themselves, where at the beginning of the II century BC Vulcanello began to grow out of the sea.

" Αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τάς γε παρὲξ ἐλάσωσιν [ἑταῖροι,

ένθα τοι οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα διηνεκέως ἀγορεύσω, ὑπποτέρῃ δή τοι ὑδὸς ἔσσεται, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς θυμῷ βουλεύειν· ἐρέω δέ τοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν. ἔνθεν μὲν γὰρ πέτραι ἐπηρεφέες, προτὶ δ' αὐτὰς κῦμα μέγα ῥοχθεῖ κυανώπιδος 'Αμφιτρίτης· Πλαγκτὰς δή τοι τάς γε θεοὶ μάκαρες καλεύσι. τῇ μέν τ' οὐδὲ ποτητὰ παρέρχεται οὐδὲ πέλειαι τρήρωνες, ταί τ' ἀμβροσίην Διὶ πατρὶ φέρουσιν, ἀλλά τε καὶ τῶν αἰὲν ἀφαιρεῖται λὶς πέτρη· ἀλλ' ἄλλην ἐνίησι πατὴρ ἐναρίθμιον εἶναι. τῇ δ' οῦ πώ τις νηῦς φύγεν ἀνδρῶν, ἥ τις ἵκηται, ἀλλὰ θ' ὁμοῦ πίνακάς τε νεῶν

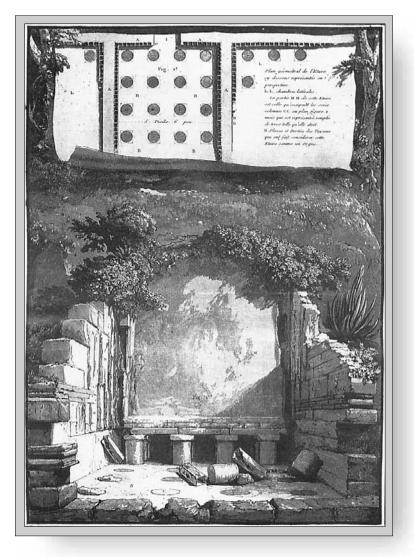
[καὶ σώματα φωτῶν κύμαθ' ἁλὸς φορέουσι πυρός τ' ὀλοοῖο θύελλαι. οἴη δὴ κείνῃ γε παρέπλω ποντοπόρος νηῦς ᾿Αργὰ πᾶσι μέλουσα, παρ' Αἰήταο πλέουσα· καί νύ κε τὴν ἔνθ' ὅκα βάλεν μεγάλας [ποτὶ πέτρας, ἀλλ' "Ηρη παρέπεμψεν, ἐπεὶ φίλος ἦεν Ἰήσων. "

"But when thy comrades shall have rowed past these, thereafter I shall not fully say on which side thy course is to lie, but do thou thyself ponder it in mind, and I will tell thee of both ways. For on the one hand are beetling crags, and against them roars the great wave of dark-eyed Amphitrite; the Planctae do the blessed gods call these. Thereby not even winged things may pass, no, not the timorous doves that bear ambrosia to father Zeus, but the smooth rock ever snatches away one even of these, and the father sends in another to make up the tale. And thereby has no ship of men ever yet escaped that has come thither, but the planks of ships and bodies of men are whirled confusedly by the waves of the sea and the blasts of baneful fire. One seafaring ship alone has passed thereby, that of Argo famed of all, on her voyage from Aeetes, and even her the wave would speedily have dashed there against the great crags, had not Here sent her through, for that Jason was dear to her."

Homer

Illustration by: Luigi Salvatore d'Austria, Die Liparischen Inseln, 1894, vol.III,p.152 - Text by: Butler (trans.), Homer, Odyssey, 1981, XII,55-65.

ARISTOTLE



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Castle of Lipari

"The organ of Aeolus" in Houel's illustration from "Voyage pittoresque des Isles de Sicile, de Malte et de Lipari", a Roman bath where the terracotta wall conduits for the hot air were long interpreted as the organpipes of the King of the Winds'.

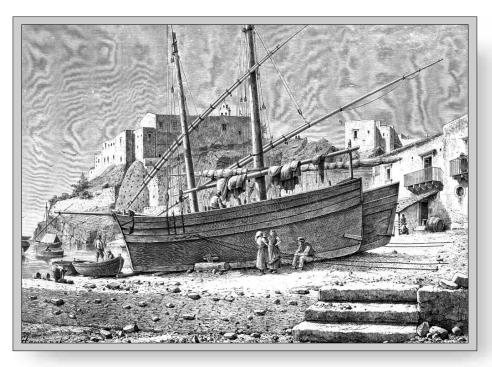
1. [ARISTOTELIS] De mirabilibus auscultationibus 101.

101. Έν μιῷ τῶν ἑπτὰ νήσων τῶν Αἰόλου καλουμένων, ἢ καλεῖται Λιπάρα, τάφον εἶναι μυθολογοῦσι, περὶ οῦ καὶ ἄλλα μὲν πολλὰ καὶ τερατώδη λέγουσι, τοῦτο δ' ὅτι οὐκ ἀσφαλές ἐστι προσελθεῖν πρὸς ἐκεῖνον τὸν τόπον τῆς νυκτὸς συμφωνοῦσιν ἐξακούεσθαι γὰρ τυμπάνων καὶ κυμβάλων ἦχον γέλωτά τε μετὰ θορύβου καὶ κροτάλων ἐναργῶς.

101. They say that at Lipari, one of the seven islands called the Aeolia, there is a tomb, which, among the many other extraordianry events which they recount, it is not advisable to approach at night: one hears, in fact, the sound of drums and tambourines, a loud laugh and a distinct tinkling of bells.

Illustrations by: Jean Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque aux îles éoliennes - Text by: Pagliara - Fonti letterarie in Bernabò Brea L. - Cavalier M., Meligunìs Lipara, VIII/2, Palermo 1995, p. 48 - (trans.) John Perchard.

DIODORO SICULO



Aeolian Locations of Literature:

In the foreground of the picture there is the entrance of the old port of Lipari, buried over time. The sea entered through two long port canals; to the North going up to the area of the Bishopric Seminar, to the South to today's Via Roma. From the Porto Grande of Sottomonastero one had access to the Acropoli, the house of the mythical Aeoleus, according to Diodorus of Sicily who transferred the myth of the Aeolian islands from legend to proto-history in his account of the colonisation of Ausona in Lipari from Southern Italy, an event which finds confirmation in the archaeological excavations of Ausona I and Ausona II, while recent studies of L. Bernabò Brea and M. Cavalier allow attribution of the settlement of Capograziano 1, to the Greek population of the Aeolian islands, in the 21st century BC, a millenium before the events passed down to us in Diodorus of Sicily.

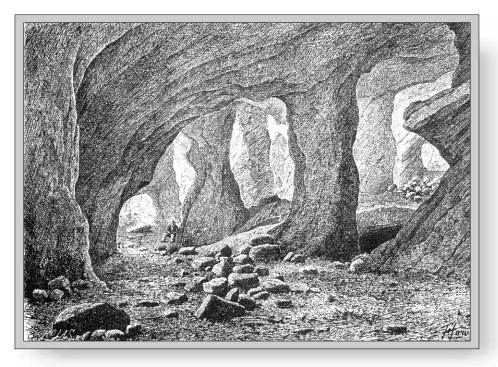
2. DIODORI SICULI V 7, 5 - 9, 1.

7. 5. Φασί δὲ τὰς Αἰόλου νήσους τὸ μὲν παλαιὸν ἐρήμους γεγονέναι, μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα τὸν ὀνομαζόμενον Λίπαρον, Αὐσονος ὄντα τοῦ βασιλέως υἰόν, ὑπὸ τῶν ἀδέλφῶν καταστασιασθῆναι, κυριεύσαντα δὲ νεῶν μακρῶν καὶ στρατιωτῶν ἐκ τῆς Ιταλίας φυγεῖν εἰς τὴν ἀπὸ τούτου Λιπάραν ὀνομασθεῖσαν ἐν ταύτῃ δὲ τὴν ἐπό τούτου Λιπάραν ἀνομασθεῖσαν ἐν ταύτῃ δὲ τὴν ἐπόνυμον αὐτοῦ πόλιν κτίσται, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας νήσους τὰς προειρημέναις γεωργῆσαι. 6. τούτου δὲ γεγηρακότος Αἰόλου τὸν Ἱππότου μετά τινων αυραβαλόντα εἰς τὴν λιπάραν τὴν τοῦ Λιπάρου θυγατέρα γῆμαι Κυάνην καὶ τοῦς λαοὺς κοιτῆ μετὰ τῶν ἐγχαρίων. πολιτεύεσθαι ποιήσας ἐβασίλευσε τῆς νήσους τὸς διάλος οῦτός ἐστι πρός ὄμαθολογοῦςι τὸν Ἐκιρέντρας καὶ μεγάλης ἀποδοχῆς τυχὰν ἐτελεύτησε παφεἰς δὲ μεγαλοπρεπῶς τιμῶν ἔτυχεν ἡροικῶν παρὰ τοῖς ἐγχαρίοις. 7. ὁ δ᾽ Αἰόλος οῦτός ἐστι πρὸς ὄυ μυθολογοῦσι τὸν Ἐδυστέα κατὰ τὴν πλάσην ἀφικέσθαι. γενέσθαι δε αὐτόν φασιν εὐσεβῆ καὶ καιανικοῦς ἐπούτοις τὴν τῶν ἰστίων χρείαν τοῦς καριμασίας παρατετηρηκότα προλέγειν τοὺς κυρομασικος ἐξιοῦς ἀνάκδειξε· διὰ δὲ τὴν ὑπερβολὴν τῆς εἰσσεξείας φίλον τῶν τῶς κεξημανικούς ενους και τὸν κοις τοῦς και τῶν τῆς τῶς τοῦς κου τῶς και τῶν τῆς τῶς και τῶν τῆς τῶν τοῦς κατικ τὴς τοῦ πυρὸς και τῶν τῶς και τῶς ται τῶν ἀνένους τῶς και τῶν ἀροσημασίας παρατετηρηκότα προλέγειν τοὺς ἀνομασθῆναι.

We are told that the islands of Aeolus were uninhabited in ancient times, but that later Liparus, as he was called, the son of Auson the king, was overcome by his brothers who rebelled against him, and securing some warships and soldiers he fled from Italy to the island, which recieved the name Lipara after him; on it he founded the city which bears his name and brought under cultivation the other islands mentioned before. And when Liparus had already come to old age, Aeolus, the son of Hippotes, came to Lipara, with certain companions and married Cyane, the daughter of Liparus; and after he had formed a government in which his followers and the natives shared equally he became king over the island. To Liparus, who had a longing for Italy, Aeolus gave his aid in securing for him the regions about Surrentum, where he became king and, after winning great esteem, ended his days; and after he had been accorded a magnificent funeral he received at the hands of the natives honours equal to those offered to the heroes. This is the Aeolus to whom, the myth relates, Odysseus came in the course of his wanderings. He was, they say, pious and just and kindly as well in his treatment of strangers; furthermore, he introduced sea-farers to the use of sails and had learned, by long observation of what the fire foretold, to predict with accuracy the local winds, this being the reason why the myth has referred to him as the "keeper of the winds"; as it was because of his very great piety that he was called a friend of the Gods

Illustration by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. IIIV, p.6 - Text by: Pagliara - Fonti letterarie antiche in Bernabò Brea L. - Cavalier M., Meligunis Lipara, Palermo 1995, p. 65. - (trans.) C.H. Oldfather.

PLINY THE ELDER - DIODORUS OF SICILY



Aeolian Locations of Literature: the alum caves in Faragghiuni of puortu i livanti

The alum caves of Vulcano were intensely exploited through the work of the prisoners, up to the last eruption of the Forgia Vecchia. Today they are in restructuring so as to ensure a safer visit as part of of the newly-forming Thermal Park which may be opportunely enriched by the literary component.

2. PLINIUS: Naturalis historia XXXV 183-185 [52].

183. Nec minor est aut adeo dissimilis aluminis opera, quod intellegitur salsugo terrae. Plura et eius genera. In Cypro candidum et nigrius, exigua coloris differentia, cum sit usus magna, quoniam inficiendis claro colore lanis candidum liquidumque utilissimum est contraque fuscis aut obscuris nigrum. 184. Et aurum nigro purgatur. Fit autem omne ex aqua limoque, hoc est terrae exudantis natura. Conrivatum hieme aestivis solibus maturatur. Quod fit ex eo praecox, candidius fit. Gignitur autem in Hispania, Aegypto, Armenia, Macedonia, Ponto, Africa, insulis Sardinia, Melo, Lipara, Strongyle. Laudatissimum in Aegypto, proximum in Melo...

183. Not less important, or indeed very dissimilar, are the uses that are made of alumen; by which name is understood a sort of brine which exudes from the earth. Of this, too, there are several kinds. In Cyprus there is a white alumen, and another kind of a darker colour. The difference, however, in their colour is but trifling in reality, though the uses made of them are very dissimilar; the white liquid alumen being employed for dyeing wool of bright colours, and the black, on the other hand, for giving wool a tawny or a sombre tint. 184. Gold, too, is purified by the agency of black alumen. Every kind of alumen is a compound of slime and water, or in other words, is a liquid product exuding from the earth; the concretion of it commencing in winter, and being completed by the action of the summer sun. That portion of it which is the first matured, is the whitest in appearance. The countries which produce this substance, are Spain, Ægypt, Armenia, Macedonia, Pontus, Africa, and the islands of Sardinia, Melos, Lipara, and Strongyle: the most esteemed, however, is that of Egypt, the next best being the produce of Melos. (Trad. John Bostock & H.T. Riley)

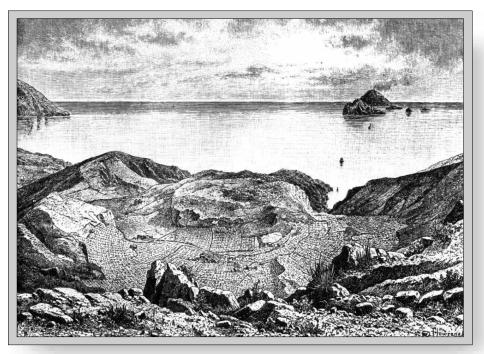
1. DIODORI SICULI V 10, 2.

2. Έχει δ' ή νήσος αύτη {Λιπάρα} τὰ διαβεβοημένα μέταλλα τῆς στυπτηρίας, ἐξ ῆς λαμβάνουσιν οἱ Λιπαραῖοι καὶ Ῥωμαῖοι μεγάλας προσόδους. οὐδαμοῦ γὰρ τῆς οἰκουμένης τῆς στυπτηρίας γινομένης καὶ πολλὴν χρείαν παρεχομένης, εἰκότως μονοπώλιον ἔχοντες καὶ τὰς τιμὰς ἀναβιβάζοντες πλῆθος χρημάτων λαμβάνουσιν ἄπιστον ἐν μόνη γὰρ τῆ νήσφ Μήλω φύεται μικρά τις στυπτερία, μὴ δυναμένη διαρκεῖν πολλοῖς πόλεσιν.

And this island contains the far-famed mines of styptic earth, from which the Liparians and Romans derive great revenues. For since styptic earth is found nowhere else in the inhabited world and is of great usefulness, it stands to reason that, because they enjoy a monopoly of it and can raise the price, they should get an unbelievable amount of money; for on the island of Melos alone is there found a deposit of styptic earth, but a small one, which cannot suffice for many cities. (Trad. C.H. Oldfather)

Illustrations by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. I, p.8 - Text by: Pagliara in: Bernabò Brea L. - Cavalier M., Meligunìs Lipara, VIII/2, Palermo 1995, p. 31-32 Giustolisi III° vol. - (trans.) C.H. Oldfather.

ST WILLIBALD



A FURROW AND RUSSET ROCKS Offering us a sight of the gigantic dormant crater, with Salina on the left, in the background, Panaria and Vassiluzzu, the nearby rocks and the smoking Strougnuli on the right.

Aeolian Locations of Literature: Pilate's pomice cone

The crater of Pilate's pomice cone with its roots made of the famous obsidian lava flow of the Rocche Rosse. The pomice was exploded from this crater and formed the soft tephritic pomice cone of Pilate, impeding St Willibald (727 AD) from seeing "qualis esset intus ille infernus" as told below.

7. Ma già mezzo secolo prima di questo Gregorio, non altrimenti conosciuto, nell'anno 729 era venuto a Lipari, e aveva venerato le reliquie di S. Bartolomeo, S. Willibald, un monaco anglosassone del Sussex, reduce da un lungo viaggio in Terrasanta e a Costantinopoli.

San Willibald, insieme col fratello San Wynnibald e con la sorella santa Walpurga era stato chiamato dal loro maestro Winfried (ribattezzato poi Bonifacio dal Papa Gregorio II) a convertire al cristianesimo le popolazioni ancora pagane della Germania, e qualche anno dopo il ritorno, nel 745, divenne il primo vescovo della diocesi di Eichstätt, fondata da San Bonifacio, mentre Santa Walpurga diventava la badessa del vicino monastero di Heidenheim. Dopo la morte essa è stata venerata come protettrice contro le stregonerie e gli incantesimi. Willibald era stato uno dei pochi pellegrini che avessero potuto visitare i luoghi santi dopo la conquista di Gerusalemme da parte degli Arabi (637), grazie ad una certa moderazione dimostrata per qualche tempo da Omar. Del suo viaggio, durato dieci anni (722-731), rimane un dettagliato resoconto (70) che, per quanto riguarda Lipari, è di straordinaria vivacità e concretezza e costituisce uno dei documenti più interessanti per la storia della vulcanologia eoliana. Il passo merita di essere riportato nel pittoresco eloquio dell'ultima decadente latinità:

(70) Vitae Willibaldi el Wynnebaldi auctore sanctimoniali Heidenheimensi (edidit O. HOLDER-EGGER, in Mon. Germ. Hist., Scriptores, XV, pp. 101-102).

«Et ille Willibaldus pergebat illic a Costantinopoli, ut videret, quomodo esset facta illa aecclesia, et iterum remeavit ad Constantinopoli. Et post duobus annis navigaverunt inde cum nuntiis papae et cesaris in insulam Sicilia ad urbe Saracusam; et inde venit ad urbem Catenam, et inde venit ad Regiam civitatem in Galabria. Et inde navigaverunt ad insulam Vulcana; ibi est infernus Theodrichi. Cumque illic veniebant, ascendebant de nave, ut viderent, qualis esset infernus. Statimque Willibaldus curiosius et volens videre, qualis esset intus ille infernus, et volebat ascendere in montis cacumen, ubi infernus subtus erat, et non poterat, qui faville de tetro tartaro usque ad marginem ascendentes glomerati illic iacebant et ad instar nivis, quando de caelo nivans canditas nivalesque cadentes catervas de aereis etherum arcibus arcis coacervareque solet, ita faville coacervati in apice montis iacebant, ut ascensum Willibaldo prohibebant. Sed tamen tetrum atque terribilem horrendumque eructuantem de puteo fiammam erumpere videbat, ad instar tonitrui tonantis sic flammam magnum et fumi vaporem valde supplime in alto ascendentem terribiliter intuebat. Ille fomix, quem scriptores habere solent, illum videbat de inferno ascendentem et cum flamma proiectum atque in mare arcitum et tunc iterum de mare proiectum in aridam, et homines tollent eum et inde ducent. Statimque post istis horribilis seu terribilis ignis flagrantiae vaporibus flammivomisque fumi fetidis mirabilis visionum spectaculis exploratis, inde levantes se, navigaverunt ad aecclesiam sancti Bartholomei apostoli, que stat in litore maris, et venerunt ad illis montibus que sunt nominati Didimi; et ibi orantes, manebant unam noctem illic. Et inde navigantes, venerunt ad urbem que vocatur Neapule; ibi esset multos dies».

Willibald

Illustrations by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. III, p.61 - Text by: Bernabò Brea L., Le Isole Eolie dal Tardo Antico ai Normanni, Ravenna 1988, p.42

P. CAMPIS



Aeolian Locations of Literature: Fossa di Vulcano

The inside of the crater of Fossa Vulcano seen in the idealogical landscape of medieval literature as one of the "abysses" giving access to the Christian Hell.The 17th century texts by Pietro Campis, in both simple ecclesiastical Latin and in Italian recount the Historical Plan of the noble and loyal town of Lipari (1894), and are among the most extraordinary pages of literature inspired by the eruptive and secondary activity of the Aeolian volcanoes and the highly religious mental structure of the authors. The devils of the crater of Vulcano chased back into Hell by the Archangel Michael, collaborator of San Calogero in the work of clearing the islands of demons by command of Pope John (Summus Pontifex dedit illi potestatem fugandi daemones...).

Direi che questa sua orrida abitatione era la fortezza dove assicurava se stesso dall'eserciti infernali quando l'assaltavano a schiere quei mostri sotto varii et orribile figure: rugivano come leoni, sibillavano come serpenti, urlavano come lupi, scridavano tal volta come per dirli: — Vattene, Calogero, da Lipari; questa è la casa nostra. Che hai tu da fare in queste grotte? Partiti da' nostri alberghi; cessa d'abbattere con le forze del Cielo le potestà d'averno; ti muova a pietà la nostra perduta grandezza. Siamo Spiriti nobili nel Cielo prodotti, se bene hora nell'abissi precipitati. Anco queste caverne sono nostri abitationi; perchè dunque al fuoco ci mandi? —

È quantunque per li spaventosi gridi tremassero tutte quelle grotte, il valoroso capitano, nulla temendo, intrepido se ne stava, col far poco conto di essi [nelle] sue sortite, conciosiachè da quella incavata pietra usciva bene spesso con una croce alla mano, che era l'arme fatale contro li Spiriti rubelli, et andando ad investirli mentre a schiera passegiavano e scorrevano per l'Isola, Il ip oneva in fuga constringendoli a precipitarsi affollatamente in quella vasta voragine dalla quale il monte di Vulcano, che è vicino a Lipari, tramanda, come altrove abbiamo detto, fumo e fuoco. Così andava purgando il territorio di Lipari da quelle schiere diaboliche

Applicuit in insulam Liparis, et ibi morabatur, ob cuius merita Dominus expulit omnes daemones ibi degentes. Ex brev. Gall., lect. 6^a ,

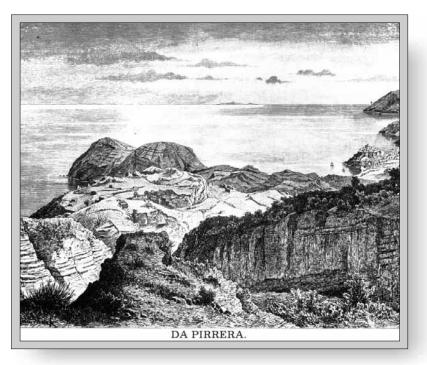
confinando dentro le viscere dell'Isola di Vulcano et intra quell'incendii bituminosi quanti maligni Spiriti signoregiavano l'Isola di Lipari e tormentavano l'abitatori di essa.

Tal volta da questa apertura di monte, la quale communemente si chiama la bocca di Vulcano, ne escono voci come di fiere, strille come tormentati voci come di chi patisce, e tal volta clamori e cridi di turbi inmenze ivi rinchiuse; da chi travaglia ivi attorno per cavare l'alume, di che vi sono le miniere abondantissime, come ho ditto a suo loco, si sono uditi suspiri che hanno cagionato orrore, gemiti che hanno agghiacciato il sangue nelle vene a chi gl'intese, e talvolta, anzi bene allo spesso, si sono udite voci confuse, strepiti di catene e gridi tumultuosi.

P. Campis

Illustration by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Vienna 1894, vol. I, p.13 - Text by: P. Campis, Disegno Historico della nobile e fidelissima Città di Lipari, 1694, Lipari 1980 p.175

P. CAMPIS



Aeolian Locations of Literature: La Pirrera at Forgia Vecchia above Canneto

La Pirrera (the place of fire), represented a nightmare for the Aeolians in medieval times, from the final eruption of the enormous lava flow of degassed obsidian of the Forgia Vecchia which gashed the rim of the crater - visible in the picture - and stopped just above the beach of Canneto.

In medieval times the literary interpretation of the phenomenon - also wellconsolidated in the text of Campis who carries it up to the end of the 1600s - attributes the end of the eruption to the prayers of the praiseworthy San Calogero, who chased the demons from the island.

Again according to Campis "Having obtained alum from La Pirrera this was transported to Parmito where it was purified and transformed to its due perfection".

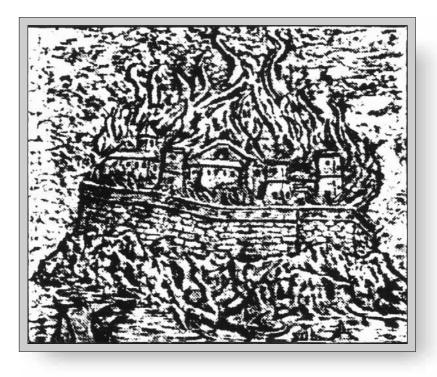
> Ma l'animo pietoso di Calogero, non pago d'aver liberato quell'isolani dalli danni che a loro facevano i Demonii, si risolvè altresi liberarla da quelli che un giorno o l'altro haverebbe potuto patire da quei fuochi, quali per molte parti della lor Isola si vedevano divampare dalla terra: dovunque si volgeva l'occhio, miravansi esalare dalla terra fumi e fuochi transmesse da grandi e piccole aperture di essa, et i paesani ne vivevano con un timore ben grande.

> Vi era singolarmente nel luoco detto la Pirrera una bocca di fuoco assai vasta e dilatata, dalla quale si vomitavano incendii tali che quella parte apparisce sino a' giornill'nostri tutta aspra et abruciata nelle annegrite sue pietre, e, per la vicinanza che haveva con la Città di Lipari, poteva giustamente temersi che un giorno dovesse questa restare sepolta sotto l'ardenti suoi ceneri, o consumata dal fuoco che mandava. Volle Calogero assicurare la Città et i Cittadini da quello imminenti periculo, per lo che con le sue fervente preghieri ottenne dal Signore che s'estinguessero tutti quei fuochi nell'Isola.

P. Campis

Illustration by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. III, p.64 - Text by: P. Campis, Disegno Historico della nobile e fidelissima Città di Lipari, 1694, Lipari 1980, p.181

GIOVAN ANDRÌA DI SIMON



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Castle of Lipari

"The devastation of the Castle of Lipari by Kahir al-Din Barbarossa, Admiral of Sulaiman the Magnificent" by Giovan-Andrìa di Simon 1544, critical edition of G. Iacolino 1985.

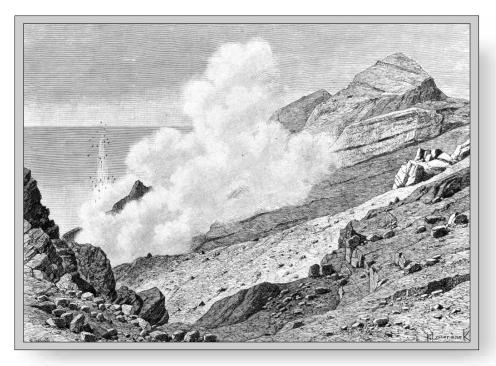
29 Non manco di trecento cannonati, a signo di lo forti bastiuni, lo primo giorno li foro sparati a' Liparoti per primo boccuni. Li Liparoti corpi misurati facciano senza fari svariuni, tali ch'a' Turchi tutti li trincieri sparando li rumpiano volintieri. 30

La notti poi sequenti rinforzaro loro trinceri e tornaro in battaglia; lo numero de' tiri che spararo non lo potria resistere muraglia. Li Liparoti giamai non cessaro sparando contra la genti canaglia, tal chi Draut, videndu tali effettu, irato biastimava Mahomettu.

This verse tragedy was recited in 1986 in an unforgettable performance by the students of the Istituto Tecnico Commerciale of Lipari, on the occasion of the Convention about Archduke Ludwig S. of Hapsburg in the Aeolian Islands.

Illustrations by: G. Iacolino, I Turchi alla Marina di Lipari, 1985, p.162 - Text by: G. Iacolino, I Turchi alla Marina di Lipari, Lipari 1985, p.110.

DOLOMIEU



Aeolian Locations of Literature:

The crater of neo-Stromboli

« Je traversai les vignes qui s'étendent sur toute la plaine, qui couvrent dans cette partie le pied de la montagne jusqu'au tiers de la hauteur, ce ne fut pas sans peine que j'arrivai à la plus haute sommité. Cette montagne a à-peuprès l'élévation de celle des Saline ; c'est-à-dire mille pas ; mais la pente n'est point aussi roide, la montée en est moins pénible. Son sommet se termine par deux pointes, je n'ai trouvé ni sur l'une, ni sur l'autre les moindres vestiges d'un crater ; cependant le crater primitif, celui qui a formé le corp de la montagne, a dû être placé dans la partie la plus elevée.

Du sommet de la haute pointe, on domine sur le crater enflammé, on découvre tout son intérieur, on lui voit faire ses éruptions au-dessous de foi.

J'avoue que la première explosion que j'observai de ce point de vue m'effraya, je craignois que le pierres ne vinssent jusq'à moi ; mais je fus rassuré.....

Ce crater, le seul qui serve maintenant aux éruptions, est placé ainsi que je l'ai déjà dit, au nord-ouest, sur le flanc de la montagne, à moitié de sa hauteur ; il est très-petit, je ne lui crois pas cinquante pas de diamètre. Il a la forme d'un entonnoir, terminé en bas par un pointe ; pendant tout le temps que je l'ai observé, les éruptions se succédoient avec la même régularité que pendant la nuit, chaque intermittence étoit à-peu-près de sept minuts. Je ne voyoais point de flammes, la clarté du jour la fait disparoître ; mais je voyais une bouffée de fumée blanche, qui sortoit en même temps que les pierres, qui se dissipoit dans l'air, comme si elle y avoit été absorbée.

Les pierres lancées par le volcan paroissoient noires, elles se levoient en gerbes et elles formoient des rayons divergens ; la majeure partie retombait dans la coupe ; elles rouloient jusq'au fond du jusqu' crater, sembloient obstruer l'issue que s'étoient faite les vapeurs à l'instant de l'explosion, elles étoient rejetées de nouveau par l'éruption subséquente.

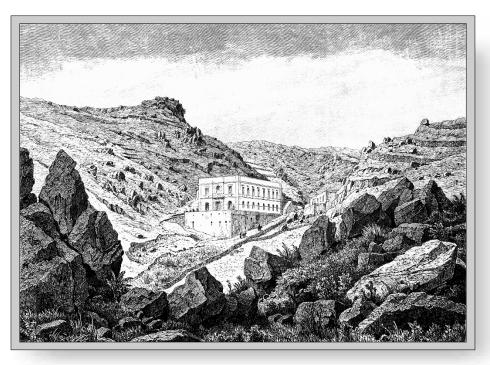
Elles font ainsi ballottées jusqu'à ce qu'elles se soient brisées, réduites en cendres : mais le volcan en fournit toujours de nouvelles,L'approche de l'éruption n'est annoncée par aucun bruit ni murmure sourd dans l'intérieur de la montagne, l'on est toujours surpris lorsqu'on voit les pierres s'élever en l'air....

Je descendis la montagne par la partie du sud-est, en courant sur les cendres mouvants dont elle est couverte...... je rencontrai à moitié hauteur, une source d'eau froide, douce, légère très-bonne à boire, qui ne tarit jamais et qui est l'unique ressource des habitants lorsque leurs cîternes sont épuissées, lorsque les chaleurs ont desséché une séconde source qui est au pied de la montagne, ce qui arrive tous les été

Dolomieu

Illustration by: Illustraz. da: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. VII, p.25 - Text by: De Dolomieu D., Voyage aux Iles Lipari, fait en 1781 - ed. C.S. Lipari 1980..

DOLOMIEU



Aeolian Locations of Literature:

The thermal Source of San Calogero was used (cfr. L. Bernabò Brea and M. Cavalier) from Micean times. According to medieval legend its waters disappeared, then reappeared thanks to the Holy Monk during his liberating the Aeolian islands from demons on the comand of Pope John. (Campis)

« J'aurois été suffoqué si je ne m'étois jeté le visage contre terre ; je fus cependant étonné de voir que le thermomètre m'y montoit qu'à quarante-cinq, quarante-six degrés, chaleur fort inferieure à celle que peut supporter le corp humain ; il faut donc que la densité de cette atmosphère, chargée de parties humides, contribue à la soffocation qu'on y éprouve »

On a ménagé au-dessus de chaque étuve, un trou pour donner issue aux vapeurs ; les pierres sont brûlantes au point de ne pouvoir être touchées ; de noires qu'elles sont naturellement elles y deviennent blanches après un certain temps.

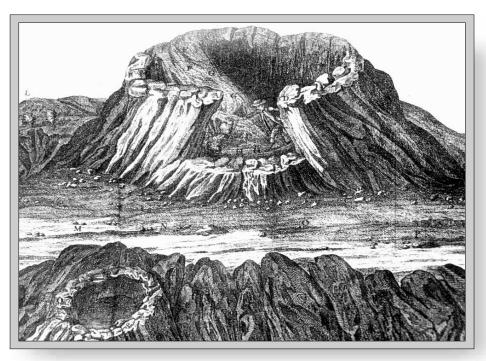
« Le monticule des étuves et ses entours démontrent combien sont variées les altérations qu'éprouvent les laves, par la pénétration et le passage continuel des vapeurs acido-sulfureuses. Toutes les pierres y ont perdu leurs couleurs obscures primitives, pour y prendre une teinte blanche avec des couleurs superficielles interieures, jaunes, rouges, violettes et toutes les autres nuances que peuvent produire les chaux de fer. Ces pierres sont tendres, légères et semblables à l'œil à certaines crayes calcaires ; elles se travaillent facilement au couteau, et les paysans du pays les emploient pour faire de mauvaises petites statues de Saint, dont ils ornent leurs églises.....Leur blancheur et les autres caracteres de l'altération qu'elles éprouvent est toujours relatif à leurs voisinages des conduits évaporatoires, et au temps qu'elles y sont exposées. M. Hamilton a fait long-temps avant moi les mêmes observations à la Solfatara de Pouzzole.

Cette couleur blanche, lorsqu'elle n'est pas la teinte générale de la montagne volcanique, m'a toujours indiqué, ainsi que je l'ai déjà dit, les lieux où les vapeurs sulfureuses prennent issue.

D. de Dolomieu

Illustration by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, 1894, vol. III, p.99 - Text by: D. de Dolomieu, Voyage aux Iles Lipari, fait en 1781.

L. SPALLANZANI



Aeolian Locations of Literature:

Lazzaro Spallanzani, great naturalist of the second half of the 18th century, possessed a sound base in humanist culture which always brought him to carry out propedeutic historical-literary investigations with the scope of understanding what scientific truths, relating to the themes of his scientific research, were hidden behind the Classical texts.

In the case of Scylla and Charybdis, having examined Homer (Odyssey XII, 73-79/85-86/104-106) and Virgil (Aenid III, 420-428), Spallanzani concludes saying "I have had no problem making use of the verses of a poet, in a book consacrated to the search for truth..."

Stanislao Nievo in volume II dedicated to Literary Parks, proposes Spallanzani as the dedicatee of a park of Scylla and Charybdis.

In the Aeolian islands Spallanzani, crossing humanist aspects and direct scientific observations, offers us three tomes (tome II: cap. X-XV, pp. 1-231; tome III: cap. XVI-XXII, pp. 1-348; tome IV: cap XXIII-XXIV, pp.5-83) a great literary park of the Italian reflection of the tensions of the European Enlightenment.

Illustrations by: Spallanzani L., Destinazione Eolie (1788) -dall'opera: "Viaggi alle due Sicilie" - Prologo e Saggio sul "Settecento Liparitano" di G.Iacolino, Lipari 1993, p.171 - Text by: Cabianca V. - Pignatelli M. A. : Tra Prometeo ed Hermes: Intervista sul Piano dei Beni Culturali Territoriali Eoliani - Palermo 2003 .

J. HOÜEL



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Thermal baths of San Calogero.

Dans le bain du milieu j'ai gravé une femme qui se va mettre toute nue dans l'eau : une autre lui ôte la chemise dont elle est couverte. A la porte du bain rond est un homme qui sort et qu'on enveloppe d'un linceuil. Le groupe du milieu représente une femme paralytique que deux autres aident à marcher. Plus loin, c'est un homme qu'on porte sur un brancard. Au-delà, on voit des portions de murs d'une antique construction, qui prouvent que ces bains ne sont pas modernes; ils sont partie de la maison où est le logement des baigneurs, des gens qui les servent : il y a aussi une chapelle....

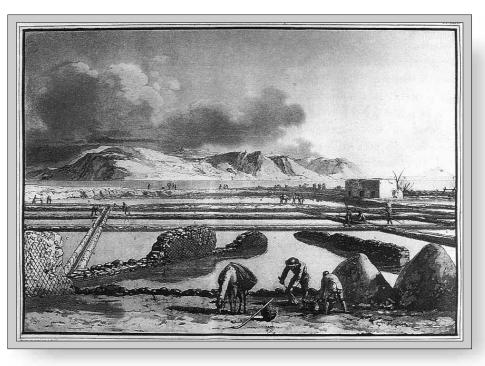
Je me parut étonnant que la nature eût placé presque au sommet de ce volcan, qui semble propre à dessércher toute humidité, un réservoir d'eau assez considérable pour fornir trois sources qui répandent sans cesse au moins huit pouces d'eau, sans compter tout ce qui se perd dans l'intérieur du rocher, qui est au moins de deux pouces : ainsi donc il s'échappe perpétuellement dix pouces d'eau du haut de cette montagne, qui n'est ni longue, ni large, dont le sommet ne forme qu'une petite plaine. Cette abondance d'eau dans un tel lieu, me parut un phénomène digne des regards d'un physicien. Ce n'est pas tout, en continuant à tourner autour de cette même montagne à un mille de là environ, on trouve une fontaine d'eau froide, qui sort aussi du sommet de la même roche qui, à l'ouest-nord, produit les trois fontaines d'eau chaude. Cette eau froide est très-bonne à boire; les hommes, le bestiaux en font un grand usage.

Dans le cours de ma route, long-temps avant d'être arrivé à ces bains, long-temps après avoir passé cette fontaine d'eau froide, j'observai de toutes parts d'énorms blocs de lave échappés des masses générales qui constituent cette partie de l'îsle. Les laves du volcan de Lipari different de celles du Vésuve et de l'Etna par le mélange infini de leurs couleurs, qui sont des plus riches et des plus vives. Il y a des espaces de plusieurs milles où cette lave est d'un beau rouge. Elles ont aussi des petits cristaux noirs de scories en abondance, avec les petits grains blancs qui se trouvent ordinairement dans la lave. De ce côté, l'îsle est absolument inaccessible. On dit que cette isle a vingt milles de circuit. Je revins de cette montagne à la ville de Lipari, et le lendemain je m'embarquai pour aller a l'îsle de Saline.

J. Hoüel

Illustration by: J. Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque des îles de Sicile, de Malte et de Lipari, Paris, 1782-87. - Text by: J. Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque des îles de Sicile, de Malte et de Lipari, Paris, 1782-87.

J. HOÜEL



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The salt flats of Lingue in a late 1700s engraving

View of the Salt flats seen from the southern part of the island

« Après ce coup d'œil jeté sur l'Isle, on me conduisit à la saline: on y voit encore quelques portions de murs antiques construits par les Romains et très reconnaissables par un caractère non équivoque ; c'est le réticule. Ce réticule est composé de petits moilons de terre cuite taillés en losange, et posés très régulièrement sur l'angle; ce qui forme à l'œil des carreaux. On appelait cette construction 'réticule' à cause de la ressemblance avec les rêts des pêcheurs. Les Romains cachaient cet assemblage par un enduit dont ils revêtaient l'édifice...Ces vestiges sont les restes de quelques bains qu'on avaient construits au bord de la mer.

Le chapelain qui m'avait conduit en ce lieu m'espliqua de quelle manière on fait le sel. On ne s'y prend pas autrement que dans la saline de Sicile. L'eau est amenée d'abord dans la plus grande salle B, B, d'où on la fait passer dans la salle C, C, d'où elle coule successivement dans les autres jusque dans la dernière, où achevant de s'évaporer on obtient en quinze jours, selon la beauté du temps, deux pouces et demi ou trois pouces de sel pour cinq pouces d'eau. Quand ce sel est formé on l'entasse sur le rivage en masses pyramidales : c'est là qu'on vient le prendre, et qu'on en charge des animaux, ainsi que je l'ai représenté sur le devant de ce tabeau ».

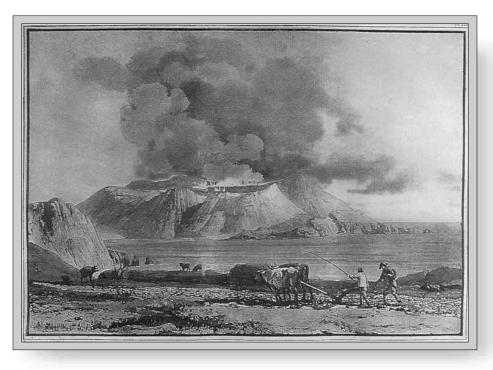
J. Hoüel

"ad una punta dell'isola, che guarda a mezzo giorno e si chiama volgarmente la Lingua, vi è come un lago d'un miglio incirca detto lo Pantano, dove già s'introduceva l'acqua marina e per essa vi si produceva il sale".

P. Campis

Illustration by: J. Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque des îles de Sicile, de Malte et de Lipari, Paris, 1782-87. - Text by: J. Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque des îles de Sicile, de Malte et de Lipari, Paris, 1782-87; P. Campis, Disegno Historico della nobile e fidelissima Città di Lipari, 1694 Lipari 1980.

P. CAMPIS - S. GREGORIO MAGNO



Aeolian Locations of Literature: La Fossa

The main crater of Vulcano and the medieval legend (from the dialogues of St. Gregory the Great).

The rim of the crater from which San Calogero saw king Theodoric, "ad hora nona", Pope John and the Roman Senator Simmachus, "fall" into hell.

Rimase Calogero soppreso da stupore e da timore ben grande non sapendo che fosse quel che da Dio l'era stato in cotal guisa mostrato; pianceva dirottamente et insieme pregava il Signore manifestargli con chiarezza ciò che veduto haveva tra l'oscurità della visione. Lo conpiacque Idio col farli intendere l'essere stato Teodorico Re d'Italia quello che nel baratro profondo di quelli incendii fu precipitato per li suoi gravi peccati. Essendo appunto all'ora passato all'altra vita e dato conto a Dio delle sue operationi, ne haveva riportata da quel Giudice Eterno la sentenza della dan natione; e li fece saper di piú il Signore: che quei dui, quali l'avevano accompagnato sino al precipitio, erano Giovanni Pontefice e Simmaco Senatore Romano, ammedue fatti morire ingiustamente et empiamente da Teodorico.

Il giorno seguente approdò all'Isola di Lipari una nave, che dalla Sicilia passava a Roma con certi passagieri, e a questi notificò il Santo la morte di Teodorico, per anco a lui incognita.

Pico, per anco a lui incognita. Qual tutto, come succedesse, si descrive da Santo Gregorio Magnoll con queste parole: Giuliano, huomo di mia casa, mi raccontò che il padre del suo socero si trasferì in Sicilia al tempo del Re Teodorico per esigere certi datii e gabelle, e che, ritornato poi in Italia, arrivò colla sua nave all'Isola di Lipari. Dove, intesa la fama della santità di Calogero, mentre i marinari risarcevano l'adobbi della nave, egli, ed alcuni altri in sua compagnia, si portò alla grotta del Santo per raccomandarsi alle sue orationi et impetrare per la sua intercessione prospero il viaggio per Roma.

risarcevano l'adobbi della nave, egli, ed alcum altri in sua compagnia, si portò alla grotta del Santo per raccomandarsi alle sue orationi et impetrare per la sua intercessione prospero il viaggio per Roma. Giunti colà, si gettarono a' piedi di quel Servo di Dio, e tra li ragionamenti spirituali li disse Calogero: — Sapete voi che il Re Teodorico è già morto? — A cui prontamente risposero: — Non puol essere, per averlo noi, non ha gran tempo, lasciato vivo et in ottima salute nella sua Regia; fin ora non ci è capitato un tale aviso —. Replicò allora il divoto Romito: — Non state di ciò dubitosi; è egli morto; e sappiate che hieri ad'ora nona io lo viddi scalzo, menzo nudo e con le mani legati andare in menzo di Simmaco patritio e di Giovanni Papa sino alla bocca di Vulcano, nella quale fu precipitato —. Il che essendo da essi udito, si notorno il giorno.

Ritornati poi in Italia, trovarono che il Re Teodorico era morto nel giorno appunto e nell'ora come gl'aveva ditto il Servo di Dio.

Circa la di lui morte e supplicio sì fu perchè fece morire tra li tormenti della carcere Giovanni Papa e fece tagliar la testa a Simmaco patritio; e da questi giustamente fu gettato nel fuoco, i quali esso ingiustamente haveva privato di vita

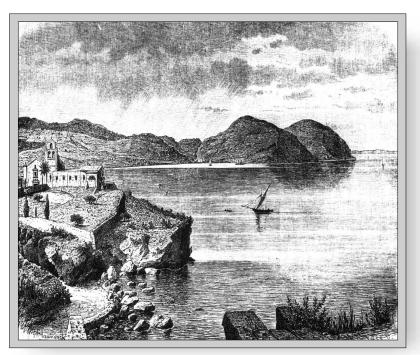
nte haveva privato di vita Julianus familiaris meus mihi narravit dicens: Theuderici regis temporibus pater soceri mei in Siciliam exationem canonis egerat, atque iam || ad Italiam redibat. Cuius navis appulsa est ad insulam, quae Liparis appellatur. Et quia illic vir quidam solitarius magnae virtutis habitabat, dum nautae navis armamenta repararent, visum est praedicto patri soceri mei ad eundem virum Dei pergere, seque eius orationibus commendare. Quos vir Domini cum vidisset, eis inter alia colloquens, dixit: Scitis quia rex Theudericus mortuus est? Cui illi protinus responderunt: Absit! Nos enim viventem dimisimus, et nihil tale ad nos de eo nunc usque perlatum est; nam hesterna die hora nona inter Johannem Papam et Symachum patricium discinctus atque discalciatus et vinctis manibus post tergum deductus, in hac vicina Vulcani olla iactatus est. Quod illi audientes, sollicite conscripserunt diem et horam, atque in Italiam reversi, eo die Theudericum regem invenerunt fuisse mortuun, quo de eius exitu atque supplicio Dei famulo fuerat ostensum. Et quia Johannem Papam adfligendo in custodia occidit, Symachum quoque patricium ferro trucidavit, ab illis in ignem missus apparuit, quos in hac vita iniuste iudicavit. San Gregorio, Dial., libro 4.

Succedette tutto questo nell'anno 526, come nella sua "Cronologia" notò il padre Filippo Briezio, il quale, parlando nel ditto anno della morte del Re Teodorico, conclude il tutto con queste parole: Un monaco che stava nell'Isola di Lipari vidde la di lui anima esser precipitata in una voragine di fuoco da Giovanni

P. Campis

Illustration by: J. Hoüel, Voyage pittoresque des îles de Sicile, de Malte et de Lipari, Paris, 1782-87. - Text by: P. Campis, Disegno Historico della nobile e fidelissima Città di Lipari, 1694, Lipari 1980 p.178-179

A. DUMAS



FROM THE WINDOW OF THE ENTRANCE TO CASTIEDDU The view shows the old cloister of San Francesco, a stretch of Marina Lunga, on the left under the church, and Munti Mazzuni and Munti Rosa in the background with some ships in the depths of the roadstead of Pignataru.

Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Monastery of San Francesco

The monastery of San Fancesco on the keep of the castle where A. Dumas was a guest during his visit to the Aeolian Islands with Jadin and the faithful Milord.

" Nous gagnons à la rame le port de Lipari où nous jetons l'ancre vers deux heures. Avec son château bâti sur le roc et ses maisons disposées selon les courbes du terrain, Lipari offre un aspect extrêmement pittoresque. Du reste nous avons tout le temps d'admirer sa situation étant donné les innombrables difficultés qu' on nous fait pour débarquer.

Les autorités à qui nous avons eu l'imprudence d'avouer que nous ne venions pas pour le commerce de la pêche, seul commerce de l'île, et qui ne comprennent pas qu' on puisse venir à Lipari pour d'autres motifs, ne veulent à aucun prix nous laisser entrer. Finalement, lorsque nous présentons nos passeports à travers une grille et que, par peur du choléra, on nous les prend des mains avec de gigantesques pinces, et après s' être assuré que nous venions de Palerme et non pas d'Alexandrie ou de Tunis, on nous ouvre la grille et on consent à nous laisser entrer. Quelle différence avec l'hospitalité du roi Eole ! Rappelons-nous que Lipari n'est autre que l'antique Eolie où Ulysse débarqua après avoir échappé à Polyphème.

Voici ce que raconte Homère : 'Nous arrivons fort heureusement à l'île d'Eolie, île accessible et bien connue où règne Eole, l'ami des dieux. Un rempart indestructible et inexpugnable, entouré de rochers lisses et escarpés, cerne totalement l'île. Les douze enfants du roi constituent la principale richesse du palais : six garçons et six filles, tous dans la fleur de la jeunesse. Eole fait régner l'harmonie entre eux et, auprès d'un père et d'une mère dignes de leur vénération et de leur amour, leurs jours s'écoulent en splendides festins abondants et variés'.

Non seulement Eole accueillit Ulysse et lui fit fÍte dignement pendant tout le temps où lui et. ses compagnons séjournèrent à Lipari, mais au moment du départ, il leur fit aussi don de quatre outres contenant les principaux vents : Euros*, Austros* et Aquilon. Seul Zéphyr était resté libre et avait reçu du souverain l' ordre de pousser favorablement vers Ithaque Le roi fugitif. Mais malheureusement l' équipage du navire qu'Ulysse gouvernait eut la curiosité de regarder ce que contenaient les outres bien gonflées, et un beau jour les ouvrit. Les trois vents si heureux d'Ître libérés depuis le temps qu'ils étaient restés prisonniers des outres se lancèrent dans le ciel d'un seul coup d'aile et, en manière de jeu, s'engagèrent dans un tel combat que tous les navires d'Ulysse furent détruits et lui seul parvint à sauver sa vie grâce à une planche.

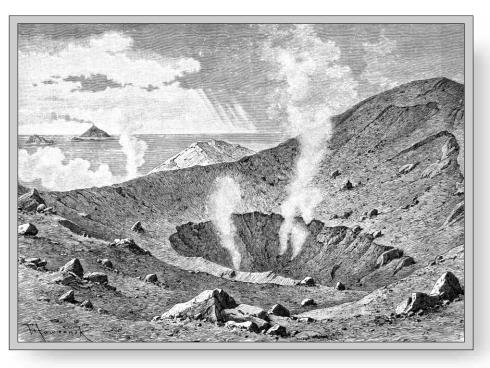
Le vent souffle impétueusement sur la cime et comme nous sommes trempés de sueur nous profitons de l'abri que nous offrent quelques blocs de lave. Les fumerolles nous enveloppent de vapeurs sulfureuses et le paysage ne nous apparaît que par moments. Dans le lointain audelà de la plaine, on voit la plage, la montagne ardente, le Vulcanello dénudé, espèce de sol lunaire, et la baie de Ponente où les vagues se brisent sur les rochers. Enfin apparaît Lipari estompé dans les nuages...

...Enfin le cratère est là. J'oublie la fatigue devant le tableau qui s'offre à mes regards. Je suis penché sur un immense entonnoir, et de toutes parts des rayures noires, sanglantes ou soufrées convergent en s'amincissant vers le fond. Là, comme dans une chaudière monstrueuse, se meut, s'agite, se gonfle, crève, s' aplatit et crépite une masse rougeâtre saupoudrée de cendre par endroit. Un bruit infernal monte du fond du cratère, et les vapeurs qui s'en échappent voilent le ciel au-dessus de nos títes. Le sol tremble sous nos pas, il brûle : Il s'est emparé aussi des autre, il est aisé de la voir. Le capitan seul apparaît, au milieu des vapeurs, calme, les yeux dans le gouffre. Il se baisse maintenant, pousse devant lui un bloc de lave qui roule et va s'abîmer dans les ardentes profondeurs. Alors nous l'imitons tous et les blocs se succèdent, roulant sans interruption. Les uns, arrivés au fond du cratère, éclatent, d'autres s'enfoncent avec un bruit sourd dans les Matières en fusion qui par instant pétillent.

A. Dumas

Illustrations by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, VIII, p.22 - Text by: A.Dumas, Voyage aux îles éoliennes, Paris 1855, pp.14, 16

G. VUILLIER



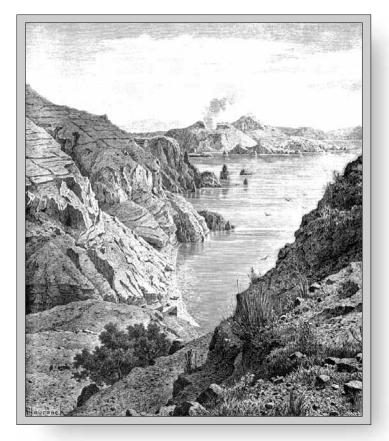
Aeolian Locations of Literature: The fault of Vulcano in 1891

Enfin le cratère est là. J'oublie la fatigue devant le tableau qui s'offre à mes regards. Je suis penché sur un immense entonnoir, et de toutes parts des rayures noires, sanglants ou souffrées convergent en s'amincissant vers le fond. Là, comme dans une chaudière monstrueuse, se meut, s'agite, se gonfle, crève, s'aplatit et crépite une masse rougeâtre saupoudrée de cendre par endroits. De temps à autre, des crevasses fendent cette matière, laissant entrevoir des foyers ardents. Un bruit infernal monte du fond du cratère, et les vapeurs qui s'en échappent voilent le ciel au-dessus de nos têtes. Le sol tremble sous nos pas, il brule : il est difficile de rester longtemps en place. Un vague effroi m'a saisi, il est emparé aussi des autres, il est aisé de le voir. Le capitaine seul apparaît, au milieu des vapeurs, calme, les yeux dans le goufre. Il se baisse maintenant, pousse devant lui un bloc de lave qui roule et va s'abîmer dans les ardentes profondeurs. Alors nous l'imitons tous et les blocs se succèdent, roulant sans interruption. Les uns, arrivés au fond du cratère, éclatent, d'autres s'enfoncent avec un bruit sourd dans les matières en fusion qui un instant pétillent.

G. Vuillier

Illustration by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. I, p.18 - Text by: G. Vuillier, Excursion aux îles éoliennes, impressions du présent et du passé, Paris, 1896.

ARCHDUKE LUDWIG SALVATOR OF HAPSBURG



Aeolian Locations of Literature: Vulcano and the South of Lipari seen by Quattrocchi

The extraordinary morphology of the South-west coast of Lipari generated by great faulting which goes from Salina, to the West of Lipari, to Vulcano, to Capo Calavà, to Tindari, to Letojanni and on to Malta and beyond. Arcduke Ludwig Salvator of Hapsburg knew nothing of all this but, with great feeling for the morphology of a landscape determined by its tectonicstructural form, chooses a viewpoint which shows the fault which has raised all the Western coast by 60 metres, truncating the volcanoes of the first period of Lipari, raising and putting into view the Quaternary terracing of the Thyrrenean glaciation which formed when the sea was at much lower levels and opening the way for the magma which produced the complexes of Southern Lipari and of Lentia

Illustration by: Ludwig S. of Hapsburg, Die Liparischen Inseln, Praga 1894, vol. III, p.92 - Text by: Cabianca V. - Pignatelli M. A. : Tra Prometeo ed Hermes: Intervista sul Piano dei Beni Culturali Territoriali Eoliani - Palermo 2003.

G. VUILLIER



Aeolian Locations of Literature: crater of Vulcano

The devils of the crater of Vulcano chased back to Hell by Archangel Michael, collaborator of San Calogero in the work of clearing the island of demons on the "command of Pope John" (Summus Pontifex dedit illi potestatem fugandi daemones...) -, were still believed in by the inhabitants of Lipari and by Don Santo, who dined with Vuillier in the late 1800s.

Sur la table nue de Don Santo, gardien des vignes presque disparues, au milieu de sa famille, on a pris place avec les matelots.

Don Santo nous parle des diables de Vulcano. Il les a rencontrés un soir qu'il se rendait à la pêche. Il lui sembla d'abord les avoir entrevus dans les fumées du volcan, car personne n'ignore par ici qu'elles les trasportent des entrailles en feu jusq'au bord du cratère. « J'étais avec mon fils, qui a été soldat et qui n'a pas peur, dit-il. Les démons, après avoir glissé sur la pente, ont erré ça et là à travers les blocs de lave. Ils se sont réunis ensuite, ils étaient bien une cinquantaine, vers une partie du rivage où l'eau est en ébullition toujours. Nous savons que c'est leur endroit favori.

Mais comment étaient-ils, dit-moi, don Santo?

- *Signore*, ils ne se montrent jamais en vrais démons, ils prennent d'habitude la forme des animaux, des chèvres quelquefois ; cette nuit-là ils s'étaient changés en lapins ! Seul un vieux qui est mort il y a longtemps à Lipari les vit sous leur véritable aspect. Dès ce jour il alla souvent s'entretenir avec eux dans les cavernes, mais un soir il ne revint plus....»

La femme sécria : C'est peut-être cet homme qu'on voit encore à Lipari, audessous de l'église *della Nunzia*, aux heures les plus chaudes du jour. Enveloppé dans un manteau, il court désespérément sans jamais s'arrêter. C'est sûrement un damné.

- Je ne sais, dit don Santo, je croirais plutôt que le viellard maudit est le cavalier nocturne qui passe sur un cheval noir les cheveux hérissés, vêtu de rouge, jetant du feu, des étincelles et de la fumée par la bouche.»

Tous ces hommes étaient attentifs, ces récites les frappaient vivement ; de temps à autre l'un d'eux se signait ou cherchait son scapulaire dans sa poitrine

G. Vuillier

Illustrations by: Luigi Salvatore d'Austria, Die Liparischen Inseln, Palermo 1894, VIII, p.2 - Text by: G. Vuillier, Excursion aux îles éoliennes, Impressions du présent et du passé, Paris, 1896.

DIETERLE - MAGNANI



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Eastern port of Vulcano

The great interpretation of Anna Magnani in a modest film by Dieterle built by superimposing an invented story on the natural history and anthropology recounted by the setting.

Such a significant setting that it is not only a scene and a frame, but a matrix of permanent value, making the film an important cultural document about the Aeolian islands of the period of emigration and of the early post-war period, and about their being discovered by the film directors of neo-realism and by adventure tourism.

The well-known human and sentimental aspects of the great actress Anna Magnani are superimposed on the artistic aspects. She was abandoned by the director Rossellini in favour of the excellent and beautiful Ingrid Bergman, and still in the Aeolian islands, at Vulcano, she would shoot the film which she should have shot with Rossellini himself with another director, Dieterle.

Rossellini



Aeolian Locations of Literature: The Vancori and the active Stromboli

In "Stromboli Terra di Dio" by Rossellini the metaphysical interpretation of the extraordinary and impressive nocturnal spectacle of the active crater of Stromboli, the "Terribilità" of the explosive activity of the eruptions, the barrier caused by the vulcanic gasses, induce Ingrid Bergman to return to the human condition of the poor life of her fisherman husband.

Una delle più tenaci lezioni di quest'ultima guerra è stata quella di un egoismo aggressivo. Adottato inizialmente come difesa è diventato poi una seconda natura dell'individuo che gli dà, è vero, una sicurezza spietata, ma che lo lascia in una solitudine nuova, senza speranza.

Da tempo maturavo l'idea di rendere, dopo i drammi della guerra, questa tragedia del dopoguerra: la tragedia di questa aggressiva e disumana solitudine senza più miti, che trasferendo il mondo intero dentro la creatura le dà l'orgogliosa certezza di poter vivere ignorando l'amore, l'umiltà, la comprensione e che, ridotta ai suoi termini estremi, tornava ad essere con accento nuovo, ma con significato antichissimo, la lotta fra Creatore e creatura.

Trovata l'interprete che potesse dare al personaggio realtà assoluta; in Stromboli – che smentiva i manierati clichés delle isole felici – avevo trovato i termini naturali del linguaggio drammatico.

Se la protagonista era un caso limite, l'isola ne era un altro. Ridotta alla più schematica nudità la vicenda che il mio personaggio si apprestava a vivere, accentrata la tragedia su di lui e sul suo tormento, la natura e la sua ostile, avversa terribilità da una parte e gli uomini con la loro incomprensione dall'altra diventavano i soli necessari elementi di contrappunto e Stromboli me li forniva alla perfezione. Così, gli schemi dell'antica tragedia mi parvero i soli possibili a dar vita a questa lotta fra Creatore e creatura.

Personaggio-protagonista la donna, cinica ed egoista, che ha contro di sè quel duplice silenzioso corso: gli uomini con la loro gretta incomprensione, la natura ostile e avversa. Ignorato, invisibile ma onnipresente, il suo antagonista: Dio. È contro di lui che nel suo atteggiamento contraddittorio la protagonista lotta ribellandosi al coro; ad ogni istante combattuta tra i suoi sentimenti di orgogliosa rivolta e di negazione e quelli di sottomissione obbediente che le detta la ignota voce interiore nascosta nella sua anima, Dio, il suo antagonista, non si rivelerà che all'ultimo, quando avrà trionfato sul coro e sulla protagonista, conducendola al vertice della sua cocente disperazione, per piegarla ad invocare la luce della Grazia che la liberi dalla sua disumana solitudine.¹

R. Rossellini

Illustr. by: Nuove Effemeridi: "Stromboli, terra di Dio" 1949; regia: Roberto Rossellini; interpreti: Ingrid Bergman, Mario Vitale; set: Stromboli - Text by: R. Rossellini: Perchè ho diretto proprio questo film, in "Film", n°31-32, agosto 1950 pubblic."Tra le quinte di Stromboli" a cura di Roberto Cincotta, edizioni del Centro Studi, Lipari 1999.

FRANCESCO ALLIATA DI VILLAFRANCA



Aeolian literary places: the operations base of Panaria Film at Rinella Salina - the Underwater Hunters Club. Programmed the equipping of the recovered site of the former Church of the Annunziata on the Castle of Lipari for the Historical Museum Archive of Panaria, its films, its actors and its equipment.

... Panaria Film connects its storey to that of four youths: Francesco Alliata di Villafranca, Quintimo di Napoli, Pietro Moncada and Renzo Avanzo (the cousin of Rossellini, who came Palermo with his wife Uberta Visconti, sister of Luchino). For a long time Fosco Maraini was also part of the group. His splendid photographic images constitute much of the heritage of the Archive ...

... After months of research, of shots, kilometres of film-reel, Underwater Hunters (Italian title - Cacciatori Sottomarini) was born. These were the first emotional images, at least for Italy, of the submerged world. The cinecamera records the apparent immutability of time which allows, though, reading of the signs created by the subversion of the earth's crust in the seabed and in the grottoes, in the cliffs and in the vast plains, in a history which has gone on for for millenia, in the archaic mystery of the underwater kingdom ...

... Following Underwater Hunters, which chosen for and participated in the Cannes Film Cestival in 1948, was The Tuna Kill (Tonnara) the first dovumentary about tuna fishing, with images shot in the death chamber. Francesco Alliata di Villafranca, who had lived through this experience personally, recalls what it meant to find himself without a diving suit among fish of such a size trapped and with death wounds ...

.. Tonnara was followed by Between Scylla and Carybdis (Tra Silla e Cariddi) with the secrets of fishing for swordfish, a centuries' old tradition, learnt as childrenfrom the stories of old people ...

... Between Panarea and Lipari White Aeolia (Bianche Eolie) was born, a new hymn to the beauty of these places. The many extinct and non-extinct volcanoes of this archipelago induced the four friends to make Islands of Ash (Isole di cenere) ...

Contemporaneously the cinematographic company started the production of feature films with Vulcano in 1949 \ldots

... Panaria also left a vast production of fiction, also the first colour underwater images ever made in the full-length film The Sixth Continent (Sesto Continente), entrusted to the student of the Experimental Centre Folco Quilici ...

R. Cedrini

Illustration from: Il Principe delle Immagini, Gaetano Cafiero and Frncesco Alliata di Villafranca, Ed, Magenes Editoriale, Milan and Il mare libreria internazionale, Roma, 2008 - Text from: Le Eolie di "Panaria Film", R. Cedrini, Edizioni del Centro Studi Lipari - Lipari 1995.

Park and literary sites of Auvergne



A. PIGNATELLI MANGONI Le Lac Pavin - Vue prise en face du trop plein

Vincenzo Cabianca Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Towards a Literary Park for the Auvergne

Vincenzo Cabianca and Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

The gouaches are more than romanticised or sentimental landscapes. They reflect the intellectual journey between science and poetry, between Classicism and Romanticism, between the Enlightenment and the "Sturm und Drang"; they are, indeed, nothing less than an artistic guide to the birth of ideas at a key moment in European thought. This viewpoint was first expressed through the Aeolian Literary Park. However, so generous has been the welcome to our previous exhibitions of "Air, Water, Earth and Fire" in France - notably at Château du Lude (Sarthe), Château de Maisons Laffitte (Paris) and at La Garenne-Lemot (Atlantic Loire) - we have had no choice but to extend our tribute also to the volcanoes of the Massif Central.

The volcanoes of the Auvergne

The extraordinary encounter with the volcanoes of the Auvergne - the Chaîne des Puys, Mont-Dore, Cantal, Velay and Vivarais - gave us the idea of a Grand Tour in reverse ("reTour", perhaps), in which travellers come from the volcanoes of Magna Græcia to marvel at the land of the French humanists and scientists who, seeking the history and culture of classical Grece and Rome, had journeyed to Italy during the Age of Enlightenment.

Scientific literature at the end of the 18th Century

We were further inspired in the libraries of Clermont-Ferrand, Paris and Nantes, after reading the pivotal publications from the battle between Neptunists and Plutonists. These works revealed the crucial rôle of the Massif Central in extending scientific interest from the active volcanoes in Southern Italy (Vesuvius, Campi Flegrei, Etna and Stromboli) to the Auvergne, where mountains were being revealed as extinct volcanoes. This key change provided us with two ideas for exploring the evolution of scientific thought and literature beyond Magna Græcia.

The European dimension

Our first idea was to extend our studies to illustrations of the Auvergne and, thereby, to underline France's decisive contribution to the development of volcanology. The detail of these illustrations reflects how recognition of extinct volcanoes in the Massif Central had an extraordinary impact on scientific thought and, in addition to the volcanoes of Southern Italy, established the Auvergne as another vulcanological stop on the Grand Tour.

Iconography and literature

Our second idea was to link the iconography of the Auvergne to contemporary literature (as we had done for the Grand Tour in Italy). From this, we can see how, just as in the Aeolian Archipelago, new ideas flourished as the history of the extinct volcanoes was gradually unravelled, from their birth and their eruptions to their death and destruction.

The Enlightenment

The Enlightenment marks the cornerstone for one of the most - if not the most - important and exciting pages in the history of human thinking. We have attempted to evoke the feeling in France using excerpts and cover pages from accounts of the fledgling science of geology in the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries.

Browsing the pages of the original documents, we could not help being caught up in the drama of scientific revolution.

How could we not marvel as the secrets of Nature were revealed? Newton and Laplace

gave us new cosmologies, Lavoisier a new chemistry, and Linnaeus a new understanding of order in the living world. Geology and the study of fossils challenged religious beliefs of the Creation.

The mathematics and algebra of Newton, Leibnitz and Lagrange allowed Nature to be investigated quantitatively, while new technologies, such as the first hydraulic pumps and steam engines, were about to change our world forever.

In France itself, the intellectual ferment also produced the first modern encyclopaedias, as well as a national revolution.

Here we use original accounts of studies in the Auvergne to provide a taste of the national banquet of new ideas - ideas that were challenging the conventional view of the world and its development.

Recognizing the true nature of the Massif Central enlarged perceptions of volcanic districts from that of a single main volcano (such as Etna or Vesuvius) to an extensive collection of basaltic lava plateaux with hundreds of volcanic cones, maars and lava domes, as well as deposits from clouds of volcanic gas and debris.

Local collections of scoria were now realised not to be the slag from Roman metallurgical workings, but to be volcanic material, today known to have formed by bubbles expanding in molten rock during eruptions.

It was also finally understood that the landscape of the Auvergne must have evolved over a long period of time - an interval long enough to allow for a large number of eruptions, the conquest of barren volcanic terrain by vegetation, and the partial erosion of the mountains by water and meteorological action. Among the new ideas from the Auvergne, the support for a new concept of geological time was perhaps the most revolutionary of all.

From literary park to educational landscape

We hope that our small contribution to a literary park will mature under France's cultural heritage to embrace the whole of the Auvergne and that, one day, it will be possible to journey across the region not only to enjoy the natural beauty of the volcanic landscape, but also to relive its fascinating contribution to scientific and literary thought during the Age of Enlightenment.

Barthélemy Faujas de Saint Fond (1751-1819)

French naturalist and geologist who first recognised the volcanic origin of the basaltic rocks in Vivarais and Velay in East central France.

See: Recherches sur les volcans éteints du Vivarais et du Velay. Grenoble, 1778.

George Julius Poulett-Scrope (1797-1876)

English geologist and political economist whose volcanic studies helped depose the Neptunist theory that the world's rocks were formed by sedimentation from the oceans.

(During the first half of the Nineteenth Century the belief in a universal flood was widely held by geologists.)

He made studies of volcanic districts in Italy, Sicily and Germany, and especially the volcanoes of central France.

It was by his observations on the erosion of valleys by rivers that he was able to extend and confirm the views of Hutton.

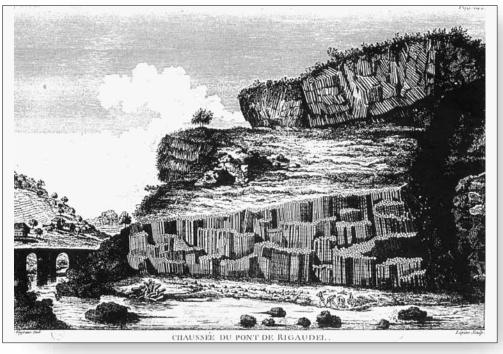
See: Memoirs on the geology of central France including the volcanic formations of Auvergne, the Velay and Vivarais. London, 1827.

Henri Lecoq (1802-1871)

Professor of Natural History and Director of the Botanical Gardens in Clermont-Ferrand, he was also editor-in-chief of the Annales Scientifiques, Littéraires et Industrielles de l'Auvergne. Between 1826 and 1871, he gathered a comprehensive collection of specimens from the Auvergne, especially for mineralogical, petrographical and botanical research.

See: Description pittoresque de l'Auvergne, Le Mont-Dore et ses environs avec itinéraires de Clérmont au Mont-Dore. Paris, 1835.

DEODAT DE GRATET DE DOLOMIEU (1750-1801)

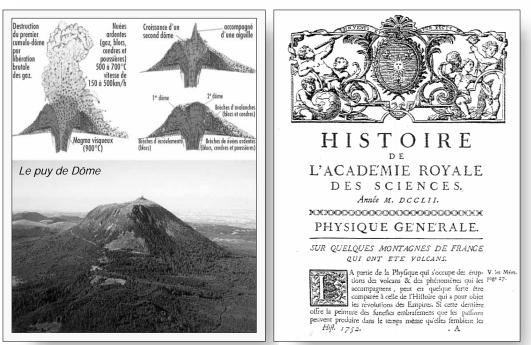


Auvergne Locations of Literature:

A geologist from the Dauphiné region of southeastern France, professor at the School of Mines in Paris, and member of the Academy of Sciences, Dolomieu was passionate about volcanoes. He was to give his name to the Dolomite range in the Italian Alps, and to dolomite, the calcium magnesium carbonate rock of which they are composed. Because of several tragic incidents durino his life, he might easily have remained unknown. At the age of eighteen he was condemmned to life imprisonment for having killed his opponent in duel. Fortunately, he was pardoned. During the French Revolution nearly all his family died on the scaffold. His old friend and protector, the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, was murdered in his presence. Dolomieu took part in Napoleon Bonaparte's expedition in Egypt in 1798, but on his return he was taken prisoner by counterrevolutionaries in Taranto, Italy, where his ship had run aground. For twenty-one months he was left imprisoned in Messina, in northwest Sicily. Desperate, ill, on the verge of suicide, he still found strength to write his will... and a classification of minerals. His most influential friends, Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society in London, Sir Willian Hamilton, and Viscount Horatio Nelson, all tried, in vain, to get Dolomieu released. The victory of the French in 1800 at Marengo, Italy, changed the situation: Bonaparte demanded and obtained Dolomieu's freedom. Dolomieu returned to France and resumed his research, but he died a year later at the age of fifty-one. Dolomieu was a founder of modern volcanology. He saw active lava flows at Vesuvius and Etna, and he saw Stromboli explode and Vulcano fuming.; he described these phenomena at length. He had no doubts that the center of the earth was fluid -composed of incandescent magma- and that lava originated at a great depth. He said volcanic activity was like that of a mole whose "works...take place below the lawn, putting soil taken from a layer just below onto the surface." While his predecessors saw molten granite as the source of all lava, Dolomieu claimed that the diversity of lava types comes from the fact that each originates in a special type of rock located beneath the earth's crust. He differentiated the black basalts from whitish felsite and understood that the pumice of Lipari Island was merely obsidian saturated with gas bubbles. In an area near Etna, the Val di Noto, Dolomieu detected the submarine origin of the basalts. At Vesuvius, which Dolomieu visited with Sir William Hamilton and James Hall, he noticed the presence of "vertical lava" in Monte Somma. This, he said, was lava that had flowed from the top to the bottom in open fratcures: we now know this to be wrong. The pillars of lava are, in fact, dikes that is, fissures filled with cooled magma that has come up from the depths. Being an ardent volcanologist, Dolomieu decided to visit the Auvergne, too. He proposed raising money to pay for boring into the granite beneath a volcanic cone to reach the volcano's source! He claimed that the basalt columns of France's Massif Central were formed by the contractions of lava as it cooled. He correctly explained that the Puy de Dome "came out of the earth like a sort of swelling lifted up by volcanic activity... and must have been in a viscous state to retain its form as it rose." And he maintained that the bituminous hills in that region -presented by many as proof of underground fires - where "not connected with volcanoes except by being in their vicinity".

Illustration: Faujas de Saint-Fond - Recerches sur les volcans et du Velay - Paris 1778 - Text: Maurice Krafft - Le Feux de la Terre - Histoires de Volcans - ed. Gallimard Paris 1991 -

M. GUETTARD (1715-1786)



Auvergne Locations of Literature:

Notes on some French Mountains which were Volcanoes.

<u>On May 10th 1752, Jean-Etienne Guettard</u> announced to the Academy of Sciences that the Auvergne mountains are "dormant volcanoes"</u>

In 1717 Guillaume Rivière pointed out the presence, on a mountain summit some 150 miles to the south, of "a quantity of pumice stone, which will float on water". Thirty year later chemist Gabriel Francois Venel announced that he had discovered remains of volcanic structures nearby. But the volcanoes of the Chaine des Puys, mountains in the Auvergne region, were not yet considered to be more that heaps of miningwaste or gigantic furnaces from Roman forges. It was Jean-Etienne Guettard, a doctor, botanist, mineralogist, and curator of the Duc d'Orléans' natural history collection, who established their true origin. In 1746 Guettard drew up the first geological map of France. It was to complete this work that, in 1751, hetraveled to central France accompanied by the botanist and diplomat Chrétien-Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes. Guettard had never seen a volcano, but had examined lava from Vesuvius and Bourbon (Réunion) in the Duc d'Orléans' collection.

At Moulins he noticed a black, porous stone being used in building construction. He immediately recognized it as lava. The inhabitants told him that it came from the city of Volvic. The two scholars were very excited and proceeded north to

Riom. Almost the whole town was built with this stone! They visited the nearby quarries of Volvic, followed the path left by a lava flow, and climbed a hill overlooking the village. Guettard noted that the hill was comprised of materials ejected during volcanic eruptions and that there was funnel-shaped crater at the top. The next day he climbed the Puy de Dome, the hightest peak in the Chaine des Puys. Noticing the layers of "burned materials", Guettard decided the mountain must be a volcano. From its peak he identified several more volcanic cones and then went further south in the Auvergne, where he immediately recognized remnants of other volcanic activity.

<u>"It may require only the slightest movement</u> and smallest cause to make them blaze up again".

In 1752 Guettard presented his famous memoir, *On Certain Mountains in France That Were Once Volcanoes*, to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Not content with having discovered the volcanic origin of the Auvergne mountains, he also wrote in his account that they were probably only dormant. He even warned the inhabitants to watch out for signs foreshadowing an eruption, and, "on the occasion of earthquakes, to take the precaution that it is never shameful and always wise to take at such times".

Illustration: Pierre Lavina "Terre et Volcans" 1986-2002, Artis Editions - J. E. Guettard - Memoires... (1752) - Text: Maurice Krafft - Le Feux de la Terre - Histoires de Volcans - ed. Gallimard Paris 1991 -

<section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Auvergne Locations of Literature:

Images of volcanic apparatus, Strombolian cones, necks, diatremes, column formations from the cooling of basalt from Vivarais and Velay.

In 1778, Barthélemy Faujas de Saint-Fond, who was to hold the first chair in geology at Paris' natural history museum, and who was Royal Commissioner of Mines, published in his magnificent Research into the Extinct Volcanoes of the Vivarais and the Velay a letter sent to him by a man who had accompanied Guettard to the Puy de Dome. This man claimed that, a year before, he had shown the site to the Irishman William Bowles, who was on his way back from Vesuvius with an English colleague. He wrote "It was then that I learned for the first time how to recognize craters and lava". So these two foreigners where shown to be the real "discoverers" of the Auvergne's volcanoes -a slap in the face for Guettard. It is true that he and Faujas disliked each other. Their enmity dated back to a journey they made to Vivarais in 1775. Faujas, who had just established that this regions is dotted with cones, flows, and "juices" of volcanic origin, feared that his colleague might steal his discovery. And Guettard did!

Curiously, Guettard still mistakenly believed in the aqueous origin of basalt, claiming that it resulted from chemical precipitation in a marine environment. "If a columnar basalt can be produced by a volcano, why do we not find any among the recent eruptions of Vesuvius and other active volcanoes?" Faujas, on the other hand, thanks to his precise observations on the columnar basalt found in regions of France and Scotland, affirmed basalt's igneous and volcanic origin.

Guettard's discoverie and beliefs were -unknown to him- the foundations of two schools that were to clash violenty for a long time. His ideas about basalt were to be adopted by the Neptunists (after Neptune, god of the sea), while his observations on the volcanoes of the Auvergne fed the ideas of the volcanists, or Plutonists (after Pluto, god of the underworld).

Illustration: Faujas de Saint-Fond - Recerches sur les volcans et du Velay - Paris 1778 - Text: M. Krafft, les feux de la Terre, histoire de Volcans, Gallimard, Paris, 1991.

HENRI LECOQ (1802-1871)



Lake Pavin. View from in front of the flood

Auvergne Locations of Literature:

Lake Pavin seen from in front of the flood barriers.

LECOQ

1830. - Description de la montagne du puy de Dôme. Annales scientifiques, littéraires et industrielles de l'Auvergne, 1830, pp.481-504; 529-558. 2° édition en 1836, avec 4 lithographies.

1831. - Description de la vallée de Royat et Fontanat, faisant suite à la description du puy de Dôme. Annales scientifiques, littéraires et industrielles de l'Auvergne, 1831, pp. 1-38. 2^e édition en 1836 avec 4 lithographies.

1832. - *Description du volcan de Pariou*. Annales scientifiques, littéraires et industrielles de l'Auvergne, 1832, pp. 26-60; 65-117. Clermont-Ferrand, Pélisson, 1833, 8°.

1833. - *Sur les volcans sous-marins et l'ancien lac de la Limagne.* Bull. de la Société géologique de France (1^{re} série), IV, page 33.

1838. - Itinéraire de Clermont au puy de Dome, ou Description de cette montagne et de la vallée de Royat et de Fontanas.

2^e édition. Clermont-Ferrrand, Thibaud-Landriot, in-8°, orné de quatre lithographies hors texte. Forme la quatrième livraison de la *Description pittoresque de l'Auvergne*.

1841. - Notes jointes aux Observations sur les volcans d'Auvergne, par de Buch; traduites de l'allemand par mme de Kleinschrod, de Munich. Annales scientifiques, littéraires et industrielles de l'Auvergne, 1841, p.108-184; 321-359.

1851. - *Le volcan de Montsineire et sa coulée de lave.* Annales scientifiques, littéraires et industrielles de l'Auvergne, 1851, pp. 439-453

1861. - *Sur les glaciers del l'Auvergne*. Lausanne: Comptes rendus de la Société Suisse, XLV, 1861, pp. 58-62. 1865. - La lune et l'Auvergne. (Des analogies et des différences entre la topographie du disque lunaire et celle de l'Auvergne). Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences, Belles-Lettres et Arts de Clermont-Ferrand, VII, 1865, pp. 13-48.

1866. - *Les volcans du centre de la France*. Conférence faite aux soirées scientifiques de la Sorbonne. s.l.n.d., in-4°, Cop. Fig. (Extrait de la "Revue des cours scientifiques de France et de l'Etranger", 3° année, n° 11, 10 Février, 1866, pp. 177-182).

1867. - Les époques géologiques de l'Auvergne, avec 170 planches ou figures, dont plusieurs coloriées, et des autographes de Dolomieu, d'Haüy et de Saussure, et un dessin fac simile de Madame Necker de Saussure. Paris, Baillière et fils, 5 vol. in-8°.

COLLABORATORS - LECOQ ET J.-B. BOUILLET

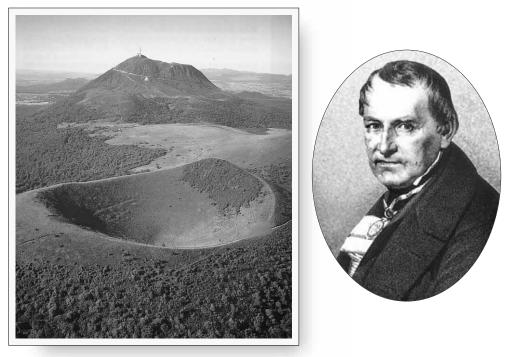
1830. - Vues et coupes des principales formations géologiques du département du Puy-de-Dôme, accompagnées de la description et des échantillons des roches qui les composent. Clermont-Ferrand, Thibaud-Landriot, in-8°, 31 pl. Tiré à 80 exemplaires.

1831. - Itinéraire du département du Puy-de-Dome, contenant l'indication: des principales formations géologiques, du gisement des espèces minérales, des volcans anciens et modernes et de tous les lieux remarquables, soit par leurs productions naturelles, soit par les anciens monuments que l'on y rencontre, ou par leur aspect pittoresque; accompagné d'une carte coloriée, itinéraire, géologique et hydrographique. Clermont-Ferrand, Thibaud-Landriot, in-8°.

1831. - Coup d'æil sur la structure géologique et minéralogique du groupe des Monts Dores; accompagné de la description et des échantillons des substances minérales qui la composent. Clermont-Ferrand, Thibaud-Landriot, 1831, in-8°.

Illustration: A. Pignatelli Mangoni da Lecoq - Text: Pierre Pénicaud - Henri Lecoq - Les fortune d'un naturaliste à Clérmont Ferrand, ed. Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences, Belles-Lettres et Art de Clermont-Ferrand, Tome LIX, 2002

LEOPOLD VON BUCH (1774-1853)



Auvergne Locations of Literature:

He considered the Puy de Pariou to be a perfect model of volcano. Humboldt's friend and Werner's favorite pupil, von Buch rapidly became the best-known geologist of the early 19th century. He first studied the Alban Hills, near Rome, and the Capo Bove basalts. Then he examinated erupting, and resting Vesuvius too. Contrary to Werner's theory, he found many basalts far from any coal source that might conceivably have caught fire and melted the rocks. According to him, lava is not the product of underground combustion caused by absence of air, but a fluid mixture which rise the surface from the deep earth, because of the expansion of steam. These ideas pointed out a new important stage for the correct interpretation of volcanic phenomena.

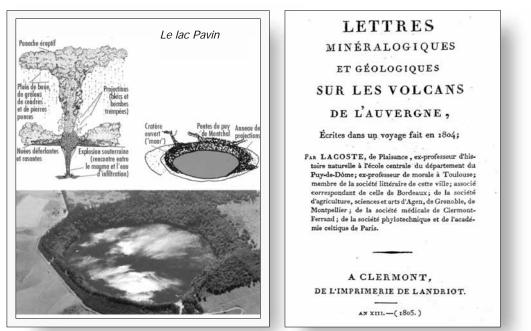
Having decided to seek a better undestanding of volcanism, he went, always on foot, to the Auvergne, where the beauty of the Puy de Pariou and the Puy de Dome charmed him: "Do you wish to see volcanoes? Choose Clermont in preferente to Vesuvius and Etna." Buch was quickly convinced that France's basalts were volcanic...

A long sojourn in the Canary Islands and a visit to Scotland and northern Ireland proved to him that volcanism is the major phenomenon of the placet and that the source of volcanoes lies in the depths of the earth...

Throughout the rest of his life he continued to accumulate thousands of observations that would be the death knell for the Neptunist an for Werner's theories about the aquaeous origin of basalts...

Illustration: The chaîne des Puys, Volcanism in the Auvergne, M. Brulé-Peyronie, F. Legros, éditions du miroir - Text: M. Krafft - Les feux de la Terre - Histoires de Volcans, Gallimard, Paris, 1991.

LA COSTE DE PLAISANCE



Auvergne Locations of Literature:

Selection of some passages of the Table des Matières considered, which clearly define the terms of the scientific questions of the volcanology of the time with indications of the "errors" attributed to other scientists with particular vehemence against M. Legrand (who is ironically called Le Grand) to whom an entire chapter is dedicated, with the title: Observations on his Voyage to Auvergne with indications of the alternative interpretations of La Coste. The discussion concerns "lakes as craters", "the age of lava", "the entirely volcanic nature of Puy de Dôme", and "proof of volcanic activity in Auvergne: proof of this truth ignored, what is supposed and by whom". Some fundamental interpretations emerge, such as "volcanoes owe their existence to a cause independent of submarine fire", "fire is not the primary cause of vulcanic activity", etc.

TABLE

DES MATIÈRES.

- AUVERGNE, province digne d'être l'objet de la curiosité des savans. A quoi se réduit ce qui a été écrit sur son histoire naturelle, préf. 7. Relativement à sa configuration extérieure, doit être considérée sous deux aspects, 91. Combien elle est intéressante pour la géologie, 117.
- BASALTE. Causes des différentes configurations qu'il affecte, 85. Doit-on, avec M. Faujas de Saint - Fonds, attribuer la régularité des prismes basaltiques, à l'immersion de la lave dans les seules eaux de la mer? 85. Doit-on regarder le granit comme la matière
- du basalte? 169. COURANS DE LAVE. Caractères généraux des courans de lave qui appartiennent à la classe des volcans nouveaux, 46. Erreur de M. le Grand, sur la cause des aspérités de leur surface, 47. Sources qui jaillissent à l'extrémité

des courans de lave, 48. Raisonnemens de M. le Grand sur ce phénomène, 49. Son explication naturelle, 50. Caractères des courans de lave qui appartiennent à la classe des anciens volcans, 84. Il faut distinguer les courans de lave des foyers qui les ont produits, 129.

- CRATÈRES. Comment ils se forment, 55.
- LACS. Quelques-uns de nos lacs ne sont que des cratères, 159. En quoi ils diffèrent des autres cratères, 164. Théorie de ces lacs, *ibid*. Appartiement-ils à la classe des volcans ordi-
- LAVES. Difficulté de fixer leur antiquité, 45. M. le Grand a tenté de donner des renseignemens sur l'ancienneté de quèlques-unes de nos laves, 44. Erreur de cet écrivain sur celle de Volvic, 38. Sur celle du Puy-de-la-Vache, 44. A quelle classe de volcans appartiennent les tavés qui récouvrent aujourd'hui les sommités des montagnes, 82. Lave de Volvic, 27. Lave du Mont-d'Or, 150. Comment reconnoit-on l'ancienneté respective des laves? 155. Matières primitives des laves, 171.

Pics. On trouve fréquemment, en Auvergne,

des pics basaltiques isolés, 121. Quels sont les plus remarquables, *ibid*. Sentiment de quelques naturalistes sur leur origine, 122. Leurs conjectures dénuées de vraisemblance, 124. Méprise de M. Desmarest,

VOLCANS. Silence des anciens historiens, de César, de Sidoine Apollinaire, sur les volcans d'Auvergne, 16, 17. Preuves frappantes qu'il en a existé dans cette province, 19. Cette vérité long-temps inconnue, malgré son évidence; quand découverte, et par qui, 20. Comment reçue, ibid. Caractères qui font reconnoître les lieux où ont existé des volcans, 21. Distinction des volcans d'Auvergne en deux classes, 24. Caractères généraux qui différencient ces deux classes, ibid. Quels sont les principaux et les plus remarquables des volcans nouveaux ? 25. Quels sont les lieux où coulèrent les laves des anciens volcans? 132. Changemens survenus dans ces lieux, ibid. Les volcans doivent leur existence à une force indépendante des feux souterrains, 159. Le feu n'est point l'agent primitif de la volcanisation, 166.

Illustration: Pierre Lavina "Terre et Volcans" 1986-2002, Artis Éditions - Lettres mineralogiques et géologiques sur les volcans del'Auvergne écrites dans un voyage fait en 1804 - Clérmont - Imprimerie de Landriot - Text: Lettres mineralogiques et géologiques sur... idem come illustrazione.

MAURICE E KATIA KRAFFT (1946-1991)



Auvergne Locations of Literature:

Centrality of the "Auvergne" in the history of the discoveries and scientific interpretations which have given initiation with the refutation of neptunistic hypotesis and the confirmation of plutonism to modern volcanology. Extracts of their volcanic history relating to the period of Enlightenment.

[...]NEPTUNISTS AND PLUTONISTS NEL EUROPA DEL '700

The 18th century, known as the Age of Enlightenment, was a decisive time in the history of volcanology. Slowly, by means of observations, scientists were able to improve on the ideas of the ancients. The scholars of this period traveled across Europe, collecting lava samples, comparing known volcanoes, and discovering new ones. Two opposing interpretations arose and an epic, ruthless struggle began.

"A cannon of immense volume whose opening is often more than half a league across: This broad mouth of fire vomits torrents of smoke and flames, rivers of bitumen, sulfur, and molten metal, clouds of ash and stones... There is pyrite which ferments every time it is exposed to air or humidity... It catches fire, which cause san explosion in proportion to the quantity of inflamed material... That is what a volcano is to a physicist."

This how Comte Georges-Louis Leclerc de Buffon, scientist and businessman, magnificently summarized how volcanoes were imagined in the mid-18th century. <u>On May 10th 1752, Jean-Etienne Guettard</u> <u>announced to the Academy of Sciences that the</u> <u>Auvergne mountains are "dormant volcanoes"</u>

<u>Abraham Gottlob Werner (1794-1817), the great</u> <u>master of Neptunism</u>

<u>The opposing Plutonist school was led by a</u> <u>Scot, James Hutton (1726-97)</u>

<u>At first, Hutton's theory was threatened in his</u> <u>own country</u>

The discovery of German volcanoes

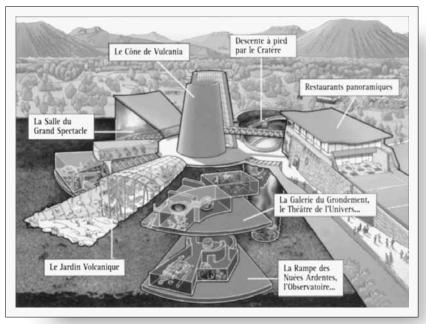
<u>A young mineralist, James Hall, eager about</u> <u>esperiments, verifies in laboratory Huttons'</u> <u>theory</u>

THE FIRST VOLCANOLOGISTS

It is by observing the materials ejected by active volcanoes, like Vesuvius, that scientists are able to explain the formation of extinct volcanoes. They have determined that basalt columns are not result of cristallization in

Illustration: J. E. Guettard - Memoires... (1752) - Text: Maurice Krafft - Le Feux de la Terre - Histoires de Volcans - ed. Gallimard Paris 1991 -

MAURICE E KATIA KRAFFT



Vulcania, Parc Européen du Volcanisme

water but are of igneous origin, and that ogists. Once it was resolved, volcanology realeruptions are not fires close to the earth's surface but come from a source deep in its core. These are victories won by Plutonists. And volcanology begins its way on strong bases.

Desmarest retraced the history of the Auvergne volcanoes and distinguished three epochs

The exciting adventures of the talented Déodat de Gratet de Dolomieu

Thanks to his daily observations, Lord Hamilton predicted an eruption of Vesuvius several days in advance

Lord Hamilton understood that volcanic power is an essential phenomenon of planet <u>Earth</u>

In 1783 two devasting eruptions ravaged **Iceland and Japan**

The last twitches of Neptunism

Berlin, Paris, Orinoco, Naples: Humboldt traveled to seek the truth

Baron Leopold von Buch, Werner's favorite pupil, also changed sides

TOWARD MODERN VOLCANOLOGY

How does a volcano grow -by inflating, or through the accumulation of ash and lava? This was the final conflict between volcanolly took off. Reserch began to be conducted at sites of volcanic activity -present and pastall over the world. The study of gases, rocks, and the phisics of the earth became widespread. After catastrophic eruptions, first field observatories were built but soon they resulted to be inadequate.

Von Buch saw the Puy de Dome as a "blister" or a "balloon", that rose through "an interior volcanic force"

The theory of uplifted craters was a huge success

Buch's theory had no shortage of detractors

Scrope found an important ally in Sir Charles Lyell (1797-1875)

In 1831 the birth of a volcano in the sea between Sicily and North Africa nullified the "uplifted craters" theory

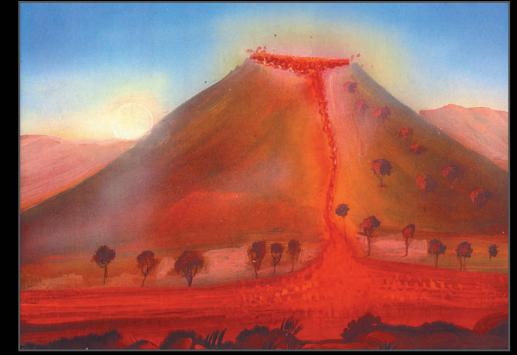
In a mere half century, the study of gases passed from prehistory to the modern age

A French mineralist, Charles Saint-Claire Deville (1814-76) was the true originator of gas analyses of volcanoes

Volcanic rocks yielded their secrets

Volcanological reserch spread throughout the world

ARTISTIC DIARY OF MY "MINI RETOUR" IN THE AUVERGNE, VELAY AND VIVARAIS



A. PIGNATELLI MANGONI Le Lac Pavin - Vue prise en face du trop plein

Vincenzo Cabianca Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

Artistic diary of my "mini reTour" in the Auvergne, Velay and Vivarais (2002-2003) Adriana Pignatelli Mangoni

FROM THE DIARIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRAVELLERS TO GOUACHE IMAGES

A mini tour from Italy to the volcanoes of the Massif Central, reversing the Grand Tour from France during the Enlightenment, to see the sites of the first discoveries of the volcanic crater of the Auvergne, and to seek out the early documents and illustrations that record the birth of modern volcanology.

I am trying to recapture the panoramas of the Auvergne, Vivarais and Velay as seen through the eyes of the Eighteenth Century savants. Through my gouaches, I want to show how the semiotics of the volcanic forms in contemporary iconographies can be linked to the literary and scientific observations of the age, and to reproduce the atmosphere in which it was finally realised that the mountains of the Massif Central were in fact extinct volcanoes. From the original observations, I have focused particularly on those by Barthélemy Faujas de Saint-Fond, to whom I have dedicated two panels to represent the adventure of discovery and the growth of ideas from the first inklings that volcanic activity might have been important in the Massif Central to a full scientific reinterpretation of the mountains as volcanoes.

Faujas de Saint-Fond was working at the dawn of modern chemistry, geochemistry and fluid dynamics, when little was known about the origin of the magmas that feed volcanoes and about the processes that control different styles of eruption. The idea that the morphology and rocks of the Auvergne might be volcanic was thus a remarkable feat of intuition.

To express this moment of burgeoning realisation, and also the tension that arises between the excitement and doubt of a new interpretation, I have compared how volcanoes were perceived in the 1700s with modern ideas. I have based the early perceptions on Faujas de Saint-Fond's pictures of Vivarais and Velay, because these highlight the structures and morphologies that first stimulated curiosity about the origin of the districts. The gouaches are arranged in two panels that present the development of the new ideas in a number of stages. The result is almost a paired ex-voto to a new god of knowledge and enlightenment, through whose action scientific endeavour has delivered further understanding to the wisdom of the age.

The first recognition of a Strombolian cone in the Auvergne

For the first ex-voto, I chose Faujas de Saint-Fond's Le Cratère de la "Montagne de la Coupe" in Velay to represent the volcano as viewed in the 1700s (upper left). Faujas de Saint-Fond had been drawn to this typical Strombolian cone by its perfect conical form, with summit depression, and by the raised linear path that ran down its flank and merged into a plateau at its base. The latter structure resembled the course of a lava flow. Where, revealed by river erosion, the interior of the plateau displays a range of spectacular polygonal columns, reminiscent of giant organ pipes (les orgues). These columns fascinated Faujas de Saint-Fond, but it was only later that Dolomieu correctly attributed their form to the slow cooling and solidification of a lava interior. As shown by the collections of smaller gouaches on either side, the Strombolian nature of Montagne de la Coupe was further supported by images of similar structures from other volcanoes (left) and by the detailed study of the formation and destruction of a single Strombolian cone (right).

The principal gouache on the right shows a section through a volcano in eruption, based on modern ideas about how volcanoes are formed. Finally, the central image shows Faujas de Saint-Fond consulting the Book of Nature. This represents the scientist of the age asking himself about the how, the why, the where and the when of volcanic forms, while Knowledge illuminates the questioner.

Recognition of a volcanic origin of the neck of the Aiguille de Saint Michel in Velay

The second ex-voto describes the discovery of another volcanic structure, here represented by Faujas de Saint-Fond's Aiguille de Saint Michel (the "Needle of St Michael") in Velay. This prominent structure is now known to have been formed by material that once filled the upper part of a conduit, but that has since been exposed by erosion of the surrounding cone. The particular nature of the rock also indicates that the erupting magma interacted strongly with external water (a phreatomagmatic eruption), in this case due to the presence of lakes.

As for the preceding panel, the main picture is flanked by collections of smaller gouaches. Those on the left illustrate exposed necks from other volcanoes, including the Canna of Filicudi and the Strombolicchio of Stromboli, both in the Aeolian Islands; these pictures also show that necks can be composed of lava, as suggested by the columnar structures. Those on the right show (with the help of Knowledge, represented as a woman) how necks are produced during the life cycle of a volcanic cone.

Other pictures

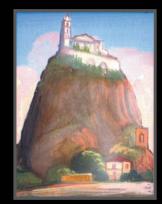
The remaining gouaches were inspired by original illustrations of volcanic features that seemed to pose by themselves the question of how they were formed. Of special interest were the texts of George Poulett-Scrope and Henri Lecoq, two great scientists who, across the turn of the Eighteenth Century, helped to define the the transition from the Neptunist theory of Werner to the Plutonist model of Hutton and so establish the road to modern volcanology.



LA CONNAISSANCE ILLUMINE



LE MONTAGNE DE LA COUPE EN PUYS EN VELAY



L'AIGUILLE DE SAINT-MICHEL EN PUYS EN VELAY



STROMBOLICCHIO. ISOLA DI STROMBOLI

ADRIANA PIGNATELLI MANGONI

Since the 1980s the artist has followed the historical and glorious art of the Neapolitan gouache - interrupted at the end of the 1820s by the advent of photography - representing in images a great historical and artistic return to the European Grand Tour in Magna Graecia, through Enlightenment and Romanticism.

Her culture and geniality mix her works admirably with the historical, scientific and humanist literature, from which she takes inspired documentation. She has made an internal exploration of the iconography of the principal volcanoes of the meridional Terrain-sea, of which volcanoes she is preparing a map of the relative images in history, full each one of the interpretations confered by the culture of the different epochs.

She is the prolific author of the works shown in various exhibitions: Air, Water, Earth and Fire; Why Volcanoes?; My Petit-tour in Magna Graecia; My Petitretour to Auvergne, Velay and Vivarais.

VINCENZO CABIANCA

Vincenzo Cabianca, Professor Emeritus of Town and Country Planning at the University of Palermo, once teacher of Museum Sciences at the Italian School of Athens, Vice-President of I.N.U., Honorary citizen of Lipari.
From 1952 promoter of an Urban Planning based on the centrality of Knowledge and of Heritage, once winner of the competition and author of the first post-war Urban Plans of Syracuse,of Modica Val di Noto, Agrigento and of the countryside of the Aeolian Islands, all sites listed UNESCO World Heritage Sites.
He planned the Archaeological Parks of Syracuse, Leontinoi, Megara Hyblaea, Acre, Lipari, Festòs, the Archaeological Museums of Ragusa, Segesta and Cyrene, the Aeolian Vulcanology Museum of Lipari.
Author of numerous scientific publications and, in the literary field, of thirteen volumes of Poetry in Science.

In collaboration, the two authors have produced the literary apparatus for the artistic works and the projects for the Homeric Park of the Aeolian Islands and the Literary Park of the Auvergne, and an exented Museum in Panarea, one of the Eolian Islands.