

*Women of
Messina*



ELIO

VITTORINI

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Women of Messina

Translated by Frances Freney
and Frances Keene

Foreword by Webster Schutt

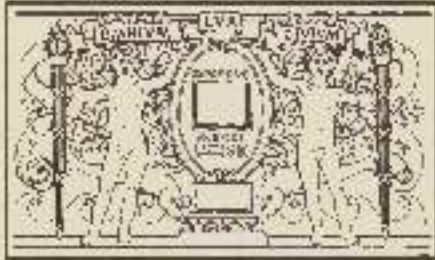
An early version of Elio Vittorini's *Women of Messina* was published in Italian in 1950 and, by the author's request, never reprinted. After considerable restructuring and rewriting, a second, definitive edition was brought out fourteen years later; it is this novel—Vittorini's last—which is now appearing for the first time in English translation.

Readers familiar with Vittorini's work will find *Women of Messina* remarkably suggestive in both spirit and content of his memorable *The Sicily* (1957). Once more, the theme is the search for certainty in the face of massive apathy and hopelessness. Consciously evoking DeLue's *Robinson Crusoe*, Vittorini recounts the attempt of a metaphorically "shipwrecked" group of men and women—most of them, like him, natives of Sicily—to construct a new life on the site of a devastated village in postwar Italy. A lyrical work of epic scope—termed a "choral narrative" by the novelist Italo Calvino—*Women of Messina* bears witness to the human will to survive with dignity.

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WOMEN
OF MESSINA

By ELLA WOODRIF

Author of "The Women of
Messina"

Published by the
Messina Club

By Elio Vittorini

A VITTORINI OMNIBUS
WOMEN OF MESSINA

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Elio Vittorini's Hoping and Nonhoping

Cyril Connolly thought there was only one reason to write a novel: to write a masterpiece. Sometimes at the height of his powers and belief in himself Elio Vittorini seemed to think so too. "I have never aspired to write books," he said. "I have always sought to write *the* book."

Vittorini first published *Women of Messina* in Italy in 1949. Then he proceeded to revise it some fourteen times and forbade the republication of the original version. He wanted to perfect it. Which accounts in part for the fact it has taken this long to get it to the United States—nearly ten years after his death. Whether we have a masterpiece in *Women of Messina* is open to question. Perhaps it is unimportant anyway. Masterpieces may be unbecoming to the anti-idealism of the sobered twentieth century. What we do have in *Women of Messina* is a novel of grand scale and ultimate ambition. Vittorini wanted to tell us all he knew about how and why human beings behave as they do. Parts of everything Vittorini stood for are in it. When he first published *Women of Messina* he had survived the disease of Italian Fascism and taken heart at his country's rise from the Dantesque ruins of World War II. He revised it and revised it in the mood of disenchantment with Italian Communism's ability to effect social change. Finally as he struggled to give *Women of Messina* the scope of a lifetime, Vittorini himself was dying of cancer.

Women of Messina was to be a parable of Italy's resurrection from the war and the story of displaced men and women who believed in one another. It was to be a story of an awkward romance and Vittorini's statement of what men and women need from one another. It was to be Vittorini's comedy of bumbling authoritarianism subordinated to his larger vision of human beings reaching beyond themselves for a common

good. In various versions and with assorted expository side trips, *Women of Messina* became Elio Vittorini's hope and resignation, his childhood and memories, his battle with language and his quarrel with contemporary Italy. Vittorini strove to push his art to its outer boundaries.

Time will show where Vittorini went. At the moment *Women of Messina* asserts itself like a peak above a darkened plain. It is a novel of large ideas. Even its flaws are so big they cannot be quickly forgotten. Continually striving to find primary human truths in the war wreckage of lives, Vittorini at the least dramatized emotions and drives we immediately recognize as our own. And he tells us a story of reaching, grasping, letting go that parallels the cycle of life itself. The scope of *Women of Messina* belongs to a different order from Vittorini's other fiction published in the United States. *In Sicily*, *The Red Carnation*, and *The Light and the Dark* were all parts of "the one truth" Vittorini sought to express.* *Women of Messina* attempts to bring all the truths together and make a coherent whole of them. It is the kind of novel a man writes once in a lifetime, never finishes to his satisfaction, and surrenders rather than completes.

Vittorini came to literature the hard way—perhaps the only successful way—by looking for something better or surely more humane. He had little formal preparation for it, yet he became one of the most consequential intellectual forces in modern Italian letters. Born in 1908 in Syracuse on the coast of Sicily, where his father worked for the state railroad system (railroads and Sicily habitually work their way into his fiction), Vittorini spent most of his childhood in "little railroad stations with wire grills on the windows and the desert all around." He finished five years of grade school. Then he went to technical school to study accounting because his parents wanted to advance him into white-collar respectability. But numbers were not for Vittorini. After three years he left without a certificate, borrowed his father's railroad pass, and set out to see the available world. After a couple of years of

*Both *In Sicily* and *Le Garzoldiane* (one of the two stories now composing *The Light and the Dark*, 1952) are now included in *The Unlikely of the Unlikely and Other Novels of Elio Vittorini* (New York, New Directions, 1973).

traveling to and from Syracuse, he left for good, landing in northeastern Italy at Gorizia. During the 1920s he worked on road gangs, helped build bridges, and tried writing. His sympathies were, as his experiences, proletarian. And so when he began to write, his stories were published in the anti-Fascist literary journal *Solara* published by leftist intellectuals in Florence. "I became solariano," he later said, "and 'solariano' was a word that in the literary circles of those days meant to be anti-Fascist, European, internationalist, antitraditionalist."

Vittorini became a linotype operator, and by 1930 he had found a job as a proofreader on *La Nazione*, a daily newspaper in Florence. There he worked from nine-thirty at night until five-thirty the next morning. It was not, as he said, a job good for the health. But it was fine for the mind. It was a job that helped change Vittorini's life. For in his spare time, sitting in the proofreader's cage at *La Nazione*, Vittorini taught himself English. He did it by translating *Robinson Crusoe* a word at a time from a dictionary. Within five years Vittorini became internationally known as a translator and critic of American literature. He translated Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Saroyan, Caldwell, as well as Poe and D. H. Lawrence. During the early 1940s, Vittorini edited and wrote the prefaces to a definitive anthology of American literature, *Americana*, commissioned by the Milan publisher Bompiani. Because it was too friendly to the United States and Vittorini had overstepped the lines drawn by the Mussolini regime, it was suppressed by the police before it was published. The book was distributed only after Vittorini's prefaces had been removed. By the end of World War II, however, *Americana* had become Italy's best-known book on American literature.

If Vittorini's translations—and those of his friend Cesare Pavese—changed American literature from a curiosity to an intellectual presence in Italy, the effect on Vittorini's own fiction was still greater. A splendid synergism took place. The translations rose as literature because Vittorini was also writing fiction. And Vittorini's delicate novels and stories of social sensibility and moral concern gained density because the Americans seemed to speak to Vittorini about his own directions. He found in American literature the defenses he needed

against the inflated rhetoric and social barbarisms of Italian Fascism. There had to be alternatives in speech and thought to the official absurdities of the time. Vittorini saw them in the elementary rhythms and simple language of Hemingway, in the elementary drives and raw needs of Faulkner's and Steinbeck's naïve heroes. The innocence and incompleteness of the American experience told Vittorini that history could be made, not merely repeated.

Altogether Vittorini wrote seven novels and short novels, a book of stories, and a large diary. Best known and perhaps most important is *In Sicily*, a short novel about a young man's spiritual malaise and his return home to see his mother. Its debts to Ernest Hemingway are especially large, but the impact of American fiction on all of Vittorini's work shows itself continually—in Vittorini's speech, the pace of his narratives, his choice of characters. Vittorini felt a deep empathy toward America, a country he never visited. Perhaps there is a message for us in his life. He was most productive when he found the greatest meaning in American history and art, and as he labored under a hostile political regime. Both were essential to Vittorini's art: something to value and something to oppose.

Vittorini was for human fulfillment, and he found plenty to hope for in the organic naturalism of his American contemporaries. In an article published in 1933, Vittorini drew a line between two kinds of writers. He said there are those writers we read and then say, "Yes, that's the way it is," and other writers we read and then say, "I had never supposed it could be like that." Vittorini wanted both. But especially he wanted the latter. He wanted fiction that would lead to a new understanding of existence. Fiction as a formal method of teaching is an activity destined to depress its practitioners, as Vittorini learned. But he tried to make his fiction a way of understanding life and a method of engaging it. *Women of Merino* is Vittorini's largest aspiration in that direction.

He wrestled with the existential proposition. The world is a brute. It is indifferent to human need and offers no moral guidance. Yet, man lives, and not alone. He must choose from the alternative means of survival and, almost by intuition, find a moral order. He must invent morality. Vittorini, the

workingman turned intellectual, found his moral order the only way anyone finds it, from experience. He invoked human interdependence and social justice. He put his art in the service of his beliefs. If the art sometimes suffered—and it did in *Women of Messina*—Vittorini would pay the price and total the cost later.

Vittorini was the artist as self-propelled activist. He believed, as Sergio Pacifici said, in "solidarity and action as effective antidotes against all forms of tyranny." At the outbreak of World War II, he decided to oppose the Mussolini regime at any cost. Vittorini joined the underground, operating with it in and around Milan. From this experience he wrote two novels, *Men and Non-Men* and *Women of Messina*. The first described Italian partisans' struggles with Germans and winter weather in 1944, insisting that men were ordained to be happy. *Women of Messina* suggests how two years later men and women like those in *Men and Non-Men* might find a new way—or is it the oldest way of all—to happiness through co-operation and a sense of community.

World War II is over when we enter the elementary world of *Women of Messina*, and we know from the start that what we find in it will strive for the majesty of allegory. For Vittorini fixes time and then logs it. He stops through his narrative to ponder how the world runs. He speaks to us in a Whitmanesque voice about his people—a voice he frequently summons to confirm history as his witness. It is 1945 and 1946. The Germans have been driven from Italy and have left their mine fields as mementos of contempt. The Americans are still there, racing their jeeps on narrow roads. Some sort of poorly organized, semicivilian authority has taken charge of Italy, but it's a no man's land of confusion and doubt awaiting any man's imposition of order. Victims of the war, refugees from the cities and countryside, bands of decommissioned partisans, runaway soldiers, rejected girl friends are wandering through battlefields and clogging roads.

Vittorini is particularly interested in one such group of men and women. They give him the means of reorganizing society and studying individual behavior within a new structure. When we meet Vittorini's chosen losers they are stranded on a road in the Apennine mountains in central Italy.

Their truck seems to be broken down. Their inertia and puzzlement, their aimless expectation suggest they are waiting for a miracle — or maybe Samuel Beckett's Godot. They are Vittorini's new Italians who have the opportunity to create a harmonious society from the social and economic wreckage of defeated Italy. They have no other choice, it seems. They cannot think of anything else to do. They move into a deserted village. Within a few months they have made housing out of the ruined buildings, planted crops on the mountain slopes, renovated the ancient truck, and brought electricity up from the valley.

There are other Italians driven in other directions by the war. Some are simply trying to find those they have lost. One of these is Uncle Agrippa, who is related to both the narrator of the novel, whom we never really meet, and to the romantic heroine, whom Uncle Agrippa never sees. (Vittorini prospers on such exotic confusions.) A remnant of the old Italy, the defeated Italy, Uncle Agrippa rides trains up and down the country searching for his daughter Siracusa. But Siracusa has joined the commune in the Apennines. Uncle Agrippa's travels take him to the fringes of many lives, but not to Siracusa. The old Italy and the new Italy coexist. They do not converge. Telling the story of her flight from her home, listening to other travelers' speculations about the life Siracusa led as a camp follower, Uncle Agrippa hears the words but does not fathom the meaning. Like the old Italy, his psychological reality no longer exists except as habit.

But it is the village that dominates *Women of Messina*. The village stands at its center, creates its drama, prevails over the behavior of its characters, and carries Vittorini's message. It also accounts for Vittorini's melancholy at the end. Seventy-nine men, women, and children build a new society of shared work, affection, and hope. To see it happening is to share Vittorini's sense of elation. We believe it all because Vittorini has the gift of conviction. The arrival of a wandering girl with a cart is like the invention of the wheel. The decision to grant one another domestic privacy is tantamount to establishing a new human right. We come to see, as Vittorini wished, that to start a society from ruins may be a greater leap forward than to perfect one from an old social structure. If Vittorini's

characters lose their identities in the collective personality of the commune, that is what he wants. Cause over personality quirks. But not always. Vittorini's childlike use of physical characteristics for names helps him draw lines between his people: Black Nail, Red Kerchief, Ugly Mug, Carlo the Bald. And he gives them voices and feelings in diaries and journals of the building of the village. They speak to us—sometimes as from Thornton Wilder or Edgar Lee Masters with Italian accents—of struggle, discord, difference, but always within the hood of achievement.

Novels of utopian idealism, even one bound to reality by Vittorini's sexual primitivism and crusty people, must either float off into fantasy or return to cruel earth. Vittorini's comes down in strange fashion. It cannot have escaped him, passionate student of history, that the commune peters out under drives and yearnings so rooted to mankind's past that the very existence of the commune was an event of anti-history. External political authority begins to assert itself on the village in the guise of property rights. But more importantly, Ventura, lover of Siracusa and the village's engineer, becomes the object of a manhunt as a result of his Fascist past. The "hunters" from a still newer Italy bring stories of hot music, cold beer, and paying jobs in Bologna and Modena. The commune does not collapse under attack. It withers and shrinks because its men, having given themselves to mutual interest, turn to self-interest. Even the women of Messina, the tough, refugee Sicilians who put guns into their men and plows into the fields, grow fat and plant grapevines. Under pressure the village rose on the spirit of community and the pain of struggle. Under the softness of success, the village merges into the old history it had declared void.

Women of Messina tells us how much Elio Vittorini loved ideology and how troubled he became that ideology alone produces no change in the world. He revised the novel the last time disenchanted with both the purifying strength of America (our postwar military adventures depressed him) and the dogmatism of Italian Communism. He gave us his wisdom and his confusion as well. He settled for a hymn to aspiration sung with ardor in a novel churning with social movement and alive with the voices of human need. Vittorini

stumbles and halts as he tries to understand these needs. He even loses track of them during his moments of ideological exhilaration. But Vittorini always writes from within. He never makes errors of emotion that tell you a novelist is writing to be writing.

Elio Vittorini cares! deeply about how we become more than bundles of reflexes and imprint ourselves on our time and place. To read *Women of Messina* is to enter the company of a writer who takes command of your faculties. He tells you a story that, it seems, you must hear even when you grow tired of it. It is important. You know this instinctively. And Vittorini moves you to the necessary next step for art. Reality. You must believe his story. Everything has been altered. The reality is not immediate. The reality is inside you. What Vittorini imagined in an Italian village decades ago is the essential human condition.

WEBSTER SCOTT

PART ONE



I

I know how someone who has never traveled the length and breadth of our country might imagine it, someone who has only seen its long profile on the atlas pages: high stretches of dry, red earth between two seas that mark east and west, arid land, treeless, seared by the wind and the breath of the sun, the breath of salt; and so it is, over great stretches of it, as soon as one goes above a thousand feet on the trip from one to another of its towered and cupolad cities— it is arid over great stretches, naked over great stretches, high, with red earth between Emilia and Tuscany or between Siena and Rome, the way the desert is desert between its oases.

Crossing the desert, men are travelers, and in the same way our people are nomads as they cross our highlands; they go back and forth from the south heading north or from north to south on long trains from whose windows they look out, standing for three or four or even five days, wondering what this land is—everywhere alike—that binds together places as different from one another as Bari and Bologna, Catanzaro and Genoa, this land that calls itself Italy.

I am from Apulia and could find no peace until I began this run back and forth from Molfetta to Milan, which, at every station, strikes me from my lethargy as a baggage-rack straphanger and shows me, once more through little windows smudged with weariness, a plateau without a blade of grass, like the one along the Murge, here where we are near the drop down toward the river Po.

Or I am from Milan and did not want to stop on my great plain of a thousand trades; I wanted to see if I too could traffic in lemons, enter into the back-and-forth life of the long train that flaps a greeting with all its curtains to the loneliness

of sun and stone of the land through which it runs, both when we are between Parma and La Spezia, along the Apennines, and when, in a dawn that smells of ricotta cheese, we are along the border between Campania and Calabria, or when, on a late afternoon, we hear the crickets, louder than our train whistle, crying for help all the way from Catania to Syracuse.

Or I am a Ligurian from Bracco and could have been satisfied working in the slupyarits of Sestri; I am from Emilia, from the Val di Taro region, and could have been satisfied churning cheeses on the outskirts of Parma—instead, I wanted the back-and-forth life, and I've earned my bread a bit everywhere, in Terni, in Naples, in Messina, perhaps for no other reason than to make my six or seven trips, my chest prickling with sweat, up and down this land which I see by the lights of my own trip stretching in curves as the rock curves in the moonlight; I see it in just such a way as I believed, when I was a boy, that only my Bracco had jack rabbits, or only my Val di Taro had shepherds, and I see that, yes, the land is there just to be traveled, made on purpose for a man to want to climb aboard a train and cross it. Climb aboard a train once more and cross it again.

2

To this plateau nine hundred and more miles long, the last war brought wretchedness, cutting the country into two parts, so that people were stuck for two years half on one side, half on the other.

For two years, I could not push myself beyond Bologna; and another man like me, in two years could not manage to get above the Roman line. We were stuck in a desert for two years; we were in Milan but we could not get home to Reggio Calabria, and we were in a desert; we were at Trani, at Barietta, at Taranto, but we couldn't get a train for North

Italy. Our long trains did not run back and forth any more, their curtains flapping; they told us they were burning in the yards, under the overhangs, and that our rail lines had been erased from the stone face of the plateau. The sliding track wrenched loose, the bridges down.

Who among us did not rush to the station and the trains as soon as the war was over? An even more intense traveling to and fro over the high ground of Italy began anew:

or foot, thousands of ragged people came from Apulia, looking here for news of a soldier, there for a runaway girl, or for a certain store that used to sell oil and wine, all of them determined not to find what they were looking for until they had reached, say, Milan, and seen a certain Milanese street after the desert they had seen on their long walk, or the line of vegetable carts of their countrymen, or spoken with their townsmen who had long since emigrated to Milan;

who, in turn, were traveling in the opposite direction seeking news, in turn, of a soldier who was a relative or a friend, news of an old mother, an olive grove, four sheep, or a dog, even news of no more than a dog, determined, in turn, not to accept as fact any news until they had heard it in the square of Bitonto or Trani, or until they had found themselves in front of a certain closed door;

and all of them on foot, in turn, crossing at an altitude where the weeds, growing between one stone and the next, catch fire from the breath of the sun by day, and where one sleeps in the ditches by the roadside at night at only one step below the snow line;

or on trucks, caught in the excitement of the check points, no matter which way they are going so long as they take us south, east, north, west, seated on sacks or oilcans, on suitcases, strap iron, our faces into the cutting wind, our hair in the wind like the little curtains of the trains, and our jacket collars turned up about the nape of the neck, collars into which we huddle, feeling an evermore acute need for consolation;

more acute, the way our own identity is more acute when we arrive at our destinations, when we say we have arrived and, instead, we can give ourselves no peace except, for a month or a year, for three days or ten years, scarcely time

enough for each of us to reaccumulate the small sum needed to permit us another change, and another crossing of Italy in all its length, another long trip on foot, by truck, or on the train, and another liberation from the solitude in which we bury our knowledge of the fact that, one day or other, we shall be still, with no more possibility of movement.

They rushed to the bronze doors that were swinging open and they beat on them, all these men and women who had been stuck for two years on one side or the other of the Gothic Line; and there was not one of them who did not take or plan to take a little trip at least a day long, of at least fifteen or twenty miles, at least on an oxcart, to see someone or something again.

But what?

Certainly not always was it one's own mother, not always one's wife or one's husband or children. It was not always something or someone already known, or the city where one had been born. But it was the re-establishment of contact with the *other* within us, with the *rest*, and this meant finding the mother in the mother and the house in the house even if, for two years, we had never left them and were only leaving them now.

Godspeed, good-by. . . We said good-by to our dear ones who had been our imagined company in the two years of our solitude, and we ran to embrace people who were unknown to us, to find in them our return to the world and the return of the world to us.

Little by little, the trains, too, began to run again. At first over short stretches, Florence-Pistoia, Urbino-Pesaro, then over the entire length of the nine hundred miles of dry earth, with a shrill whistle because each one was carrying ten times more people than any of our trains had ever carried before and because of a pleasure in traveling that was ten times ten more childish, beneath the sun from the narrow windows, than it had ever been in our trains even when we could stretch out our legs on the opposite seat, when we passed stations without stopping, and with only a slight variation in the noise of the wheels on the track.

There began again that great to-ing and fro-ing of people thanks to which Italy is a single country instead of thousands

of countries. It was in the spring of '45, in the summer; and it grows now in '46 and continues to grow, that back-ing and forth-ing of Northerners and Southerners who are looking to settle down, of veterans who are looking, ex-deportees who are looking, partisans who are looking, decent people and people who are not decent, all of whom are looking for something . . .

3

Since April '45 all my people have been constantly on the trucks and trains, and in the caravans of walkers with broken boots, with bound feet, with bare feet:

in one train there is even my mother seeking news of me, traveling seven days from our small town in Sicily, and my grandmother may even be traveling with her, swapping places with her every so often on the armrest they have managed to obtain, eating from a basket an omelet made of two eggs divided between them over seven days, cleaning their mouths with a bit of orange peel after each meal before using their napkin;

in a truck there is my brother Rosario, who was a partisan above Piacenza, among heather and stones, and searching a year now for a hakeshop where he can start as an errand boy, traveling by truck, as I'm able to think of him, with his knees fast in his arms, and his face high even in the chill of the ride, not crouched, always serious, always without a thing to say;

and there is my cousin Gaetano in the gray-green rags of a veteran; he has now reached the level of the Amiata above the Siena clay pits, he and his five comrades afoot trying to get to Sicily yet, at the same time, trying to find a spot to stop and work;

and the little old man who has lived in a truck or on a train for a year and a half, his head like that of an old sparrow, with the frightened glance of a sparrow, and wearing an old black suit with a scarf around his neck in which he hides

his face at night like a Bedouin in the desert, hides it up to his little eyes that even in sleep do not stop fluttering, he who has been seen on the train between Syracuse and Milan, Syracuse and Venice, Syracuse and Turin, some thirty-six times since April '45 and whom everyone who has traveled between north and south in this year and a half knows at least by repute, he too is one of my flesh and blood, almost like my mother to me, her brother, the son of my hundred-year-old grandmother who travels with her.

"Marinese," he introduces himself on the train.

But I want to make it clear that he is only one of many, only typical of people, people who have nothing special about them and nothing that, in the family, one should be ashamed of. The to-ing and fro-ing that has begun again has, as I have said, continued to grow in intensity, it doesn't slack off, it grows; and it does not seem to be able to level off either. Every day new people join this bucking and forth-ing; new unemployed, new veterans; and of the earlier ones there are few indeed who have found a place to stop in. And of those who did stop, how many have not taken a train again? I know of far too many who stopped out of weariness or rage, stopped right in the desert itself where the stones beneath the sun and the red earth were mined on both sides of the road, where the village in sight at the curve was rubble, and where the fountain on its outskirts has been these eighteen months without water.

4

"I'm stopping here," said the older of two men who had just finished eating quietly together, from the same loaf of bread and bottle of water.

The scrawnier and younger (though he was a good forty) took care of the provisions; he kept a parcel of food in one pocket, the bottle in the other; and it was always he who

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