



tradizioni

NEWSLETTER OF THE ITALIAN FOLK ART FEDERATION OF AMERICA

Editor: Jackie Capurro

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Philadelphia IFAFA Members Perform for Phillies Fans at Italian Heritage Night

At Citizens Bank Park, Italian Heritage Night was celebrated on July 21 this year. Members of *Vivaci* folk dance troupe and IFAFA member, accordionist Joseph Soprani, performed before a huge crowd awaiting the ballgame between the Philadelphia Phillies and the San Francisco Giants. The Phillies mascot, the Phillie Phanatic even got into the act!

To see a video of *Vivaci's* performance, click on <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=atsxdTHIAhY>



The Phillie Phanatic grabs a tambourine and joins in the dancing with *Vivaci*!

This was Joe Soprani's third consecutive appearance with the Phanatic. Joe Says, "You had to be there to get the full impact of what the Phanatic does to get the crowd going. He's a master of it. And of course he loves to cover my face with his huge paws while I'm playing. I have a great time with the Phillie Phanatic, and this event never fails to get great reactions from relatives, friends, and the accordion world."



New Officers of IFABA

At a conference call vote of the IFABA Board Members in June, the following officers were elected to the Executive Board:

President	Leslie Gigliotti
Vice-President	Joyce DeLaurentis
Secretary	Jackie Capurro
Treasurer	Rose Giarrusso

***Il Tricolore* – the Italian Flag**



The national flag of the Republic of Italy is rectangular, with three equal vertical sections of red, white, and green. The green is next to the pole, the white in the middle, and the red on the outer side. Because of its three colors, the Italian Flag is also called the *Tricolore*.

As many European flags, the *Tricolore* was originally a variation of the flag of the French Revolution, the blue having been substituted by green, symbol of nature and hence of man's natural right to liberty and equality.

In October of 1796, it was first made official when Bonaparte authorized its use by the Lombard and Italian legions. It was on January 7, 1797, during a convention at Reggio Emilia, however, that it was officially adopted as the flag of the *Repubblica Cispadana* (Republic on the near or south side of the Po River, composed of the small city-states of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena and Reggio Emilia). Later it was adopted by many other of the small states that made up Italy prior to its unification. The *Tricolore* was newly adopted as the emblem of patriots who provoked the uprisings of 1821 and 1831; it was the banner of the *Giovane Italia* (Young Italy) movement. Later, with the insertion of the coat-of-arms of the royal house of Savoy, the *Tricolore* became, in 1848, first the symbol of national unity and then, in 1861, the flag of the Kingdom of Italy. In 1946, after the proclamation of the Republic, the Savoy coat-of-arms was removed.



The only Italian flags that still bear emblems are those of the Italian Navy and the Merchant Marine. These emblems (in the white field) are the coats-of-arms of the historical naval republics (*Repubbliche Marinare*) of Venice, Pisa, Genoa, and Amalfi. Both



the Navy and the Merchant Marine flags have this same emblem: but on the Navy flag, the emblem is surmounted by a triple-towered crown, while the Merchant Marine has the emblem with no crown.

The national flag of the Italian Republic must be honored in all public manifestations. When other flags – such as the city banner or other local standards – are exhibited, the national *Tricolore* must occupy the place of honor: above the others or to their right.

Offense to the national flag in public places is punishable with one to three years in prison.

All regulation of ceremonies involving the raising of the flag at dawn, lowering at sundown, hoisting at half-mast in sign of mourning, etc., are the same as those of other nations the world over.

--from a brochure of the *Istituto Italiano di Cultura*, NY, NY

Buon Capo d'Anno!

Here is your checklist for an Italian New Year's celebration: Bottles of Prosecco or Asti, lentils and pork sausage, games like *tombola*, old pots and pans, and, of course, red underwear.

With your shopping list complete, you can celebrate letting go of the old and cheering on the new. In Italy, bottles of the bubbly are being popped open, games are being rolled, out and *la cucina* is filled with traditional foods to bring good health and wealth in the new year. The Italian New Year's Eve menu often includes *cotechino*, a big spicy sausage, and *zampone*, pig legs served with lentils. Pork is a symbol of good health, while the lentils represent good fortune and money in the coming year. In addition, a sweet bread or a cake on the table symbolizes hope and prosperity. Beside these dishes, most towns will have firework displays, and games of Tombola (bingo) are played. An old custom, especially in the south, is throwing your old things like pots and pans out the window to symbolize your readiness to accept the New Year. Oh...one more thing...wear red underwear!!!! They say it will bring you luck in the New Year!

Wishing you all a safe and Happy New Year celebration! Buon Capodanno!

-- Vicky Carabini

[In 2007, Vicky Carabini was appointed Ambassador to San Juan Capistrano, California's Sister City, Capestrano, Italy. She has actively been involved in promoting Italian events in San Juan Capistrano including raising funds to have the award winning audio tour of the historic Mission translated into Italian, and organizing monthly Italian movie nights at the Regency Theater, bocce ball tournaments, an Italian entry in the Swallow's Day Parade, a community food drive for Serra's Pantry, a St. Joseph's Day Table at the Mission, and weekly Italian language classes. In addition, Vicky is on the board for the Italian Arts Council at Bowers Museum, the Area Coordinator for the NIAF (National Italian American Foundation), and, most recently, Chair of the Italian Studies Council at Chapman University.]

Does It Really Matter?

Why is it important to preserve our Italian heritage? Does it really matter? Most Italian-Americans say it isn't important because they are already assimilated. We know there are many reasons assimilation has taken place. You don't value what you don't treasure and don't know.

The truth is that most Italian-Americans know very little about their Italian heritage. Our heritage and culture is much more than food. Our Italian legacy has given us so much, and all we need to do is to claim it! So many people around the world have loved Italy and the Italian people over the centuries. Have you ever wondered why? Over 30 million people visit Italy each year, and the reasons tell you why our Italian heritage is a treasure.

We have been given a value system that gives meaning to life. That heritage teaches us what is really important and how to enjoy life! History is behind our Italian surnames and this history sheds light on who we are. We share also a unique experience in the United States and we are richer for it. Our traditions and customs enrich the celebrations of life.

Those of us who treasure our Italian heritage because of what it has done for us want to pass it on. All over this nation, there are people of like mind. In spite of all that has taken place, we lay claim to our Italian heritage and make it a part of our lives.

I invite you to be a teacher and role model, strong and courageous. We must be a counter-witness to the prevailing culture and mindless wisdom of the age, We are not old-fashioned or irrelevant, so don't let yourself be on the defensive. We have a heritage with deeply-held traditions and convictions. Learn more about your heritage and pass it on!

Each of us is capable of informing the public what our Italian heritage means to us. We should be willing to give some of our treasure to support our efforts to preserve our heritage. You're invited to use your talents in our many efforts to pass our heritage to the next generation. My hope is that our commitment is much more than words; too often, it is just words. It really does matter that our Italian heritage be preserved, and, with your help, it will be.

-- Prof./Cav. Philip J. DiNovo

Who Was Marchesa Minucci?

Please Help Us Find Out!

Please help us be able to inventory a vast collection of archives that deal with the Italian American history of America.

On top of a box in the attic of an unused building in Albany lay a photograph of a beautiful Italian woman. Looking through the box I found newspaper accounts, and a photo album, more photos of this beautiful woman who, by her photos, appeared to be an actress or singer around the turn of the 20th century. But who was this "Marquaza" as she was known.

The attic of the building is filled with boxes such as the one above and rows and rows of VHS tapes, newspaper, books and other documents all relating to the early Italian history of America. But we have no idea what is in these boxes. What stories need to be told? What part of history did the people hidden in these boxes play in the American experience?

We plan on finding out.

We are launching this campaign to be able to inventory this collection of early Italian American history that is owned by the American Italian Heritage Association and History Museum in Albany, NY.

We need to get the necessary equipment, iMac, scanner, etc., to be able to digitize this valuable collection of early Italian American history before we lose it. We want to share this information and be able to bring these stories to life in future museum exhibits.

We need your help.

If you think this is an important project, would you please visit the link below and give what you can to support us? Please also forward the site to family, friends etc., and put the site on your Facebook page.

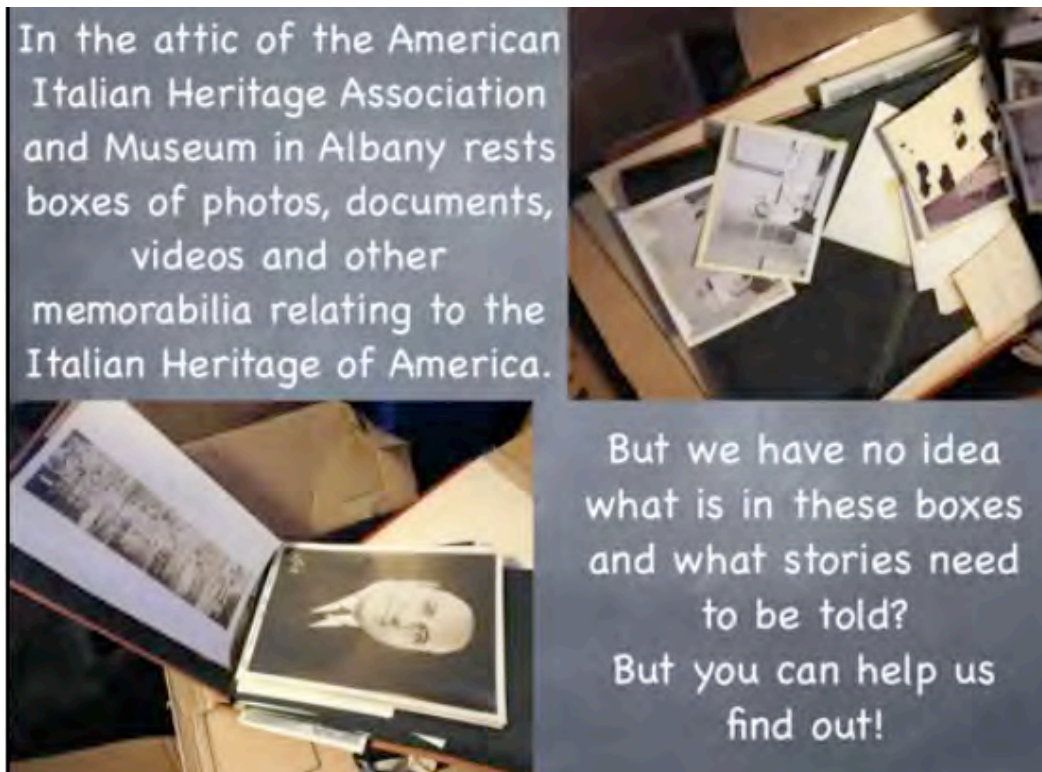
<http://igg.me/p/731693/x/281714>

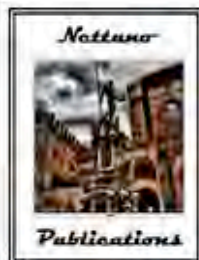
The American Italian Heritage Association and Museum began in 1979 as the American Italian Heritage Association in Utica and moved in the late 1990s to Albany, NY, to create a national museum. The museum is a 501c non-profit NYS organization so donations are tax deductible.

Much of the material in the attic was collected over the years but never documented, so this wealth of information needs to be categorized and documented, scanned, and made available to all those who are interested in researching Italian American history in America.

Thanking you in advance for your help in this important project!

--Prof/Cav Philip DiNovo





FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
CONTACT: DIANA MONTI
EMAIL: MUSE@TERRADAMORE.COM

[HTTP://WWW.TERRADAMORE.COM](http://www.terradamore.com)



TERRA D'AMORE. AN ITALIAN STORY

GIACOMINO NICOLAZZO LAUNCHES 2ND BOOK IN 10-BOOK SERIES PART II. AN OCEAN BETWEEN THEM

"The story continues...or perhaps it is just beginning. The next generation of this wonderful family takes center stage and the beautiful dream begins to unfold. This is the story of an American man and an Italian women, falling helplessly and hopelessly in love from worlds apart! The dream is his...of a farm in Italy and a wonderful life with her. She breathes life into the dream and gives it a name...Terra d'Amore. In their four seasons apart, they come together in heart, body and spirit...

The love affair begins!"

MONTECALVO, BOLOGNA ITALY 20 October 2014

Local Best-selling independent author Giacomino Nicolazzo, in conjunction with *Nettuno Publications*, has announced the release of the 2nd book in his 10-book series, **TERRA D'AMORE. AN ITALIAN STORY.**®

Nicolazzo, our favorite and local American writer, has been working on this, the 2nd book, for the last year while he develops the first of four delicious digital cookbooks called The **RECIPES OF TERRA D'AMORE**®; and, the first of three children's book, all part of what he affectionately calls **THE TERRA D'AMORE PROJECT.** ©

Set in breathtakingly beautiful locations in both America and Italy, the book begins to tell the romantic story of Giuseppe and Rosa Costanzo's American grandson and the beautiful Italian woman he has fallen in love with. After their chance meeting in the hills and valleys outside Bologna on a beautiful day in May, the story follows their love affair for the next year...the four seasons that they spend apart.

Each season brings him closer to Italy and each day brings them closer to living his dream. Nicolazzo's story is captivating and his warm and personal writing style will make you feel as if you are traveling right beside them throughout America and Italy. The food he describes will make your mouth water.

Readers and critics alike are cheering this 2nd book and begging for more!

Mr. Nicolazzo is available for interviews and appearances. For booking presentations, media appearances and/or book signings, contact terradamore@outlook.com.

An American Learns to Understand Italians ... and Italy

Phil Vassar (born May 28, 1964 in Lynchburg, Virginia) is an American country music artist. In 1999, he was named by American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) as Country Songwriter of the Year.

I know this because I looked him up on Wikipedia this morning. Why the interest? His name was stamped on the back of my left hand, a remnant of our yearly summer commitment, *Festa Italiana*. Rain preempted our plans to make it back to the festival grounds to catch his show, but we did attend the mass and procession in the morning, and, let's face it, that's really what *Festa* is all about for the Italians, at least the ones I know. I overheard a gal at the service say in mild disgust, "It's the same thing every year." I couldn't have agreed more.

Flashback, 1992, some sort of Italian get together: I was still dating my wife-to-be; trying to fit in with the Italians was still a major challenge for me. It was mostly older folks at this get together and conversation was predominantly in Sicilian. I say "predominantly" and not "exclusively" only because the Italians who knew I spoke only English made a point of ending their anecdotes with "It was-a so nice" or "So, I dunno" or "What are you gonna do?"

I felt as isolated as I imagine Buddy the Elf felt when he set out for New York on an iceberg. But the language barrier wasn't the worst part of the evening. While my mind spun trying to make any sense at all of the spirited banter, the waiter came along and took my dinner plate. I hadn't eaten but two bites and I wondered: Was this a message? Were they trying to tell the American to hit the road? I swear I was damn near in tears when I told Toni what had happened. "Dan," she said, her calm melodic voice an oasis in a desert of misunderstanding, "that was just the pasta."

Four years later, Porticello, Sicily, married now and kids soon to be: Tile and stucco, concrete and stone and squeaky iron gates—virtually nothing made out of wood. The never ending parade of Vespa scooters, a constant buzzing hornets nest. The unsettling clamor of shutters slamming shut and then, in unison, ratcheting back up again precisely three hours later. A room with china, porcelain figurines, and antique furniture covered in clear plastic—an unspoken but oh-so-clear message: "Don't even think about making yourself comfortable in here!" No one spoke English, not a word. At risk of sounding kinky, I held to Toni's side as if we were handcuffed to each other. She translated as best she could. And when she inevitably failed to keep up, the Italians gave up on her and spoke directly to me in Sicilian, apparently thinking if they were vehement enough I might somehow understand. Folks would later ask me how I liked Italy. "Rome was awesome," I would tell them, "and then there was Sicily." Please don't hate on me just yet, but I have to admit I was utterly miserable. Fish with bones in them for lunch here, another kind of fish with bones in them at dinner there. A new place with people I don't understand for every meal. And did anyone ever hear of freakin' air conditioning!?

One very early morning near the end of our stay, I braved going out for a walk on my own, up the hillside that rises steeply from the apron of Porticello. Solunto it's called, a quiet refuge that holds the secrets of a long-ago Greek settlement. Its summit is dotted with scrubby pine, and as the wind passed through the evergreen's needles, I imagined I heard those ancients whispering to me, telling me that I would one day look back on all of this and smile. Perhaps it was the rarefied air up there, but gazing at the town below, listening to the faint, gravely voice of a street vendor informing the world of the existence of fresh, hot bread (in Italian of course), I experienced an epiphany. The morning sun played off the fishing boats that bobbed about lazily in the port. The wood that was glaringly missing from the town's structures? It was in those boats. Handmade and faithfully maintained, the hopes and dreams of generation upon generation were afloat on those charming, colorful vessels. How many stories their painted timbers could tell. I realized why in their frustration the Italians spoke directly to me. It wasn't to make me feel stupid. Rather, they wanted so badly to bring me in. They wanted to tell me those stories. They wanted me to become a part of who they were. They wanted to shower me with it all. Bony fish or not, they put so much food before me, so much... love that there was no way I could possibly leave wishing for more. They wanted nothing more than to make me feel at home. Because that's the Italians.

I still find myself at dinners and functions where Sicilian is the language of the hour. But I don't feel as if I'm adrift on an iceberg anymore. Rather it all speaks to me as the pines of Solunto did. And although I haven't a clue what's being said, I understand completely. As far as my struggle to fit in? It hadn't really been a struggle at all—it was merely a matter of letting go. That gal at mass had been right. It was the same thing year after year. And I suppose, unless you are a real Italian, you might not see the brilliant perfection of *Festa*. From the mass to the food to the music to the fireworks, *Festa Italiana* is a pure celebration of life and the real face of Italy. I feel blessed to be a part of it all.

-- Dan Calkins, as posted on the FB page of Italian Community Center of Milwaukee Cultural Group

Celebrating Chestnuts: *l'Albero di Pane*

San Martino, Umbria - Rural people baptized it *l'albero del pane* ("the bread tree") for this tree grew on the mountains where wheat would not grow (and if elevation was also too high for olive trees, walnuts gave oil). The chestnut has starred in the culinary history of many civilizations and nowadays, highlights many a central Italy food festival.

To discover the apex of chestnut culinary creativity, don't miss the mid-November *Festa del Vino e delle Castagne* (Wine and Chestnuts Festival) of San Martino in Colle, a minuscule castle-village near Perugia.

As you enter the village through the medieval arch, you'll see red-cheeked Signor Agostino roasting chestnuts over an open fire. At a stand nearby, a volunteer sells *il vino novello* (new wine, i.e. of this year's harvest). Chestnuts and wine are inextricably linked in central Italy's rural culture. A much-loved saying, "*San Martino, San Martino, castagne e vino*" ("San Martino, San Martino, chestnuts and wine") comes to life here in Umbria on November 11th, the feast of St. Martin, when rural families gather to inaugurate their new wine with roasted chestnuts.

And some festival visitors head here just for roasted chestnuts and *vino novello*. Others opt for a pre-chestnut hot sandwich: sliced roasted sausages (Signor Agostino on the job) slipped into *torta*, the Umbrian hearth bread, perhaps topped with mixed greens sautéed in garlic and olive oil. Or *torta con barbozza* (razor-thin, transparent slices of pork cheek).



If you're there for full *castagna* indulgence, head into the food tent, just on the other side of the fire. Young volunteers serve up the indescribable goodness: the night we were there, chickpea/chestnut soup, home-made gnocchi with Umbrian meat sauce, bean soup with pigskin, mixed greens of spinach, Swiss chard and chicory sautéed in garlic and olive oil. Main course headlining that night? Roast pork smothered in a *buonissimo* chestnut sauce. Desserts? With chestnuts, of course. Two tasty tarts.

In the tent kitchen, older volunteers cooked the feast. Peppa was plucking pheasants for the pheasant-stuffed ravioli (for the following night), flanked by Ezio rolling out the gnocchi. Bald retired baker Giovanni ("for over fifty-years, I baked from midnight to 8 a.m.") handled the *torta* bread-baking and Signora Rita split open *torta* slices for the filling with sausages, prosciutto or *barbozza*. Retired butcher Romano sliced *barbozza* and prosciutto with arthritic hands ("I've been doing this butchering work since I was seven. Pain-killers help me...").

After our feast, we looked at the upcoming weekend menu of tasty dishes, posted near the tent door: the chestnut-filled gnocchi and the chestnut ravioli were enough to set our sights on a comeback.

Contributed by [Anne Robichaud](#) - An Umbrian tour guide in Italy most of the year, Anne also teaches Umbrian rural cuisine in private homes in the U.S. in February and March (see www.annesitaly.com/united-states-events/u-s-cooking-classes)... and lectures.

Sicilian Marionettes in Iowa's Italian-American Cultural Center

In 1983, members of the Italian Folk Art Federation of America traveled to Italy to visit and study with folk dance groups from Tagliacozza, Cosenza, and Sicily. Traveling with the group was Patricia Civitate, director of the Italian-American Cultural Center of Iowa. While in Sicily, the group attended a performance of one of the country's well-known *Pupi* (marionettes) theaters. Following the show, Ms. Anna Marie Fiori from Pittsburgh, PA, purchased two large size marionettes for herself. She and Mrs. Civitate have been long-time friends through their relationship with IFAFA. In 1988, the Des Moines folk dance group, *Gruppo Il Trattenimento Italiano*, hosted the IFAFA conference in Des Moines. A few years following the conference, Ms. Fiori donated these Sicilian puppets to the Italian-American Cultural Center of Iowa.

Because of the size of these marionettes, they were packed away until a decision could be made on how to display them. They remained unseen for several years. The summer of 2014, Rob Murrow of Ankeny approached Mrs. Civitate and told her he was beginning to work on his Eagle Scout award. He wanted to know if there was something that he could do for the Cultural Center. When asked if he thought he could build some type of stage for the marionettes, he eagerly accepted the challenge.

Since Sicily was one of the regions being highlighted for the 2014 Italian-American Heritage Festival of Iowa, it was fitting that this project should be a focal point in the Heritage Hall. Those who visited the hall this year were able to enjoy the display of the large Sicilian marionettes and were very complimentary on the workmanship of Rob Murrow. This "*Pupi* Theater" is now permanently on display in the museum area of the Italian-American Cultural Center of Iowa.

The Board of Governors of the Italian-American Cultural Center of Iowa would like to take this opportunity to publically thank Anne Marie Fiori for her donation of the Sicilian marionettes. They would especially wish to thank Rob Murrow for his hours of workmanship in building the stage which he donated to the Center.

I Pupi Macri Acireale (Puppet Theatre of Sicily)

Since 1629, when the French influenced almost all European art forms, the most spectacular puppet presentations told of the Paladins of France and the villainous Saracens during the Crusades – filled with chivalry, love, hate, and terrible battles. The puppets themselves almost come alive! Made of padded wood, they're dressed in authentic period costumes, including family colors and crest. Knights are well-equipped: from the helmet on the head, and iron breastplate, the sword in the right hand ... the shield on the left arm. Only the King, the Ladies, and the Pages are without armor.

The Puparo (or puppet speaker) sets the stage for his audience: a mortal struggle between those hated Saracens and the virtuous Paladins. Our play begins:

ACT 1, scene 1: Gano, the brother-in-law of Charlemagne (King of France and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire) makes a pact with the Saracens to betray his fellow countrymen.

ACT I, scene 2: Gano returns to Charlemagne's camp and tells of the Saracens' wish to be baptized as Christians. Orlando, the strongest and cleverest of all Paladins, does not believe this surprising turn-about from his enemies. Yet, preferring a brave death to a cowardly life, he leads his men to the fateful ambush. The battle of Roncesvalles is here.

ACT II, scene 1: To the cry of "Long Live France!", Orlando and the Paladins fight gallantly to the end. His homeland now safe, Orlando dies after single combat with Gano, the traitor.

The curtain falls, and the fierce warriors on stage are once again transformed into works of art.

-- This information about **I Pupi Macri Acireale** was taken from a brochure of a presentation sponsored by the Italian Cultural Institute of San Francisco in 1985.



King Charlemagne and his Paladins



The villainous Saracens



Orlando and Gano in mortal combat

Regional Italian Folk Costume

We continue the series of descriptions of folk costumes taken from the book, now out of print, Il Costume popolare in Italia, by Emma Calderini, published by Sperling & Kupfer, Milano. In this issue, we highlight two costumes from the region of *Lombardia*.



"Brentatore" Wine Porter of Mantova (left)

Shirt of cotton cloth with pleats down the front. Waistcoat of fine black cloth. Pants also of black cloth, buttoned at the knee. Vest of the same cloth as the pants. Apron of heavy homespun cloth. Hat of black velvet, bordered with marbled ribbon, also black. White stockings. Laced leather shoes.



Ladies' Shoe

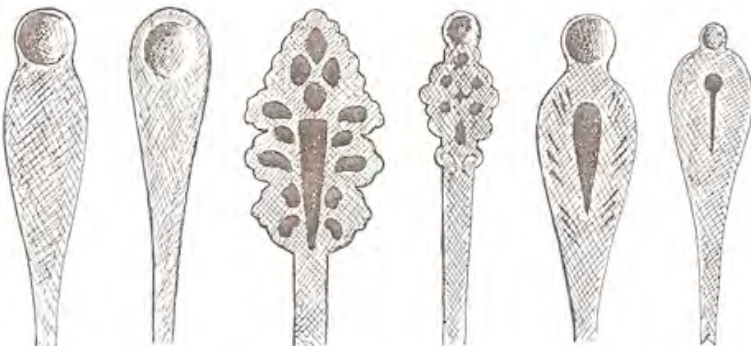


Earring



Woman of Brianza (right)

This costume is for special occasions. Blouse of linen, decorated with lace and silk ribbons. The corset, laced in front, and the very full skirt are of heavy silk, embroidered by hand. The sleeves attach to the corset at the shoulder with ribbons. The apron is of lightweight linen, embroidered, with open work, and lace. The shawl is of brightly colored wool. Knit stockings. Clogs with heavy leather, laced (see detail). Coral necklaces; silver hairpins crowning the hair (see details). Pendant earrings of gold and coral (see detail).



Variety of designs for silver hairpins

HOW TO CONTACT US

IFAF A PRESIDENT

Leslie Gigliotti

Email: lesliegigliotti@gmail.com



TRADIZIONI EDITOR

Jackie Capurro

Email: viva_ifafa@hotmail.com

2512 Glen Hastings Court
San Jose, CA 95148

Founder's Fund

The Elba Farabegoli Gurzau Founder's Fund was originally established as a living memorial to the founder of the Italian Folk Art Federation of America. Contributions for any intention, i.e. birthday, anniversary, or other special occasion, as well as in memoriam, are used only for artistic endeavors.

Donations may be made payable to "IFAF A – Founder's Fund" and mailed to: IFAFA, c/o Treasurer, P.O. Box 3185, Fort Lee, NJ 07024.

When sending a donation to commemorate an event, please: Identify the occasion and give the full name of the individual to be honored. Also give the full name and address to whom the announcement is to be sent. The contributor should also provide his/her name, address, and telephone number.

A special letter, announcing the contribution and naming the contributor, will be forwarded to the honored person or family, and an acknowledgement will be sent to the contributor.

FOLK DANCES, COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS OF ITALY

by Elba Farabegoli Gurzau

Softcover book, 128 pages, including black-and-white and color illustrations. Seventeen dances with description and notated music, information about Italy, costumes, customs, etc. Comes with recorded music to accompany the dances, your choice of CD or audiocassette.

Price: \$25.00 plus \$3.95 for handling and postage.

Be sure to specify CD or cassette.

Please make check or money order
payable to IFAFA and mail to:

IFAF A Treasurer
103 Greenbrier Drive
Carnegie, PA 15106

Contributors to this Issue of Tradizioni

The editor would like to thank the following people for contributing articles and/or information for this issue:

Vicky Carabini

Joseph Soprani

Italian Cultural Institute of San Francisco

Patricia Civitate

Paul Torna

ItalianNotebook.com

Prof./Cav. Philip J. DiNovo

Istituto Italiano di Cultura, NY

The purpose of the ITALIAN FOLK ART FEDERATION OF AMERICA (IFAF A) is to preserve and foster interest in Italian folk art; to research Italian folklore, traditions, customs, costumes, dances, songs, instruments, etc.; to act as a center for gathering, storing and disseminating the information; and to bring together Italian folk performing groups and other interested individuals.

IFAF A is an outgrowth of the Italian Folk Art Project initiated at the Nationalities Service Center (NSC) of Philadelphia in 1977. With the assistance of NSC and the leadership and dedication of Cav. Elba Farabegoli Gurzau, IFAFA was incorporated May 7, 1979, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as a non-profit cultural and educational organization.

Membership in IFAFA

You may also join online!

<http://www.italianfolkartfederation.org/EN/Membership.asp>

Individual Membership:

- Youth (under 18): \$18/year
- Adult (18-60 years of age): \$24/year
- Senior (60 and up): \$18/year

Performance Groups:

- Groups (up to 10 members): \$100/year
- Groups (10+ members): \$150/year

Contributing to the work of IFAFA: \$ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State/Zip: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Contributions are tax-deductible. Make checks payable to IFAFA Mail to:
IFAF A Treasurer, 103 Greenbrier Drive, Carnegie, PA 15106