

## TRANSLATIONS

VARNA  
**BAPHA**  
VARNA

VISEU  
**Visitai Viseu...com Almeida Moreira**  
Visit Viseu...with Almeida Moreira

VOLOS  
**Ζαχαρίας Σκριπ**  
Zaharias Scrip

NAPLES  
**Caponapoli**  
Caponapoli

ÇANAKKALE  
**Rüzgarlı Kentin Hafızası**  
The Memory of the Windy City

PORTO  
**Um olhar libertário**  
A libertarian gaze

TIRANA  
**Kulla e Sahatit**  
The Clock Tower

DURRËS  
**Murgu**  
The Monk

SALZBURG  
**Schokoladentage**  
Chocolate Days

ZRENJANIN  
**Aveti iz jednog malog grada**  
The Ghosts from one Small City

LÓULÉ  
**Sobre o Confinamento e o Zé,  
Do Postigo**  
On the confinement and Zé,  
from the Postigo Café

LISBON  
**Regras de Isolamento**  
Lockdown Rules

OSIJEK  
**Sat pjevanja**  
Singing Lesson

PLOVDIV  
**Колко струва любовта?**  
How much is love worth?

THE HAGUE  
**Tijdelijke halte**  
Temporary stop

## OTHER DESTINATIONS

Translating the Mid-sized European City

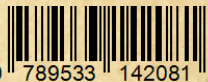
# OTHER DESTINATIONS

## Translating the Mid-sized European City

edited by  
Michael G. Kelly, Jorge Mejia Hernández,  
Sonja Novak, Giuseppe Resta



Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences  
Josip Juraj Strossmayer University of Osijek





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## Caponapoli

Asma Mehan

Nowadays there is a general acknowledgment of the importance of place in Italian crime novels. In Caponapoli, Massimo Siviero articulates a narrative way in which he approaches the structures, city, and the built environment to reflect the society, cultural relations, transformations and dysfunctions of contemporary **Naples**. Joe Pazienza, the private detective, has been seen by him recently before he was a reporter. When hired by his first client, Nada Mormile, someone with all the requirements of the dark lady in the right place, he immediately smells “serious” trouble. There is a strange message full of threats at stake, and the construction sites of a substantial building, soon found “suicidal” with his head inside a bag. There is also someone who does not appreciate Joe’s new job as too nosy and goes out of his way to make him understand. Also, there is the Caponapoli. The health complex around which all the mysteries of a violent and fascinating city seem to gather.

### Short biographical note (adapted from an interview with Massimo Siviero/April 2022):<sup>1</sup>

My parents were Neapolitans, I was born in Rome and I live in Naples. When I was a child I wanted to be a diplomat or a doctor. Then I had the good fortune to read “Of Mice and Men” by John Steinbeck and two days later I obtained “The Grapes of Wrath”. A few months later, a classmate of mine gave me “Death in the Afternoon” and “Across the River and Into the Trees” of Hemingway and I realized that the craft of writing would become my great love. I liked knowing the facts of the day. I read many newspapers and began to attend the drafting of a newspaper. I started writing articles and at age 19 I went as an envoy on the football fields and I studied at university. Then I became a reporter. One day I was struck by news of crime: a double murder. The bodies of a man and a woman were found in the garden of a restaurant in Naples: it transpired that they were drug couriers. Until then Naples was seen mainly in the imagination as the city of mandolins and songs, pizza and hospitality. In addition to the neighbourhood thugs. A wrong way of relating to the former European capital of the Enlightenment. I realized that the city had dramatically changed and had become an important crossroads of crime. Although in more than two thousand years of history it had



## Caponapoli

by Massimo Siviero

### Original Excerpt I (Chapter 27, pages 94-96)

Da una ventina di minuti continuavo a camminare con la torcia accesa nel sottosuolo di Montecalvario. Avanzavo con la rivoltella puntata nella semioscurità, il cunicolo in declivio con una curva a gomito proseguiva sulla mia sinistra. A occhio e croce dovevo trovarmi sotto via Chiaja, più o meno all'altezza del ponte borbonico. Era la strada del ciclo continuo dello shopping a buon mercato, sempre affollata d'indigeni e di turisti. Il mio doveva essere un itinerario parallelo a cisterne e gallerie utilizzate come ricoveri antiaerei.

Fine della corsa. Il passaggio era sbarrato da una porta d'acciaio. Feci pressione con la mano e la lastra di metallo scricchiolò sui cardini arrugginiti: non era chiusa. La meraviglia che seguì fu ancora maggiore. Allungai la mano con la torcia per far luce ed entrai in un'ampia sala dalla quale si scendeva per una rampa. Percorsi una decina di gradini larghi e sconnessi. Sbucai in un

been a place of philosophers and scientists, writers and poets (Giambattista Della Porta invented the telescope before Galileo...). So, I decided to write my first crime novel, "Il diavolo giallo" which was published in 1992. There followed "Il terno di San Gennaro" "Un mistero occitano per il commissario Abruzzese", "Vendesi Napoli", "Mater munnezza" and in 2012 "Caponapoli" published in the historic editorial series Il Giallo Mondadori. In 2015 I published the detective novel "Scorciatoia per la morte". I wrote several essays, including "How to write a Neapolitan crime novel" ("Come scrivere un giallo napoletano"). In this manual I revealed that the first Italian crime novel was written in Naples in 1852. Several of my books have been published in convenient eBook editions that I see as an effective instrument of freedom of authors and readers.

## Caponapoli

by Massimo Siviero, *Caponapoli* (Milano: Arnoldo Mondadori Editore, 2012), pp. 94-96 and 150-152

Translation by Asma Mehan

### Translated Text I (Chapter 27)

For about twenty minutes, I had been walking with the torchlit in the subsoil of Montecalvario. I advanced with the revolver aimed in the semi-darkness; the sloping tunnel with a sharp bend continued on my left. At a guess, I must have found myself under via Chiaia, more or less at the height of the Bourbon bridge. It was the street of the continuous cycle of cheap shopping, always crowded with natives and tourists. Mine was to be a parallel route to tanks and tunnels used as anti-aircraft shelters.

End of the line. A steel door barred the passage. I pressed with my hand, and the metal plate creaked on the rusted hinges: it was not closed. The astonishment that followed was even more significant. I reached out my hand with the flashlight to shed some light and entered a large room from which one went down a ramp. I walked about ten significant and bumpy steps. I emerged in a not very large room that opened on to others. It pro-

ambiente non molto grande che si apriva sugli altri. Produceva l'effetto di un ipogeo molto lungo, anche se la visibilità era scarsa. In ciascuno di questi vani, su ogni lato c'erano due nicchie ricavate nel tufo. Su una sporgenza di pietra c'erano tre statuine poggiate su dei piatti e due ceramiche, una dipinta su vernice scura con linee geometriche, l'altra con graffiti. Alle pareti frammenti di marmo e diversi solchi che dovevano essere stati occupati da altrettante lastre. Distruzione del tempo o di predatori come pozzari e cavamonti, i tombaroli di queste parti? Mi colpì una terracotta tagliata a metà che custodiva un piccolo scheletro. In un altro angolo c'era un'anfora di vetro con puttini di un azzurro intenso. Istinutamente pensai al Vaso blu rubato al Museo. La disposizione ordinata di quegli oggetti mi convinse che erano stati allineati in quel modo in epoca recente. Del resto, la porta blindata ne era una testimonianza. Come detective mi sentivo un po' ridicolo e a disagio nei panni dell'archeologo e speleologo. Mi trovavo in una necropoli, della quale però non si parlava e mai nessuno.

riferiva l'esatta ubicazione. Era sempre stata una notizia vaga, stava diventando una leggenda, e qualche minuto dopo capii il perché. La fiamma della torcia ondeggiava da un lato, segno che c'era una presa d'aria, verso la quale mi diressi. Il cimitero del sottosuolo sbucava in un pozzo asciutto invaso da colonie di topastri con le ali che con il loro squittio mi sconcertarono non poco. Cannolicchio doveva essere sparito da questa via di fuga. Ma come, se il coperchio della botola era rimasto abbassato? Mi ricordai del tappeto rimosso. Salii per un'altra scala a pioli appoggiata alla parete dello scavo artesiano. Alla sommità c'era una specie di lucernario con sbarre di ferro e il lucchetto aperto. Lo sollevai e sbucai in uno scantinato, dal quale finalmente uscii su un cortile.

Non era un palazzo d'epoca, ma un brutto edificio. Una colata di cemento degli anni '50, nel pieno della fame di case del dopoguerra, sulla più antica necropoli. Lo scoprii uscendo in via Nicotera. Gli abitanti ignoravano l'esistenza della loro miniera d'oro del turismo. Senza volerlo ero sbucato a due passi da via Egiziaca, dove c'era la casa di Nada Mormile.

Le mie domande suscitavano interesse tra i bottegai della zona. Tutti più o meno sapevano che nelle viscere di quei palazzi c'erano pagine di vicende molto antiche. Notizie vaghe e niente di più. Presi dal portatessera il numero dell'Anacronistico. Rispose dopo una ventina di squilli. Mi spiegò velocemente che il casermone di via Nicotera era stato costruito nel '53 al posto di una vecchissima costruzione che era stata abbattuta. Immaginai, tra il silenzio generale. Esitò. Certo che era venuta fuori una necropoli. Mi disse di non sapere altro. Di

duced the effect of a very long hypogeum, even if the visibility was poor. In each of these rooms, on each side, there were two niches carved into the tuff. On a stone ledge were three figurines resting on plates and two pottery, one painted on dark paint with geometric lines, the other with graffiti. On the walls, fragments of marble and various grooves that as many slabs must have occupied. Destruction of time or predators such as Pozzari and Cavamonti, the grave robbers of these parts? I was struck by a terracotta cut in half that held a tiny skeleton. In another corner was a glass amphora with deep blue cherubs. Instinctively I thought of the Blue Vase stolen from the Museum. The orderly arrangement of those objects convinced me that they had been aligned that way in recent times. After all, the armored door was a testimony of this. As a detective, I felt a little ridiculous and uncomfortable as the archaeologist and speleologist.

However, I was in a necropolis, which was never talked about, and never anyone reported the exact location. It had always been vague news, it was becoming a legend, and a few minutes later, I understood why. The torch flame swayed to one side, a sign that there was an air vent towards which I headed. The underground cemetery emerged into a dry well invaded by colonies of rats with wings that with their squeak quite disconcerted me. Razor clam must have disappeared from this escape route. But how, if the hatch lid was left down? I remembered the removed carpet. I went up another ladder leaning against the wall of the artesian excavation. At the top were a kind of skylight with iron bars and an open lock. I picked it up and emerged into a basement, from which I finally stepped out onto a courtyard.

It was not a period building but an ugly building. A casting of concrete from the 1950s, in the midst of the hunger for post-war houses, on the oldest necropolis. I discovered it by exiting in via Nicotera. The inhabitants were unaware of the existence of their tourism gold mine. Unwittingly, I had emerged a stone's throw from via Egiziaca, where Nada Mormile's house was.

My questions aroused interest among the shopkeepers in the area. Everyone more or less knew that there were pages of very ancient events in the bowels of those buildings—vague news and nothing more. I took the number of the Anachronist from the cardholder. He answered after about twenty rings. He quickly explained to me that the barracks in via Nicotera had been

più non disse, cioè, niente. Mi sembrava evidente che la città dei morti sopra la quale ora mi trovavo era il cimitero di Parthenope, l'insediamento fondato due secoli prima di Neapolis. Ritornai verso la casa dei misteri di Montecalvario. Con la torcia sempre accesa che avevo lasciato a terra, rifeci il percorso dell'andata. Alla fine del tragitto alzai il coperchio della botola e poggiai i piedi sul pavimento. Quel figlio di puttana del secco mi faceva sentire il suo orribile fiato sul collo, non riuscivo a mettergli le mani addosso in modo definitivo. Mi sarebbe piaciuto incontrarlo per chiedergli un giudizio sulla gittata dei miei pallettoni. Accesi la luce, ed ebbi un mezzo sussulto quando vidi che il corpo del grassone lasciato a pancia all'aria non c'era più. Sparito come la pozza di sangue nella quale doveva essere affogata la sua lurida vita.

Avrei voluto darmi qualche pizzico sulla faccia, ma non ci volle molto a capire che non sognavo. La necropoli di Palepoli non era un sogno, la telefonata all'archeologo Miceneo non era un sogno e quello schifo di edificio di via Nicotera era più di una realtà. Come lo erano le due sagome che entrarono in un terraneo vicino alla casa dei misteri. Quello della donna nera che aveva l'abitudine di spiare. Uscendo li seguii e bussai alla portafinestra. Aprì la signora, dietro di lei c'era il watusso con il muso infettato ai due angoli.  
— Guarda ccà — disse l'afropartenopeo.  
— C'incontriamo sempre nel momento sbagliato? — gli rinfacciai, ed entrai.

E fa un vano spazioso abitato da un mezzo esercito di africani. Tutti inquilini del mio amico Mimi. Da quella moltitudine capii che mi trovavo in una miniera di quattrini. Calcolai a occhio che doveva fruttare non meno di milleottocento euro al mese, seicento per ogni nucleo familiare. Una ragione di più per convincermi dell'eternità dei bassi di Montecalvario. Il geometra Astolfo forse non lo sapeva, sera così sicuro della loro riconversione.

Il costo della pigione me lo confermò la ricciuta brutta copia di Tina Turner, mentre i due giganti neri mi portavano un infuso di erbe ancora in macerazione. Mi sembrò poco gentile chiedere ragguagli sull'intruglio e bevvi d'un fiato.

Mi dissero che lavoravano per Mimi. Si chiamavano Alhaj Shugar e Wadi Kordofan, erano profughi del Darfur. Si erano trasferiti con i familiari nel villaggio di Mornay prima di fuggire. Etnia Fur, tipi svegli di tribù poliglotta. Capii perché avevano dimestichezza con

built in '53 in place of an ancient building demolished. I imagined, amid the general silence. Of course, a necropolis had come out. He told me he didn't know anything else. In other words, he said nothing more. It seemed clear to me that the city of the dead over which I now stood was the Parthenope cemetery, the settlement founded two centuries before Neapolis.

I returned to the house of the mysteries of Montecalvario. With the torch still on that, I had left on the ground; I retraced the path of the outward journey. I lifted the hatch cover at the end of the ride and put my feet on the floor. That dry son of a bitch made me feel his horrible breath on my neck, I couldn't put my hands on permanently. I would have liked to have met him to ask him for an opinion on the range of my buckshot. I turned on the light, and half gasped when I saw that the body of the fat man left on his stomach was gone. Gone like the pool of blood in which his filthy life must have been drowned.

I wanted to pinch myself on the face, but it didn't take long to realize I wasn't dreaming. The necropolis of Palepoli was not a dream. The phone-call to the Mycenaean archaeologist was not a dream. That disgusting building in via Nicotera was more than reality, as were the two figures who entered land near the house of mysteries. That of the black woman who used to spy.

As I went out, I followed them and knocked on the French window. The lady opened it, behind her was the Watusi<sup>1</sup> with the infected face at the two corners.

— Watch ccà<sup>2</sup>— said the Afro-Neapolitan.

— Do we always meet at the wrong time? - I blamed him, and I entered.

It was a spacious room inhabited by half an army of Africans. All tenants of my friend; Mimi. From that multitude, I understood that I was in a money mine. I worked out that he had to earn no less than eighteen hundred euros a month, six hundred for each family unit. One more reason to convince me of the eternity of Montecalvario's bass. Perhaps the surveyor Astolfo did not know; he was so sure of their conversion.

The cost of the rent was confirmed by the rough draft of Tina Turner, while the two black giants brought me an infusion of herbs still in maceration. It seemed unkind to ask about the concoction and drank in one gulp.

They told me they worked for Mimi. They were called Alhaj Shugar



le lingue. E capii che era stato il mio amico ad affidare ai due neri il cartello sandwich in difesa dei bassi. Spezzoni di fatica a chiamata. Scaricare bottiglie al bar e incarichi di fiducia: riscossione di canoni e qualche lavoretto. In cambio di pochi euro che Mimì si riprendeva con l'affitto multiplo: 'o pesane, come mi disse quello con l'infezione agli an - Ti guardiamo le spalle. goli del muso. Chiesi al sudanese senza le buccaglie il significato della frase pronunciata fuori dalla farmacia: "Abbiamo un nuovo incarico". Grottesca la risposta: — Ti guardiamo le spalle.

### Original Excerpt II (Chapter 42, pages 150-152)

Colpiva l'uniforme vecchiezza del rione, più compatto e monolitico di un organismo vivente. Anche se di vivente dopo un po' rimase il sottoscritto: l'intera zona era scivolata in un silenzio surreale da Ferragosto. Immobile e surreale. I marciapiedi erano diventati all'improvviso deserti.

Nel pallone a forma di testa pronto a esplodere, non so come mi venne un'idea. Internet mi aveva confuso ancora di più, tanto valeva tentare con i mezzi tradizionali. C'era comunque un problema, bisognava cominciare da un argomento. La ricerca web invece consentiva di partire anche da una parola chiave. In un vicolo di Toledo mi fermai a un internet point gestito da indiani. Digitai "calcolo": niente. Google mi propose: "Forse cercavi calcolo". Provai con "agoreuterio". Bingo! "Nel fretrion v'era un agoreuterio. Napoli come Atene e qualche altra città della Grecia era divisa in fratrie." Avevo l'argomento della ricerca su carta. In dieci minuti raggiunsi la biblioteca. Parcheggiai nella piazza, attraversai il viale. Prima di entrare feci il numero che mi aveva dato il professor Bo per informarlo dell'esito della bonifica ambientale. Gli dissi che sarei tornato il giorno dopo. Salii le scale della biblioteca, nella testa mi rimbombavano quelle frasi misteriose da decifrare. Nel salone degli schedari, ordinati per autore e per argomento, dalla ricerca generale passai a quella tematica. Dopo un'ora buona trovai un granello di sabbia nel deserto e non sapevo neppure a che cosa mi sarebbe servito.

and Wadi Kordofan, and they were refugees from Darfur<sup>3</sup>. They had moved with family members to the village of Mornay before fleeing. Fur<sup>4</sup> people ethnic group; a type from the polyglot tribes. I understood why they were familiar with languages. And I realized that it was my friend who had entrusted the two blacks with the sandwich cartel in defense of the bass — on-call pieces of fatigue. Unloading bottles at the bar and trustworthy assignments: a collection of fees and a few jobs. In exchange for a few euros that Mimì recovered with the multiple rent: 'o pesante, as the one with the infection in the corners of the muzzle told me. I asked the Sudanese without the mouth opening the meaning of the sentence pronounced outside the pharmacy: "We have a new assignment". Grottesque<sup>5</sup> responded: - We watch your back.

### Translated Text II (Chapter 42)

It struck the uniform old age of the neighborhood, more compact and monolithic than a living organism. Although I was still alive after a while, the undersigned remained: the whole area had slipped into a surreal silence since August 15th. Still and surreal. The sidewalks had suddenly become deserted.

In the head-shaped balloon ready to explode, I don't know how I got an idea. The Internet had confused me even more, and I might as well try traditional means. However, there was a problem; we had to start with a topic. The web search, on the other hand, also allowed starting from a keyword. In an alley in Toledo, I stopped at an internet point run by Indians. I typed "calcologist"<sup>6</sup>: nothing. Google proposed to me: "Maybe you were looking for calculation." I tried with "agoreuterium"<sup>7</sup>. Bingo! "In the Fretrion, there was an agoreuterium. Naples like Athens and some other cities in Greece were divided into phratries<sup>8</sup>." I had the topic of paper research. In ten minutes, I reached the library. I parked in the square, crossed the avenue. Before entering, I dialed the number that Professor Bo had given me to inform him of the outcome of the environmental remediation. I told him I would be back the next day. I went up the stairs of the library. In my head, those mysterious phrases to be deciphered were echoing. In the hall of the filing cabinets, sorted by author and subject, I moved from public research to thematic research. After an hour, I found a grain of sand in the

Mi ero procurato due testi. Da una scheda all'altra arrivai a Bartolomeo Capasso. L'altro libro era di un anonimo. L'ultimo aiuto di Internet aveva fatto un po' di luce sulle parole senza senso registrate sul telefono di Bo: "Confermare la presenza del calcologo nell'agoreuterio".

Capasso, uno storico locale morto nel 1900, aveva lasciato più di cento pubblicazioni. Aprii il volume Napoli greco-romana, uscito postumo nel 1905. Lessi velocemente e annotai prendendo appunti anche dalle pagine dell'altro libro.

Quando credi di sapere tutto, non sai niente. Appresi che la città, sul modello di Atene e di altre polis, era stata suddivisa in fratrie, associazioni religiose e politiche chiamate *fratanze* in lingua neapolitana.

Ne facevano parte le famiglie unite dalla comune discendenza, dallo stesso quartiere e dagli stessi interessi. Il *fratriarco* o *fretarco* era il capo di ogni associazione. Amministratori erano i *dioceti*, il tesoriere si chiamava *calcologo*. Ogni gruppo si riuniva nel *fretrion* e nell'*agoreuterio*, luoghi per pregare e discutere di affari. Erano uniti da un legame di solidarietà.

Insomma una via di mezzo tra le parrocchie, i partiti e la massoneria. *Calcologo*, *fretrion*, *agoreuterio*, *apaturie*, *dioceti*, *fretarco*: parole incomprensibili che mi stavano diventando familiari. Mi fermai, riflettei. Nella lettera estorsiva di Mormile la parola "fratr" doveva avere un nesso. Forse stava per *fratria*.

La festa principale delle fratrie era quella delle *apaturie* e durava tre giorni. Gli adepti venivano mostrati alla *fratria* appena nati, a cinque e a diciassette anni, l'età minima per l'iscrizione. Ogni associazione celebrava sacrifici e banchetti anche in occasione delle nozze dei suoi membri.

Attraverso documenti e lapidi superstiti si sapeva che le *fratanze* erano state dieci o forse dodici. Secondo alcuni avevano dato origine ai *Sedili*, i consigli circoscrizionali dell'epoca.

Dello studio di Capasso mi colpirono in particolare alcuni passi che confrontai e integrai con il libro anonimo di storia partenopea. Il sepolcro degli *Eunostidi* era nelle caverne di tufo dei Vergini. La zona era così chiamata per la presenza della *fratria* dedicata al culto di *Eunosto*, dio della temperanza e della castità. L'estrazione di tufo giallo e pozzolana aveva prodotto caverne adoperate nella zona come sepolcri.

Nel vallone attiguo della Sanità, ai piedi della collinetta dov'era la chiesa di San Gennaro extra moenia, c'era stata la *fratria* degli *Eumelidi*. Mi ricordai delle parole del farmacista. *Eumelo* fondatore di Parthenope e *Aristodemo* di Neapolis: i Romolo e Remo nostrani. Notizie vaghe e contraddittorie che sconfinavano in altri quartieri.

desert, and I didn't even know what it was going to do for me. I got two texts. From one card to another, I came to Bartolomeo Capasso. The other book was written by an anonymous person. The latest help from the Internet shed some light on the nonsense words recorded on Bo's phone: "Confirm the presence of the calcologist in the agoreutium".

Capasso, a local historian who died in 1900, had left over a hundred publications. I opened the volume on Greco-Roman Naples, published posthumously in 1905. I read quickly and took notes, also taking notes from the pages of the other book.

When you think you know everything, you know nothing? On the model of Athens and other poleis<sup>9</sup>, I learned that the city had been divided into phratries, religious and political associations called brotherhoods (*fratanze*) in the Neapolitan language.

The families united by the commune were part of its descent from the same neighbourhood and the same interests. The *fratriarco* or *fretarco*<sup>10</sup> was the head of every association. Administrators were the dioceses; the treasurer was called calcologist. Each group met in the *Fretrion* and *Agoreuterio*, places to pray and discuss business. A bond of solidarity united them.

In short, a middle ground between parishes, parties, and Freemasonry. Calcologist, *Fretrion*, *Agoreuterium*, *Apaturias*<sup>11</sup>, *dioceses*<sup>12</sup>, *fretarch*: incomprehensible words that were becoming familiar to me.

*Adepts*<sup>13</sup> were shown to the phratry as soon as they were born, the minimum age for enrollment at five and seventeen. Each association celebrated sacrifices and banquets also on the occasion of the wedding of its members. Through surviving documents and tombstones, it was known that there had been ten or perhaps twelve brotherhoods. According to some, they had given rise to the *Seats*, the district councils of the time.

I was particularly struck by some passages from Capasso's study, which I compared and integrated with the anonymous book of Neapolitan history. The tomb of the *Eunostidi* was in the tuff caves of the *Virgins*. The area was so-called due to the phratry dedicated to the cult of *Eunosto*, God of temperance and chastity. The extraction of yellow tuff and pozzolana had produced caves used in the area as tombs.

In the adjacent valley of the *Sanità*<sup>14</sup>, at the foot of the hill where the church of San Gennaro, outside the walls of the city was in the *Eumelidi*<sup>15</sup> criteria. I remembered the pharmacist's words. *Eumelo*, founder of Parthenope and *Aristodemo*<sup>16</sup> of Neapolis: the Romulus and Remus of our own. Vague and contradictory news that bordered on other neighbourhoods. Perhaps the brotherhood was located

La fratanza forse era stata ubicata tra Forcella e via San Paolo. La chiesa omonima con le colonne corinzie l'avevano costruita sul tempio greco dei Dioscuri. La strada del simbolismo pitagorico si apriva a forma di Y come una forcina: la biforcazione tra virtù e piacere sfociato nella cronaca nera. Saltai questa parte.

Lessi velocemente l'elenco che proseguiva con Eubei (nell'area di San Gregorio Armeno intorno al tempio dei Santi Filippo e Giacomo), Alternisi (vicino alla basilica di Pietrasanta al Tribunale), Kretondi (nel vicolo a destra della chiesa verso il mare), e poi Aristei (tra gli Orefici e piazza Mercato), Panclidean (la zona tra San Pietro in Vinculis e San Giuseppe), Kumei (a Santa Chiara o nei pressi di Santa Maria della Rotonda a Mezzocannone), Ermei (tra San Biagio dei Librai e San Giovanni a Mare), Antinoiti, Oiononei. Quasi niente, infine, si sapeva dei Theotadi.

Collegai subito queste informazioni con la piantina trovata a casa di Donna Collins e con il foglietto che stava nell'agenda di Mormile. La linea dell'evidenziatore, dal Gesù a San Gregorio Armeno alla chiesa dei Santi Filippo e Giacomo, indicava l'area degli Eubei. Il tratto giallo segnato da Donna Collins era diretto alla fratria dei Kretondi verso il mare. La freccia verso il basso poteva anche indicare i Theotadi. Visto che di questa fratria non si sapeva niente, poteva andar bene tutto e il contrario di tutto.

Scesi più ancora nei particolari. Dal confronto di questi fogli con le notizie raccolte in biblioteca, accertai altre due cose. Il pezzo di carta trovato addosso al cavaliere indicava la Sanità, i Vergini e i Miracoli, e ora sapevo che nell'area della basilica di San Gennaro extra moenia si riunivano gli Eumelidi. Le piccole croci nere segnate dalla Collins indicavano il punto esatto della necropoli. La zona cerchiata in rosso aveva finalmente un nome: erano i Vergini, il sito degli Eunostidi. Intanto capii perché il foglietto sgualcito di Mormile stava nell'agenda tascabile alla lettera F di fratrie.

Per potersi ricordare e nascondere agli altri il senso di quelle parole. Mi sembrò evidente che la Collins aveva disegnato una piantina dei siti per avere sottomano il quadro completo delle fratrie. Un bel casino.

Lasciai la biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele e ritornai nella Valle dei Morti.

between Forcella and via San Paolo. The church is homonymous with the Corinthian columns they had built on the Greek temple of the Dioscuri. The path of Pythagorean symbolism opened in the shape of a Y like a hairpin: the bifurcation between virtue and pleasure that resulted in the crime news. I skipped this part.

I quickly read the list that continued with Eubie (in the area of San Gregorio Armeno around the temple of Saints Philip and James), Alternisi (near the basilica of Pietrasanta al Tribunale), Kretondi (in the alley to the right of the church towards the sea), and then Aristei (between the Orefici and Piazza Mercato), Panclidean (the area between San Pietro in Vinculis and San Giuseppe), Kumei (in Santa Chiara or near Santa Maria della Rotonda in Mezzocannone), Ermei (between San Biagio dei Librai and San Giovanni a Mare), Antinoites, Oiononei. Finally, almost nothing was known about the Theotadi.

I immediately linked this information with the map found at Donna Collins' house with the piece of paper in Mormile's notebook. From Jesus to San Gregorio Armeno to the church of Saints Philip and James, the highlighter line indicated the Eubei area. The yellow line marked by Donna Collins was headed for the Kretondi fratria towards the sea. The down arrow could also point to the Theotadi. Since nothing was known about this phratry, everything and the opposite of everything could be acceptable.

I went further into details. By comparing these sheets with the information collected in the library, I ascertained two other things. The piece of paper found on the knight indicated Health, Virgins, and Miracles. Now, I knew that the Eumelids gathered in the area of the Basilica of San Gennaro extra moenia. The small black crosses marked by Collins indicated the exact spot of the cemetery. The area circled in red finally had a name: Virgins, the site of the Eunostids. Meanwhile, I understood why Mormile's crumpled piece of paper was in the pocket diary under the letter F of fratrie. To be able to remember and hide the meaning of those words from others. It seemed clear that Collins had drawn a map of the sites to have the complete picture of the siblings at hand. A nice mess.

I left the Vittorio Emanuele library and returned to the Valley of the Dead.



- 1 The Tutsi people of Africa collectively, whose traditions include spectacular dance.
- 2 Neapolitan-Italian word. Literally means there (qua).
- 3 Region in the Western Sudan.
- 4 The name of Darfur comes from the name of this ethnic group and means "the home of the Fur".
- 5 Outlandish characters in a strange or unnatural way (especially in a novel or painting)
- 6 Calco literally means tracing.
- 7 Agoreuterium is a Greek word literally means speech.
- 8 In ancient Greece, a phratry was a group containing citizens in some city-states. Their existence is known in most Ionian cities and in Athens and it is thought that they existed elsewhere as well.
- 9 Plural form of Greek polis
- 10 Fratriarchy is rule of the brothers. It's this idea that if you get a group of young men together - teenagers, men in their 20s - there's a competitive form of masculinity and they're performing for each other.
- 11 Apaturia were ancient Greek festivals held annually by all the Ionian towns, except Ephesus and Colophon. At Athens the Apaturia took place on the 11th, 12th and 13th days of the month of Pyanepsion, on which occasion the various phratries, or clans, of Attica met to discuss their affairs.
- 12 Diocese, in some Christian churches, a territorial area administered by a bishop. The word originally referred to a governmental area in the Roman Empire, governed by an imperial vicar.
- 13 An adept is an individual identified as having attained a specific level of knowledge, skill, or aptitude in doctrines relevant to a particular author or organization.
- 14 This quarter is near the National Archaeological Museum, north of the main street, via Foria.
- 15 Greek frateria
- 16 Aristodemus was a Spartan warrior, one of the many sent to the Battle of Thermopylae. He was one of only two Spartan survivors, as he was not present at the last stand.

**OTHER DESTINATIONS**

Translating the Mid-sized European City

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