TRENTINO CLUB

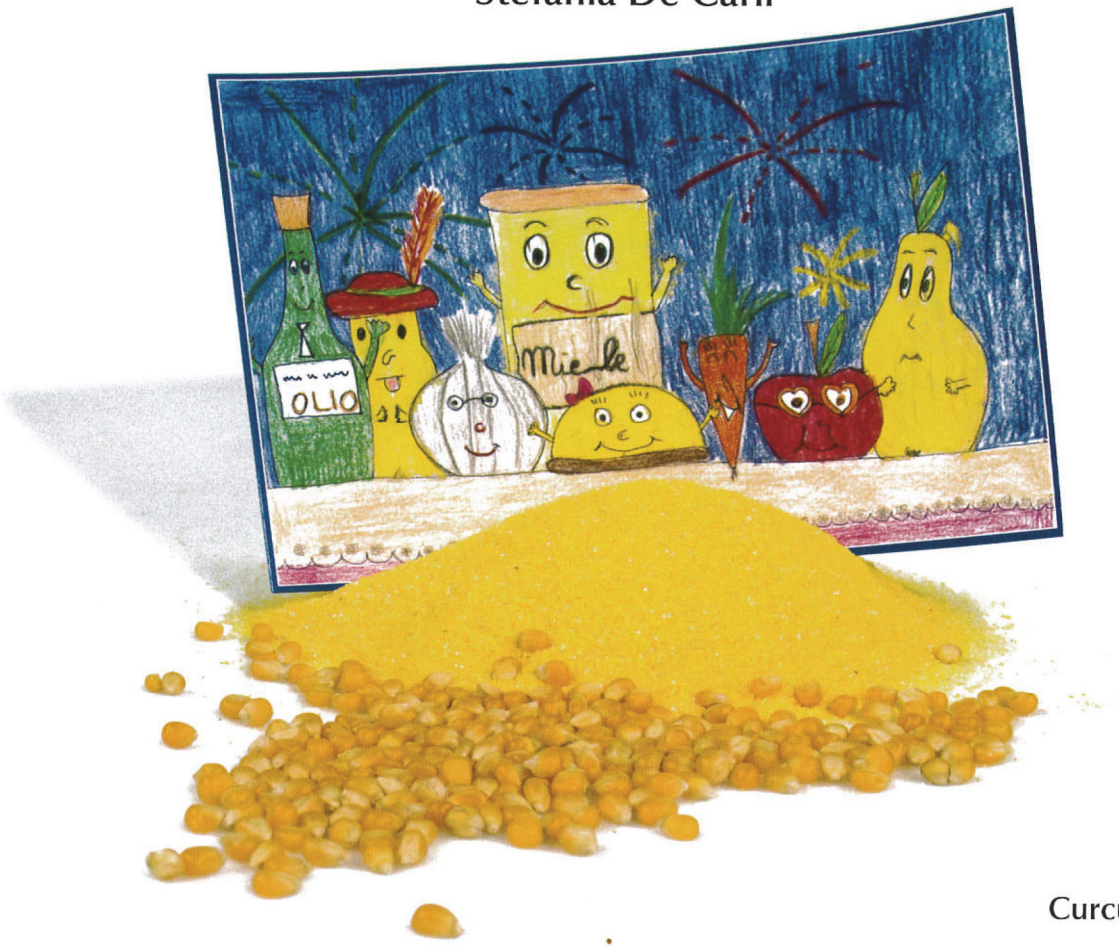
50TH ANNIVERSARY
TORONTO
1965-2015

ASSOCIAZIONE
Trentini nel mondo
O.N.L.U.S.

"I PRODOTTI TRENTINI INCONTRANO..."

La festa della signora Polenta

Stefania De Carli



Curcu & Genovese

Coloring Activity Book

Introduction

The purpose of this coloring book is to help our children get exposure to our Trentino history and culture in a fun way. La festa della signora Polenta with the illustrations by the children from the grade 4 classes of the Scuola Elementare di Pomotolo provided us an opportune starting point

We are thankful to Trentini nel Mondo for making the original festa della signora Polenta book available and contributing to the funding for this workbook. We would also like to thank Bronwyn Finotti for her creative direction in getting this book done. Thank you Lorena Danelon, Gemma Angeli and Carla Gembrini for the outline sketches. Thank you David Corazza, our president, for the original impetus for this children's activity book.

This is our first version. We welcome any comments, suggestion and additions *Ivo*

Lo scopo di questo libro da colorare e quello di familiarizzare i nostri bambini con la nostra storia e cultura Trentina in un modo divertente. ``La Festa della Signora Polenta`` con le illustrazioni da parte dei bambini della quarta classe della Scuola Elementare di Pomotolo ci ha fornito un punto di partenza opportuno.

Siamo riconoscenti a Trentini nel Mondo per avere messo a disposizione l`originale Festa della Signora Polenta e per avere contribuito al finanziamento di questa iniziativa. Vogliamo ringraziare anche Bronwyn Finotti per le sue indicazioni creativi per completare questo libro. Grazie a Lorena Danelon, Gemma Angeli e Carla Gembrini per i disegni di contorno. E grazie tanto a David Corazza, il nostro Presidente, per averci dato la spinta iniziale per questo libro di bambini.

Questa e la nostra prima versione. Commenti e suggerimenti graditi. *Ivo*

FROM THE AUTHOR

During my research for this book, I discovered that traditional and typical Trentino foods and products are not always known to the general public let alone food industry operators.
I have always believed that learning about our own territory and its most representative products should begin when we're very young, in our families and at school. This is the only way to develop a feeling of belonging and pride for our roots that can then be passed on to others.
I am passionate about our agricultural gifts, grown on our land with short distances to travel before reaching our plates. This short distance also helps us discover new "treasures" often hidden under our own nose. This was one of the key factors that made me believe in this beautiful literary adventure and helped bring colour to my story.
As I was deepening my knowledge about Trentino agricultural food products, I would share what I had learned, in an animated manner, with my children. They were giddy with excitement as they learned about new foods; names, characteristics and all. Seeing their interest and connection to the culture grow, made me realize that putting everything in writing was the natural next step. But it was not the end of it. As I had charmed my own children, the same could be possible for anyone in our own communities. So, Dina the farmer was born – an ageless character able to present Trentino culture and traditions to the children in a new way.

Stefania De Carli

P.S.: This story can also be enjoyed by an adult audience OR Reading this story is also highly recommended for adults.

INTRODUCTION

Using a daring metaphor, we could say that the heart of Trentini emigrants is made of polenta, not meaning of course the water and corn flour mixture which allowed the survival of many generations but rather the image that polenta represents for many Trentini, whether they like it or not, who went away to find better life conditions.
Once upon a time, before TV took over people's attention, fireside storytime used polenta as a symbol of family harmony.
Later on, polenta was considered a source of survival by the people who went through wars, famine and the natural disasters that periodically ravaged Trentino.
News accounts of these times bring us back to the feeling of polenta as the highlight of an ancient history intertwined with hardship and pride.
We can say, therefore, with love and a touch of dignity, that polenta indeed represents the heart and spirit of a civilization born out of respect of a never forgotten past.
A past not only of longing and regrets – but respect and protection of fundamental values like social solidarity and friendship among people.
Still today, at the annual get-togethers that the 200 Clubs of Trentini nel Mondo organize to renew their link to Trentino, the most solemn moment is the distribution of golden and fragrant slices of polenta.
In these occasions the personal memories cross through the collective dreams, with real life experiences being told, where past and future come together in the steaming from the polenta.
In these occasions mixing the polenta represents the renewal of an ancient rite that bring people together and make them all alike.
Men and women, young and old, recognize themselves and identify themselves in that solemn gesture suspended in time, which means tradition, culture and sharing.
Basically, in that active gesture we put our heart: a heart made of polenta.

Alberto Tafner,
President Trentini nel Mondo onlus

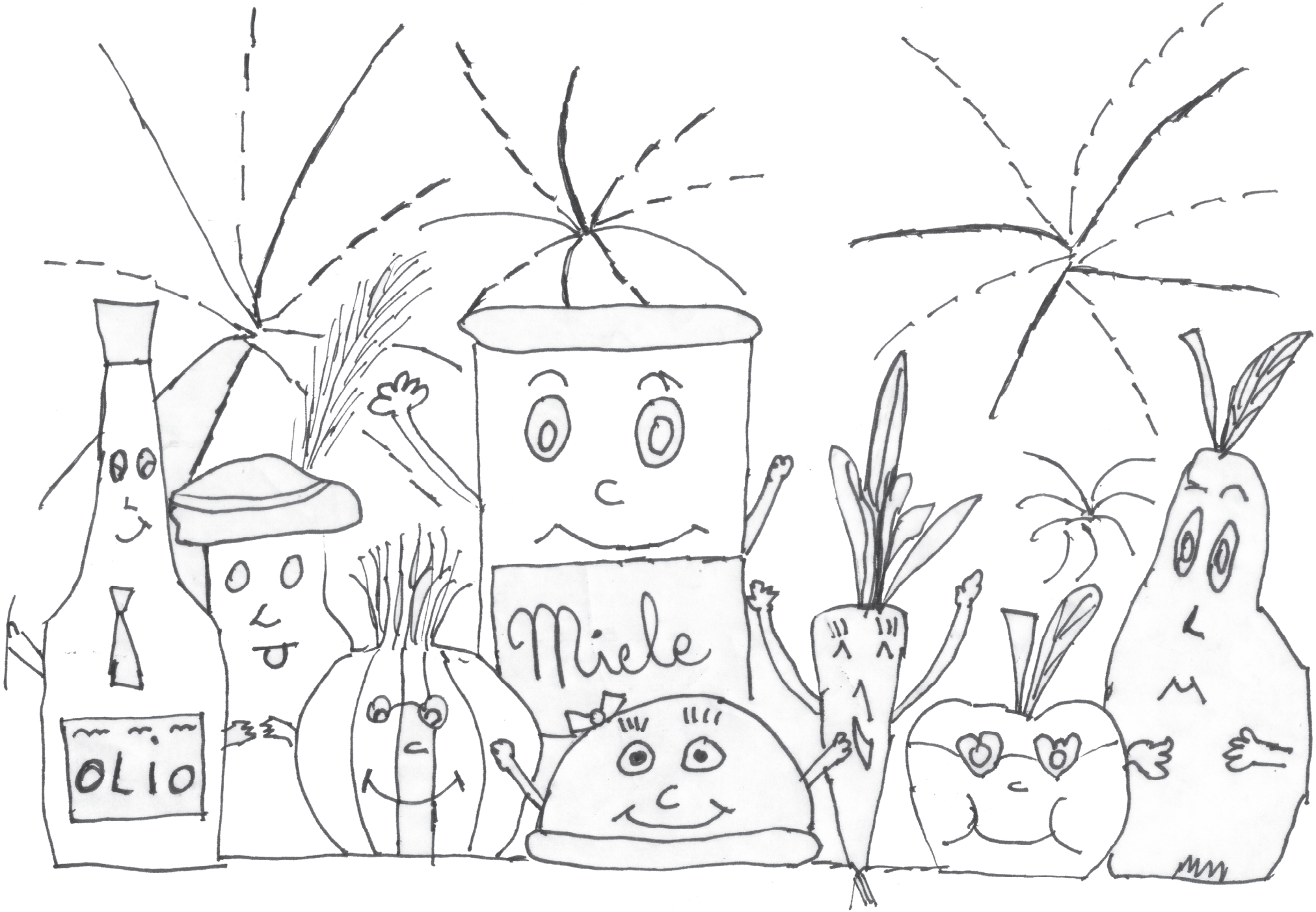
One day Mrs. **Polenta**, who was born in Trento, decided to throw a big party so she could see her friends again. While she was born in **Storo**[1], she left to go find wealth elsewhere as many of her relatives had done.

Many guests had been invited to the party as the invitations reached all the **Trentino** valleys even the very far away ones.

While Mrs. **Polenta** was organizing the banquet, feverish preparations were proceeding and a lot of anxiety was in the air.



[1] An important town in the Giudicarie Valley.


OLIO
Miele

In **Valle dei Mocheni**[2] Mrs. **Luganega**[3] was not happy at all: she felt too fat, too red and, according to her, too greasy. At the party she would be made fun of and so she felt no courage to go out in public.

She decided to take a bath just to relax a bit: she prepared the bathtub full of very hot water. Maybe too hot because when she finished… what a marvellous wonder! The mirror reflected the image of a real model. Mrs. **Luganega** could not stop turning round and round admiring herself: the very hot water had melted away a lot

[2] Valley located east of Trento, parallel to to Valsugana Valley.
[3] Prepared with fresh pork meat seasoned with salt, ground black pepper, chopped garlic and air dried between 40 days to three months.




AH! CHE
BELL d.

of the fat that worried her so much and her complexion was no longer the usual bright embarrassing red.
At this point, she thought she needed a nice cut.
She could not leave it to chance and possibly ruin the final result because she didn't have the proper cut, could she? Her worry became persistent and so she picked up the phone and called Mr. Coltelli (Knives). "Good morning" his wife answered. "My husband is not here. He went to **Trento**[4] to help in the preparation of Mrs. **Polenta**'s party. As you know, Mrs. **Luganega**, there are many guests who require a perfect cut for the occasion and my husband, in all modesty, can handle himself quite

[4] Capital of Trentino.




VORREI PARLARE
CON IL SIGNOR
COLTELLI


MI DISPIACE
MA È ANDATO
AD AIUTARE
ALLA FESTA!

well … as a matter of fact, he was asked to go to the city and be available to all those requiring his help. Go there yourself too as I am sure he'll find the time for your cut. Have a nice party. Goodbye." Mrs. **Luganega** hurried up: she sprinkled herself with her favourite pepper and ran out.

The hall where Mr. Coltelli was working was fully packed. Everybody was scared they would be late and not able to get a fine figure cut. After all, there are not that many reasons to be all together at the same time: cheeses, meats and cold cuts, fishes, fruits and vegetables, oil, honey, wines and grappas. Think that some tables never had the opportunity to see some of these people!

Mrs. **Polenta**'s idea therefore was indeed marvellous! She was known to be a perfect host: so hospitable, warm and friendly with everyone and never making anybody uneasy.

Let's get back to Mr. Coltelli and the enormous work he was supposed to do. For example, now he was discussing the best cut to give to a wheel of **Trentingrana**[5] who in a rather strong manner was saying "… see, Mr. Coltelli, I have reached a ripe old age with a crumbly sweet heart and I cannot be cut as … as that young lady over there for example … yes, that one, do you see her? You notice her right away due to her pale complexion, I believe her name is Miss **Tosèla**[6] from **Primiero**[7]. For sure, I don't need to explain to you how at such a young age the best solution is a slice, something for me that is not possible … I'd rather be grated and I know I'm even appreciated in slivers. You can do that, can't you? You just have to use the tip..."

Mr. Coltelli was very patient: after all, his work was quite good and he knew how to listen to and then follow directions.

Now it was Mr. **Vezzena**'s[8] turn; he was quite tough and

[5] Type of cheese aged for at least 20 months, similar to grated cheese.

[6] Originating from and typical of the Primiero Valley of the Trentino region, this freah cheese should be consumed within a few days of its production either raw or grilled.

[7] The Primiero Valley is located in the eastern part of the province.

[8] This cheese, produced in the highlands of Lavarone, Folgaria and Luserna, is tasty and lightly spicy and may be aged up to two years.

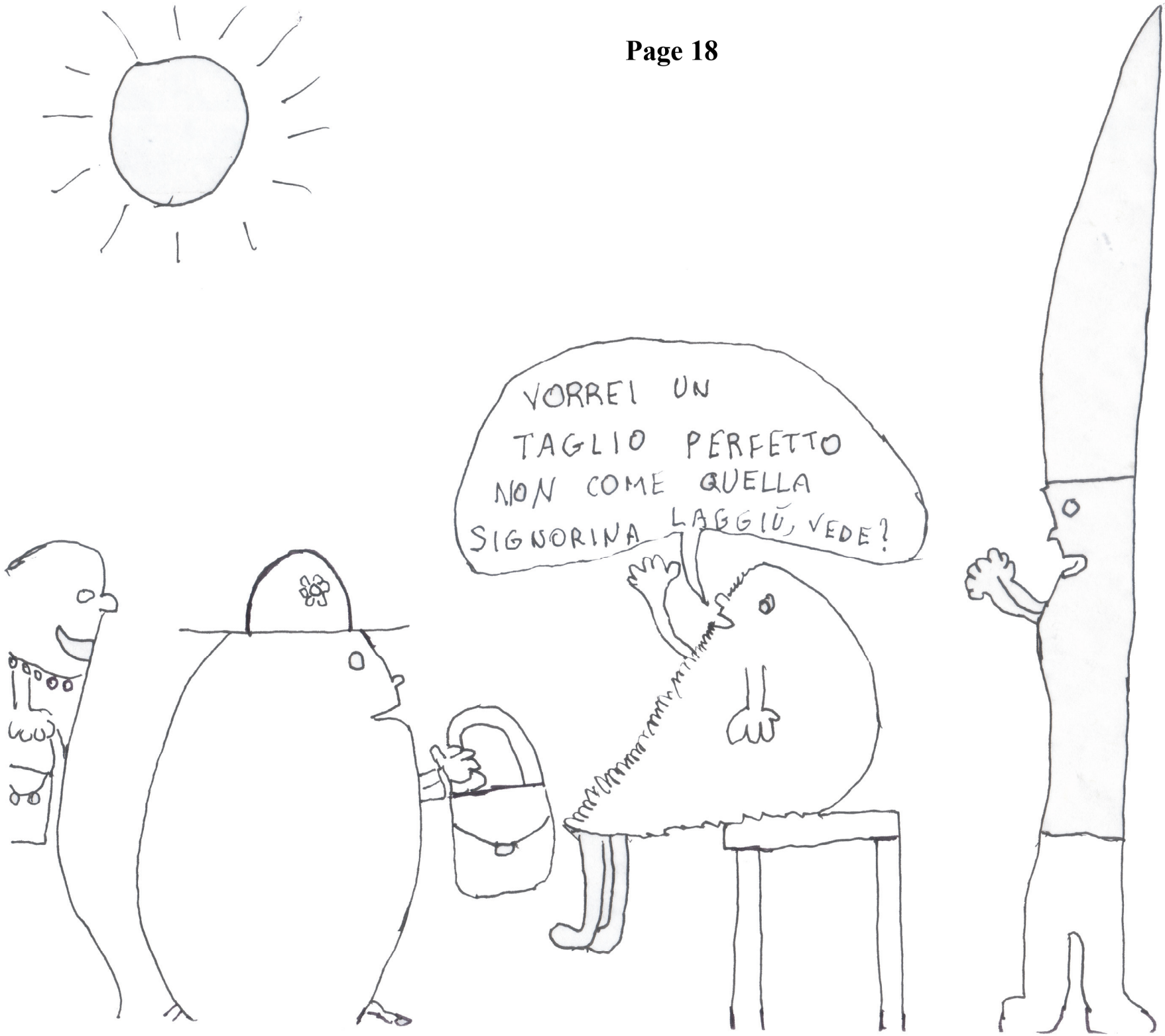



POLENTA
di
Storo

robust, and luckily today he calmly allowed himself to be cut without any resistance. It might have been because at that point he was talking with a distant cousin from **Giudicarie**[9], Mrs. **Spressa**[10], who had recently married a local from **Valle di Fassa**[11]. This guy, nicknamed "**Puzzone di Moena**[12]" had a wholesome sharp appearance and definitely a strong personality. It was rumoured that his goodness was comparable only to his intense aroma. They had become inseparable since their first meeting: they couldn't take their eyes off each other.

[9] Area of western Trentino.
[10] Best known and typical aged cheese from the Giudicarie Valley with flavours ranging from sweet to intense and tangy.
[11] One of the main valleys of the Dolomites, located north-east of the province of Trento.
[12] Named for its intense flavour, it is produced in the Fassa Valley and is characterized by a daily sponge bath made throughout the period of maturation.

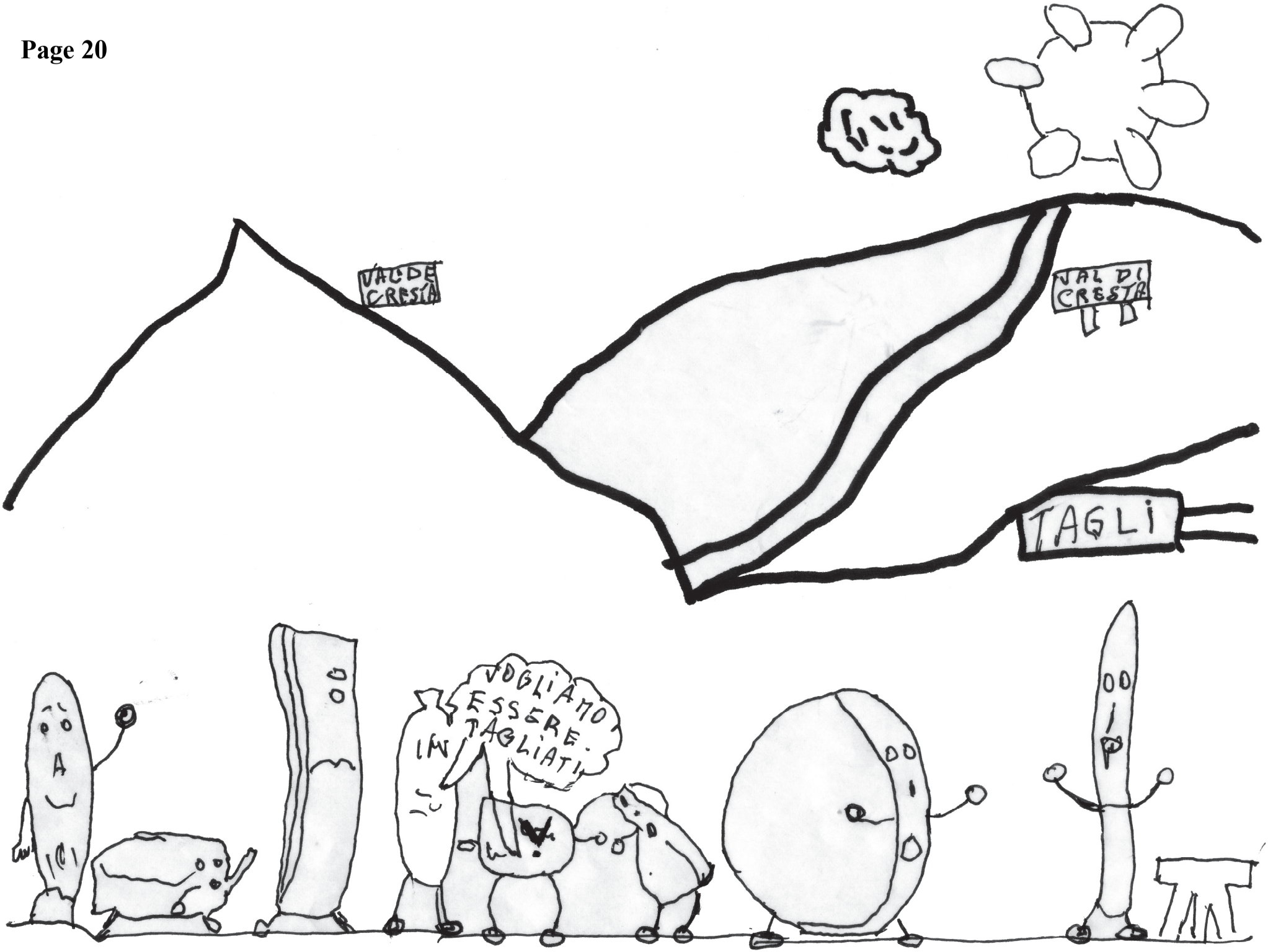



VORREI UN TAGLIO PERFETTO NON COME QUELLA SIGNORINA LAGGIÙ, VEDE?

The last in line was the grandfather – a **Nostrano di malga**[13] – who regardless of his no longer tender age, was bursting with health and energy, through either the milk from dairy cows or through the healthy lifestyle of his youth, demonstrating he didn't have to envy anything or anybody. In fact, the small **Casolét**[14] from **Valle di Sole**[15] that was holding his hand, looked like a round and soft Sancho Panza at the side of the more seasoned Don Quixote.

[13] 'Nostrano' literally means 'ours' while a 'malga' is a hut/mountain building. This cheese is produced there and bears its production origin.
[14] Typical fresh cheese, aged thirty days, from the Sole Valley.
[15] Valley located in the north-west of the province of Trento.




VAL DE CRESTA
VAL DI CRESTA
TAGLI
VOGLIAMO ESSERE INTAGLIATI

Mrs. **Luganega** became anxious. Her nerves were on edge but she could not leave her place as she wanted to show off her new shape. To kill time and because of her curiosity, she was talking with a little round **Mortandela**[16] from **Val di Non**[17] who was softly complaining about the last spa treatment she had. She had not been satisfied at all due to the worst smoke curing given to her – she was saying – with the wood too damp, almost rotten! They also had not properly rotated her with care, over and above the fact that compared to what used to hap-

[16] It's a type of aged and smoked sausage, prepared with pork meat manually rolled into balls on wooden planks that have been sprinkled with buckwheat flour.
[17] Valley in Trentino's north-east region, mostly famous for its apple orchards, but also many other resources such as wines, salami and interesting tourism sites.

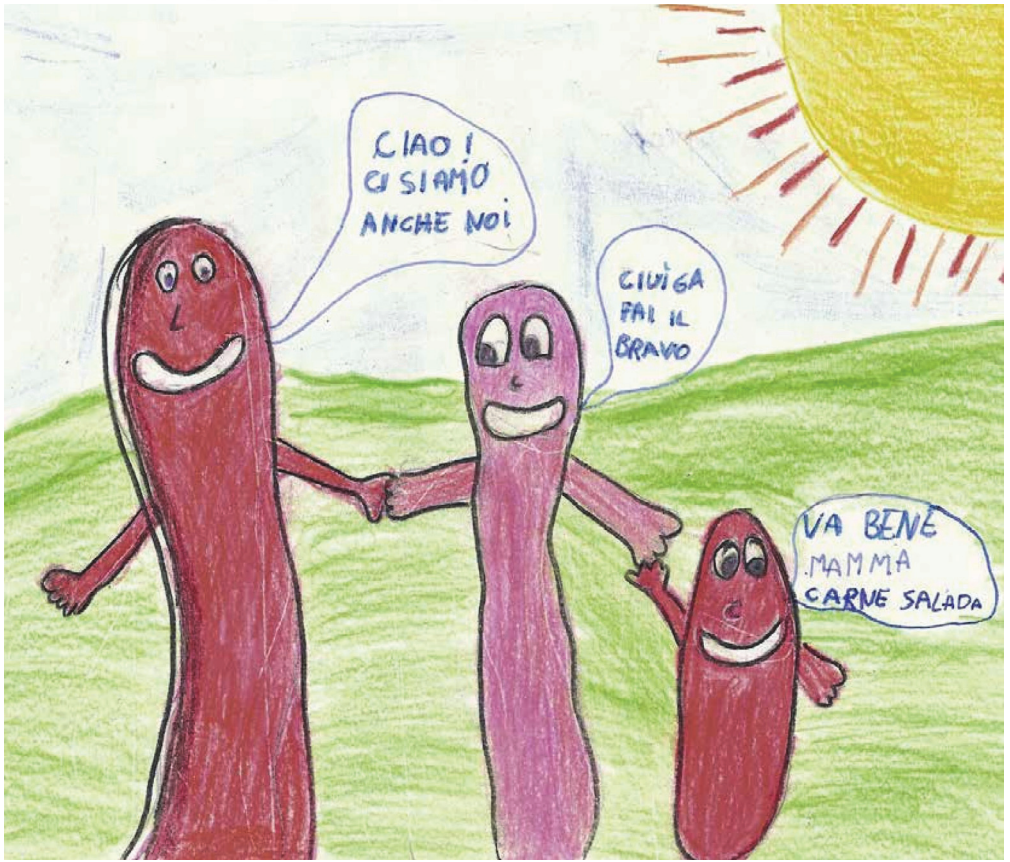
pen, little attention had been given to timing and type of treatment … "Unfortunately, everybody can smell and see the result: my current aroma is closer to a stench of smoke and mould! And the shape … the shape! Rather than a nice round shape, slightly pressed on top – as an elegant meat ball for heaven's sake – I look like a potato, no offence meant, of course."

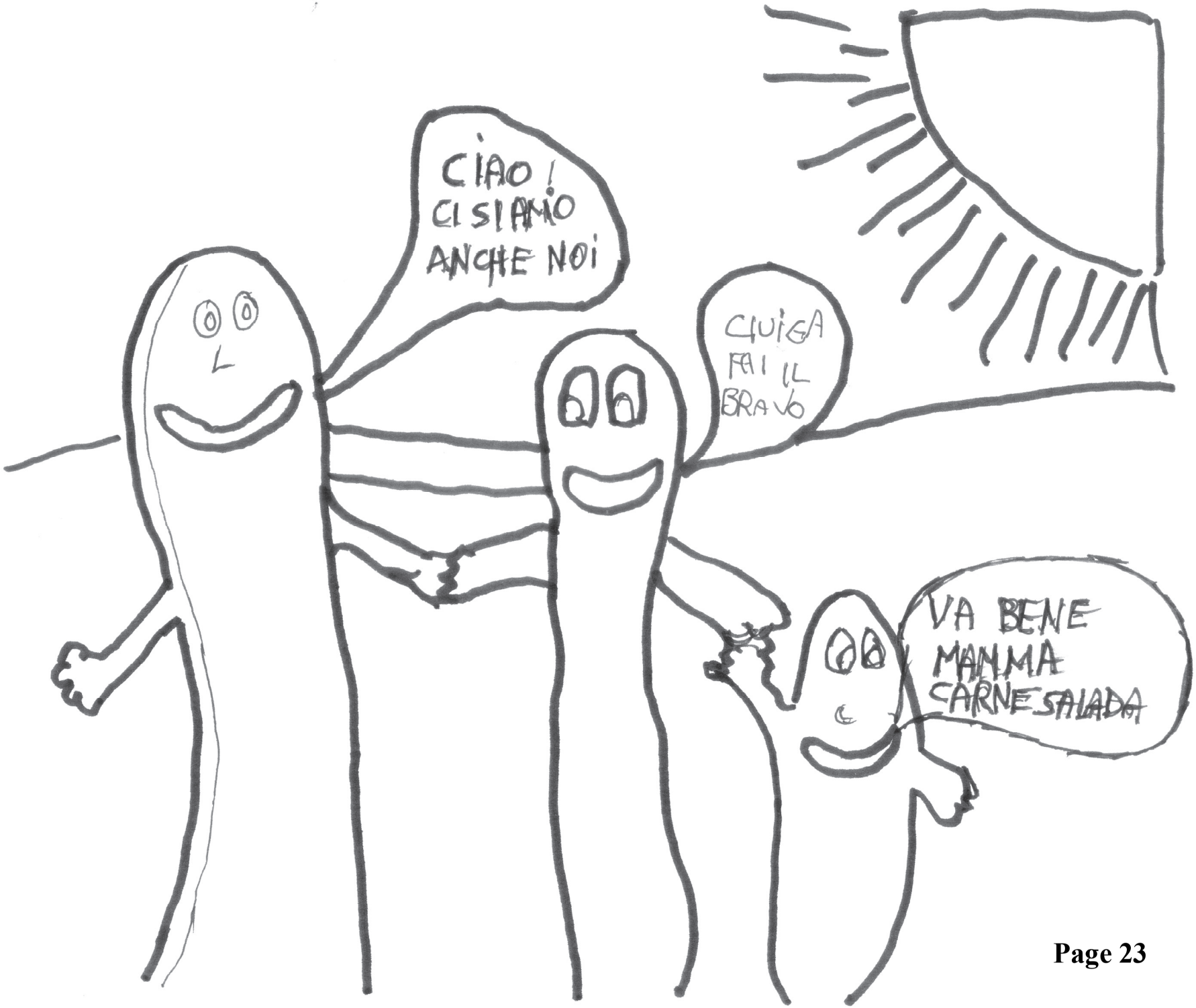
Truthfully, Mrs. **Luganega** was thinking, it was not only a matter of smell or shape: the needy Miss **Mortandela** had been sprinkled with buckwheat flour and her skin looked too wrinkled and not charming at all. Luckily enough, she did not realize this maybe because the little grumbling guest did not remember being part of

the rank "ugly but good" and nobody dared to contradict or comfort her. Everybody was very busy arranging the best for themselves even though almost all had excellent style.

The most confident seemed to be Mr. **Speck** – a beautiful piece of smoked pork leg – whose odd name was thought to be from **Alto Adige**[18]. He was tall, slender and quite sturdy, and all eyes were on him when passing by. Tanned and dry as required, for this occasion he had started preparing himself for months with massages and dry curing sessions properly set, which he patiently

[18] Province forming the Region Trentino-Alto Adige together with Trentino.




CIAO!
CI SIAMO
ANCHE NOI
LUIGA
FAI IL
BRAVO
VA BENE
MAMMA
CARNE SALADA

counted and relied on. Regardless of his entrance, he knew he would be in high regard, and still he wanted a precise and sharp cut by the skillful Mr. Coltelli.
Mr. **Speck** was accompanied by his young wife – a fragrant **Carne Salada**[19] originally from **Gardesana**[20] – and by his granddaughter **Ciuìga**[21], who they picked up for the occasion in **San Lorenzo in Banale**[22], where she was born less than a month earlier. The nice little family real-

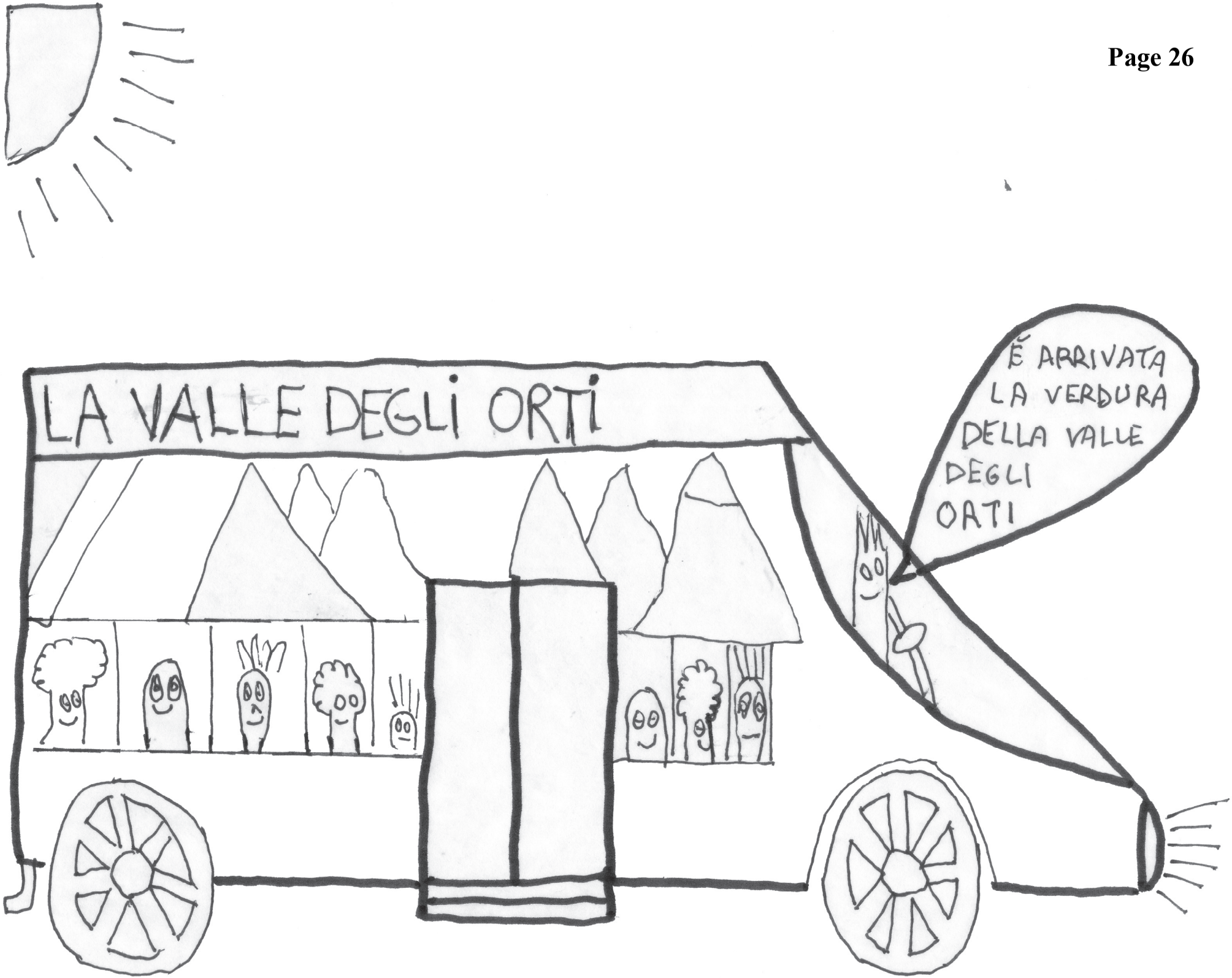
[19] Dialect name for corned beef, a Trentino specialty, produced by marinating it in a mixture of cooking salt, bay leaves, black peppercorns, juniper berries, garlic and rosemary for about 20-25 days.
[20] Related to the Lake of Garda, the largest lake in Italy.
[21] Without an English translation, is pronounced 'chiuiga'. It's from the Banale area. It's a type of sausage of fresh mixed meats, pork and beef, and turnips. It is said that, because of periods of famine, turnips were added to the meat mixture to help population sustenance.
[22] Location near Molveno Lake.

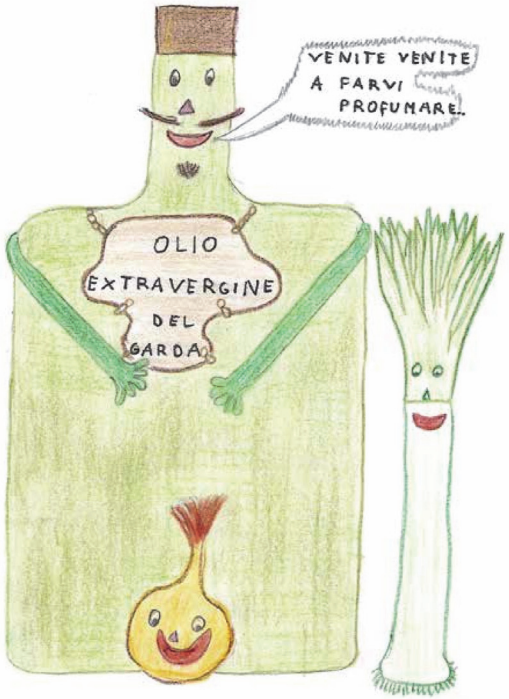
ly looked good and filled the air with loads of aromatic notes.
However, as it usually happens, even in this festive occasion, gossip was rampant; as a matter of fact, rumours indicated that the little **Ciuìga** was very poor – being made of turnip as well as mixed meats. It was said that to hide this fact, the mixture was blended with many scented spices. She was not worried about it as she had found some good friends who had enhanced her qualities – first among them the warm and concentrated **Crauti** (Choucroute). These gentlemen, only outwardly sour, were actually a friendly little family well connected with many other guests, so much so that the host had

arranged for them to sit at a variety of different tables.
At that moment, many of the invited **Crauti** were getting warmed up, just to take off that cold and humid sensation which lately had enveloped them and thus be ready to offer hearty greetings to their fellow guests.
Not too far away from the stoves, some young **Cavoli Cappucci** (Cabbages) from **Val di Gresta**[23] were talking to each other, slightly puzzled and a bit worried about their **Crauti** relatives. Self conceited as they were, they could not stand the idea of being cooked and even less together with the poor cousins **Rape** (Turnips) to then

[23] Valley located in the southern part of Trentino also called the Valley of Orchards of Trentino because it is fully cultivated.

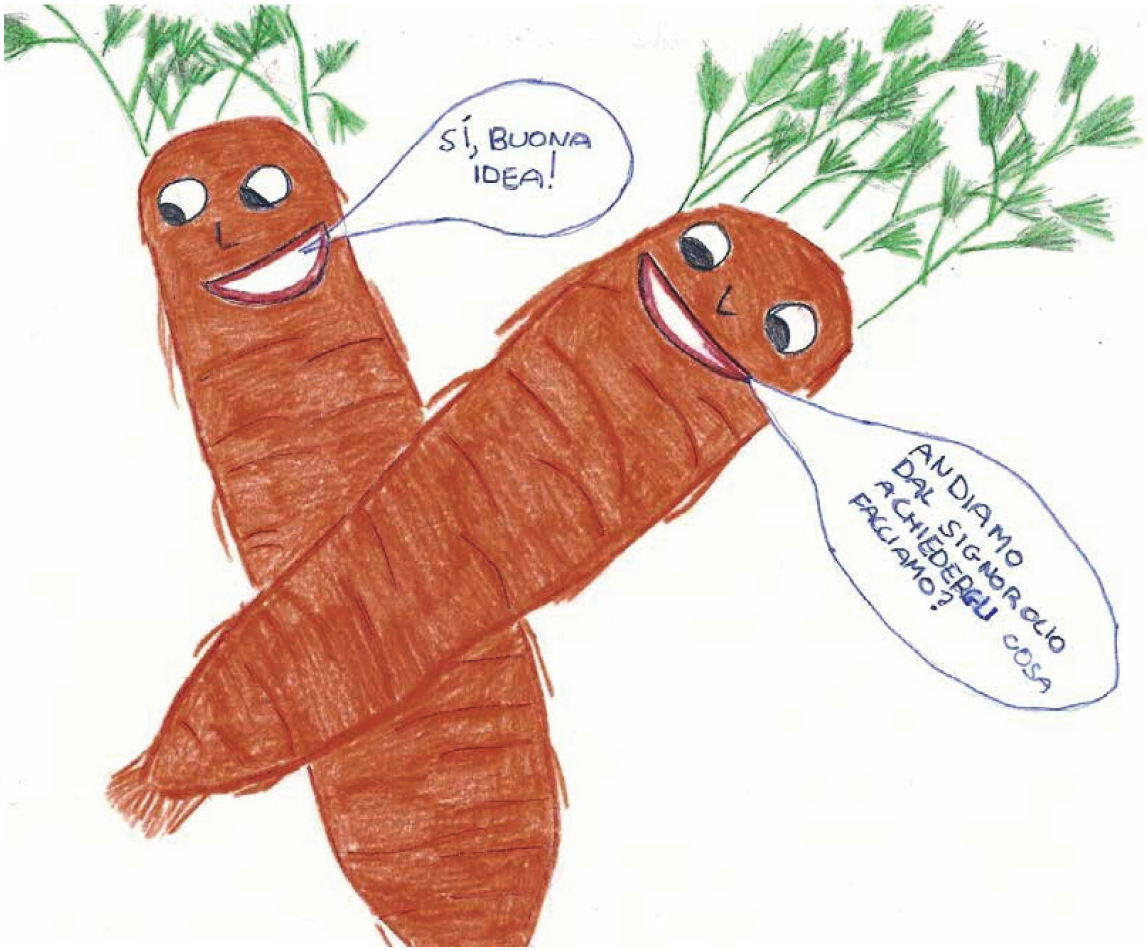


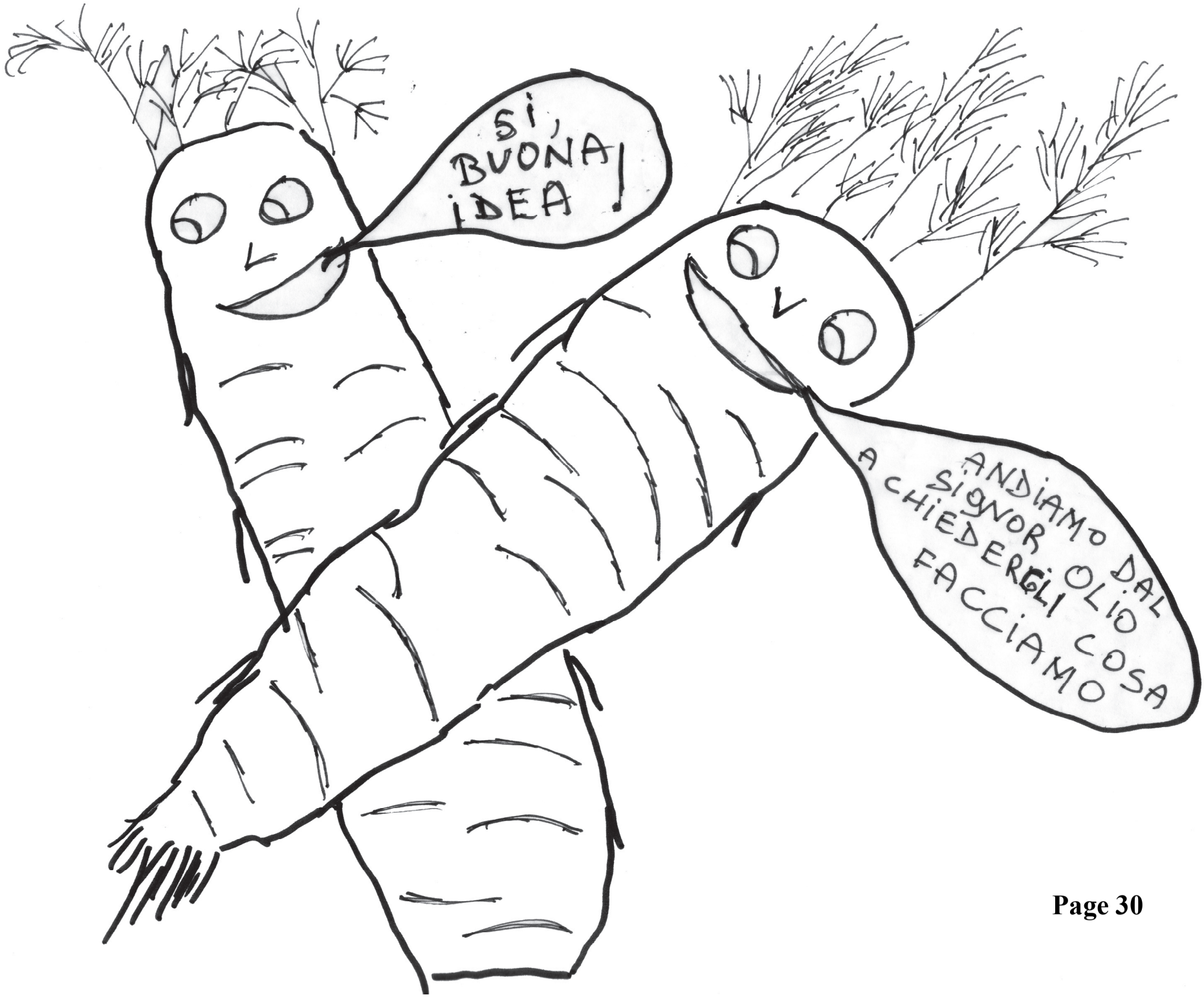

LA VALLE DEGLI ORTI
È ARRIVATA LA VERDURA DELLA VALLE DEGLI OATI



be made lighter: once embraced through cooking, could they be recognized from each other? Would you accept the idea of been dusted with cumin, wild fennel or juniper: they would sneeze at the very least, they said, giggling almost bashfully. The truth is that the **Cappucci** had not been ready on time as the **Crauti** cousins had done, knowing they were quite good even raw! The only strain would be to meet Mrs. Affettatrice (Slicer) and to rely on her experience. Regarding the last details prior to the banquet, from the beginning, Mrs. **Polenta** – a farsighted and tasteful host – had asked the refined **Olio del Garda** (Garda Oil) to enrich with its special aroma **Cavoli Cappucci** and all those in need. Mr. **Olio** took her request to heart, despite his well-known scarcity, as he wanted the party to be a success. To be precise, his correct name is **Olio Extravergine di Oliva Garda Trentino** – a title that since his youth had given him a certain attitude, almost noble, sometimes slightly arrogant, but of course not nasty! Now instead, in a subtle way, Mr. **Olio** was gathering close to him many guests from the Verdure (Vegetables) family; as a matter of fact, he wanted to organize with them the opening dance of the party, asserting to be the only way to start a banquet.

With the **Cavoli Cappucci**, straight from **Ronzo**[24], cheerful **Carote** (Carrots) had come to town, seduced by a green **Sedano** (Celery) travelling with them, a few small **Patate** (Potatoes) families, Mrs. **Verza** (Savoy Cabbage) hand in hand with a rather pleasant **Rapa** and some **Cipolle** (Onions) still a bit unsettled by the many twists in the road. They all had arrived together in a painted diesel minibus




SÌ, BUONA IDEA!
ANDIAMO DAL SIGNOR OLIO A CHIEDERGLI COSA FACCIAMO

the side of which was dominated by the sign "The Valley Vegetable Gardens". The driver – a lonely **Porro** (Leek) so shy that he just wanted to hide in the kitchen – rather proudly was explaining that **Val di Gresta** is a very fertile area (hence the slogan on the minibus) always careful and respectful of the environment. That's why they travelled as much as possible in groups and by ecological vehicles, but that is another story…

In all this confusion the good Mr. **Olio** (Oil) was trying to inform all the Verdure guests of his intentions since they were arriving in dribs and drabs and often stopped on the way to chat with friends and acquaintances they had not seen in a while.

Just as he was almost giving up, the tall and elegant **Asparago** (Asparagus) from **Zambana**[25] entered all of a sudden while trying to appease two quarrelsome **Broccoli** (Broccolis) cousins – one from **Torbole** and the other from **Santa Massenza**[26] – who were always arguing about which one was best.

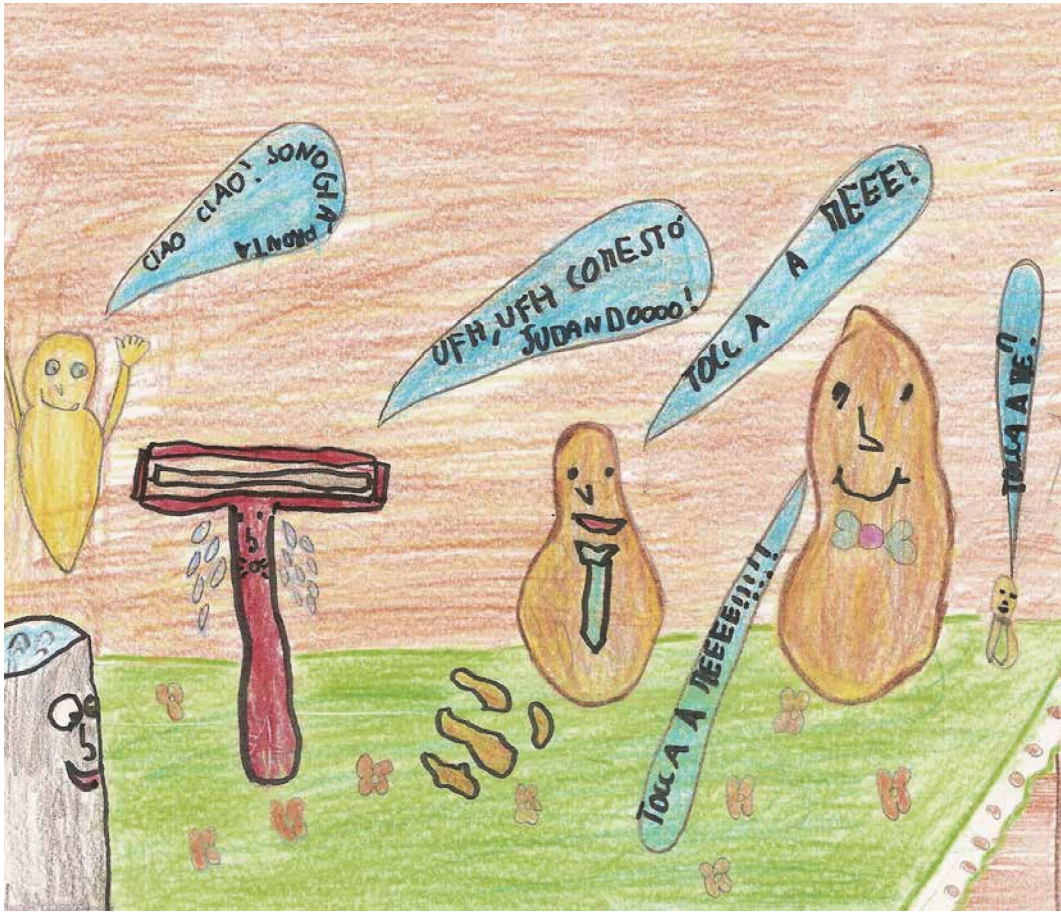
While Mrs. Teglie (Baking Pans) and Padelle (Fry Pans) with Piatti (Plates) and Palette (Spatulas) were organizing how to house and accommodate all the new guests, a very busy Mr. Coltelli called his children and wife to

[25] A village in the Adige Valley famous of its asparagus.
[26] Torbole and Santa Massenza are two towns situated at the northern tip of Garda Lake.

come and help out as he realized he could not do it all by himself.

Meanwhile the Sbucciaverdure (Peeler) engineer was slaving away to peel all those young **Patate** ladies attending the party – simple but undeniable special thanks to the mountain air enjoyed since birth. Indeed, many had been invited from different families as each one had a precise duty: one was assigned to **Purè** (Mashed potatoes), one to **Tortèl**[27], one for **Gnocchi** (Potato dumplings), another one for frying, one to be boiled, and the other one baked without forgetting the one for **Polenta**

[27] Potato pancake – a typical dish of Trentino originating from a time of famine. It is made with grated potatoes, salt and while flour. It is cooked in a frying pan like a pancake.



TOCCA A ME?
TOCCA A ME EEE!!!
TOCCA A ME EE!
UFFA, FATE COME SUDANO!
CIAO CIAO! SONO GIA PRONTA

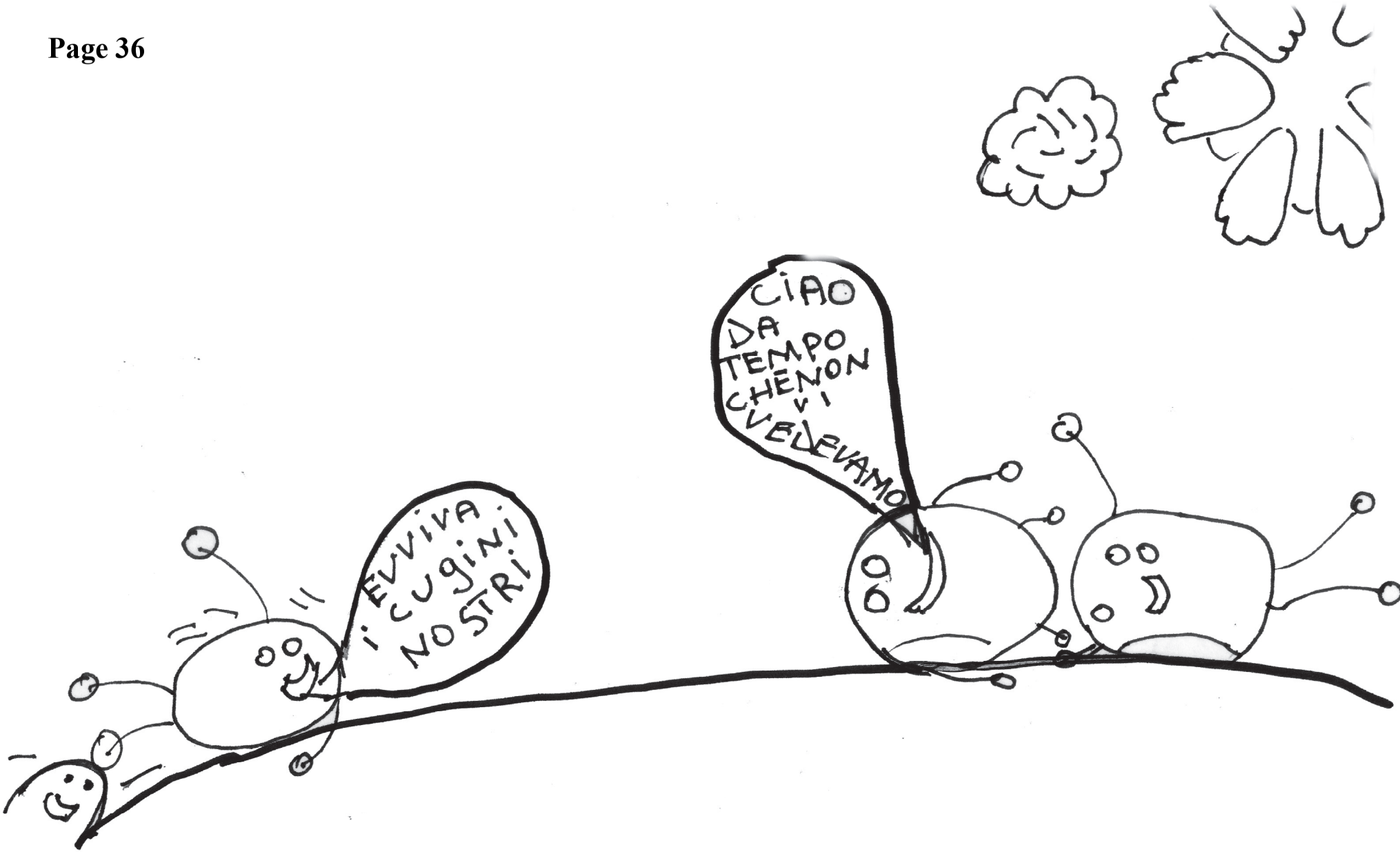
di patate… In short, they were the only ones requiring a lot of time and care and luckily each one of them knew what to do and the kitchen was well equipped.

Under Mr. **Olio**'s attentive and strict guidance and thanks to the Coltelli family's abilities, the banquet preparations were proceeding briskly, but … What was that noise suddenly coming from behind the corner? What was happening? Were they drum rolls? Thunder? What else could it be? Somebody ran out to see and here they were! Yes, indeed they were! The **Marroni**[28] (Chestnuts) from **Castione** enthusiastically were rolling down to meet the **Noci**

[28] Grown, not wild, chestnuts. Castione is the name of its place of origin in Trentino.



Page 36



(Walnuts) from **Bleggio**[29]: they had not seen each other in a very long time and some were quite emotional. "We did not remember you so big and tall!" a cute tender **Noce**, preserved in alcohol for a while, cried out. Hugs and kisses were exchanged: a nearly overwhelming emotion. Then, cheerful and happy they all went together to Mrs. **Polenta**'s party, quite curious to meet the other guests.

[29] Small villages throughout the territory of western Trentino making up a municipality.



All of a sudden, a big **Marrone** that kept a vigil watch all around, alarmingly asked "Were are the **Mele** (Apples)?" That's right! Where were they, more or less everybody asked? With a little malice, someone felt the delay was an unpleasant way to make a grand entrance: since they found out to be famous throughout Italy, it was said, the **Trentino Mele** had become cockey, on a high-horse. Afterwords, however, they realized that not only the Misses **Mele** were absent: nobody from the Frutta Fresca (Fresh Fruits) family had arrived yet. Was it by chance or was something behind it? Not even the host had any idea of what was going on and therefore some guests started to worry. How could they have a **Trentino** banquet without fruit? Many good sweets also would be missed then: **Strudel** and **Torta di Mele** (Apple pie), for example. It was unthinkable! Something had to be done. But what?

While a plan was being discussed, the bell tower clock struck eleven: don, don, don… At the tenth toll, all were filled with wonder as a huge truck, hauled by two tired and sweaty oxen, had arrived. You have guessed what the truck was carrying, haven't you? "The **Mele**! The fruit!" everyone shouted, almost relieved over the news.

You should know that when the Frutta Fresca family received the invitation to Mrs. **Polenta**'s party, all the different varieties' representatives met at the central warehouse in **Val di Non** to prepare something memorable.



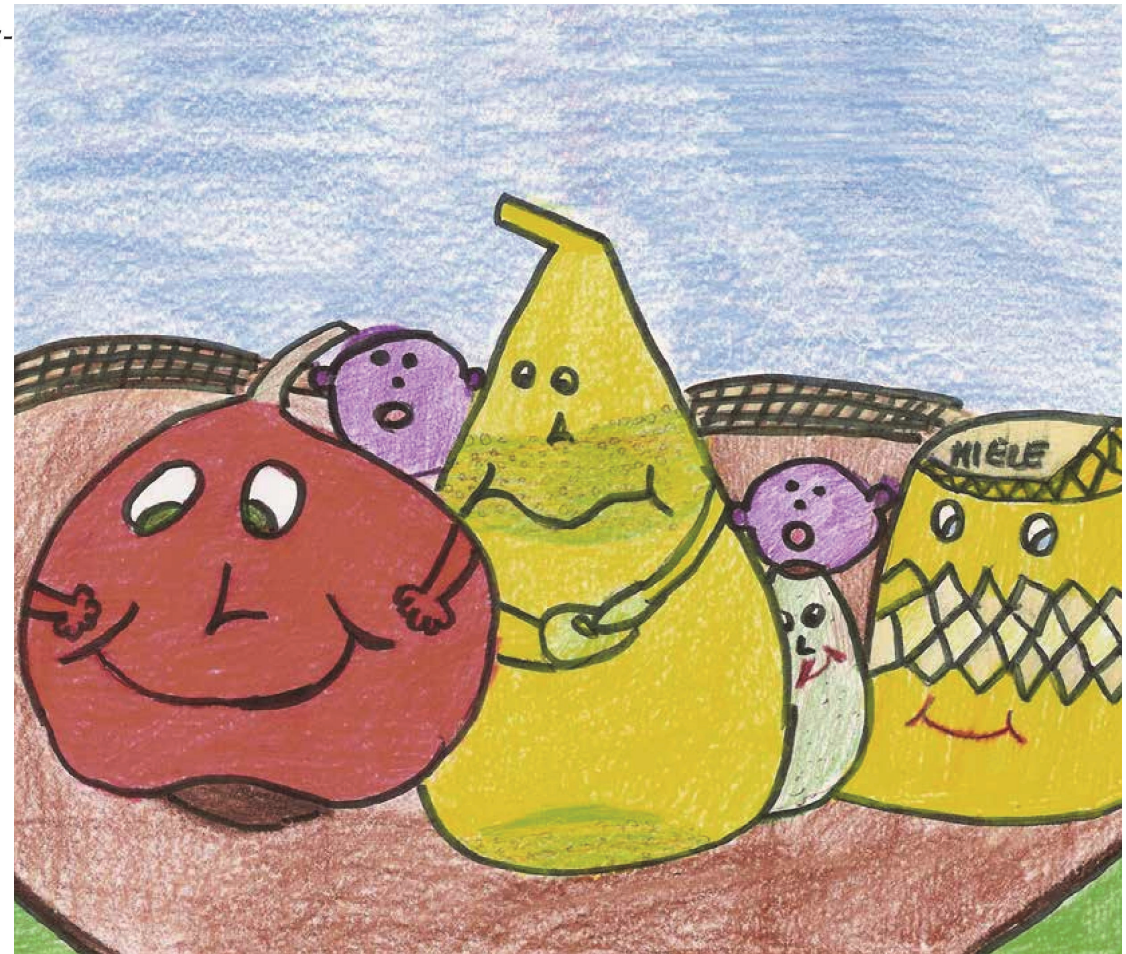

CHE SOLLETICO
CAVOLI CHE CALDO!
ASPETTATEMI VOGLIO VENIRE ANCH'IO
ACCIPICCHIA... CHE FATICA SE SI METTE ANCHE LEI FARÒ IL TRIPLO DI FATICA
FRUTTA

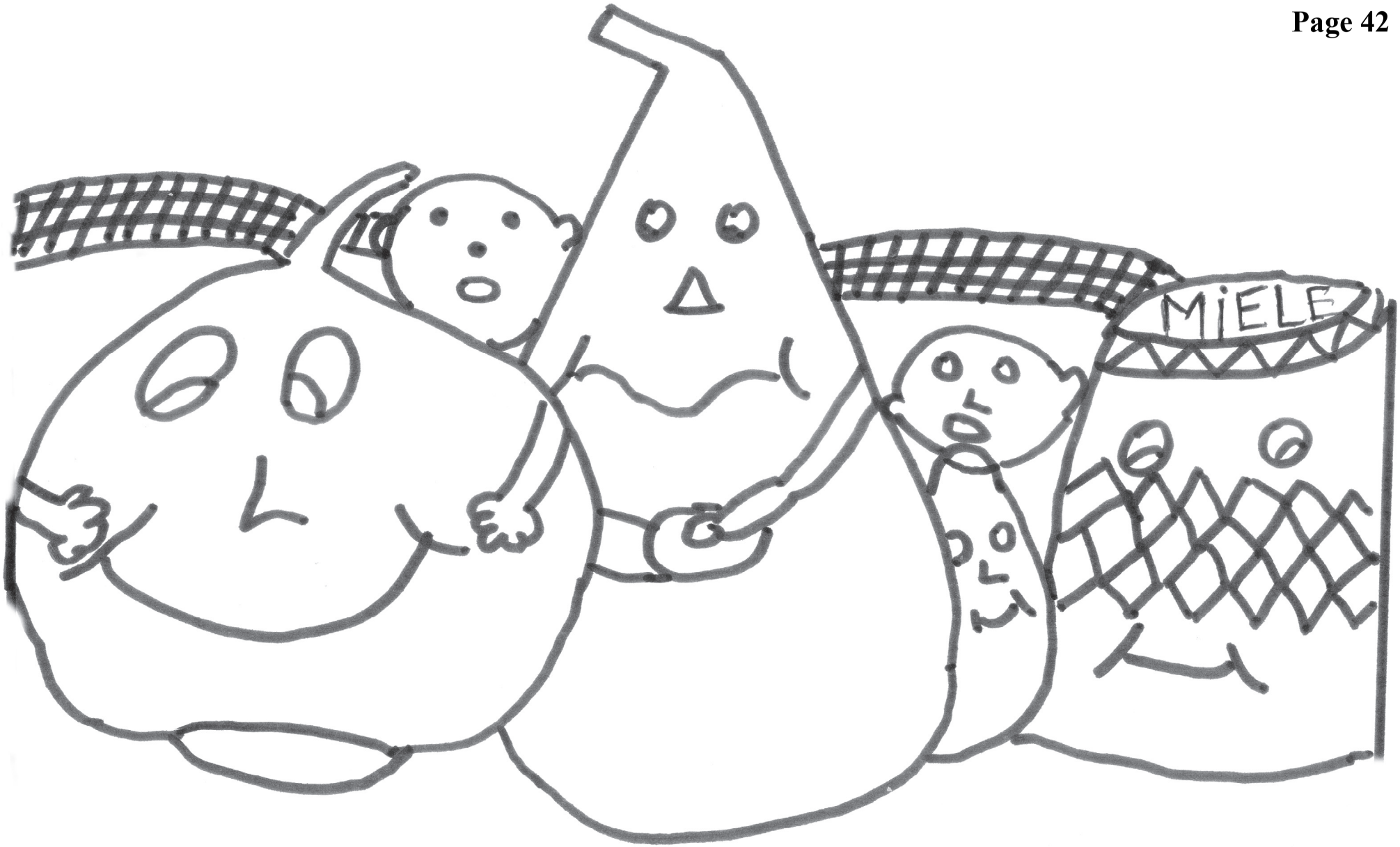
Pages and pages would be needed to report what had taken place, but it was decided to keep it a secret and to make public only what follows. We are allowed to state only this: fruit shakes were invented that day…

Frutta Fresca had meant to make an exciting entrance but there had been a problem: who would lead the parade? And why that choice? To clear the issue in a smart way, they even thought of making a large colourful fruit salad! But, no, this idea was not accepted.

The **Piccoli Frutti** (Berry Fruits), arriving in large numbers from **Valsugana**[30], would have been the only ones to look presentable while all the others needed to be cut in *toc-*

[30] Valley in south-east Trentino bordering the provinces of Vicenza and Belluno.




MIELE

chettini (small pieces). What a pity at such a time as it would be labour intensive.

To manage the difficult day there were the hosts – the **Mele** from **Val di Non** – known for their unparallel wisdom and also for their good reputation.

Finally, an agreement was reached: the Frutta Fresca family, at sunrise the day of Mrs. **Polenta**'s party, would be outside the walls of **Trento**. A quick last shine and then all on a wonderful crystal bowl carried by a huge but simple wagon.

The firm **Mele** under, mixed with the sweet **Susine** (Plumes) from **Dro**[31], then the pretty **Pere** (Pears) on top,

[31] Trentino municipality to the north of Lake Garda, famous for its plums.

with a bunch of **Uva** (Grapes) and the sought-after refined **Kiwi** from **Basso Sarca**[32], making sure not to squash each other. Lastly, a cascade of **Ciliegie** (Cherries) and fresh **Piccoli Frutti**, which pleasantly and lightly could find their place on that attractive colourful mountain, would be a guaranteed sensation.

Shouts of joy by the **Piccoli (Frutti)** happily welcomed the final idea while each fruit tried shyly to hug their neighbour just to feel the effect of being all stuck in the bowl… "After all it could ultimately be a nice experience" a perplexed **Susina** thought crouching tenderly on

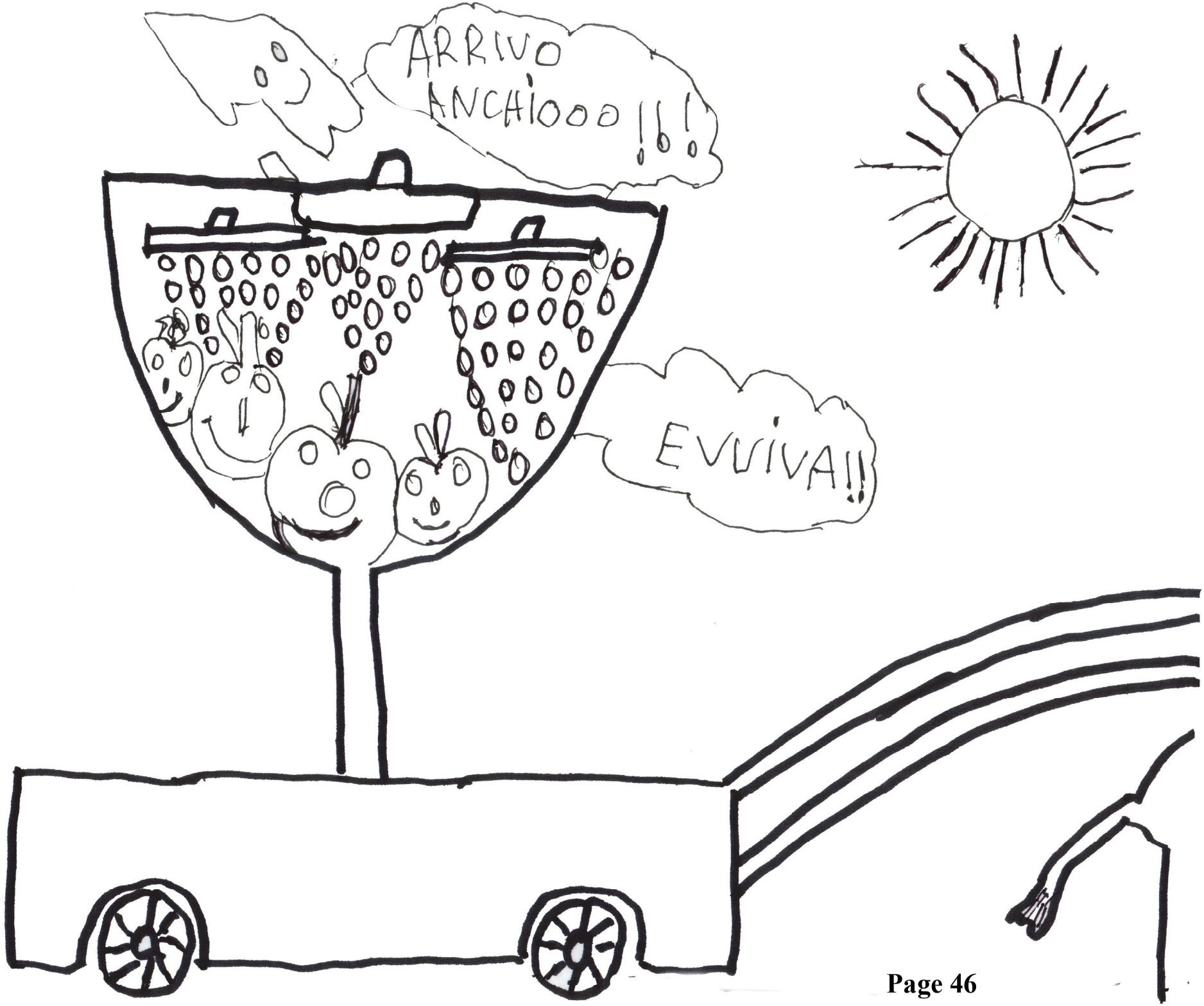
[32] Sarca is a mountain stream running through western Trentino and flowing into Lake of Garda.

a soft **Kiwi**. The process took more time than foreseen because some elderly **Pera** laboured to find the correct position without being squashed nor peeled in some delicate parts. No **Mela** felt hardy enough to stay at the bottom of the bowl under all those fruits…

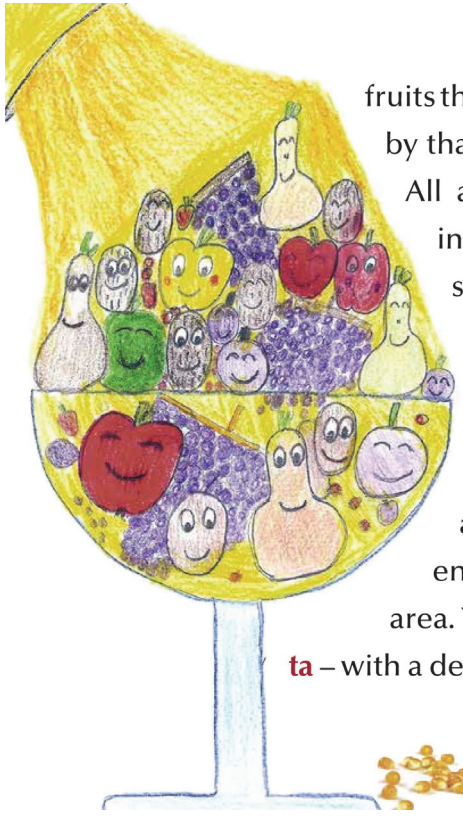
Still, when **Lamponi** (Raspberries), **Mirtilli** (Blueberries), **Fragole** (Strawberries), **Ribes** (Currant) and **More** (Blackberries) let themselves wildly roll down the mountain, the tickling caused by *Fruttini* made everybody burst out in cheerful laughter. Thus everything ended peacefully and the Frutta Fresca family could finally leave to go to the party.

Of course, the huge and strange looking wagon did




ARRIVO ANCHIOOO!!!
EVVIVA!!

not go by unnoticed. At one point, a shiny jar of **Miele** (Honey) di Montagna, stunned by the show, jumped up and shouted with all his strength "One moment! One moment! Allow me to come with you. I will donate a touch of sweetness that you cannot even imagine. Stop, please…" His request was followed by general bewilderment. It was getting late and it didn't look like there would be any room in the bowl, not even for a pin. Still, the intensity of both his words and his behavior aroused the curiosity of the fruits and the oxen were stopped right away. In the span of a moment the large and sticky jar had climbed on the old city walls and as soon as the wagon passed by him, he softly poured himself on all the



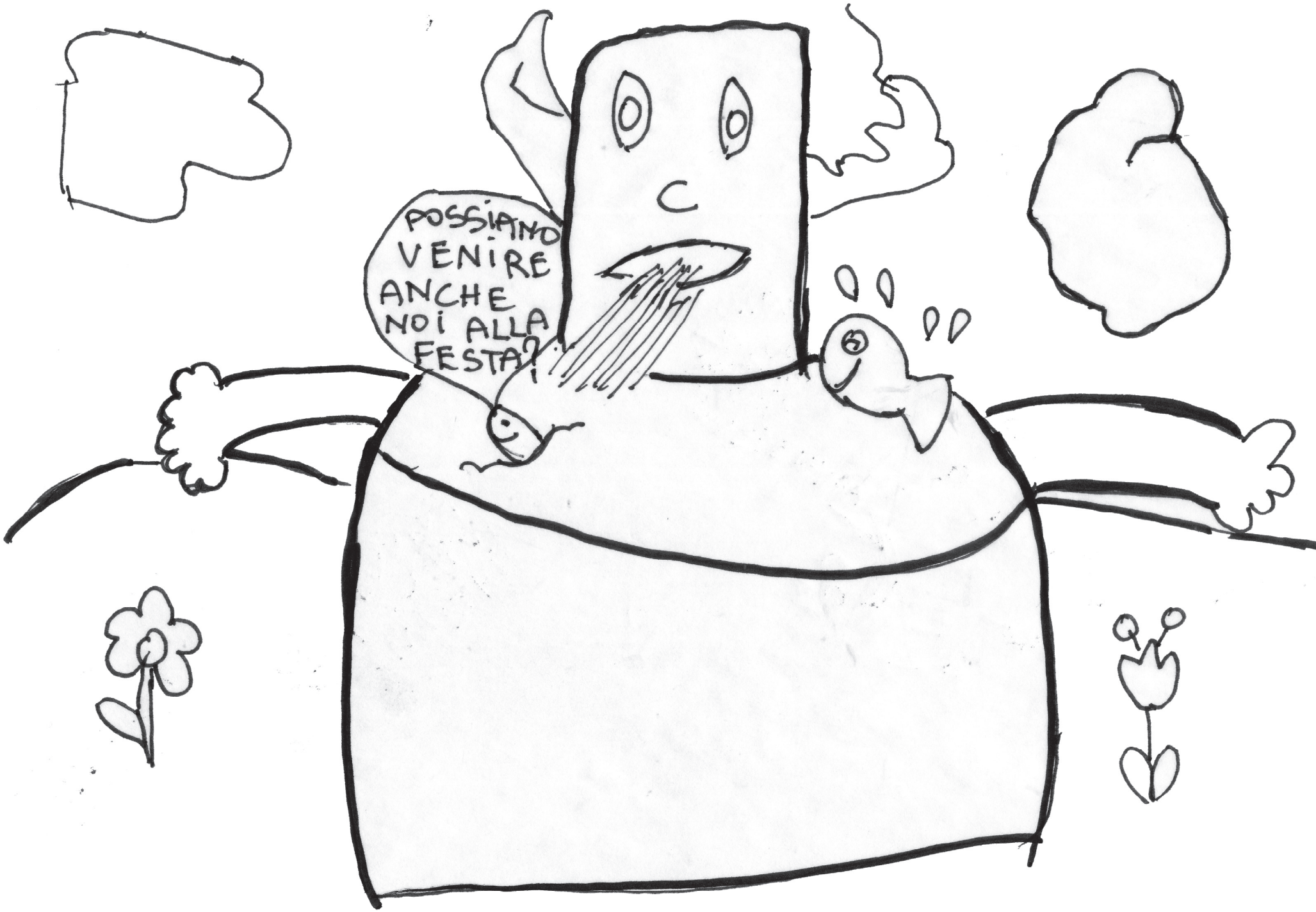
fruits that let themselves be wrapped by that wave of golden sweetness. All agreed that the display was indeed magnificent… and also so enticing!

The bells started to inundate the air with their festive "don… don… don…". It was 11 o'clock and finally, as said earlier, the wagon was entering fluidly in the festive area. The host herself – Mrs. **Polenta** – with a deep sigh of relief, was running

toward Frutta Fresca to welcome them while the whole crowd seemed overwhelmed by such splendor.

The first to come back to reality were the **Trote** (Trouts) who, swiftly swimming in the fresh waters of a large fountain, had managed to keep their composure during the arrival. To tell you the truth, that day these vivacious guests were attracted to a young and slim **Salmerino**[33] (brook trout) – a great great grandchild of the one who had woved the Bishops who had met at the **Trento** Concilio. At least, this is what he kept saying just to feel proud and look good!




POSSIAMO VENIRE ANCHE NOI ALLA FESTA?!

Finally the guests of each family had arrived. In the kitchens, activities for the banquet preparation were in full swing: each had their assigned role and simply had to follow the schedule. Do you think it would be appropriate to interfere? Let's imagine what could have happened if the *tocchettini* of fresh **Lucanica** or the grated **Trentingrana** had forgotten to attend together with the by now elderly Monsignor Pane (Bread) the famous **Canederli**[34] creation…

By the way, it was necessary that a certain degree of harmony amongst the various participants be shared, otherwise what a shame! For example, think that at one point some rather petulant Erbette (Erbs) no longer wanted to hug each other or mix themselves with Monsignor Pane and certain friends, the Uova (Eggs), to make **Strangolapreti**[35]. They were then alerted that the sweet Coste (Beetroot) would be cut and take their place. Finally, the wise Spinaci (Spinach) rapidly took action and proposed a team game whereby all would participate and win an abundant grating of nutmeg which they all loved. The intervention of the immaculate Farina (Flour) was to the point and blended all souls harmoniously in this delicious dish. Those who had seen what went on, applauded with satisfaction and had their mouths water with expectation...

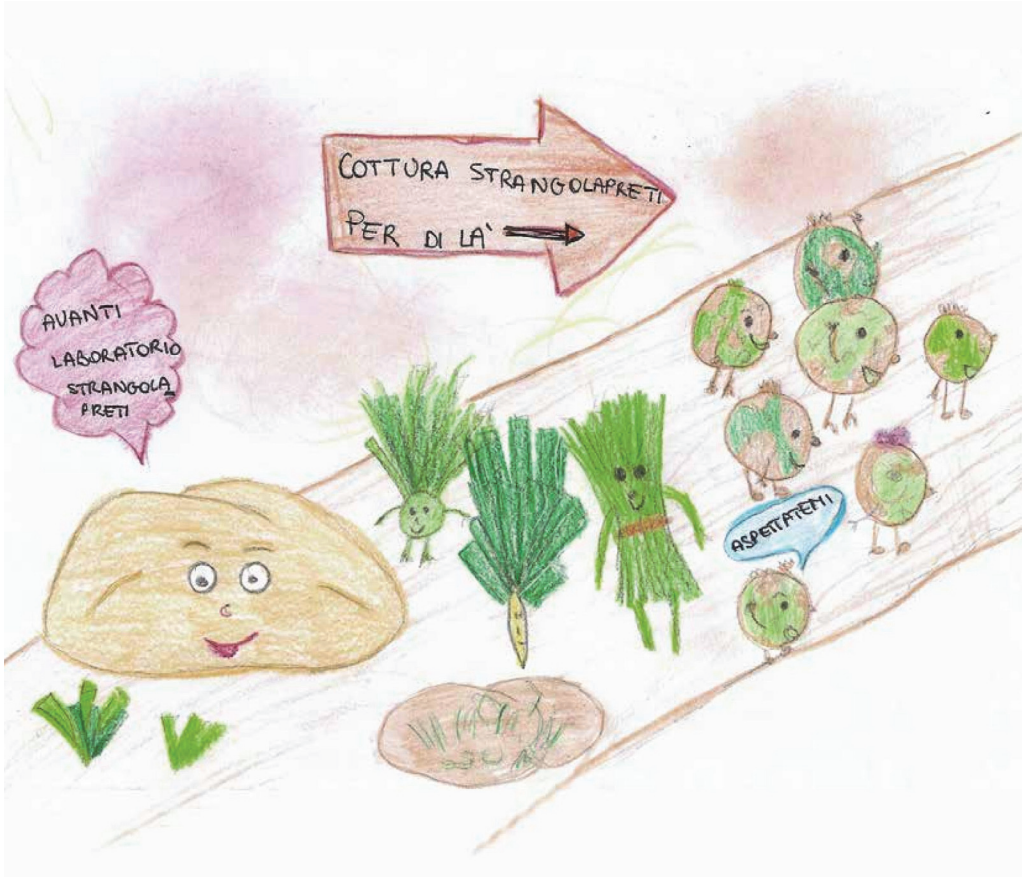
Another very funny episode, from which you'll understand how much happy confusion was going on that day, took place when a young small glass of **Trentino Grappa**[36] had to cover properly those registered in the **Torta de fregolòti**[37]. While these were conscientiously taking themselves apart in preparing many little pieces, the naïve but strong distillate had attracted the attention of an impertinent branch of Asperula who wanted

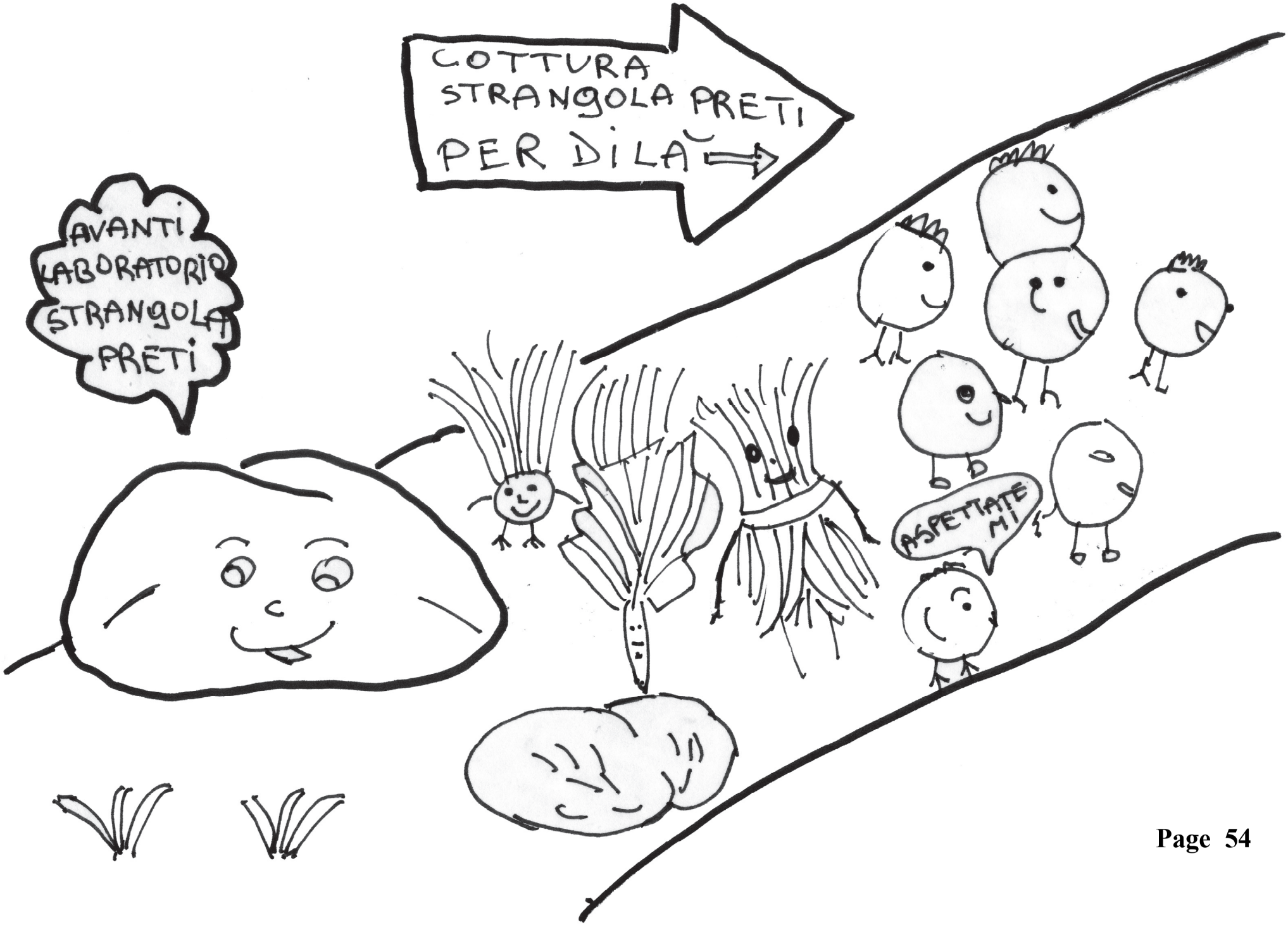
[34] Bread dumplings are a traditional first course meal for Trentino cuisine. They are served in broth or dry and are part of the local 'poor cuisine'. Amongst the many varieties, the most popular is made with bread, milk, eggs, onions, speck and/or salame and/or bacon and/or sausage, all mixed together and hand made into large dumplings.

[35] Typical Trentino dish made with bread and spinach and shaped as small dumplings.

[36] Grappa is distilled grape marc with alcohol content of up to 40 proof.

[37] Typical dry Trentino cake made with butter, almonds and grappa.




COTTURA STRANGOLA PRETI PER DILA'
AVANTI LABORATORIO STRANGOLA PRETI
ASPETTATE MI

delicious dish. Those who had seen what went on, applauded with satisfaction and had their mouths water with expectation...

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[36] Grappa is distilled grape marc with alcohol content of up to 40 proof.
[37] Typical dry Trentino cake made with butter, almonds and grappa.




VOGLIO VENIRE ANCHIO NELLA TORTA

to become a little too friendly. **Grappa** knew that with her it would have been nice, but luckily her sense of duty made her think about the worried members of the Torta (Cake) that up to that point had been left dry.
A few other small steps and then the cake was ready for the oven from which it would have come out shortly, golden like the sun, and immensely good.
Notwithstanding some obvious difficulties, the Piatti da portata (Serving Plates), the Zuppiere (Soup Bowls), the Coppe (Salad Bowls) and the Taglieri (Cutting Boards) were working towards welcoming with good manners the more than thousand delicacies arriving from everywhere.
At this point, many clamoring bottiglie di Vino (Wine




UFF...
TORNATE QUI!!

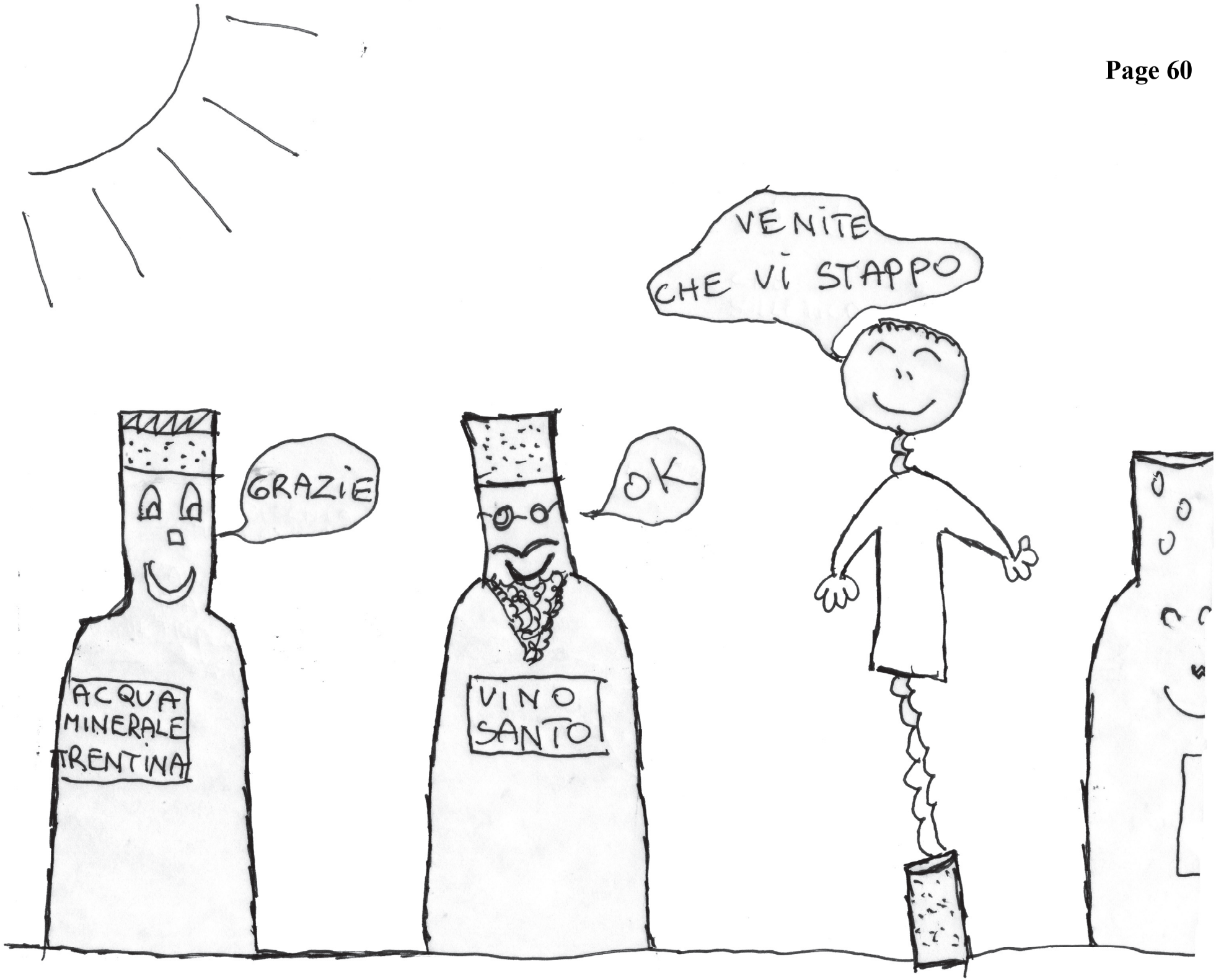
bottles) were orderly making their entrance from the cold cellar – each one splendid in its own way, unique in colour and sticker, as a special representative of a particular variety.

The goblets on the tables became excited about the upcoming happy meeting and the atmosphere was becoming hotter and hotter.

Some bottles of **Acqua Minerale** (Mineral Water), sent to the city for the occasion by the various **Trentino** springs, looked anxious to be allowed to stay close to some of their friends, just to feel that special distinction.

A little worried, the Cavatappi (Corkscrew) brothers, many of them being hired for the banquet, could not ac-




VENITE CHE VI STAPPO
GRAZIE
OK
ACQUA MINERALE TRENTINA
VINO SANTO

commodate and welcome all those bottles arriving one after the other.

It was first proposed that the Vini Bianchi (White Wines) be allowed to talk – for example, the young and aromatic Miss **Nosiola**[38] from **Valle dei Laghi**[39] or an aromatic von **Müller Thurgau**[40], arrived at the party from the high terraces of **Valle di Cembra**[41].

Others, instead, wanted the decisive and sometimes stronger company of the Vini Rossi (Red Wines) right away. First amongst all was the "prince" **Teroldego rota-**

[38] Indigenous and unique vineyard of white grape mostly seen in the Valle dei Laghi.
[39] Valley that extends from Trento to the Trentino side of Lake of Garda.
[40] A white wine with distinct and aromatic scents characterized by a yellow-greenish colour. It is mainly from the Cembra Valley but also cultivated in terraces up to 700 metres and over above sea level.
[41] Valley to the left of the Adige river.




SONO UN PO PREOCCUPATO
HIP, HIP, HIP URRA!
HIP, HIP, HIP URRA!
SPUMANTE
TRENTO DOC

liano[42], who quite vainly stated he was the first to receive a prize for his value and to have had from the very beginning a role of high prestige.

There were also the lovers of the ancient stories told by the cousins **Marzemino**[43] – that from **Isera** and that from Ziresi[44] – living mostly in **Vallagarina**[45], one on the left and the other on the right of the river **Adige**.

Happy for such a festive welcome, the fresh Acque (Wat-

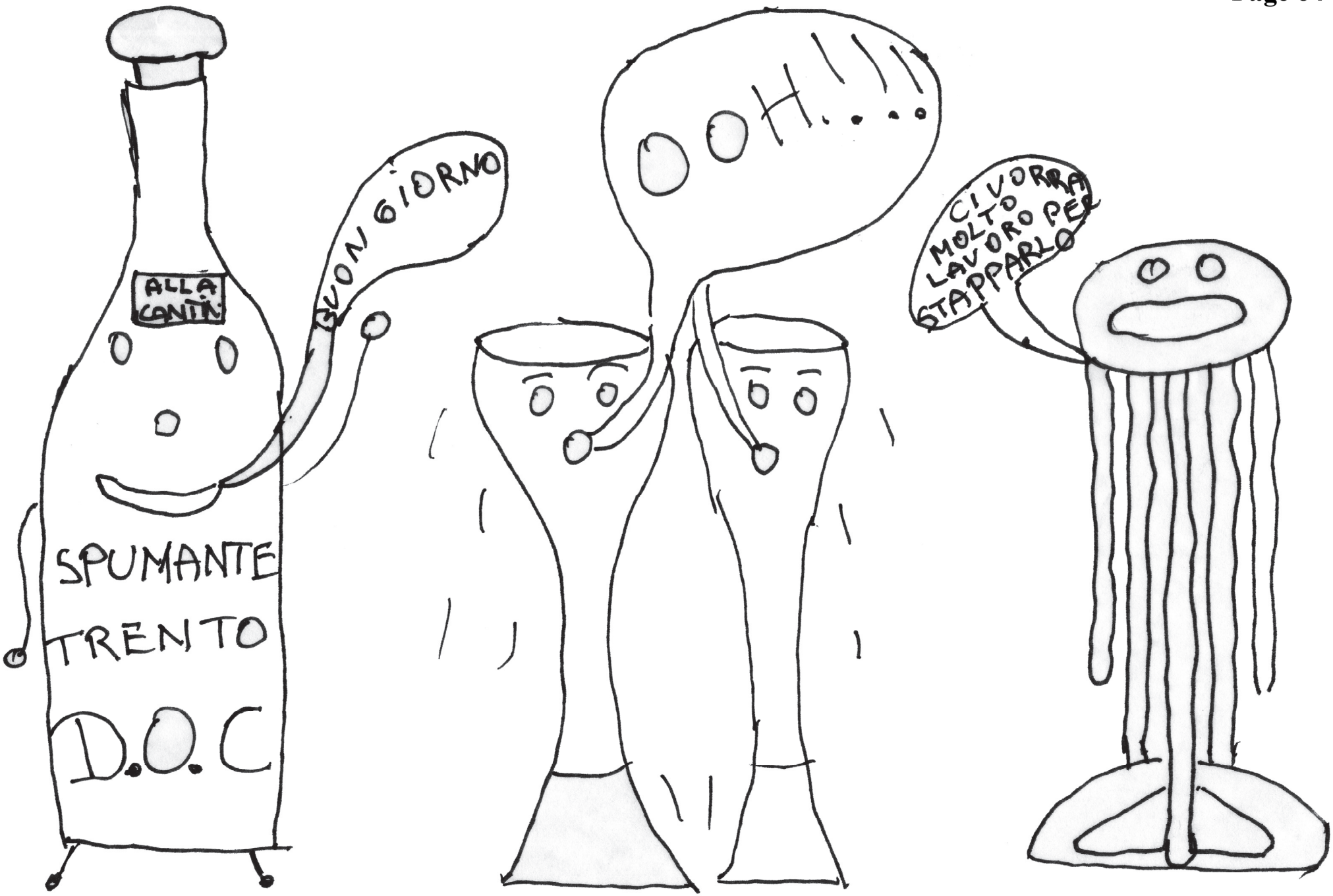
[42] A red wine of great prestige with organoleptic characteristics making it known as the "prince" of the Trentino wines. With a delicate aroma, quite fruity and reminiscent of raspberries, its colour is intense ruby red, the taste is dry, firm and full-bodied. It is cultivated in the vast territory of the Rotaliana plain which include the municipalities of Mezzolombardo, Mezzocorona and Grumo di San Michele all'Adige.

[43] It is a native red wine from Vallagarina (area of Rovereto and vicinities) with a dark ruby red colour and a floral and berries fragrance.

[44] Areas of Trentino where the Marzemino wine is produced; these areas run along the Adige river south of Trento to Vallagarina.

[45] Valley extending along the Adige river from Besenello up to Borghetto, at the border with the Province of Verona.




ALLA CANTINA
BUON GIORNO
SPUMANTE
TRENTO
D.O.C
OOH!!!
CI VORRÀ MOLTO LAVORO PER STAPPARLO

ers) together with these young Vini danced without any pause here and there in between tables.
Moreover, with his slower and pensive manner, also the blond **Vino Santo**[46] from the **Valle dei Laghi** had arrived and its sweetness enticed everybody.
He rarely attended banquets but this was a very special day that he did not want to miss for any reason whatsoever. It was rumoured that the participants would be photographed and maybe even talked about in a story, making this event impossible to miss.
From the back rows a very self-confident bubbly **TREN-**

[46] Obtained from raisin grape nosiola after a very lengthy maturing process in wooden barrels. It becomes a sweet and fresh wine of golden colour with aromas of honey, figs, raisins, exotic fruits and vanilla.



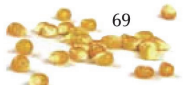
TODOC[47] was being welcomed by all with a warm "Hip, hip, hurrah!"
All of a sudden, the corks exploded creating a fireworks show.
The glasses excitedly gave hospitality to the sparkling wine with its happy bubbles while mingling amongst the guests.
Now the sun was shining way up in the sky making glowing colours.

[47] Using the classing method, it is a sparkling wine produced with 98% Chardonnay grapes.

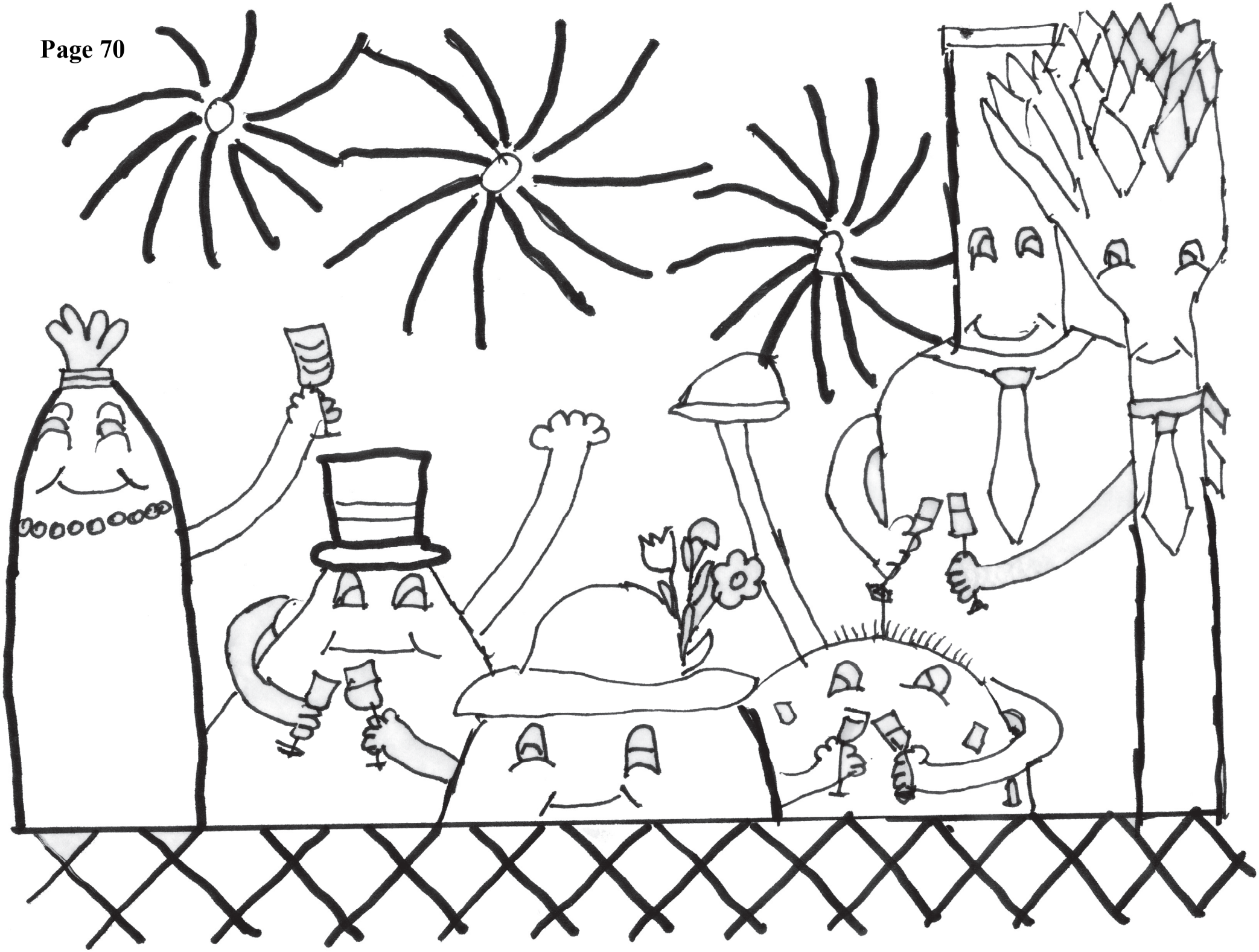


Mrs. **Polenta**, gratified by the success of her initiative, laid softly down on the central table while inviting her guests to take a seat.

When the last *tocchetto* of Formaggio (Cheese) found a perfect place between a slice of **Luganega** and a bunch of **Uva**, the glasses were raised to the sky and good wishes resounded majestically at Mrs. **Polenta**'s party.







One day Mrs. Polenta decides to organize a big party so she can once again see her friends. The invitations are delivered to all the Trentino valleys, even the far away ones. By so doing, the large and festive event is attended by: the Cheeses, the Vegetables and the Fresh Fruits, the Cold Cuts, the Wines, the Mineral Waters and even the Grappas, and also the delicate Mr. Oil, the Mountain Honey, the Misses Trouts and the slim Arctic Char. For this unique banquet careful preparation goes into Bread, Spinach and Potato Dumplings, Sauerkrauts , Strudel, Apple Pie and Fregoloti Cake. Of fundamental importance is the expertise of Mr. Knives, the Vegetable Peeler Engineer, the Corkscrew Brothers, and many other characters. These characters come to life in these pages providing joy for the community.

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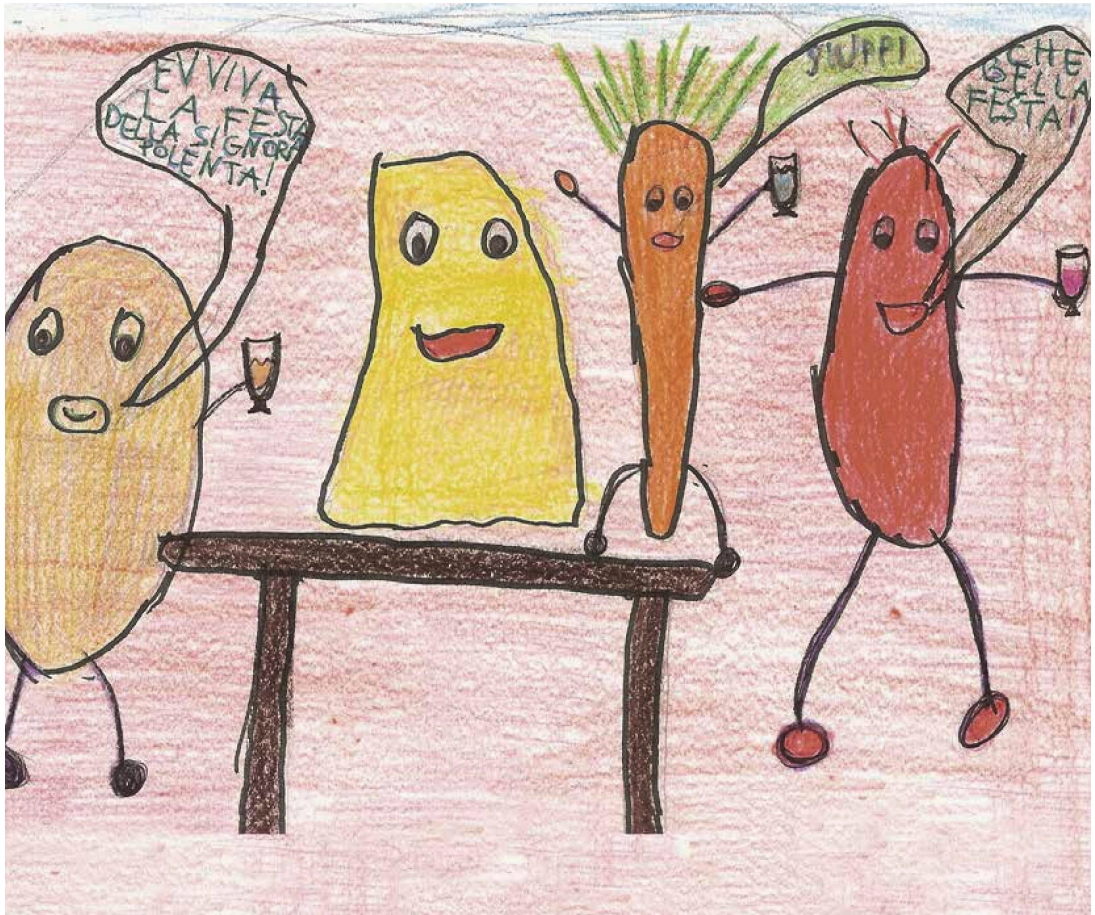
Slow Food TRENTINO

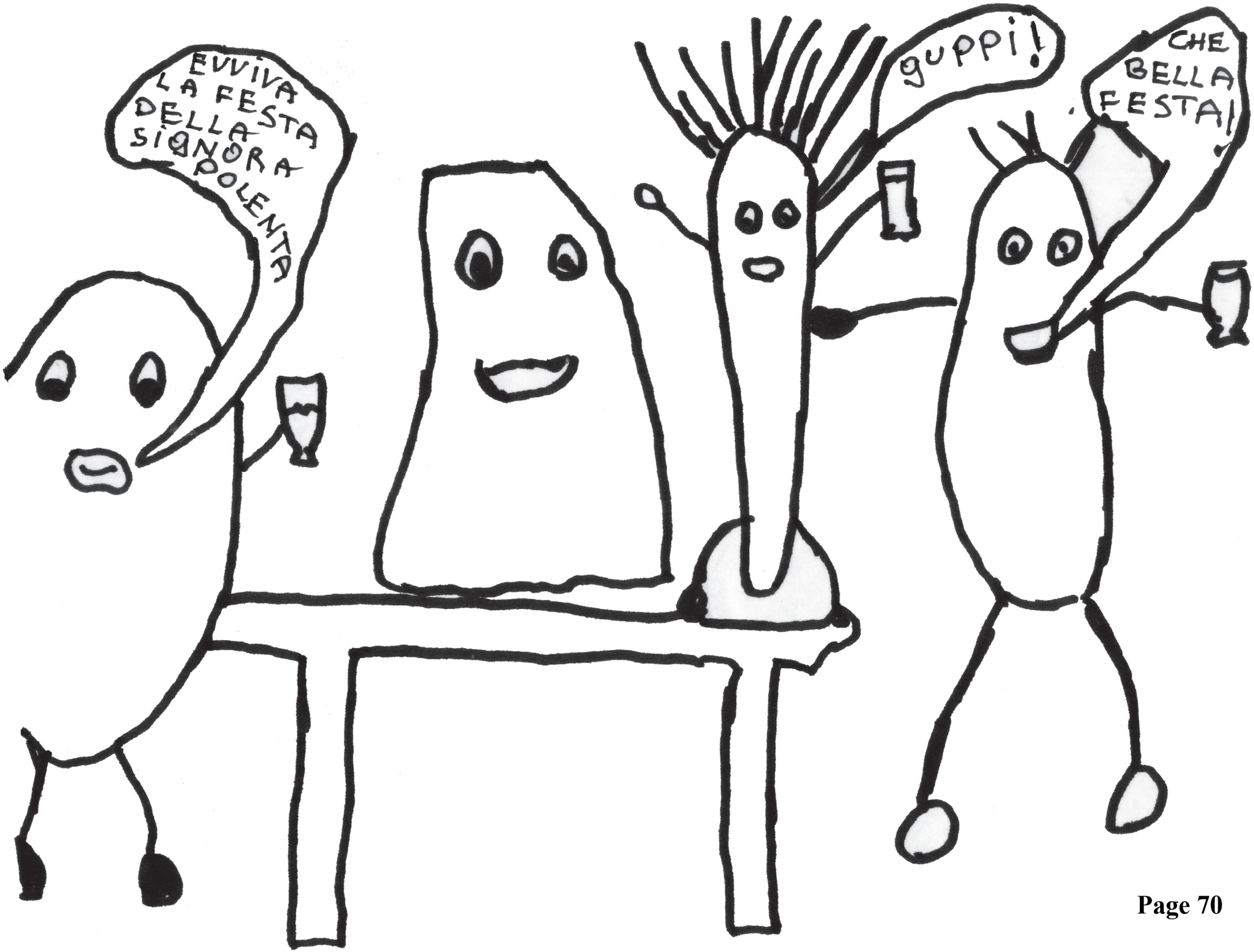
Una nuova esperienza educativa

"Domani bambini verrà a farci visita Dina, una contadina che ama leggere e che ci racconterà una storia con dei personaggi speciali…"
Così sono iniziati la nostra collaborazione con Dina la contadina e l'originale viaggio di conoscenza dei prodotti alimentari tipici e tradizionali del Trentino.
Il racconto "La festa della signora Polenta" si è prestato ad un lavoro interdisciplinare, che ha coinvolto due classi quarte della Scuola Primaria di Pomarolo. La storia, infatti, è stata utilizzata nei laboratori espressivo-teatrali e di educazione all'immagine, oltreché come pretesto per introdurre argomenti di educazione alimentare e di geografia.
La presenza in aula di gran parte dei prodotti/personaggi citati nella storia e la possibilità di assaggiarne subito qualcuno hanno contribuito a dare sostanza a quanto si stava raccontando e a catturare ancora di più l'interesse dei bambini, che hanno accolto con entusiasmo la proposta e le diverse attività affrontate grazie a questo progetto.

Ringraziamo Dina la contadina per questa interessante e "saporita" esperienza.

Le insegnanti delle classi IV A e IV B
della Scuola Elementare di Pomarolo.




EVVIVA LA FESTA DELLA SIGNORA POLENTA
guppi!
CHE BELLA FESTA!

Località trentine citate nella storia
(in ordine di richiamo):

Trento
Storo
Valle dei Mocheni
Primiero
Valli Giudicarie
Val di Fassa
Val di Sole
Val di Non
Garda trentino
San Lorenzo in Banale
Val di Gresta
Zambana
Torbole e Santa Massenza
Castione di Brentonico
Bleggio
Valsugana
Dro
Basso Sarca
Valle dei Laghi
Val di Cembra
Piana Rotaliana
Isera
Vallagarina

Piatti citati nella storia
(in ordine di apparizione):

Polenta
Crauti
Purè
Tortèl de patate
Gnocchi di patate
Polenta di patate
Strudel di mele
Torta di mele
Canederli
Strangolapreti
Torta di fregoloti



Prodotti intervenuti nella storia
(in ordine di apparizione):

Polenta di Storo
Luganega mochena
Trentingrana
Tosèla del Primiero
Vezzena *
Spressa delle Giudicarie D.O.P.
Puzzone di Moena *
Nostrano di malga
Casolét della Val di Sole *
Mortandela affumicata della Val di Non *
Speck del Trentino
Carne salada del Trentino
Ciulga del Banale *
Cavoli Cappucci della Val di Gresta
Rape
Olio Extravergine di Oliva del Garda trentino D.O.P.
Carote della Val di Gresta
Sedano della Val di Gresta
Patate della Val di Gresta
Verze della Val di Gresta
Cipolle della Val di Gresta
Porro della Val di Gresta
Asparago di Zambana
Broccolo di Torbole e Santa Massenza
Patate di montagna
Marroni di Castione
Noci del Bleggio
Mele del Trentino
Mele D.O.P. Val di Non
Piccoli Frutti (Lamponi, Mirtilli, Fragole, Ribes e More) della Valsugana
Susine di Dro
Pere
Uva
Kiwi del Basso Sarca
Ciliegie
Miele del Trentino
Trote del Trentino D.O.P.
Salmerino del Trentino D.O.P.
Trentino Grappa
Acque minerali del Trentino
Trentino D.O.C.Nosiola
Trentino D.O.C. Müller Thurgau
Teroldego rotaliano D.O.C.
Trentino D.O.C. Marzemino
Trentino D.O.C. Vino Santo
TRENTODOC Spumante Metodo Classico

(*) Presidio Slow Food





The Author

Stefania De Carli, born in Trento in 1967, lives in Pomarolo with her husband and two children, Chiara and Mattia. Presently, her field is tourism research and indeed it is through her work that she was able to learn more about how our values and culture are connected to the abundance of Trentino products.

I giovani artisti

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Alessandro Pizzol
Federico Privitera
Valery Strata

...e una mano l'hanno data anche i piccoli Chiara e Mattia Moschini