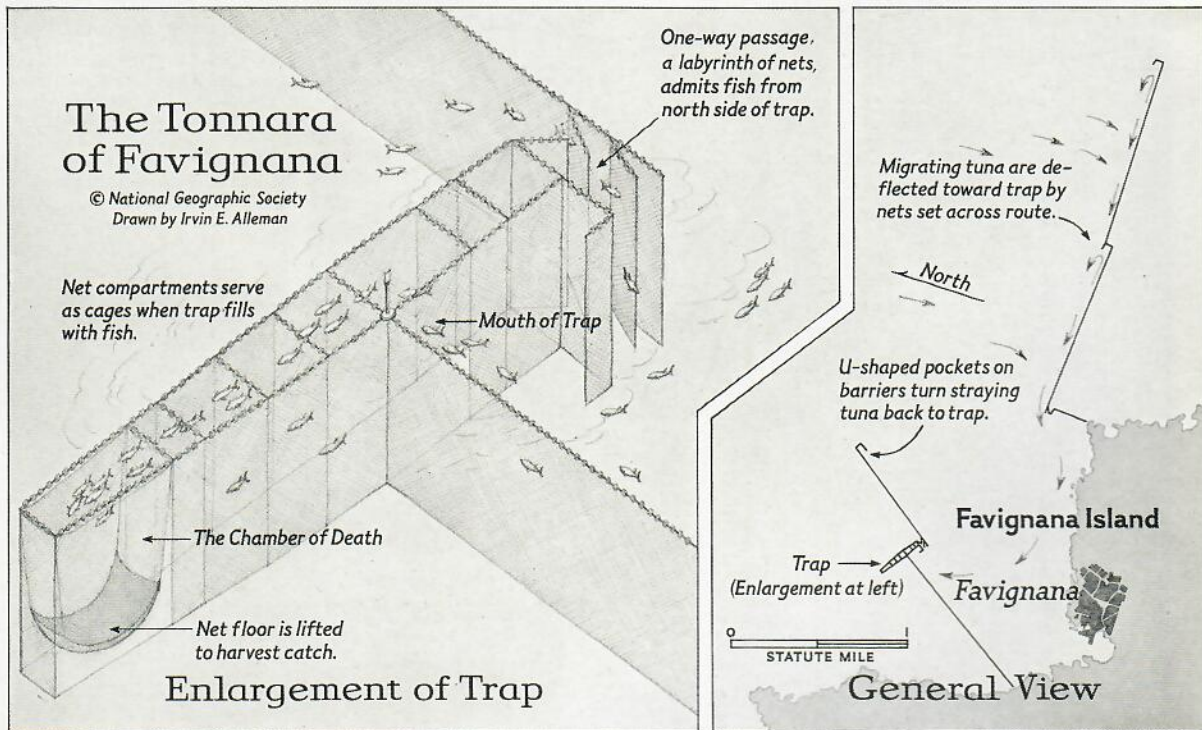




10





Giant Tuna Trapped on Their Wedding Trip Thrash and Die in a Prison of Nets

Swimming south on their spawning migration, the big fish appear each spring in Sicilian waters. Love, say the fishermen, befuddles the tuna, so they fall easy prey to the *tonnara*, a system of net barriers and chambers (page 38).

Diagram shows the tonnara of Favignana, largest in the Mediterranean. Its deflecting barrier net, held in place by cork floats and metal anchors, reaches from surface to bottom and stretches a mile and a half out to sea. When tuna encounter the barrier, most turn landward, where a second wing of netting leads them into a series of chambers ending in the "chamber of death" (left diagram). The few that swim out toward the sea are turned back by U-shaped hooks in the net wall (right).

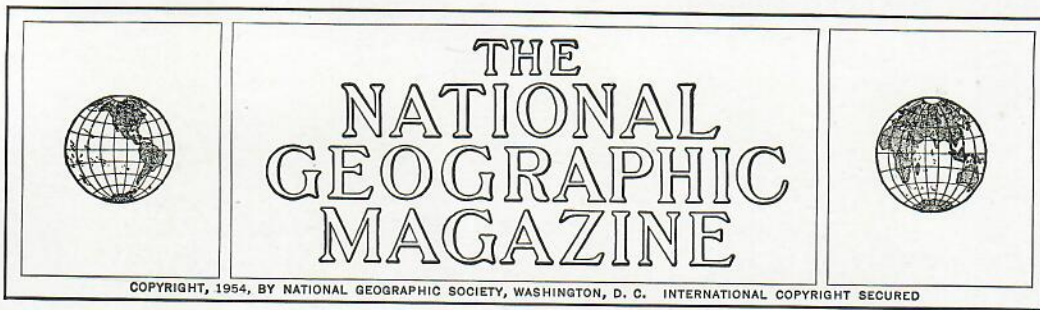
Similar Portuguese traps were described in the November, 1954, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE.

← Fishermen haul up the heavy rope floor of the chamber of death.

↓ Men gaff the charging tuna with hooked poles.

11





Sicily the Three-Cornered

1

On the Mediterranean's Biggest Island, Crucible of Many Cultures,
Men Grow Citrus, Mine Sulphur, and Patiently Fish the Sea

BY LUIS MARDEN

Foreign Editorial Staff, National Geographic Magazine

With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

THE Greeks had a word for it. They called it Trinacria, the three-cornered. Yet the Greeks, who colonized Sicily 700 years before Christ and remained for five centuries, were only one wave in a sea of peoples that has surged over the mountainous island (map, page 7).*

The cultural heritage of Sicily is as many-layered as an onion. Peel away the Italian outer skin and you find the Normans; lift another layer and you see the Saracens; strip off another to disclose the Romans; under these lie the Carthaginians; then a stratum of Greeks; yet one more thickness reveals the Phoenicians; and so to the inner core of Sicans and Sicels, the shadowy early races.

Ancestry Shows in Sicilian Faces

One sees the faces of all these peoples in the crowds that throng the streets of Palermo, the capital. This handsome city facing the blue Tyrrhenian lies cupped in a mountain-girt plain, the Golden Shell (page 31). In the evening, crowds saunter along the capital's broad avenues and fill the cafes along the Via Ruggero Settimo. Customers crowd four deep at cafe counters. A cashier enthroned in a booth sells tickets to the standing customers, who exchange them for coffee, elaborate pastries, or bitter vermouth-base apéritifs.

Here, in the land of their invention, I saw

the Italian coffee-making machines in all their chrome-plated glory. The gleaming instruments incorporate shining cylindrical urns hung about with water gauges, ebony-handled spigots, valves, and yards of tubing. White-coated operators clamp a metal cup under a faucet, then spin wheels and pull levers while steam hisses and agitated water leaps up and down in a glass tube. Then, after a lengthy wait, inky *caffè espresso* drips in a feeble trickle, a ludicrous contrast to the ritual of preparation.

Coffee of Many Colors

But what wonderful coffee! Strong, black, and fragrant, it is served in tiny cups half the size of a demitasse. There is a whole series of gradations in cafe coffee, from black to white. If you want a cup that is extremely strong, ask for a *restricted coffee*; for some less strong, say a *long coffee*; if you prefer coffee with a little milk, ask for a *Capuchin*, which is probably named for the color of the monks' habit.

Many of Sicily's regional dishes come from the sea, for, above all, Sicilians are fishermen. From ancient times they have followed

* See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE: "Sicily, Island of Vivid Beauty and Crumbling Glory," with 22 illustrations in color, October, 1927, and "Zigzagging Across Sicily," by Melville Chater, September, 1924.