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New version of translation

One evening in an American bar [*barra*], where the owner was American, whiskey [*visco*] was American, beer was American, there was a gang of loafers [*ghenga de loffari*], all American. I was the only non American. Suddenly they surrounded me and started talking: ”Hello spaghetti, you [*iu*] American man [ *men* ]?” “No! No! Me Italy man [*men* ]!” “You Black Hand [*Iu blacco enze* ]?” “No, no!” “You like [*Iu laico* ] this country [ *contrì* ]?” “No, no! I like [ *laico* ] my country [ *contrì* ]. I like [ *laico* ] Italy.“ At this point I took the first fight (punch) [*fait*]. He says: “Hurrah [*Orrè*] for America!” Me, tough guy: “Hurrah [*Orrè*] for Italy!” Another fight [*fait*]. He says: “Hurrah [*Orrè*]for America?” “Hurrah [*Orrè*] for Italy.” Another fight [*fait*] and another fight [*fait*], until they knocked me out, but “hurrah [*Orrè*] for America” I didn’t say it.

When I woke up I found myself on the sidewalk next to a policeman [*pulizio*] who was saying: “Get up, bum[*Ghiroppe**bomma*]!” Still out of it, I looked at him[*alluccaie*]: “America no good[*gudde*]! Hurrah [*orrè*] for Italy!” You know what the policeman [*pulizio*] did? He arrested me. The following morning, the judge [*giorge*] asked me: “What’s the matter last night[*Wazzo maro laste naite*]?” I answered: “No talk [*tocche*] English!” “No? You have dollars?” And that pig of a judge [*giorge*] wasn’t kidding, because he took ten pieces [*pezze*].]