

## TRAVEL TO PROCIDA

*Aknowledgement : that text is a translation from the french page « Voyage à Procida »*

*I don't speak English and I am always waiting for the friend who will help me one day...*

*I found in MS Internet Explorer 8 a little soft named Babel Fish, and so the computer made itself that poor translation.*

*I'm so Sorry...But my heart is here...Thanks.*

### EPISODE 1: TO TURN THE PAGE.

To leave to the retirement is a little to give up a share of its social references.

Some are the force of the bonds which link with the family and the friends, fear is some times present to have to face a new world.

For what relates to me the idea which germinated in me was dawning it once that it done approximately two years: I decided to bring me closer to my paternal ancestors.

My paternal grandparents had been of an extraordinary proximity in my childhood in the district of the "Marina", in ORAN.

ORAN was a Spanish city where even Italian spoke spanish Valencian.

But in my large paternal parents there was another thing of subjacent which I integrated very quickly: as one was in France one avoided speaking another thing that French, but on the first occasions I heard the commonplace Napolitan expressions fuse between my two forebears.

Then, I learned : PROCIDA, one came from PROCIDA. From this island became magic, that of Peter Pan or I do not know which mysterious Olympian kingdom, and PROCIDA entered my subconscious.

And here that now, without preventing, experiments of the life being rather behind in front of me, the magic word went back to my memory.

Quickly, a surfing on the Internet. Reality appears: where is the island of fishermen that my backs grandparents, pushed by misery left at the end of the XIXème century? On the photographs I believe myself in Saint-Tropez or Belle Mare. I need more.

And then, of link in link, I am on the site of "The Big family of Procida and Ischia". What is what I risk? I subscribe like benefactor, too glad to be able to play a turn with the destiny.

I took a long time to be really active there, at the very least to enter the play of genealogical research. I foresaw the informatic tool, sympathetic nerve placed at our disposal by the SCOTTO's, but not his extraordinary power and his relentless precision.

In parallel, when fields in “. fr” were placed at the disposal of the general public, I hastened to reserve some for my name.

Then, the language “.php” became a hobby and I created my small web site.

A few months after, now approximately 18 months ago, I receive an email written in English in whom a called MOVIZZO asked to me whether the MOVIZZO were quite originating in PROCIDA.

I answered him coldly and a little cavalierly, in French: “of course it is”. The poor fellow did not answer me; I had vaguely understood that he was sailor. They was a little curious because, before me at the MOVIZZO one was all sailors of wire father.

In short, the history remained about it there...

In Spring 2008, an American nuclear aircraft carrier made stopover in MARSEILLES.

Incomprehensible telephone calls were accepted by my mother who informed me. With difficulty I went up the source which proved to be one named MOVIZZO of BROOKLYN which sought to join to me.

The remainder raises of the chance, the mystery, of the miracle, always is it that a few hours after I was with the foot of the American ship clasping in my arms a fair Senior officer with eyes as blue as mine are black: my cousin Paul Gaetano (in Italian in the text) MOVIZZO.

Very checked, we had prepared our questions, it proved to be my true cousin MOVIZZO of America.

What had it occurred between our first email and this meeting?

Quite simply I had decided to make function the services of Internet site of "The Big Family of Procida and Ischia".

Three requests for acts concerning my backs grandparents, which I had known in Algeria, were enough to give me the taste of the genealogy and the desire of all for knowing about the MOVIZZO to PROCIDA.

The result, with an incredible facility, was the realization of a tree only with the registers of the parish Saint Michel Arcangelo from PROCIDA, tonic at 1670.

All is there, or at least much, into vertical as into horizontal. To date a hundred and ten seven entries.

The memories of my old of Algeria agreed with the results of the twentieth century. Force was to me to note the relevance of the ascent of the MOVIZZO to the ten ninth, then, incredible, with eighteenth, and finally with the seventeenth century.

Here a small report is on these results, on this tree. I continue from now on the development of it. I published this report on the [www.movizzo.fr](http://www.movizzo.fr) site which became since [www.movizzo.net](http://www.movizzo.net) under the recommendation of my American cousin Paul.

He communicated it to his family of America, with my family thus.

He takes part from now on with me in the extension of this work.

The Americans are fond of delicacies genealogical roots and, chance or required, these descendants of Procidains, has the same hunger of it that I was discovered. Paul Gaetano thanked me for allowing his children to know from where they come.

The branch left for French Algeria at the end the ten ninth century had fled a poor country to eat with its hunger by exploiting their single knowledge to make fishermen. The branch left for America wanted to make fortune. In fact all wanted to offer a better future to their family, with their children.

They largely made a success of all there, in spite of the risks of the history.

Today, the moment unconsciously, on both sides, had just leaned us on our origins of which we are proud, and the knowledge of these roots is likely to clarify our present and the future of our children.

All this was made possible by the labour of our Association, with the devotion of Pascal and of all the team. The MOVIZZO of America shout with the miracle.

I acknowledge that me also, thanks to our Association to which I pay homage once again.

## **Episode 2: RETURN TOWARDS THE FUTURE.**

On May 8 I was sixty years old. My wife offers to me one week of stay to PROCIDA where I unload, via Paris and Naples, on May 9. I find there Pascal SCOTTO di VETTIMO as well as very many members of Association "The Big Family of Procida and Ischia".

I am surprised by the atmosphere which hardly invades me to have touched the ground: it is at the same time around me but also it goes up bottom of my memory. Which memory? I never came here.

The light, the odors, bring back for me in my country of birth, my family MOVIZZO which raised me.

With the wire of my steps I discover an environment which always seems to have been in me, without I really living it, and who would never have left me.

I hear the procidans expressions fuse around returned here me and me in my childhood and my adolescence: my grandparents are with me. I hear my district of the "Marina" in ORAN.

I re-examine the yellowed photograph where Rosine, my back grandmother, native of PROCIDA, holds me in her arms. My wife feels my disorder. I feel the odors of the port and the cool tide, the odors of the kitchens. The freshness of the evening gathers the atmosphere of the day: I recognize all that. Which strange force led me here?

Until where should understand the existence of the destiny?

Which is the share of the chance and that of the need?

Thanks to the computer tools of "The Big Family of Procida" I succeeded in establishing a complete family tree which makes go back to 1670 the installation of a MOVIZZO of NAPOLI on this island.

I have all the information until our days, more than one hundred of individuals are stocks.

But it remains a mystery: the Villa MOVIZZO which I discovered on an official site of "sit.provincia.napoli.it" .

How is it done that this monument of opulence and richness could be built at the time when the family left, driven out by misery towards the coasts of North Africa and the United States?

Were the MOVIZZO rich or poor? Which family, social, political problem was behind all that?

Acknowledge that it is interesting for a small researcher amateur in genealogy to be in front of a enigma worthy of a hunting for the treasure.

I meet Maria CAPODANNO, that Pascal SCOTTO presents to me as being the alive memory of the Island.

I put little time to note the accuracy of this appreciation.

Maria knew the history of this house, located via Marcello Scotti. And she knew the current occupants of them.

A well arranged appointment spends one evening to me, at 6 p.m., in the old church San Giacomo (with 30 meters of Villa MOVIZZO) in the presence of the current occupant of the places: the Commander of Merchant navy to the retirement Domenico F. (even trade that his own father, that mine, my grandfather, etc...).

Time us to tame and us mutually here parties in an impassioned discussion where the emotion makes the wet verb high and eyes.

All, I very knew; the mystery, it did not have there.

Between 1870 and 1880 family MOVIZZO comprised two branches essential cousins made of two families of the same name.

One counted the two Brothers Vincenzo and Cristofero and of the sisters. The other the two Brothers Francesco and Gaetano and a sister, Teresa.

Of course as with PROCIDA everyone carries the same first name, research was facilitated because the two fathers of these two groups of children were called both Cristofaro.

In any event, that does it occur?

About 1870, Vincenzo, Cristofero and their sisters leave for ORAN, with other cousins disseminated in families PUGLIESE, INTARTAGLIA. They will be there sailors and fishers.

At the same time, other connects, Francesco embarks for the United States of America in order to take part in the construction of the wearing of NEW YORK, for which a many labour was required. He unloads in BROOKLYN, settles there, and one will find it later with the stock of the American tree which I am publishing. A many descent will be born in BROOKLYN.

His Gaetano Brother, him, is tried by the adventure of the Construction of Suez Canal, and he leaves for Egypt in 1880.

Their sister Teresa get married, and... it has there no more MOVIZZO with PROCIDA, if not some old which will not be long in dying.

But, and it is it node of this so simple history that it becomes rocambolesque about it if the feet on the ground are not kept, Gaetano makes fortune in Egypt. At the time of the great industrialization of the beginning of the XX° century, end marine, it is Pilote Wearing of PORT-SAÏD.

In 1928, it returns with PROCIDA where, during two years, it will make raise this luxurious residence of Via Marcello Scotti. It paid work cash with bags of parts of sterling out of gold gained in Port-Saïd.

In 1930, it takes its retirement and occupies the Villa.

This character marks the city, his richness being ostentatious. The years of war will arrive and it becomes Podesta of PROCIDA (Podesta corresponds to current Sindaco = Mayor) in 1935 then 1939.

He will marry twice and, without children, he becomes the last of the MOVIZZO having lived on the island.

Here is, the mystery, which was not one, is bored: 3 semi-contemporary branches, 3 synchronous departures for different geographical places, sisters and girls who marry: there is no more MOVIZZO on the island.

However, the history will not stop there. Domenico F., known as "Mimmo", that I have opposite me, is the small nephew of Gaetano, Francesco and the grandson of Teresa. It is my great back alive cousin, even if we do not bear the same name.

I go so far as to ask to him whether the cemetery a trace exists still passage of the MOVIZZO.

With a constant and shared emotion, it draws me a plan with the site of a tomb.

Embraces, exchange of address and phone numbers, what a day!

The next morning me here at the cemetery of PROCIDA, with my wife.

The sailors know, to sail, read and write the charts. That of Domenico was exact and precise: I was very quickly in front of a high marble tomb engraved of the name of MOVIZZO.

They is curious, there was full with pollen which flew at this hour there in the cemetery. There was a strong gale, and my eyelids are reflected to prick, I were obliged to wipe my eyes without stop. Crowned pollen! ...

Here is the loop is buckled.

I know what I had come to seek at PROCIDA, and which I found.

It was me.

Tomorrow, with this new serenity which was put to live me, I will tell all this adventure with my family of MARSEILLES and that which is now installed in NORFOLK (Virginia).

And then, as I am now retired, I quietly will prepare my next voyage the purpose of which will be to meet my cousins in America, inch' allah.

Thank you to “ The Big Family of Procida and Ischia”, thank you to Pascal, the voluntary members, a big kiss for Maria CAPODANNO.

With very soon, I miss you already, as this island of PROCIDA which became MY Island of PROCIDA.

MARSEILLES, on May 20, 2009.

[christian@movizzo.net](mailto:christian@movizzo.net)

[info@movizzo-family.com](mailto:info@movizzo-family.com)

<http://www.movizzo.net>