

ACTIVITY 3	La pioggia nel pineto
The aim of the activity	Deepen the knowledge of some species of plants and animals through the analysis of a famous poem.
Places where the event can be held	School, museum
Age group for the activity	9-11

BEYOND SCHOOL PROJECT

A. BEFORE OUT-OF-SCHOOL LEARNING ACTIVITY	
Educational tools	The poem "La pioggia nel pineto"
Method, technique and strategies	Interactive lesson, storytelling
PRACTICE	Meeting a poet and reading a poem
Introduction of the activity	The teacher introduces the figure of Gabriele D'Annunzio, an incredibly iconic character with an amazing life, famous throughout Italy especially for his literary production and his exploits in the first decades of the 20th century. The poet's life is told using the storytelling technique.
Development of the activity	The poem "Rain in the pine forest" is explored in depth (appendix A, in Italian and English). First of all we focus on the musicality: we ask the students to close their eyes and listen to it several times, concentrating on the rhythm and sound of the words. Then the text is distributed to the students, so that they can read it and understand the text better. The poem is in "historical" Italian, so with the help of the teacher the words that the students do not know are "translated". We then move on to understand the meaning of the text as a whole: a couple of lovers who become one being with the surrounding forest.
Evaluation of the activity	Students are asked to produce a text where they remember a time when they felt in tune with and an integral part of nature.

B. IN THE OUT-OF-SCHOOL LEARNING ENVIRONMENT	
Educational tools	A internet connection, a device to show images

Method, technique and strategies	Interactive lesson
PRACTICE	Analysis of the poem "La pioggia nel pineto"
Introduction of the activity	You read the poem again and remember the general meaning. We talk about the concept of Panism: the world as a single whole.
Development of the activity	We then move on to analyze the poem from a naturalistic point of view: many names of plants, animals and fruits are mentioned in the text. Students are asked to look for all these natural references (forest, tamarisk, pines, myrtle, broom, junipers, flowers, cuddles, cicada, frog, peach, dust, almonds). We then search for images of these species on the internet. Students are asked to write a naturalistic poem themselves, citing plants and animals, where the central role of nature in human life emerges.
Evaluation of the activity	The poems produced are evaluated.

C. AFTER OUT OF SCHOOL LEARNING ACTIVITY	
Educational tools	Nothing
Method, technique and strategies	Excursion
PRACTICE	School trip
Introduction of the activity	We remember the life of D'Annunzio, and in particular his desire to create a "Vittoriale of the Italians".
Development of the activity	We visit the house-museum of D'Annunzio, in the province of Brescia.
Evaluation of the activity	The behavior of the students during the trip is evaluated

La pioggia nel pineto	Rain in the pine forest
Taci. Su le soglie del bosco non odo parole che dici umane; ma odo	Hush. On the edge of the forest no sound of words pronounced do I hear; but the sound

<p>parole più nuove che parlano gocciole e foglie lontane.</p> <p>Ascolta. Piove dalle nuvole sparse. Piove su le tamerici salmastre ed arse, piove su i pini scagliosi ed irti, piove su i mirti divini, su le ginestre fulgenti di fiori accolti, su i ginepri folti di coccole aulenti, piove su i nostri volti silvani, piove su le nostre mani ignude, su i nostri vestimenti leggieri, su i freschi pensieri che l'anima schiude novella, su la favola bella che ieri t'illuse, che oggi m'illude, o Ermione.</p> <p>Odi? La pioggia cade su la solitaria verdura con un crepitio che dura e varia nell'aria secondo le fronde più rade, men rade. Ascolta. Risponde al pianto il canto delle cicale che il pianto australe non impaura, nè il ciel cinerino. E il pino ha un suono, e il mirto altro suono, e il ginepro altro ancóra, stromenti diversi sotto innumerevoli dita.</p> <p>E immersi noi siam nello spirto silvestre, d'arborea vita viventi; e il tuo volto ebro</p>	<p>of newer words that speak in drops and foliage from afar.</p> <p>Listen. Rain falls from sparse clouds. Rain on the tamerisks all brine and chars, rain on the pines all scales and spines, rain on the myrtaceae divine, on the genista fulgent of flowers collected on the juniper covered with berries fragrant, rain on our faces ligneous, rain on our hands bare, on our garments light, on our thoughts bright that our souls share pure, on the lovely tale that yesterday mised you, that today misleads me, oh Hermione.</p> <p>Do you hear? The rain falling on the solitary vegetation with a crackle that goes on and varies in the air with the fronds more sparse, less sparse. Listen. Responds to the tears a chorus of cicadas whose austral sobs, like the ashen skies, instill no fear. And the pine has a sound, and the myrtaceae another sound, and the juniper another still, different instruments in the hands of many.</p> <p>And immersed are we in the spirit of the wood, living arboreal lives;</p>
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<p>è molle di pioggia come una foglia, e le tue chiome auliscono come le chiare ginestre, o creatura terrestre che hai nome Ermione.</p> <p>Ascolta, ascolta. L'accordo delle aeree cicale a poco a poco più sordo si fa sotto il pianto che cresce; ma un canto vi si mesce più roco che di laggiù sale, dall'umida ombra remota.</p> <p>Più sordo e più fioco s'allenta, si spegne. Sola una nota ancor trema, si spegne, risorge, trema, si spegne. Non s'ode voce del mare. Or s'ode su tutta la fronda crosciare l'argentea pioggia che monda, il croscio che varia secondo la fronda più folta, men folta.</p> <p>Ascolta. La figlia dell'aria è muta; ma la figlia del limo lontana, la rana, canta nell'ombra più fonda, chi sa dove, chi sa dove! E piove su le tue ciglia, Ermione.</p> <p>Piove su le tue ciglia nere siche par tu pianga ma di piacere; non bianca ma quasi fatta virente, par da scorza tu esca. E tutta la vita è in noi fresca aulente, il cuor nel petto è come pesca intatta, tra le pàlpebre gli occhi son come polle tra l'erbe,</p>	<p>and your delighted features are wet from the shower like a flower, and your tresses are as scented as dazzling genista oh terrestrial creature whose name is Hermione.</p> <p>Heed, heed. The harmony of the aerial cicadas is little by little more subtle beneath the tears that spread; but a song mingles instead more strident and there it rises, from the distant humid shadows.</p> <p>More subtle and more faint it fades away, dies. One note alone vibrates still, and dies, rises, vibrates, dies. Sounds of the sea no more. On the fronds I hear the pour of silver rain that clears, the pour that varies with the fronds, more sparse, less sparse.</p> <p>Listen. The child of the air is mute; but the child of the distant bog, the frog, sings in the deepest shadows, who knows where, who knows where! And rain falls on your lashes, Hermione.</p> <p>Rain falls on your dark lashes and you seem to weep but with joy; not white but almost verdant from the bark you surface. And all of life in us is fresh fragrant, our hearts in our breast like peaches intact,</p>
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i denti negli alvéoli
con come mandorle acerbe.

E andiam di fratta in fratta,
or congiunti or disciolti
(e il verde vigor rude
ci allaccia i mallèoli
c'intrica i ginocchi)
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!
E piove su i nostri vólti
silvani,
piove su le nostre mani
ignude,
su i nostri vestimenti
leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l'anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri
m'illuse, che oggi t'illude,
o Ermione.

between our lids our eyes
like springs among the grasses,
our teeth in their beds
like unripe almonds.

And we move from bush to bush,
now together now apart
(and the verdant feral vigour
envelops our ankles
binds our knees)
who knows where, who knows where!
And rain on our faces
ligneous,
rain on our hands
bare,
on our garments
light,
on our thoughts bright
that the soul shares
pure,
on the lovely tale
that yesterday
mised you, that today misleads me,
oh Hermione.



D'annunzio's house-museum: the "Vittoriale degli italiani"