

Carmen Scicluna

A Creative Mind

12 September 1932



Autobiography



The Scicluna Family-

*Carmen, Emmanuel, Edwin, Victor,
Norman, Vania & Fiona ...*

*Remarkable about this photo is that all clothes worn
by the complete family are the work of Carmen Scicluna*

Foreword

Mother was very creative person and creative people tend to see the world in a unique way. They tend to see the world through their imagination. I understand this exactly as I have most probably inherited the same tendency from my mother. I often see things which surprise me and even confuse me. This is a creative game from my imagination which generates pictures for me. Just last week as I was driving in the middle of Germany and I suddenly noticed a Chinese fisherman with his traditional clothes standing with a goat next to him. Yet taking a second glance, I discover that it was just a simple triangle shaped street signpost and a rubbish bag laying next to it.



My feeling is my mum had the same tendency and constantly told us about strange lights or sky objects she saw. True or not, this work simply illustrates her side of the story.

This book narrates stories from her life as she saw them.

A story from a creative mind.

Victor Scicluna

January 13, 1966

A normal Woman

I am a housewife with 3 children¹ and very happily married. We are not sick, on the contrary sometimes I have to use all my talents so that we can get along, but for now thank God, we always seemed to live our life on a higher standard than expected of us. Perhaps it is because I am as some people say a good manager. I know how to do almost everything and for us everything is homemade and perhaps better and much cheaper than things ready bought. It was always my wish to write my biography, it's not because I am famous but the opposite I am unknown, just a housewife that nobody would think about twice about. I wish to write it to show some people to think twice about people they meet on the street because there aren't always what they seem. Some people that seem successful are only so because they inherited the success and they just keep towing the line, but others who nobody knows work and work hard just to exist.



Creation from Carmen's hands

Well, I consider myself one of the unluckiest people in all mankind, but sometimes I feel I am most privileged and that **my hands**, I have probably

¹ Edwin, Victor & Norman – Vania & Fiona were born later.

one of the smallest hands you could ever see, seems to do anything². In short, I will tell you what I am going to write about.



State Registered Nurse

I studied drawing and painting³ (art) and I was studying to be a SRN⁴ but I had to leave early in my career because my mother was sick and I left to look after her. I learned sewing. I was in the St. John's Ambulance Brigade⁵ for 5 years. I am a good cook. I don't think so myself but my husband, my mother-in-law and people who have tasted something which I did always told me that 'it's marvellous, tell me the recipe'. I can knit and crochet and sew all our clothes and sometimes mend our shoes too. I even invent toys for the kids, and with a hammer and some wood I do something for them to play with but I tell them don't tell anyone mum did it for you, but if asked, tell them Dad made it for you.



My in-laws & husband as a child



Edwin & Victor

I love to teach my kids almost anything and wherever I take them people always tell me that they are the most well-behaved kids they ever saw. I am proud of them but believe me at home we are just like any other family with all the screaming and shouting and crying and smacking in fact with all *the trouble*.



Norman

² The Painting shows what mum's hand could create.

³ Carmen took art classes at 'The Art Institute' of those days

⁴ State Registered Nurse

⁵ Originating from the St. John Knights (Knights of Malta) est. 1873 Now called St. John Ambulance Association

I wrote this before so that you will have an idea what is going to be about.

I was born⁶ a little before the war in a family of six that is mum and dad, myself and three boys younger than me. I always remember we had a small grocer shop. Mother was in it all day and I always hated the thought that I always had to walk alone since I was so small. I used to envy the other small girls when I saw them out with (their) mother but not I, it's like living without a mother. We were never close together and in fact even today we are like strangers, we can't understand each other because that close link that should have been there between mother and daughter was never there. Mother was always busy with other people to bother much about us. I know all she did was for us so that we could have the best of everything because if she didn't we would have starved, father wasn't a man of



My Mother

responsibility in and as they married late in life, he was used to the good life and is everybody knows you can twist a young man round with your little fingers but an older man who is already set in his ways you will never change him. It's like dealing with the dealing with a solid rock, you could only break it but never bend it. So, mother had a very hard life to keep the family herself and instead of her husband keeping her she kept him. he lives just for like in his mother's home. Working when he feels like it but he didn't care if we ate or starved.



⁶ Carmen was born on the 11th Sept. 1932

He wasn't a bad man, really, he never raised his voice or swore like some men do. He never stayed at home if not properly dressed but he was plain lazy. He wouldn't



Howard Gardens Rabat

My father
lift a finger if he could help it, he never helped mother at all. On Sunday, he used to wake up late, shave and dressed, usually then go to church from 11 AM to 11:30 AM. Then he goes for a walk. When the weather was fine to Howard Gardens and used to like to watch the flowers and enjoyed their lovely smell, he walks from flower to flower sniffing that

lovely smell and admiring the lovely colours like a butterfly, after that he comes and have his dinner, he just sits down and won't lift a finger, he expects everything to be put before him like a Lord. After that he used to go in the back yard where he had lots of potted plants. He stays there till about 3:30 PM watering them, pulling of dead leaves and planting new ones. He cared for them as if they were his children, after that he used to come in and change and go out alone. I sometimes used to sit in the window and when I used to see him going away I call him, 'Dad that take me with you` he just smiles and tells me next but next time never came.

We lived at Rabat but father was from Birkirkara, 'B'Kara' for short and before the war he used to work as a shoemaker in B'Kara. He had a room with his family, he only came home on Wednesdays and Saturdays and then he goes back Monday morning. We certainly saw very little of him. In those days transport wasn't as easy as today and he used to say he has to work late but I think it's more than that, he is so slow in working that to finish a day's work he needed a day and a half. In those days, the streets very dark. We only had paraffin lamps in the street and when it was dark everyone was afraid to go out because the lamps gave such little light that from afar you could only see the flame like to see a cigarette like today. Sometimes I used to go and sleep with my aunt which didn't live very far from us. My aunt was married but she didn't have any children herself and

we were coming and going as we are pleased during the day. Whenever we were sick she used to take us to her home to take care of us and it's not the first time that we were sick and kept us at her home and bring the doctor for us and wouldn't even tell mum about it. She used to say it is better not to upset her she has enough to cope with. Once I remember my brother Joe was always a little inquisitive and my aunt had a small kitchen and she was out of it, my brother took a box inside to see what she had on the shelf when he was trying to reach it he fell down. My aunt heard the big sound and went running to see what happened she found him on the floor unconscious. She lifted him up and when he didn't move she put him on the bed and started screaming, people came running to see what's happened, someone went for the doctor she nearly fainted. I remember someone giving her something to drink. Till the evening Joe was still unconscious and at night he started to be sick, he vomited blood and they sent for the doctor again and everybody thought he was going to die and all this and she didn't tell Mother anything. She prayed all night that he wouldn't die and thank God, he didn't. After a few days, he was well again and as inquisitive as ever. My other brother, the one younger than Joe, his name is Vince. He is to stay a lot with our Grandfather, in fact he loved him so much, he was like a father to him. He eats and sleeps with him most of the time. Once this little boy, when with Gran⁷ at his house he fell from the ground floor to the basement. Gran was an old man at the time who used to live in the middle of the road between his two married daughters, someone hear him shouting for help and people went down to bring the boy up afraid that he was dead, they brought him up took him to my aunt's house and sent for the doctor again but you know what, he wasn't hurt as Joe when he fell from the box. Till the afternoon he was well again, the doctor said nothing is wrong with him and as always mother never knew anything about it. Only after the boys very well again my aunt used to tell her about it my mother would be mad and tell her why didn't you let me know when it happened and she tells her I didn't want to worry you and she started telling her to leave her children with her but when our aunt was leaving us back we go running after her. Mum used to call her 'don't take them with you` and she answered 'I am not taking them, they are

⁷ Grand father

coming`. My aunt too had a shop. Although she was married she had to work too because her husband couldn't work but not because he was lazy like dad but because he had a health condition and the work was not good for him. In his younger days, he was in the army. He was such a good man, he loved us as if we were his children and the contrary to our father he used to love to take us with him everywhere. He used to have such patience with us, he never smacked us or shouted at us. I remember I had a small baby doll and he used to give me a small tea towel to wrap my doll like a small baby and I used to be so happy, but my aunt found out. She was mad at him she told him not to give me that in case I lost it. Then he used to find a piece of cloth, take some threads of it so that it will have a fringe like a shawl and give me that instead. I loved him so much. Sometimes he used to take us to Saqqajja⁸ near the bus terminus and there as Rabat was very high he will show us the view and tell us the names of the villages we could see. Some other times he used to bring us some string and tie two small stones and we keep playing with them like bringing up water from the well. He used to tell us and we played for a long time, it's no wonder that we used to be so quiet with him. Our aunt used to tell us, 'mind you behave



Saqqajja Rabat Malta

yourself and don't let him run after you because he's a sick man`, but we always were very good with him. He continued to take us out even when the war started and when there was an air raid mum used to come and fetch us so that we will go in the shelter. Suddenly my uncle was very sick and one time they kept him in the shelter for 3 days because the stairs weren't good for him and a little after that he

had another heart attack and died the same night. I shall remember the priest telling them to light the candles to see if he is still breathing and he put it near his face but the light did not move. My beloved was dead. At the moment, I am writing it all comes so much to me that I tears are

⁸ Saqqajja is the gardens just in front of Mdina gate

springing from my eyes and my 3 year-old boy⁹ is staring at me enquiringly to see what's wrong. It seems when you love someone it doesn't matter how long he is dead, you never forget them. I certainly never did even though he has been dead for more than 22 years. At the time, I couldn't believe that I wasn't going to see him anymore. Death as a child of 5 is very mysterious. How is it possible that we are all day with him and now suddenly we have no uncle anymore? It couldn't be true but that's it, death is the final, one is gone no more coming back. I wanted him so much that I am sure if I saw him again I would have gone running to him without asking any questions.

This will take you a little before the war and before my uncle died.

We were 4 children at home, first me, my name was Carmen, then Joe and Vince and the last John. Between me and Joe there is another boy which died when he was a baby. His name was Tony, I don't remember him but when I was a little girl, long before Vince arrived, I used to hear mum speaking about him. She used to say he was such a big baby that everybody used to think him bigger than I because I was born a premature baby and I was very small for my age and he was a big baby and very fat. I used to love him so much and I always wished that he was alive even though I didn't remember him. Then she had Joe and when he was christened I still remember that I bumped my nose in the car. My aunt used to tell me now you come to church and when they are christening him, you hold the baby's bonnet and truly she was give it to me and I used to be so proud to hold it.

When Vince was born I remember telling mum and the midwife to name him Tony for our dead boy but mum said no it's not right but I cried and cried so much but I wanted them to name him Tony but they named him Vince instead for grandfather because mum said Tony was named for grandmother and the other grandfather and now it's my father's turn to name a child after him. Grandfather too died in the war time. He used to

⁹ This must be Norman, born in 1962 -she is writing Jan 66 so he was 3 years 11 months

take us out a lot too. I can't remember exactly which of them died first, all I remember was one of my brothers used to tell the other used to take us from here and then take us to the gardens and then to Saqqajja and so on.

A missing dress saves our lives.

A little time before this, it's before the war and the streets were badly lit (as I already told you that I father only slept home about 3 nights a week but when this incident happened father happened to be home and he was still in the backyard tending his beloved plants.

Mother was already in bed and in those times, nobody bothered about night clothes, they just took off their day clothes and slept with their underwear. When she was in bed she heard someone knocking the door, she sat on the bed and said, 'who is it?'. And a voice answered her, 'oh it's me, open please.'. Mum thought she recognised the voice as one of the neighbours and she answered back 'wait a minute, I am coming, ' she got out of the bed, fetched her dress but she couldn't find it. She tried to find it around the room but couldn't. Well, she thought 'where did it go?', I just took it off and in order not to let the people waiting outside she decided to call father. She had to call more than once for him to hear her because in that small house we had 2 yards with the kitchen between them and dad was in the back one, we used to call it the big one. When he heard her he came, she told him to open the door because someone knocked and wanted something. He told her but now is it so late, 'What ever do you think they want?' She told him '(its) for me because I couldn't find my dress, it's one of the neighbours perhaps they wanted something for the kids which was very important to come so late for it' and he went to open, after little he closed the door. Mum told him 'who is it?' and dad said there was no one at the door. Mum said 'Are you sure because they spoke to me too.'. 'Yes' he told her, I went out even in the middle of the street to be sure and that was that. They slept and in the morning, I remember mum asking first the one she thought he was, the big son of a neighbour of ours because the voice she heard was of a man. That mum (Their mum)

said she didn't send her children or her husband for anything and she asked all the neighbours and all said that they didn't send for anything.

After a while a woman came in, very quietly she asked mum may I speak to you privately please and mum told her to come in and left the other people at the shop (and) she told her, 'Martina' because that was my mum's name. 'What I am going to tell you, you have to promise that you will never tell anyone who told you and mum promised her and this woman told her 'did anyone come and knock at your door very late yesterday?' and mum said 'yes, they did, I was going to open and I couldn't find my dress and in the morning I found it behind the children's bed. I told my husband to open and when he opened he found no one. This woman told her you are very lucky you didn't find your address because if you did wouldn't be here now. 'What' my mum told her. 'Yes' she told her that 'this will be serve you as a lesson that when you close the door don't open for anyone because my son in law was passing from here very late and it was very dark and he couldn't see anything, he was barefooted so no one heard him but he was near your door. He heard someone talking he looked closely and he saw 5 men behind your door planning to kill you and steal your money. He heard them say they are sorry to have to kill the little girl but if they don't she is sure to recognise them. This man stopped and went to his home from another way, he was sorry he couldn't do anything to help but with 5 of them they would have killed him if they heard him. Now go report to the police but don't tell them I told you. Tell them that you heard them talking yourself. As it was, those men knew that my father wasn't much at home. They thought mum would be all alone and they were sorry for me but anyway they intended to kill me to just the same but their plan misfired because father was there and I was sleeping with auntie. But if she found her dress they would have killed her just the same and dad too. I am sure because if he heard noises and came after they wouldn't have him living to report them. It was a missing dress that save their lives.

The White Plant

Once when I was about 4 years old I was playing in the first yard. Mum had an old oven, one of those you have to put on the stove and when she didn't use it used to put it in the first yard. Dad was in the 2nd yard caring for his plants. I found some white dust on the floor near the wall, I put this white stuff in an empty tin, watered it and so that no one will see it I put it in the old oven and I thought that I will water it every day like dad and I will have a lovely plant like dad. But you know kids, I just forgot all about it. About a fortnight later mum wanted to use the oven and when she opened she found such a beautiful white plant about 6 to 7 inches tall. She thought dad had put it there but when he she told him he said `and why should I put a plant there` and then I remembered what I did and I told mum about it and she showed it to many people but no one could tell her from the leaves what it was. They asked me what seeds I put in the tin and I told them I didn't put any seeds. I just gathered some very fine white dust from the floor of our 1st yard, watered it and put it in the oven and that's all. And the people told me and why did you put it in the oven, I told them so no one would see it and throw it away. I was so happy when I saw it. I begged mum to let me take it to auntie to see it. She did let me and very happily I went with it to my aunt. I never remember a happier moment in my life. When I arrive at my auntie my brother Joe as soon as he saw me with the plant he waved his hand and send the plant crashing to the floor, the empty tin went one way and my precious plant in another and I cried so much. That day when my aunt finally came to see what's happening she saw my white plant on the floor and me crying. My happiness was short lived but that is the day I'm still wondering what that powder was. I remember it was so fine like talcum powder. Even though my brother broke it so you so quickly I'm still happy that it happened.

Something I have seen

Once I was in the shop and we had a door from the shop to the other room which we used to eat and sleep in it. And this door was nearly always closed and I used to hear the wind from it. It used to make such a funny noise. Well mum sent me to the room to get something and I went. I used to obey her very much as I used to love mum so much. As soon as I put my hand on the door knob door to open I thought something there and I hurried to open as I thought what I saw would be in the room but when I opened I saw nothing. It was gone, I told mum also about it but she said it couldn't be true because there was nothing on the door but she didn't believe me. I didn't care. The important thing was that what I thought no one could ever take away from me. I never told anyone else not even my husband even though we are very close to each other. It's a secret which I kept for nearly 28 years and it certainly kept me going when I grew up I had a very hard life and sometimes if it wasn't for what I saw when I was a child I would have killed myself but that's something I saw I never told anyone about it except mum, perhaps because she discouraged me as soon as I told her she didn't believe me. I was afraid that if I told anyone else they would laugh at me or say I am mad. Mind you know I wouldn't mind so much because if mad people saw something like I did I would rather be mad than sane because it's more worthwhile. Well with me it was the first time and the last I never saw anything like it at all. Next Sunday I'm going to see my mum and I'm going to ask her if she remembers what I told her that day.

Hard life for a child

As I was the one girl with 3 boys younger than me, I had a very hard life because as I said before mum was very hard with herself and perhaps she didn't realise what responsibility she was putting on a 4 to 5-year-old girl. I had to take care of my younger brothers. Mum used to put Vince in the pram when he was a baby, put the pram out for me and let me look after him. About five doors from us there was a shoemaker, and sometimes I used to go near him and look after the baby. But once I remember the pram was exactly near our shop and the baby was crying and no amount of moving the pram like mum wanted me to do would make the baby go to sleep. I called mum to come and see my he was crying but she didn't she called back 'I can't, push him a little more perhaps he will be quiet'. But it was no use I was tired of moving the pram but my mum kept calling me too. I was mad at the baby and mum too. I grab the pram with both hands pushed it down with all my strength and the baby with that big push I gave him falled (fell) off from the pram screaming more than ever. When mum saw what I did she came to pick him up and told me, 'I would kill you for this, ' I was so afraid of killing the baby and of mum that I ran to auntie and stayed with her for 3 days. I couldn't face mum after that and when I am my aunt knew what I did, very quietly I asked her 'is the baby is still alive?'. She told me that he was, but better stay a little while till mum is a little more reasonable because if I went now she would kill me, instead of me killing the baby. Another incident was with my younger brother John. He was about four months old and mum used to put him in an old-fashioned crib which they used to hang between the walls and they put exactly over their bed or in the corner very near it. Ours I remember it was over mum's bed and this baby was crying and with a little rope on which they used to tie to one side of the crib so that they will it keep it moving. Mum told me to go and rock the baby which I did but nothing quieted him. I rocked and I rocked and the baby kept crying and mum couldn't come to see what's wrong with him because she had a shop full of people

and when I got fed up rocking the baby and it was no use he just kept crying. I pulled the rope with all my strength and the baby went flying. It was a good thing that the crib was on the bed because otherwise I would have killed him. He landed on the bed in with the noise he did and then he started to cry harder than ever. Mum came running in and started screaming. Oh God what did you do now. You might have killed him. She held him and quieted him down but I don't remember what happened afterwards, if she smacked me or if I went to auntie as usual. If she did, I certainly deserved it.

Another time to when I had a good spanking my aunty came home to buy something from our shop and she had plenty to carry with her and mum told her to take with her a big tin of coffee to the bakers because in those days there wasn't instant coffee like today but it came and uncooked like beans. Then we took it to the baker and often we grind it in small machines and then sell it. And this time my aunt couldn't take it and mum told her I will send Carmen with it and she will come with you. She called me gave me the tin of coffee and I went with her. I was about 5 at the time and for me 8 tins of coffee was a bit too much. Apart from that my auntie started to walk too fast and I couldn't catch up with her. I asked her to wait for me and she without looking back started to call me to hurry up. I started crying and told her I can't walk because the tin was slipping from my hands. She didn't seem to care and with the weight I couldn't do another step so what I did? There were two fields, one with a low wall that I could reach and the other very high and I left (it there) to be continued

Carmen Scicluna

It's a great pity that the work is either unfinished or part of it has been lost. I therefore would like to further add one or two stories which my mum used to tell us and are not written down in her text, but which in my opinion should be written in her biography.

Carmen Scicluna – Part 2 –I here attempt to continue with some stories or experiences we have of mum.

The first story takes us back to the early 70s when it became fashionable for people to upgrade their kitchens and bathrooms by cutting small ducts in the walls and place the water pipes which used to be outside the walls inside so that they could later fix tiles to the wall.

My father was very busy at work and my mum decided to start the project alone with the help of me and my brothers Edwin & Norman. So, armed with a hammer and hand chisel she started to cut chasing for the plumbing pipes water pipes. This project took us some weeks and during which she became sick, nothing to do with the work simply got a cold and fever and she had to call the doctor. Now in those days in Malta the doctor used to visit the patient at home and I remember exactly it was Dr Jimmy Farrugia who later became a Parliamentary speaker in the Maltese Parliament. The doctor came and in his opinion, she should go to hospital for further treatment and rest. My mum knowing that she couldn't leaves us 3 boys and by now 2 baby girls alone so she promised him that she'll stay in bed and take care of herself. Dr Farrugia left and as you can expect within 15 minutes she was up on her feet and back to hammering the wall. Now the Maltese Limestone produces lots of fine dust and you can imagine how her hair and face looked like within a few minutes.



After about 30 minutes the doorbell rang and mum assuming it was a neighbour coming to borrow something opened the door and you can imagine the shock she had when she came face to face with Dr Farrugia who had come back because he had forgotten his stethoscope. I am not sure who had the biggest shock, my mum or the doctor who instead of finding his patient in bed he is faced by a woman full of working dust and a hammer and chisel in her hands.

Another story I would like to tell is when my father died. In those days workers were paid by cheque. So, when my father passed away and mum

got his wage in cheque form, she had to cash it at the bank. I was with her and remember the story as if it was yesterday. We walked into the bank and went to one cashier and mum presented the cheque of £67.35 pence. He did not allow her to get the money since it was written in favour of my father's name. Mum's explanation that father had died and she needed the money did not help. The cashier said he is sorry but he did not move an inch.

But mum was mum and if she couldn't go in through the door she was going to try through the window. 'Watch this!' she told me. So, she asked the cashier if she is allowed to deposit the amount in the cheque into father's current account. The cashier proudly said yes. You can deposit any time but not withdraw. When he finished depositing the cheque, he turned to mum and sarcastically asked if there is anything else he can do for her. Yes, she proudly said as she pointed out that this was a joint account to which both she and my father had access to, 'Please give me £67.35 pence from our joint account. I can still see the angry and pissed off face of the bank cashier as he realised that she had made a fool out of him and got what she wanted.

It was one of those special experiences which I choose to remember mum with. She taught us to be polite but to fight for our rights. She was a person who would not easily give up. It's a characteristic which we her five children seem to have all inherited.

She was full of positive energy, painting, sewing leather bags for shops, sewing clothes for people and for us. I am sure this positive energy came from her mum, Grandma Martina.

Mum tells us lots of stories in her childhood part of which was during the 2nd World War. I remember exactly that she says she was never in a shelter and to the contrary she says when the fighters came (Stuka, Spitfires & co.) they used to go on the roof and watch them shooting each other down. She says when they were Italians it was safe as they kept their distance from the fierce British defence anti-aircraft artillery. When they were Germans they would be more careful as they did their job, and came

close to the target. She also spoke often of German prisoners of war coming to their small grocery shop to buy food. Something I would like to one day confirm. She says that German POWs were allowed to go out while the Italians were not allowed because you could not trust them. The Germans were respected, as we were at war and they were doing their job. The Italians were on the other hand seen as brothers and the Maltese would not except that a brother comes and throws bombs at us.

So, my mum says that when a pilot was shot down and he parachuted himself to safety, the people used to run quickly before the British soldiers came, take his parachute and left him there. They didn't care about him, they simply wanted his parachute as it was made of silk and they would use it to make loads of things which they needed.

She speaks also of 2 instances where they had organised a picnic under Rabat near the Ta' Qali Airfield and an air raid took place and the British soldiers had to take them in for protection. The other instance was when Grandma decided to cross the Grand Harbour by boat during another air raid and again the British picked them up and took them to the Fort Ricasoli for protection.



My mum speaks of the war more as an adventure, she was 7 years old when the war broke out and 12 by the time it finished. She explains that her family never suffered hunger since they had the grocery shop there was always something to eat. They used to sell bread and instead of buying bread from bakeries they used to buy and sell flour which was rationed. Now if you had flour for 100 families, it was easier to keep a few grams back at times and with this you have a kilo or two extra to make additional bread at the end of the day.

I advise all people to talk to their parents to ask them questions before it's too late. Had we for example discovered this writing sometime earlier it would have been easier to ask her about some parts of her stories. I would

really like to know for examples about the story of what she saw when she said she saw something. I remember as a child she always told us the story and from the impression I would say she something very religious. Perhaps the Holy Mary or something close. This is because when she told me the story (this was at several different occasions) she spoke of this special feeling and even when I speak about it, my body shivers. She speaks later about it and says that she would have killed herself had it not been for what she had seen. Something very special, something very peaceful, something which I helped her all her life.

She was an extremely creative person. She never became famous simply because she was unfortunately not a good in marketing herself and a rather humble person, plus in those days one did not have the marketing possibilities we have today. She has about 25 paintings and I would say a couple of them have a very high artistic level, but because she never exhibited, her paintings remained unknown.

I will close by displaying photos of her works.....

Note by Editor

I have carefully typed this text from a copy of the original hand-written notes my mum made back in 1966. I have not corrected anything but simply inserted commas and full stops to make the text better readable. Therefore, I took over any grammar mistakes on purpose so as to keep text as original as possible. The story seems to be not full as it stops suddenly. Hopefully one day we will find the rest of the text.

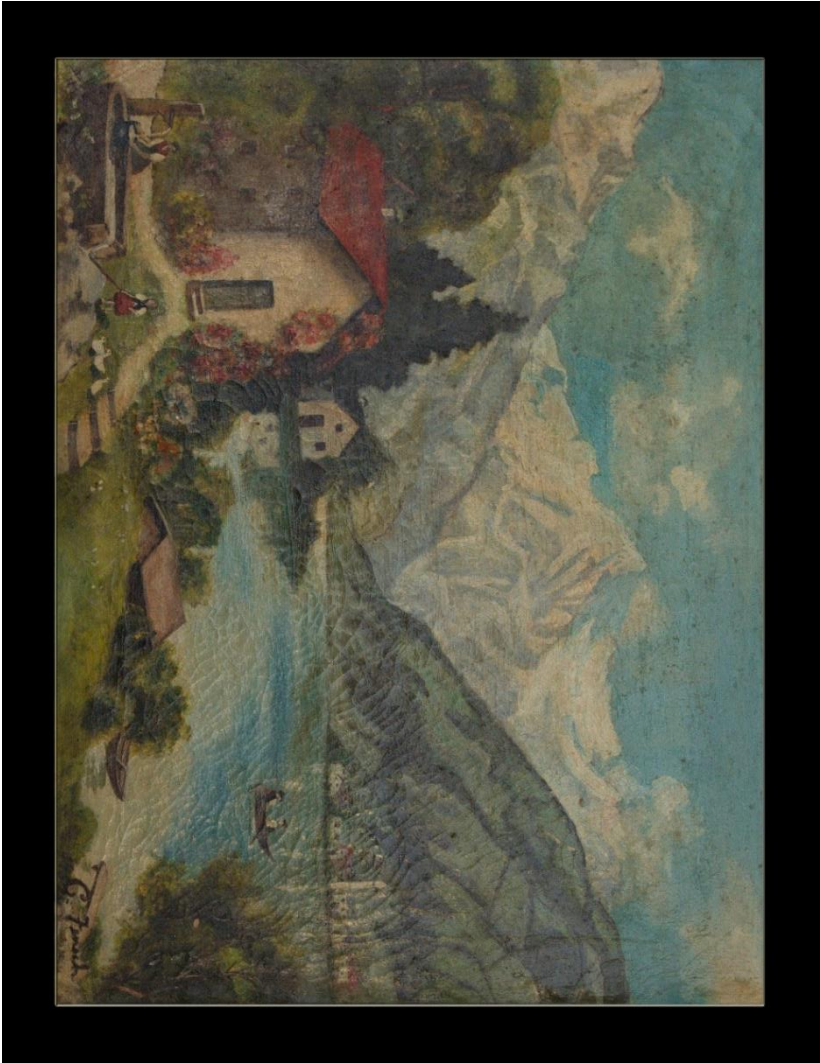
Victor Scicluna



The Holy Family. One of her largest and most complex painting with 12 portraits. The 2 upper left hand angels differ from the original and are replaced by faces of Edwin & Victor









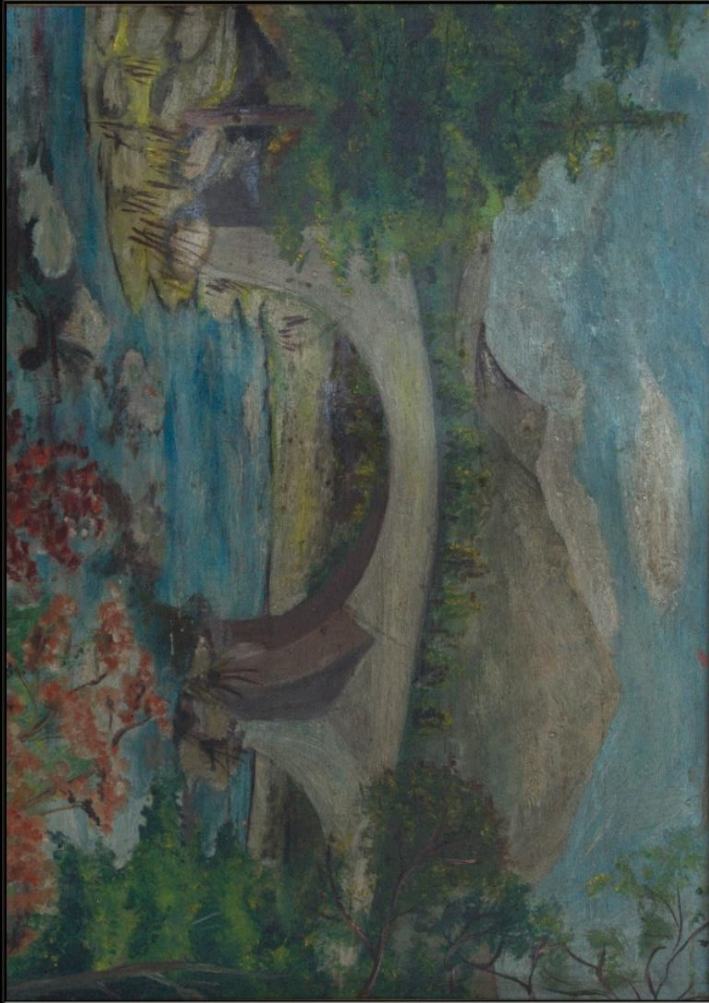












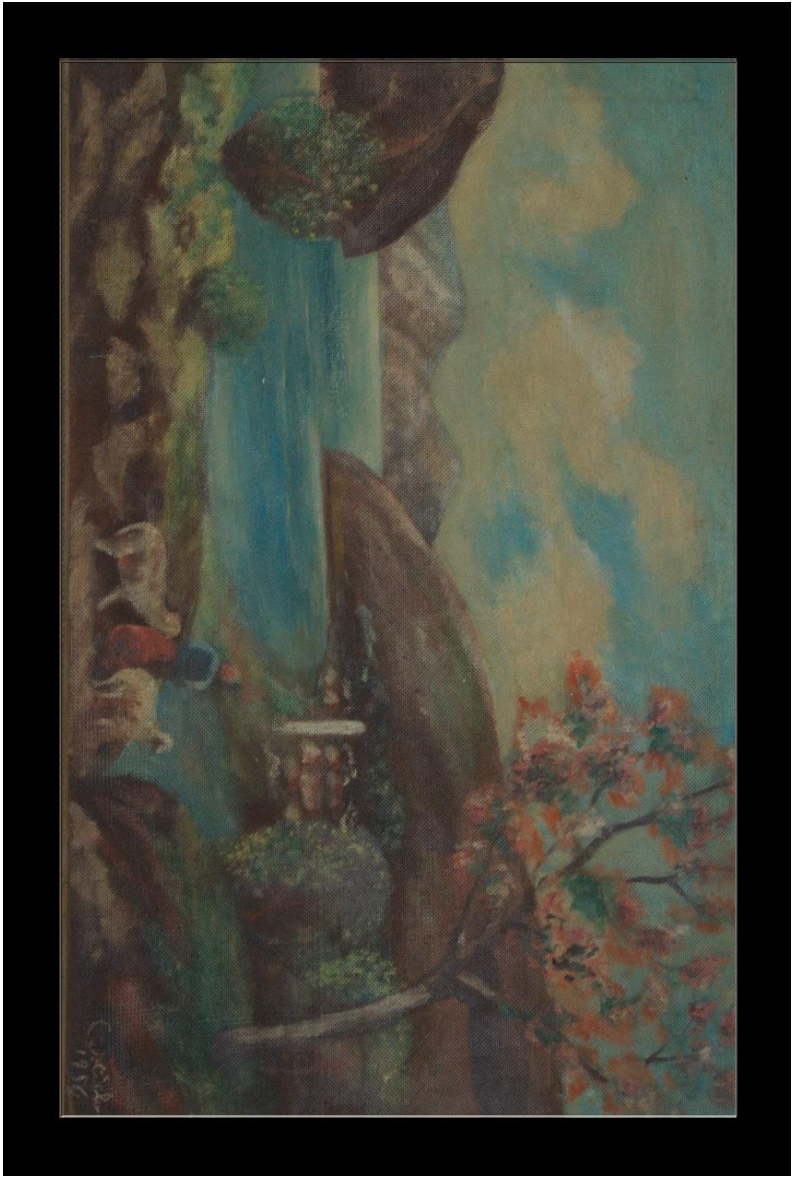














*Carmen Scicluna ----
1932 -*



