

JOKE

LE ABIA O NON LE BIA

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One of my favorite stories that I heard in Venice two years ago (and recall it only from memory, please correct me if I am wrong): The rich Venice merchandiser Labia arranged big parties for his guests. With his temper at height, he was throwing golden plates through the window, crying: “Le abia, o non le bia, sarÃ³ sempre Labia” – “if I have them or if I have them not, I am always a Labia”. (It turned out that some of his servants were waiting at Canale Grande to pick up the golden plates coming through the window). Yea, yea.

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