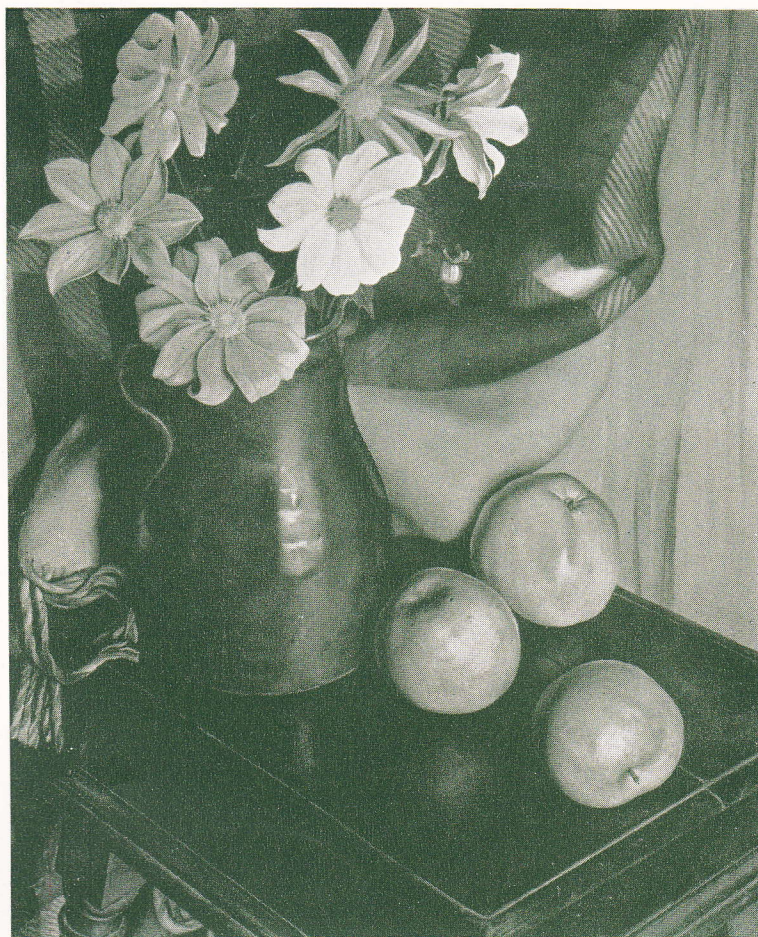


ATLANTICA



DECEMBER, 1932



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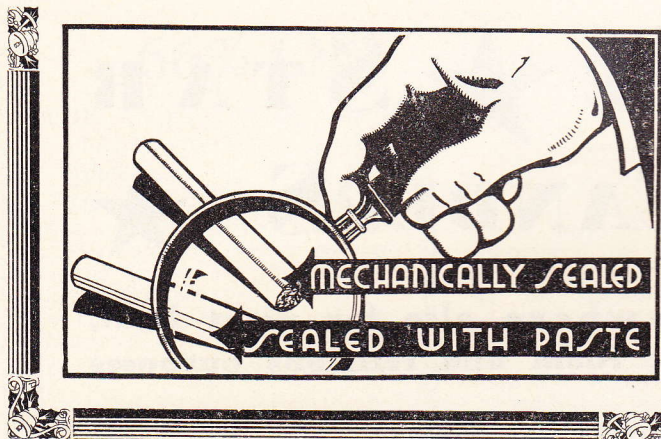
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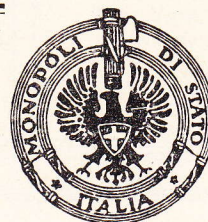
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The Cover This Month

Back in March, 1931, *Atlantica* contained an article on a rising young Italo-American painter, Luigi Lucioni. Even at that time Mr. Lucioni was beginning to win recognition of a sort, but it was not till a year later that he achieved real fame by having the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that citadel of the arts, purchase one of his paintings, "Dahlias and Apples," reproduced on the cover this month. At the age of 31, Mr. Lucioni accomplished what no other artist of his years has ever done. for the Metropolitan has been noted for showing but little interest in modern art and for buying little if anything of the work of contemporary American artists.

Works by Lucioni already hang in a half dozen other art museums and in the collections of many private owners, and his most recent triumph is "Arrangement of Light," recently purchased by the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence.

Born in Malnate, near Milan, Italy, Luigi Lucioni came to this country at the age of ten, studied at Cooper Union, the National Academy of Design, and, on a scholarship, at the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation at Oyster Bay, Long Island. He has returned to Italy several times.

Mr. Lucioni's landscapes, still-lives, and portraits are characterized by a forceful, finished and realistic simplicity, a firm, impeccable line that almost approaches literal photography, and a rich textural quality in their coloring that softens and rounds out the whole. "Dahlias and Apples" is an excellent example of his manner in still-life.

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingargiola

AMERICA AND THE WAR DEBTS

It seems inevitable at the present writing that Congress will insist with the European nations that they pay their war debts on the due date or default. Public sentiment in this country seems to be pretty well crystallized upon this point. Our press, with a few notable exceptions, has been consistently and mercilessly fanning the flame in the past several weeks. Nor was it really necessary for that great American patriot, William Randolph Hearst, to disturb his California repose, take pen in hand and emit a most vitriolic attack on the debtor nations, particularly on Italy and France. But how could the redoubtable Mr. Hearst remain silent?

The trouble with this question is that very few Americans are capable of approaching it with a calm and dispassionate attitude of mind. It is very easy to demand payment. It is very easy, for example, to say, as Senator Johnson said the other day: "They can and must pay." Yet everybody seems to ignore the most important question: "How?" That's the crux of the matter. If it is shown that these countries are absolutely unable to pay, with what logic or moral right can America insist that they pay?

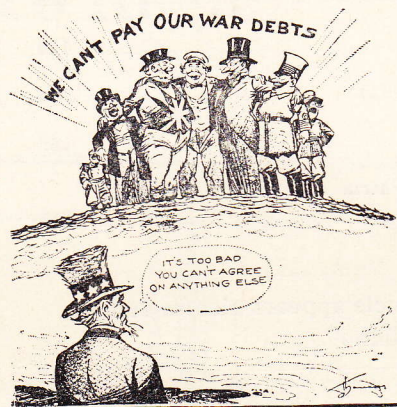
Last year President Hoover declared a Moratorium. Why did he do this? Because it had been proved beyond doubt that insistence on the payments would have resulted in European bankruptcy. The situation is certainly no better now than it was last year. Shall we force our debtors to pay and thus put them into bankruptcy? There seems to be no other alternative. Yet it is difficult to see how this course would benefit America.

There is another angle which has been little discussed in the press. Suppose they default? Then what would happen? How shall we collect our just debts? Shall we declare a war upon the defaulters? The question may be academic. Still, we are entitled to know what steps can be taken against a defaulting debtor.

Perhaps the solution lies in just one word: *Revision* — revision brought about in a spirit of sincere cooperation and guided by common sense. The question of payment—for nations as well as for individuals—is closely connected with many factors: income, accounts receivable, expenses, etc. These factors must be examined in the light of new conditions.

Interdependence is no longer a theory. It is a fact. America is part and parcel of the body politic and of the body economic of the world. If the world falls, America falls.

Europe must pay. That is just and proper. Eventually, she will



Harmony in Europe

—From the Detroit "News"

pay. But we believe that the chief object of enlightened American statesmanship today should be to avoid an economic catastrophe which would drag the entire world into financial ruin and political chaos.

SPINOZA: THREE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER HIS BIRTH

THE birth of Spinoza, three hundred years ago, was celebrated last month. The occasion was marked by the publication of books and essays concerning his life and his philosophy. In an age beset with fanaticism, superstition and moral distortions, this anniversary has come with much-needed time-

liness to remind us all of the eternal verities of the spirit.

This is no place to discuss Spinoza's philosophical thought — a very arduous task. Rather we shall dwell a little upon his earthly life and its lessons.

Deeply educated in the Jewish theology of his race, he was very soon alienated from his orthodox beliefs by his scientific studies. He was excommunicated by the Rabbis, driven out of the synagogue and banished from his native city of Amsterdam.

Religious persecution, overwork and physical ailments contributed to make his life absolutely unbearable. Yet he never complained: a true philosopher, a simple soul, full of the milk of human kindness: a noble, heroic man whose life exemplified to perfection the philosophy he taught.

A long time has passed since the day of Spinoza's birth. Yet can we say that we have advanced very much in religious tolerance, enlightened vision and respect for new ideas? The answer comes irresistibly.

No, we have not, for we still stone our prophets, we still persecute our saints, we still obstruct valiantly the flowering forth of new ideas. Spinoza, Bruno and Galilei find their counterparts in our modern world. Yet, today we praise Spinoza, Bruno and Galilei and condemn their successors.

Is it not the way of the world to praise dead saints and persecute living ones?

SOME POST-ELECTION REFLECTIONS

NOW that the general elections are over one is drawn to study the results and make certain comments. We shall limit ourselves to such observations as are pertinent to matters closely related to our peculiar Italian-American point of view.

In this connection, the first thing which strikes our attention is the utter lack of race-mindedness displayed by the Italian-American voters in the last elections, particularly in the State of New York. For the first time in the State's history, an Italian—Mr. Nicholas H. Pinto—had been nominated by the Republican Party to a high State-wide office. He failed. But the significant thing was that the Italian-American voters failed to give Mr. Pinto any support at all.

(Continued on Page 126)

The Machine *and* *the* Depression

By *Francesco Paoloni*

Member of the Italian Parliament

THE major responsibility for the current world depression has been attributed by many (and sometimes even authoritatively) to the tremendous development of industrial production, through the means that have been placed at its disposal by the prodigious and incessant progress in mechanics, physics and chemistry, or, in other words, the "machine."

As a matter of fact, this is not the most accredited opinion among those well versed in the economic and social sciences, who have studied all the aspects and factors of the depression, country by country, and have come to no one common conclusion. Only some of them have considered the "excess of industrialism" as "one" of the causes, or even as a consequence of other causes. The followers of Marx are of course excepted; it is well-known that their apocalyptic thesis, with its communistic background, claims that capitalism is damned by its very nature to provoking the productive effort, through colossal and highly centralized industrial organizations, to the point of bankruptcy, because of its own inability to control this effort. Thus, say the Marxists, the proletariat must take over the task of organizing the common property and state production.

More than one scientist and scholar has had to raise his voice in defense of science. One notable article recently carried the significant heading: "Is Science responsible for the depression?" Thus the question has been put. It is well to face it and examine it from all angles.

INDUSTRY based on mechanical methods is little more than a century and a half old. The extension of trade from city to city, from region to region, from nation to nation, had already in the 13th and 14th centuries upset, for

some industries, the handicraft system, and had promoted in its stead the formation of capitalistic enterprises under which hundreds and thousands worked in factories, with a division of labor for the various operations necessary for transforming the raw or half-worked material into the finished product. In fact, because of this change, some regions of Italy, toward the end of the Middle Ages, displayed supremacy in many activities, and surpassed other nations in the degree of their economic prosperity.

Later, the opening and the development of new markets beyond the oceans (America, the Indies, the immense and populated lands of the far East) made the commercial needs that had to be satisfied of such proportions as to require vast manufacturing organizations, with strong capital structures, and thus determined the formation of trading companies on a large scale and provoked the struggle against the confining rules of the outlived medieval guilds. In England, in the early years of the 18th century, the guilds had already been eliminated in fact earlier than in the eyes of the law; and this genuine industrial revolution against the old, insufficient and paralyzing productive systems, together with the opening of the Indies and North America, favored the development of large-scale industry and stimulated invention and the application of the first machines.

The continually widening application of these machines, which were prodigious at the time but which to us today appear to be barely rudimentary, passed from cotton to wool, and, in the early years of the 19th century, to silk and linen. But the discovery that was to revolutionize profoundly the productive process throughout the world was that of James

Watt: the steam engine, which began the tremendous change in transportation methods by substituting the locomotive and the railroad for animal traction, and the steamboat for sail navigation. At the same time chemistry had reduced to a minimum of time and labor some operations which up to that time had required considerable manpower, months of time, and an enormous tying up of capital; this was the case for example, with the bleaching of cotton and linen, and the supplanting of chemical colors for those formerly extracted from plants from the Orient, for use in dyeing and printing.

THUS, in 1789 the French Revolution—to which the bourgeoisie had been driven by, among other things, the need of abolishing all the obstacles interposed by the remains of the feudal regime, as the English bourgeoisie had done without having to shed the blood of the aristocracy—found itself confronted by England, which had already found enormous advantage from its industrial, capitalistic and commercial development, and this was in large part the cause of the rivalry and the ensuing implacable war between the two countries.

And yet, in that very England where mechanized industry had been born, the machine was the subject of violent struggle lasting from 1800 to 1830. Readers will recognize these pages from history; a brief reference will recall them to their memory: judicial petition and action against the entrepreneurs who employed machines not provided for in the "Statutes of Queen Elizabeth," terrorist bands scourging whole provinces for the systematic destruction of mechanical looms, uprisings of the people, and the first ships propelled by steam des-

troyed and sunk by the fury of the people.

Nevertheless the machine, beaten and destroyed, was reborn perfected, multiplied itself rapidly with extraordinary prolificacy, and won out. In fact the victory was absolutely decisive; for not only did the machine finally assert itself, but it also became justified in the minds of the people, in that, by reducing the amount of heavy labor, diminishing the cost of production, accelerating and multiplying its speed, causing new industrial needs to arise, lowering the prices of products to levels accessible even for the most modest classes, reaching rapidly the most distant markets, the machine had required not only an ever greater number of workers, much greater than the machine had originally displaced, but had even raised noticeably the average standard of living of the people.

IT HAS been observed in this present period of depression that during the very century of the development of modern industry, from about 1830 to 1930, economic depressions have been repeated, at short and almost regular intervals but with increasing extension and seriousness, and to them economists have given this explanation: that every productive cycle is intensified till it exceeds its market's consuming capacity, so that there follows a period of depression, after which equilibrium is re-established and a new cycle is begun with greater intensity.

Thus, from crisis to crisis, is the machine driving us toward a final crisis of insuperable dimensions and seriousness, and will we have to turn back?

And yet it must be remembered that humanity knew serious crises before the advent of the machine, before the industrial revolution, and much further back in the centuries: want—frightful periods of misery that weighed upon the people, who were much less numerous than today and used to but the minimum standards of living—cutting down innumerable victims, who died of hunger in the street. Manual labor had been reduced but little since the primitive instruments treated by Galileo in his study: "Of Mechanical Science and the Utility to be Obtained from Its Instruments,"

which could not have been a cause of unemployment, although Galileo had pointed out that they could be utilized "at a saving of the labor of several millions."

Want, which used to characterize those crises, was an agricultural phenomenon; and it is certain that chemistry, physics and mechanics—with the multiplication of rapid communication, with the aid of printing in the spread of knowledge, with the possibility of regulating irrigation, with newer fertilizing methods, and with the substitution of machines for the primitive instruments of agricultural labor—have given humanity means sufficient to satisfy its needs for food and raw materials and to eliminate any danger of want.

IT IS clear that, if the machine in itself were the prime and fundamental cause of the depression, then, to cure the world, not only with respect to the present crisis but also to abolish the threat of its recurrence at more or less regular intervals, we should turn back: dismantle our mechanisms and restore to man the implements for essentially manual labor. At a mechanical spinning-jenny of the latest model an operator produces in eight hours the same amount of thread which, 150 years ago, it took tens of thousands of women to make. Shall we, therefore, dismount completely this machine, for example? Or shall we utilize it in part, bringing it back to a certain point in its substitution for human labor, as we had, say 20 or 50 years ago? And then, what about prices?

Thus, in arresting or setting back progress, in what section, at what moment and what point in production, at what stage of perfection of machine technology, should we stop? From the immediate post-war period to the present, the technique of production, to be sure, has made great progress. If the crisis is due to this advance, should we turn back to the technological levels of those times? Yet even at that time it had already taken some giant steps forward, in comparison with its position of a decade before the World War. Should we, therefore, go still further back, and if so, how far?

If it were possible to abolish

the machine, or reduce its efficiency, if it were possible to repudiate technical progress, if it were possible to renounce the admirable conquest of human intelligence over the forces of nature, we would not have a remedy for the depression, but a chaotic aggravation, both in terms of the loss of capital invested, and, more important, the tremendous increase of costs with the return of many manual operations. It would result in the loss of a great part of the improvement of the standard of living which during the last century has been shared also by the masses, whose living conditions today are generally much higher than formerly.

And for the same reasons, neither is it possible to hold back this progress, or impede its further development.

THE machine has given man the means: to accumulate power and multiply it, regulate its use, and prolong its length of action; to augment or diminish its speed; to save time in productive operations; to utilize by-products and to undertake and complete work where the hand of man would and could not work, either because of the greater force required, or the inaccessibility of the locale. It has provided the means for the mathematically maximum economy in the use of raw materials; for the manufacture of great quantities in succession; for the rapid multiplication of an infinite number of copies of the same model. It has in this way freed mankind from the need of undergoing the muscular animal labor governed by the instinct rather than the intelligence; it has put mankind in a position to exploit all the immense resources of nature, and to join countries and continents by annihilating space and time in transportation and communication between one people and another; it has given everyone the possibility of using goods and services that formerly were the privilege of the few favored by fortune, and of enriching the mind with an inexhaustible fund of knowledge.

A writer on economic subjects for the newspaper reading public (**Metron**, in the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan) pointed out recently how the machine, created by

(Continued on Page 111)



"... the peace that Francesca . . . dreamed and would have beseeched for Dante."

The City of the Ivory Tower

By *Fredericka Blankner*

EVERYTHING about Pisa is gentle, even her name.

Here the slow Arno, feeling itself near the sea, already knows the peace that Francesca, born to immortal unrest near the mouth of a sister stream, dreamed and would have beseeched for Dante. It flows, in the noble unhurried curve of an old river, between smooth walls, as smooth and quiet as they. Even at midnight one cannot hear its flow.

All of the surfaces of street and façade along it are plane. The ample dignity of the long sweeping curve to which it bends them serves only to unfold their planeness. And nowhere are plane surfaces so beautiful as here,—as natural to the calm alluvial sea-coast which they pave and from which they rise as is the Arno which helped to make it.

Pisa's life is inner and these un-

troubled surfaces are the expression of that life. Unlike Rome, Pisa does not care about externals. As from an intimate sensitiveness, the houses of *Lungarno* retreat within themselves timidly, and shrink even from window mouldings that might intrude them upon the world. The bridges are content to be bridges, level—above wide low arches—as the water that they span, and indulge in no decoration. The river-walls attain a beauty in being simply what they are, walls for Arno; the heavy slab that rests on the top of their broad masonry, broader still, is unadorned: it runs off in an uninterrupted strip far down the Arno curve.

All the houses are the same in design for the same reason: they seek to conceal their personalities and to be unobserved by being alike. Even the *palazzo* that once held the

storm spirit of Byron gives no sign of what it has known. Whatever variations there may have been in style have been overspread by a uniform coating of *intonaco*, that smooth standardizing stucco ordinarily so exasperating—in Leghorn, for instance, unbearably monotonous—but in Pisa strangely pleasing, perhaps because the houses themselves have welcomed it as a refuge.

The *intonaco* is tinted in pastel shadings, brown, rose, and much yellow, all slightly neutralized as though the sunlight that falls upon them were a little dusty. With their rows of plain oblong windows, each folded within light green shutters (for the shutters of this most New England of Italian towns are usually closed), the houses are reflected and their tints subtly altered in the still, lucent olive-green of Arno. The effect of such a line of square

buildings with flat roofs, scarcely varying in height, would be uninterestingly box-like, were they not here so natural, and therefore satisfying. One likes Pisa as one sometimes likes much and inexplicably some very plain people.

AND like such people Pisa does not show her age: the *intonaco* has obliterated all the ruggedness and weariness in the marble that might have told of the centuries. Of just what period would Pisa be? On *Lungarno Mediceo* one could not say: here the atmosphere is most suggestive of the early nineteenth century, as though Shelley and Byron were the last to leave it.

And yet Pisa is older than Rome.

But Pisa has let the *intonaco* be put over her memory as well as over her stones. She has forgotten her battled past, and she wants you to forget. Is it legend or not that her founders were Greeks? Pisa is no longer sure. And her early Etruscan and Roman days are dimmer to her now than they are to the historians. The thought of Palermo thrills her no longer. She has forgotten that her cathedral was built to commemorate her defeat there of the Saracens and that the temple columns supporting its nave and aisles are trophies of her conquests in the Mediterranean. No longer does the thought of the Moor stir her blood, and her memory of the early Crusades and the ships that she sent for the taking of Jerusalem has dissolved into nebula. Did a hundred and fifty thousand ever really throng her streets? She is glad that now at least they are not here, and that Leghorn has all her trade. And just what was it that happened at the Council of Pisa, and why was it held? Pisa has forgotten. Even the meaning of Ghibelline she has forgotten, forgotten the Ge-

noa and Lucca and Florence who destroyed her. Her victories of Reggio, Carthage, Corsica, Sardinia, Tunis, the Balearic Isles, Amalfi, Montaperti, Montecatini; and Fred-

drowses near the sea on whose coast she once crouched dominating it from Genoa to Rome, mistress of the Mediterranean and its Orient shores before Genoa or Venice.

There is nothing tired in Pisa now. The houses know that all the work was done long, long ago, and that nothing remains but to doze in the sun. They are effortless, desiring nothing—like very simple Buddhas feeling there is nothing to desire. And this same belief creeps somnolently over one who loiters among them.

Yet it is not always sleep that is behind their closed eyelids. Sometimes they are thinking. But one feels that they are meditating the same thought over and over again. It may be profundity—or vacuity, giving the illusion of profundity.

I know that some of them study me furtively while I am not looking. But whenever I turn, no matter how suddenly, the eyes are cast down again, and the gaze within. In Pisa one never sees anything face to face.

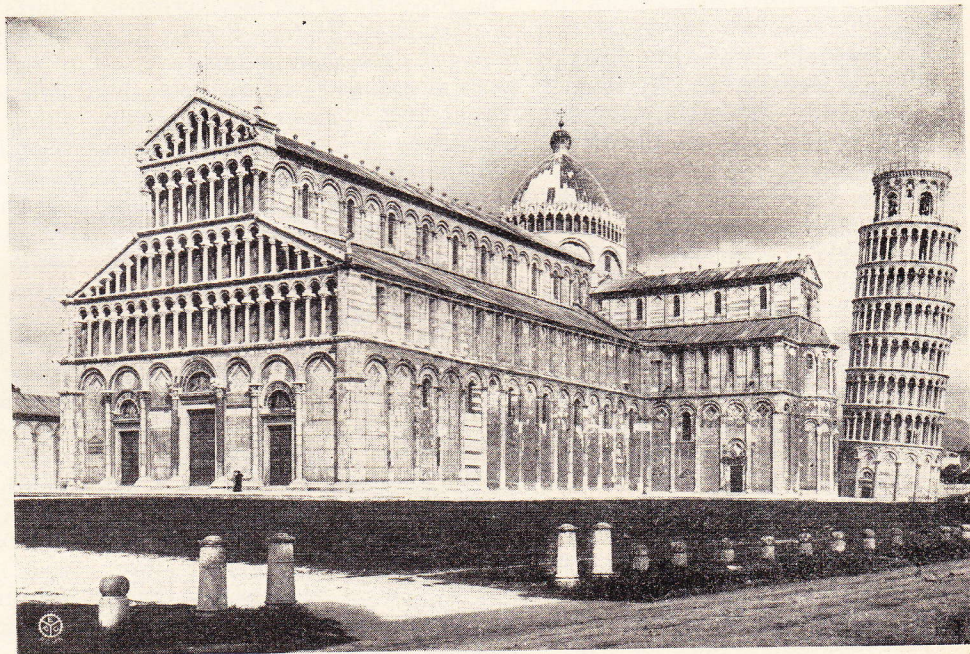
Though these houses do not invite the visitor, they are too well-bred to repulse him as those of the

Fredericka Blankner, the author of this article, is well-known both in this country and in Italy for her activities in the field of Italian studies. A member of the faculty at Vassar College, she returned only recently from lecturing on modern Italian literature at the Royal University of Perugia. In this country, too, she has lectured widely on Italian culture (she is speaking this season at The Town Hall in New York City on "Italian Prophets of the New Age").

Even better-known is Miss Blankner, who holds the Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago and that of Doctor of Letters from the Royal University of Rome, for her literary successes. "All My Youth", her recent book of poems mostly about Italy, was one of the poetry successes of the year. Another book presenting original research in the influence of Dante and others on Lorenzo the Magnificent, which is a development of an essay which received the Dante Prize from Harvard University, is being published this season in the Renaissance Studies of the Institute of French Studies at Columbia University. This season, too, a translation of hers from the Italian of a literary history is being published by the Dial Press.

Miss Blankner has contributed to many of the leading American periodicals, among them "The Forum," "The North American Review," "The Golden Book," "Theatre Arts Monthly," "The Yale Review," "School and Society," "Poet Lore," "The Poetry Review of Great Britain," "The Saturday Review of Literature," "The Virginia Quarterly Review," etc.

erick II and those others on whom she founded her hopes—Alphonse of Aragon, Guido da Montefeltro, Boniface VIII, Henry VII, Ugucione della Faggiola, the Gherardesca, Charles IV, Pietro Bembacorti—what do they matter to her now? Pisa is older, she is wiser, and she



"... like very gentle old philosophers. . . ."

arrogant Siena do at first—or they are too indifferent. The houses of Pisa are sufficient to themselves and, keeping to themselves, they allow the spirit to breathe and to be quiet. Pisa holds, because she leaves one free. One can be alone in Pisa. It was perhaps because of this spiritual spaciousness that Shelley returned here and remained so long.

attention to itself by mounting above another. Except for a few inconspicuous ones, whatever towers Pisa had in the past she no longer allows. Ruined is the famous Ugolino Tower of Famine and she has forgotten the story that was dread enough for even the lowest circle of the *Inferno*. Towers mean indivi-

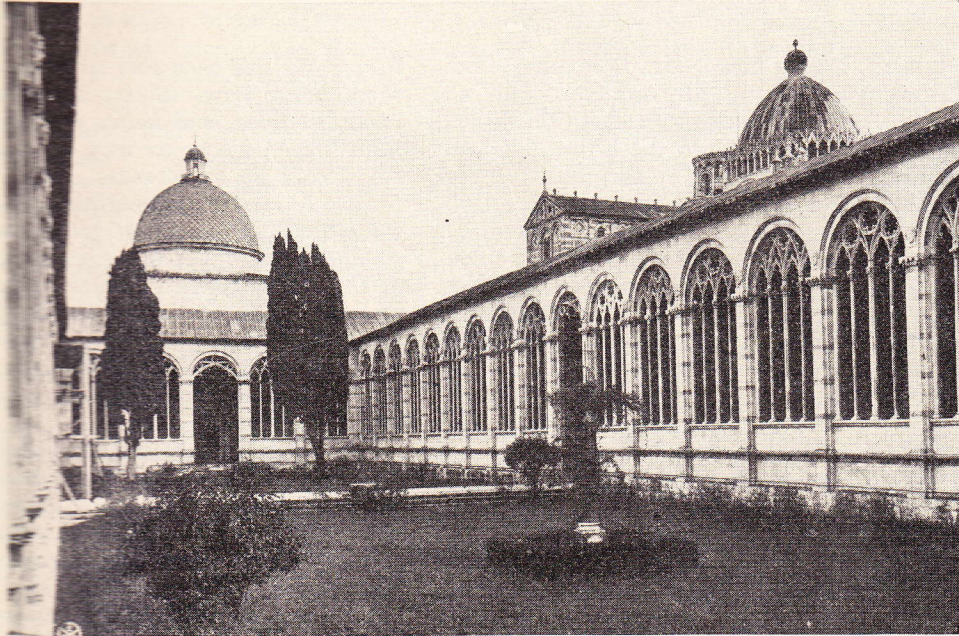
square between the *Ponte di Mezzo* and the shop-lined *Via del Borgo*. But ours is a century with which the real Pisa will have nothing to do. For all their slim, dark attractiveness (every Italian town has its type and the Pisan is among the handsomest in Italy, which means among the handsomest in the world), Pisa ignores these upstart *giovannotti* of today, who pace through her streets in flaming ties. Less astute than the Sienese, less madonna-mild than the Umbrians, less shooting-fire intelligent than the Florentines, less plebeian than the Romans, these youths are well-mannered, self-eliminative and thoughtful like the houses in which they live. Another town would exhibit them proudly, but for Pisa they do not exist. They are young—and Pisa would be still.

She has taught them much of her calm. Last evening when there were only two things in Italy, the people's united heart and *il Duce* to whom it anew dedicated allegiance, these boys and men, even in their terror and fierce resentment

that the life of their leader had been attempted, even in exultant thankfulness that the life of their leader had been spared, were controlled in the swinging rhythm of their marching, in the chanting of their youth-hymn, "*Giovinazza*". The reason for the calm was not nervelessness, for their eyes were fire. The antique Pisan valiance burns still in her youths, but Pisa, who has grown too wise for passion, has taught the Pisans of today to contain theirs.

They were quiet as they thronged *Piazza Garibaldi* with their banners; the bugle that called attention broke the silence, instead of making it. After the speeches they dispersed noiselessly. Their singing could be heard until they crossed the Arno, and then their voices were lost in this town whose stillness seems to deaden the sound within it—so different from echoing Siena where the rollicking tune of the marching *bersaglieri* will crash from one street to another and seem always just about to burst around the nearest corner.

(Continued on Page 127)



"... a feeling that no human hand has ever touched them..."

The houses themselves like to be alone. Twilight is their hour and solitude their happiness. Yet one knows that even when they are left alone in the dusk, they do not talk to one another as do the houses of Assisi; they have learned and prefer to be silent together like old friends.

And they are alone, usually. The few persons that pass down *Lungarno* appear fewer than they actually are, because the houses inwardly withdraw from them. They seem to be mostly soldiers, in their familiar drab-green uniforms. And what is more solitary than a group of two or three of these privates whose leisure hours weigh upon them, who have nothing to do, who wander about uncongenially—each not thinking, or thinking alone?

UNCOMFORTABLY I become aware that I am intruder. I turn off *Lungarno* at the nearest corner and find myself in a narrow street that abruptly curves to run parallel. It is *Via delle Belle Torri*, "Way of the Beautiful Towers." Yet towers only in name, for no house in Pisa today wishes to call

duality and aggressiveness. And today Pisa is all peace.

It is in its confused mediaeval sense that "tower" persists in the name of this street, a synonym for "dwelling-place," probably arising from the effect of great height given by the closely ranged pilasters of brick inset in the brick walls and extending upward the whole length of the several stories to terminate there far above in acute arches. In this popular quarter there is no aristocratic *intonaco*: the veteran scars in the swarthy blocks are naked. Here one sees that Pisa is old.

The people that overflow from the tenements now piled in these "towers" that once were fair, are quiet in the streets. The laughter of the playing children is hushed. *Lungarno*, a step away, has cast its spell over this corner of the past that it has forgotten.

The "Way of the Beautiful Towers" is a brief one and, leading unexpectedly from the Middle Ages into the Twentieth Century, opens into the *Piazza Garibaldi*, the lively

Some Racial Problems

In which the author comments on recent articles
in this magazine concerning differences
between the older and newer
generation of Italo-Americans

By *Vinzo Gmito*

Translated by M. D. Randazzo

FOR some time I have taken particular interest in *Atlantica*, especially when it occupies itself with racial problems which are born of mentalities, traditions, and ethical-social systems that here first come into conflict and then slowly adapt themselves as best as they can to each other, and live on until their connubial relationship gives birth to the only forces of cooperation possible, through which conflict is eliminated and all differences levelled.

The resulting literary activity can only have the value of a serene or sharp discussion which remains enclosed in a purely dialectic world, if it can attain such a height, and which is speculative, without any roots in the present living reality, since it is outside the necessities of the combined social life of the diverse peoples of America that arise continuously, presenting problems and questions which, unheeded by the said discussion, remain unsolved, at least theoretically.

The thesis, as it is presented and explained by Dr. Lomauro, cannot do more than elicit lowly sentiments and raise a heated discussion without, however, resolving a single aspect of the discussion, or even succeeding in presenting clear premises which might lead to some tenable conclusion or conclusions. Dr. Lomauro treats his observations with surprising superficiality, and when he turns his attention to something serious he becomes confused, obscure, and indefinite.

Let us proceed with some questions which our pedagog might have proposed himself and answered, so that we may bring in the problem and begin the discussion without losing sight of the bases of the spirituality, the ancient traditions and the strong, compact stratifications, especially of the peoples of Roman civilization.

What does the title "Do Ital'ans Hamper Their Children?", of your

article mean, Dr. Lomauro? (Editor's note: Dr. Lomauro had nothing to do with the title, which was selected by the Editor.) "Hamper" is used in the sense of restraining, impeding, limiting, obstructing, inhibiting, refraining. To which sense of your recondite concept does it correspond? You must understand, Dr. Lomauro, that it is not a single question of words, but a question of fact which must be expressed and lucidly defined by those terms in such wise as to prevent any misunderstanding, so that the matter does not become clouded.

IF you come to the matter composedly and with full knowledge of all the suffering and torment of the Italian people throughout the centuries of its history, during which they formed their customs, usages, manners of doing things, and all the moral systems to which they adhere without any heterogeneous infiltration; if you show understanding, as undoubtedly you do, that those systems and customs obtained by long experience through the centuries, and which assume an aspect of great importance, continuity of precepts, of faith, of clear rules of life, then you will not stop at a consideration which is a mere superficiality, such as your article demonstrates, but will raise the matter to a higher level, as did Dr. Porcelli in his answer.

As an example of the superficiality with which such a grave and complex problem may be treated, I take it upon myself to reproduce several passages of Dr. Lomauro's article:

(1) *Just how many Italians who have been adopted as citizens of this country have seen the light of true Americanism?*

(2) *Nevertheless some very excellent Italo-Americans, despite at least a score of years of residence*

here, have not been able to divorce themselves from their imported ideas, customs, and habits of their native Italy, where we were taught, "In Rome do as Romans do."

(3) *These Italo-Americans "of the old school" have not yet begun to appreciate the true significance of the mental conflicts which heave and are stifled in the sad hearts of their otherwise wonderful children, who cannot understand the strict orders or prohibitions of their over-cautious parents.*

(4) *Such parents are astounded and sadly disappointed when these young upstarts rebel in no uncertain terms against the numerous paternal prohibitions and restrictions. They reach the day of disillusionment, and instead of rejoicing that their children have succeeded and fulfilled their fondest hopes in their chosen professions, and that they reflect credit upon them and upon the great Italian heritage, they bemoan the fact that the absolute control they imagined they had over their children has slipped out of their hands.*

LET us see now. Would Dr. Lomauro care to point out to us what true Americanism is: an Americanism, that is, which is per se unmistakable, so that our poor "Italians of the old school" might the better follow it without trouble or uncertainty? Is it that of Calvin, which has settled slowly and without trouble into a Hebrew-Puritan conjugal happiness against which the clearest thinkers in American literature have rebelled for some time now? Or is it a more lugubrious Quakerism that they have introduced by way of forms which are absurd, anti-human, and inhuman because of intolerance and bigotry, like the 18th Amendment, blue-laws, and Klan movements? Those Italo-Americans are excellent just because they have not divorced themselves from the ideas, cus-

tions, and first habits which are the trappings of a long tradition, sunk deep into their spiritual being. Dr. Lomauro is gravely mistaken when he classes those ideas, customs, and habits as imported, as if it were a matter of bad colonial goods. They are part and parcel of the personality of the expatriate, for whom they have a great, undeniable, and invaluable value like all that which makes up the character, conscience, and the mentality of an individual. If with this patrimony of ideas and habits the individual succeeds in adapting himself to a new people, new customs and ideals, it signifies that he acts and moves in an atmosphere which is not only unethical to his own, but goes further by accepting it and putting it to personal advantage. Of this interaction of races Dr. Lomauro is apparently not aware.

The question is not one of importation or exportation. Spiritual values have no market. They appear and root themselves in old and new peoples, whether near or far apart, heedless of the overbearing attitudes to which good souls like you aspire.

Besides, if it be true that we learn the rule of "doing in Rome what the Romans do," that does not mean that we should cast away all the fundamental characteristics of a race which has nothing to learn from other races. The above rule, if we must adapt it to this specific case, means that when we find ourselves on foreign land and among foreign peoples, we should work and act in conformity with the moral and civil norms which are not in conflict with those of the people we have been brought up to live with. The Italians do not in fact claim any hypothetical right to substitute their own civil, religious, and political institutions to those elaborated by the American tradition. They try hard, on the other hand, to assimilate the American ways of living, even going so far as to assimilate certain empty, exterior mannerisms with which you, Dr. Lomauro, are mostly taken up. This does not estrange them, but makes them intimate participants in the material and spiritual epic of the American people. From this results a profound respect for the laws, order, authority, and institutions of public and private right, before which they demonstrate neither reserve nor excess.

BUT how, in the name of heaven, does one expect a senseless change of sentiments, customs, and habits which are part of the spiritual make-up of our racial individuality and which reside in the intimate and divine soul of the family? An Italian parent acts always in a certain way (whether he attains his end or not is beside the point) so that the ideal unity of the family, with its hierarchies and its interpositions, shall not in any way be disturbed or weakened. This, God granting, does not harm anyone; but is rather the source of beautiful and active sentiments.

Thirdly, Italians of the old and the new school do not exist. The distinction is merely a mental fiction. Of course, grades and levels in the evolution of the spirit and of a system of moral teaching exist, which correspond to the transient necessities of time and place. No matter what they may be, Italian parents understand, even too much, the conflict in the minds of their children, where such conflict exists; and, they justly interfere only when the conflict grows out of causes which indicate degeneration from their teachings, which are intended to show the right road to their children. Parents cannot be too careful with their children, especially in a country where the vastness and complexities of its organizations, and its agglomeration of peoples, together with the possibilities of development and progress, present very grave dangers which innocent children know not how to and cannot always surmount easily. Think of the youthful delinquency!

But the conflict is either determined by physiological reasons of youthful exuberance which wishes to enter into the social body with the justified desire of impressing upon it its own personality (which is really a universal occurrence), or it does not in fact exist, or it is happily superseded by the infinite and splendid virtues of which the family institution is the infallible cradle: the spirit of discipline with regard to solidarity, community, sacrifice, devotion, and love.

At this point I should cite facts which I could get easily by the hundreds from young professional Italo-Americans who have great respect and devotion for their parents and those belonging to their family groups; facts which do not leave us in doubt.

Fourthly, if insubordination by Italo-Americans is occasionally

brought to one's notice, such disobedience happens in a class essentially careless, and in which the children are not better than their parents, and vice versa. But, in the well-brought up cases (which are in the majority) of Italians and Italo-Americans, the parent, when he perceives that the son is mature enough to guide his own life and that of his family, not only puts no obstacle in his way, but is glad to give over the reins to his son, believing in him as an infallible God.

AS to the other part of Dr. Lomauro's thesis regarding the sighing young girls who are not free enough to while away time in search of some emotional and sexual thrill with a sweetheart, in the parlor of their own house, I refer the reader to Dr. Porcelli's article, which puts order into the matter and shows that not only has Dr. Lomauro given weight to unimportant factors, but also has paid no attention to questions of the greatest importance.

Yet no credit would have been Dr. Porcelli's if he had limited himself to this simple task. He indicates, further, the lines along which a discussion such as this should proceed, and we cannot do less than sigh with satisfaction when we read in his article, "We must understand it (Americanization) as the inculcation of the ideals of liberty and democracy on the foreigner already, or about to become, a citizen, and of loyalty and respect toward the existing order. Not as an awkward imitation of habits, customs, and manners, but as an inward spiritual conviction of being a loyal part of a new community of people to which he gives his moral and material contribution for the common attainment of lofty ends".

Mrs. Fitzmaurice's article, "Why do American Women Marry Foreigners?" confutes Dr. Lomauro's under a different and unexpected guise. But, it seems to me that, notwithstanding some arguments of uncertain consistency, and the superficiality of a few observations which do not adhere scrupulously to the truth, she renders justice to the Italians in America who are undergoing the process of assimilation undergone by other races, preserving as best they know how, all that is best in the Italian tradition, assimilating at the same time the best elements of the American heritage.

(Continued on page 128)

Music and Song in the Divine Comedy

By *Alfonso Arbib-Costa*

THE alluring field of Dante's works has been so industriously and completely explored that few indeed are the gleanings left for searchers of beauties, hidden meanings, allegories and other things contained in the Divine Comedy. These which I am going to offer are gleanings poor indeed, especially because gathered by one who has no claim whatsoever to the title of Dantist, but who is only a lover of Dante. In the words of the poet:

*Avail me the long study, and great
love
That have impelled me to explore thy
volume.*

In the second canto of the Purgatorio the poet, accompanied by Vergil, sees, happy and eager to begin their purification, the souls destined to pass from Purgatory to Heaven, wafted across the sea in a swift bark, and all singing together the Psalm "When Israel went out of Egypt."

Among these souls, who preserve their earthly appearance, Dante recognizes his friend, Casella the Musician, and vainly tries to embrace his ethereal form. Dante then asks his friend to comfort with a song his soul, that is so much distressed. Casella consents, begins to



The immortal Italian poet

—From the bust by Onorio Ruotolo

sing a *Canzone* of Dante himself, and makes Dante and Vergil and all the souls there motionless and attentive unto his notes.

It was this episode which led me to search into the Divine Comedy for examples of Dante's interest in song. For, if he had a musician as an intimate friend, if he begs him to sing for the comfort of his soul, if he pictures the spirits of the Purgatory as in ecstasies on hearing Casella's song, this meant that Dante loved music and song, and that he — as I shall try to show — mentions song in many places of the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. The Inferno was no place for sweet music. Noise, there is, indeed of all kind, from the most appalling to the lowest and most vulgar, but the refreshing

musical notes are not for the souls of the damned.

The meeting with Casella is narrated so beautifully that I cannot resist the desire of giving it here, in Longfellow's English version. All the other quotations will also be from this translation:

*The souls who had, from seeing me
draw breath,
Become aware that I was still
alive,
Pallid in their astonishment be-
came;
And as to messenger who bears the
olive
The people throng to listen to the
news,
And no one shows himself afraid
of crowding
So at the sight of me stood motion-
less*

Those fortunate spirits, all of them,
as if
Oblivious to go and make them
fair.

One from among them saw I coming
forward
As to embrace me, with such great
affection

That it incited me to do the like.
O empty shadows, save in aspect
only!

Three times behind it did I clasp
my hands,
As oft returned with them to my
own breast!

I think with wonder I depicted me;
Whereat the shadow smiled and
backward drew;

And I, pursuing it, pressed farther
forward.

Gently it said that I should stay my
steps;

Then knew I who it was, and I
entreated

That it would stop awhile to speak
to me.

It made reply to me: "Even as I
loved thee

In mortal body, so I love thee free;
Therefore I stop; but wherefore
goest thou?"

"My own Casella! to return once
more

There where I am, I make this
journey," said I;

"But how from thee has so much
time been taken?"

And he to me: "No outrage has been
done me,

If he who takes both when and
whom he pleases

Has many times denied to me this
passage,

For of a righteous will his own is
made.

He, sooth to say, for three months
past has taken

Whoever wishes to enter with all
peace;

Whence I, who now had turned unto
that shore

Where salt the waters of the Tiber
grow,

Benignantly by him have been re-
ceived.

Unto that outlet now his wing is
pointed,

Because for evermore assemble
there

Those who toward Acheron do not
descend."

And I: "If some new law take not
from thee

Memory or practice of the song of
love,

Which used to quiet me in all my
longings,

Thee may it please to comfort there
withal

Somewhat this soul of mine, that
with its body

Hitherward coming is so much
distressed."

"Love, that within my mind dis-
courses with me,"

Forthwith began he so melodiously,
The melody within me still is
sounding.

My Master, and myself, and all that
people

Which with him were, appeared as
satisfied

As is nought else might touch the
mind of any.

* * *

In the eighth canto of the Pur-
gatorio during the sad evening
hours

"That seemeth to deplore the dying
day"

the souls sing the hymn of com-
pictà, *Te Lucis Ante*. One of the
souls:

Joined and lifted upward both its
palms

Fixing its eyes upon the orient
As if it said to God: "Nought else
I care for."

Te Lucis ante, so devoutly issued
Forth from its mouth, and with
such dulcet notes

It made me issue forth from my
own mind.

And then the others, swiftly and
devoutly

Accompanied it through all the
hymn entire

Having their eyes on the supernal
wheels.

In the ninth canto, the door of
the Purgatory proper is opened
with the keys brought by an angel,
and it seems to Dante that he hears
the song of *Te Deum Laudamus*,
the hymn of thankfulness that is
sung for happy events:

At the first thunder peal I turned
attentive,

And *Te Deum Laudamus* seemed
to hear

In voices mingled with sweet me-
lody.

Exactly such an image rendered me
That which I heard, as we are wont
to catch

When people singing with the or-
gan stand;

For now we hear, and now we hear
not the words.

* * *

In the eleventh canto the spirits
of the first circle, that of pride, in
which are the victims of the ar-
rogance of noble birth, the vanity
of artistic excellence and the
haughtiness of power, sing, in their
humility, an expanded paraphrase
of the Lord's Prayer.

* * *

In the nineteenth canto, Dante's
sojourn in the realm of sloth oc-
curs at night, the time when ac-
tivity is suspended. There the poet
has the second of his allegorical
dreams. A hideous female is grad-
ually transformed into a siren of
perilous beauty, and the poet listens
to the sweet voice of the temptress,
raised in song, the song of the
fabled inhabitants of the sea that
tempted Ulysses and his com-
panions:

She 'gan to sing so, that with dif-
ficulty

Could I have turned my thoughts
away for her.

"I am," she sang, "I am the syren
sweet

Who mariners amid the main un-
man

So full am I of pleasantness to
hear.

* * *

In the twenty-third canto Dante,
accompanied by Virgil and Statius,
is among the gluttons and hears a
sound of weeping and singing:

And lo! were heard a song and
a lament

Labia mea, Domine, in fashion
Such that delight and dolence it
brought forth.

* * *

We are now — in the twenty-
seventh canto — in the circle of
lust, near the entrance to the
earthly paradise, which is sur-
rounded by a barrier of flames. The
angel of purity appears to the trio
of poets: Dante, Virgil and Statius:

Outside the flame he stood upon the
verge

In voice by far more living than
our own

And in the same canto when
Dante is to part from Virgil, a
voice is heard:

A voice that on the other side was
singing

Directed us, and we, attent alone
On that came forth when the ascent
began.

Venite, Benedicti Patris mei
Sounded with a splendor which
was there

Such it o'ercame me, and I could
not look.

* * *

In the twenty-eighth canto Dan-
te is in the Garden of Eden, the
abode of Earthly Paradise, where
he meets

A lady all alone, who went along
Singing and culling floweret after
floweret

With which her pathway was all
painted over.

"Ah, beauteous lady, who in rays of
love

Dost warn thyself, if I may trust
to looks,

Which the heart's witnesses are
wont to be

May the desire come unto thee to
draw

Near to this river's bank," I said
to her

"So much that I may hear what
thou art singing."

And at the beginning of the fol-
lowing canto, along the flowered
banke of the river Lethe:

Singing, like unto an enamoured
lady

*She, with the ending of her words,
continued*

Beati quorum tecta sunt peccata.

Beatrice appears at last to the poet. In the church procession, or pageant, the twenty-four old men who surround the chariot sing Solomon's Song of Songs:

One of them, as if by Heaven commissioned

*Singing: "Veni sponsa, de Libano"
Shouted three times, and all the others after.*

On the point of dismissing Virgil from his narrative, Dante pays him the supreme honor of putting a sentence of his Aeneid into the mouths of Angels, together with words from the Bible:

*So upon the celestial chariot
A hundred rose ad vocem tanti
senis*

*Ministers and messengers of life
eternal*

*They all were saying: "Benedictus
qui venis"
And scattering flowers above and
round about*

Manibus o date lilia plenis.

Beatrice, standing on the banks of the Lethe opposite to that on which stood Dante, reveals herself to him then:

*Silent became she, and the Angel
sang
Suddenly, "In te, Domine, speravi."*

In the thirty-first canto, Dante is submerged in the waters of the stream of Lethe and comes on, the bank where Beatrice stands. There, four nymphs dance and sing around him:

*"We here are Nymphs, and in Heaven
are stars;*

*Ere Beatrice descended to the
world,*

*We as her handmaids were ap-
pointed her.*

In the thirty-second canto Dante and Statius proceed at the right of the sacred chariot and an angelic song regulates the steps of the procession:

*Angelic music made our steps keep
time.*

The thirty-third canto is the last of the Purgatorio. Dante would sing more of it, but he is refrained by the "curb of art" for he must not go beyond the member assigned to each cantica. The women around the chariot sing the psalm depicting the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans:

*"Deus, venerunt gentes" alternating
Now three, now four, melodious
psalmody,*

*The maidens in the midst of tears
began.*

Dante is now

*Pure and disposed to mount into the
stars*

with which words end the Purgatorio.

* * *

We are now in the Paradise at the flaming hour of noon. The entrance to the Inferno had happened in the gathering and fear-inspiring gloom of the Evening; that of the Purgatorio in the hour full of hope, of dawn. The Paradiso is reached in the effulgence of the vernal sun at midday. There the celestial spheres produce with their rotatory movement an harmonious *concerto* that delights God himself:

*By harmony thou dost modulate and
measure.*

and

*The newness of the sound and the
great light*

kindle Dante's longing for their cause, which is explained to him by Beatrice.

In the third canto of the Paradiso, in the Heaven of the Moon, Piccarda Donati, the simple nun whose soul is there with that of the great Empress Constance, after speaking to Dante sings the *Ave Maria*:

*Thus unto me she spake, and then
began*

*"Ave Maria", singing, and in sing-
ing*

*Vanished, as through deep water
something heavy.*

In the seventh canto Justinian, at the end of his discourse to Dante, sings a hymn to the God of the armies. The hymn is in Latin, the language of the Church and of the blessed, with a mixture of Hebrew words; and so it is in the two languages of the Church, the ancient and the Christian.

Dante and Beatrice are now in the Heaven of Venus. As quick as lightning the blessed of that sphere come toward the celestial travellers, singing hosannas:

*And behind those that in front ap-
peared*

*Sounded "Osannah" so that never
twice*

To hear again was I without desire

In the twelfth canto Dante is in the Heaven of the Sun, the abode of theologians. He has just listened to a long and learned dissertation by St. Thomas of Aquinas, whose

soul was part of a crown of twelve blessed. To this crown another one of living splendor is added, and the two rotate at the same time, the souls in the second singing while the sacred wheel turns around the first:

*And its gyre had not turned wholly
around.*

*Before another in a ring enclosed it,
And motion joined to motion, song
to song;*

*Song that as greatly doth transcend
our muses*

*Our sirens, in those dulcet clarions,
As primal splendour, that which is
reflected.*

In the sixth Heaven, that of Jupiter, are the souls of wise and just princes, the eagle, image of the supreme sovereign, the emperor, chants a song the meaning of which is obscure to Dante, and tells the poet that, just as the latter does not understand the words, so the humans fail to comprehend the divine justice:

*Circling around it sang, and said:
"As are*

*My notes to thee, who dost com-
prehend them*

*Such is eternal judgment to you
mortals.*

Then the sun gives place to the stars and the eagle suspends its song of the just, the sweetness of which cannot be expressed in human language:

*... Those living luminaries all
By far more luminous, did songs
begin*

*Lapsing and falling from my
memory.*

The eagle then resumes its talk, and the two lights of Trajan and Rifeus, both just kings, accompany it, as it were, by their scintillation, just as the instruments accompany the singer:

*And as a good singer a good lutanist
Accompanies with vibrations of the
chords*

*Whereby more pleasantness the
song acquires*

*So, while I spake, do I remember me
That I beheld both of those blessed
lights,*

*Even as the winking of their eyes
concord*

*Moving into the words their little
flames.*

The twenty-third canto describes the stellar eighth Heaven, that of the triumphant spirits, where the celestial travellers witness the apotheosis of Christ and Mary. The Archangel Gabriel under the form of a little torch sings a celestially melodious chant:

*Altho'art the heavens a little torch de-
scended
Formed in a circle like a coronal,
And circled it, and whirled itself
about it
Whichever melody most sweetly
sounded
On earth, and to itself most draws
the soul,
Would seem a cloud that rent
asunder, thunders
Compared unto the sound of that lyre.*

Then all the candid flames of
the luminous spirits sing the praise
of Mary:

*Each of those gleams of whiteness
upward reached
So with its summit, that the deep
affection
They had for Mary was revealed
to me.
Thereafter they remained there in my
sight
"Regina Coeli" singing, with such
sweetness
That ne'er from me has the delight
departed.*

The spirits of the blessed, in the
twenty-fourth canto, rotate three
times joyfully around Beatrice
while singing a sublimely sweet
song:

*And around Beatrice three several
times
It whirled itself with so divine a
song
My fantasy repeats it not to me.*

In the same canto St. Peter asks
Dante for an answer to three ques-
tions about the essence of Faith,
in what sense Faith is substance
and in what argument. Dante, en-

couraged by Beatrice, answers,
and, at the end of the answer, the
saint announces himself as satisfied;
Then the spirits sing:

*This being finished, the high Holy
Court
Resounded through the spheres,
"One God we praise."
In melody that there above is
chanted.*

In the twenty-sixth canto Dante,
who had lost his sight, declares to
St. John the Evangelist that he
would only recover it if it were
the express desire of Beatrice, for
he desires only what is desired in
Paradise through a supreme spirit
of charity. Then a song is heard:

*As soon as I had ceased, a song most
sweet
Throughout the heaven resounded,
and my lady
Said with the others "Holy, holy,
holy."*

In the twenty-seventh canto, all
the celestial hordes of the Paradiso
sing a Hymn of Praise, and the
Poet is inebriated by the melody:

*"Glory be to the Father, to the Son
And Holy Ghost!" all Paradise
began,
So that the melody inebriate made
me.
What I beheld seemed to me a smile
Of the Universe; for my inebriation
Found entrance through the hearing
and the sight.*

* * *

Thus terminate the songs.
Thenceforth, and until the supreme
moment in which a vision of God

is granted to Dante, it is a triumph
of light rather than one of sound.
But, both in the terraces of the
Purgatorio and in the Heavens of
Paradiso, the song of spirit and
of angels often delights the hearing
of the Poet.

The image of Dante that most
people have is that of a stern chas-
tiser, of a gloomy joyless figure.
This is perhaps because a majority
of those who attempt to read Dan-
te stop after the Inferno, or also
perhaps because the spectacle of
gloom, wickedness and depravity
has, singularly enough, more inter-
est for the humans than that of
joy, light, virtue. But Dante was
so complete that he is not one bit
inferior to himself in the Purga-
torio and the Paradiso as a poet,
and as a man, as a creature of God,
he is indeed infinitely superior.

There among the repentent sin-
ners aspiring to the glory of Para-
dise and among the blessed who
that glory have conquered—the in-
finite spiritual beauty of God's uni-
verse appears triumphant. Of this
beauty, music and song are an in-
tegral part. The exultant spirit of
the poet is inebriated both by what
he sees and by what he hears. Joy,
indeed, finds an entrance through
the hearing and through the sight:

*Ciò ch'io vedeva, mi sembrava un riso
Dell'Universo, per che la mia eb-
brezza
Entrava per l'udire e per lo viso.*

THE MACHINE AND THE DEPRESSION

(Continued from Page 111)

man, has reacted in its turn on the
whole life and even the mentality
and the spirit of man, since it has
given him the sense of order, the
sense of logic, the sense of disci-
pline, the idea and concern over
yield and net return, the vigilant
sense of attention, the extremely
fine sense of minute measure-
ment, the sense of organization,
and finally the sense of accuracy
and precision, which is also the
sense of justice; for the machine
possesses, and requires of all who
use it, all these qualities.

IT MAY be concluded from what
has been said above that the
inventive faculty for the develop-
ment of the technical process in
production, that is, in mechanics,
physics and chemistry, is one of
the most precious of the gifts of
the Divine Providence to man,
and that it is man's responsibility

to regulate its use in order to elim-
inate the disadvantages and assure
the maximum benefit.

Political economists have
taught this elementary truth:
"everything that contributes to
the increase of production con-
tributes also to the wealth of the
nation, and thereby also of the
individuals of that nation."

But to date, in political econ-
omy, there has predominated the
liberal school, whose theorists
and deans and legislators and
statesmen did not foresee during
the previous century that private
initiative and free competition,
left to exclusively selfish impulses,
would not result in the automatic
regulation of individual enter-
prises, as it was presumed, but in
the disastrous rupture of the equi-
librium between production and
consumption, with serious con-
sequences for all mankind.

IF THE machine—as we believe
we have demonstrated—has
produced a lack of equilibrium not
through the fact of its use, but
through defects in the general
economic system and through the
special methods of exploiting its
use, it is then only in the correc-
tion of the economic system and
of the means of using the mach-
ine, that the present crisis may be
overcome and the danger of its
recurrence avoided.

In such an equilibrium, the
machine can exercise all its vir-
tues as an obedient collaborator
of man, so that he may attain a
higher level of civilization, with
greater freedom of the spirit and
the intellectual faculties from
heavy manual labor, and with the
greatest opportunity for the satis-
faction of his material and moral
needs.

Cambria of the Roxy

By Dominick Lamonica

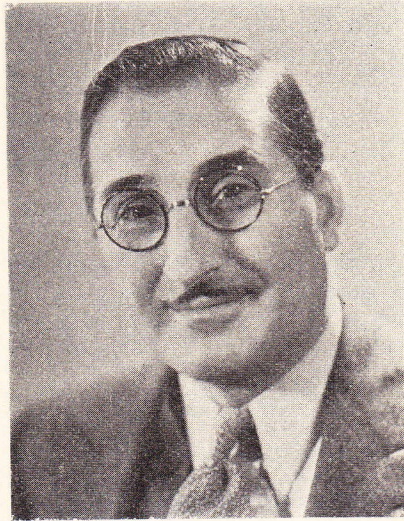
THOSE Italians in this country who say that the way to individual success is contingent on the success and support of their race as a whole should meet Frank Cambria, Managing Director of the Roxy in New York, the largest motion picture theatre in the world. Born in Italy and coming to this land of promise at the tender age of four, like so many thousands of others, he has carved out his career for himself, without having mingled in Italo-American life as such. As he puts it, "I'm an American."

"Prejudice? Not at all. In the show business if you have the goods, you get somewhere; if you haven't, you don't. I suspect it's the same in other fields." After all, he adds, the cry of prejudice is usually raised most loudly by those who bring it on themselves for reasons other than their origin.

Mr. Cambria has been in and of the show business practically all his life, but he is unusual in that his equipment for it has been a broad artistic background, broad in that he has tried his hand at practically all the arts — painting, sculpture, architecture, music, even acting — and it is this synthesis coupled with that business sense which is an inevitable concomitant of theatre direction, that he brings to his present position, which he has held since late this past August.

Managing a theatre like the Roxy, it will be apparent even to the layman, is quite a complicated task, though Mr. Cambria says it is a job, just like running a restaurant is a job. From answering a question as to the size of a carpet to planning broadly the stage presentation for the following week, from the choice of overture for the next act to arranging for advertising and posters and scenery and lighting, his duties are continuous and never-ending, requiring his being on the job seven days a week. Because of the nature of his work, he must have the ability to concentrate on one thing after another: essentially, therefore, his

work is one of organization. One should attend a final dress rehearsal to appreciate this.



Frank Cambria

IN the vast, empty cavern of the dark theatre, with the singers, dancers and property men on the stage, Mr. Cambria at rehearsals sits, cigar in hand, in the center of the orchestra and gives directions and suggestions through a microphone, sending the assistants about him, scurrying here and there. Questions as to instructions are constantly being asked of him and answered, and through it all he must keep his eyes on the stage to oversee the panorama of color, lights, costumes, backdrops, singing ensemble, ballet dancers, specialty numbers and properties of odd sorts. It is difficult to believe that this inchoate agglomeration on the stage will, in time for the opening performance two hours off, be the well-drilled and faultless stage presentation for which the Roxy is famous.

American audiences, the reader must realize — and this is a point brought out by Mr. Cambria — know more than European audiences because New York is the Mecca of stage talent the world over. We see the best of Eu-

ropean talent here sooner or later, but not vice versa. Thus, while individual European countries excel in some particular fields, here the headliners in all branches of the stage eventually come, if only for a short time. In a sense, therefore, the Roxy, because of its very size and the necessity of attracting large numbers which precludes it from catering to special groups or levels of taste, while it is typical of the American variety theatre, must of necessity maintain a high quality for its presentations, which are conceded to be among the finest.

Like his better-known predecessor, S. L. Rothafel (Roxy), Cambria believes in having his productions on a permanent entertainment unit, which in the case of the Roxy means a 70-piece symphony orchestra under the direction of David Ross, 32 dancing Roxyettes trained by Russell Markert, a large singing ensemble, a ballet of 24 supervised by Albertina Rasch, and several soloists, plus the services of Clark Robinson and Coldon Weld, two of his production aides. In all, some 300 people are employed by this huge theatre, which seats 6000, and was built at a rumored cost of \$10,000,000.

There is nothing very unusual in the story of the rise of the Italian immigrant boy of four to his present position. Born in Rossina, Italy, in 1886, he came here, an only child, with his parents, graduated from a Manhattan public school and attended high school (P. S. 58 and De Witt Clinton High) leaving his formal education at that point in 1900. His first job was as an apprentice to Ernest Gros, scenery designer for Belasco, Frohman, Erlanger and others, a job in which he took such interest that he studied art nights at Cooper Union and later the National Academy of Design, where, among other things, he won the Suydam medal for sculpture. Already he had turned to more than one form of art and handicraft.

(Continued on page 116)

The Councillor's Christmas

A Short Story

By Grazia Deledda

THE steamer was leaving at five, but since half-past four it had been crowded with third-class passengers—peasants with their bags in hand, soldiers on leave, convicts who had finished their term or were being transferred to the penal colonies of the island, and *carabinieri* who were accompanying them. Later the second-class passengers arrived—middle-class townsmen, clerks, and a few students; finally there came aboard, together with porters, laden with valises of yellow leather, hat-boxes and traveling-bags, a little man in a fur coat. He was fat, with a pale, clean-shaven face, one hand covered by a gray glove and the other by mass-ve gold rings.

An old ox-dealer, traveling third-class with his bag, recognized him and pointed him out to his companions, who quickly greeted him with deference, but also with a certain respectful fear. The old dealer came up to speak to him, but, thrust back by the porters, he waited for a more opportune moment.

The traveler, having deposited his valises in a first-class cabin, came back on deck and leaned on the ship's railing, looking about at the scenery. The weather, although it was near the end of the year, was clear and dry, and the sea calm—gray in the direction of the port, azure at the horizon—beneath the violet sky of twilight.

In the clear, cold air there vibrated the noises of the port and the city, still violet-colored as a reflection from the west; a harmony was to be felt, as on beautiful autumn nights; the moon was rising, large and red, over the black tower of the pier, and already the water around it was reflecting its splendor.

The traveler looked at land and sea, and his pale, somewhat weak face and his cold, bluish eyes expressed neither admiration nor sadness; only his gray lips, from time to time, revealed what seemed an expression of disgust.



Grazia Deledda

AND now the old ox-dealer, who from his corner has not for an instant taken his bright black eyes off the important personage, believes the right moment for approaching him has arrived. If the steamer leaves and the traveler enters his first-class section or goes on the terrace reserved for first-class passengers, there will be no way of seeing him again. The little old man, therefore, takes courage and advances along the damp railing, rubbing his hand on his cotton-cloth trousers to clean it well before offering it to the traveler.

"Excuse me, don Salvator Carta, I would like to offer my respects, if I may. I am..."

"Ziu Predu Camboni! And how are you? Traveling?"

"Always traveling, don Salvatore! And how would we get along otherwise? We haven't a \$2000 stipend like you have. Indeed, we don't even have your ability!"

"Where are you coming from?"

The little old man was returning from Rome to his town in Sardinia, which was not far distant from that of don Salvator Angelo.

"It's three years since I saw you last, don Salvatore! And why don't you come every year to Sardinia? Oh, that's right: you have other

things to think about. And now you're going to spend the holidays with the family? You don't know how happy your nephews will be: they talk about nothing but you."

"My nephews? They are all rascals, all waiting for me to die!" said don Salvator Angelo roughly, and the old man, instead of protesting, began to laugh.

"Do you remember, don Salvatore, when I used to come to your town to look over your grandmother's heifers? You were only a student then, a gay soul, with hair curled like a woman's. 'That fellow,' your grandmother donna Mariantonio used to say (God bless her!), he's a queer one; he will pluck all the sour figs. And she complained to me, God bless her, that you left neither the neighbors nor the servants in peace. You used to jump over walls like a devil. Do you remember that beautiful tall servant girl, a brunette who looked like a palm-tree? Her name was Grassiarosa, and you used to run after her as though bewitched. But donna Mariantonio was wrong, though she usually was wise as a Mother Superior, God bless her. The other grandchildren, true, ate sour figs; while you...you have become the pride of the town!"

"Well, hardly..."

A respectful astonishment lengthened the face of the old nomad.

"You don't think it's much? A Councillor of the Court of Appeals?"

"There are higher positions."

"And you will reach them too. If we still had a Viceroy, you would be..."

Don Salvator Angelo smiled, flattered in spite of himself, and asked for news concerning the town and his friends.

THE times were bad, the crops poor; everybody had some misfortune or other, and people were going to America and other countries, like the Jews in the times of

Moses. Many were dying there, and many disappeared and were never heard from again, as though swallowed up by the sea: among the dead there was also an old servant of don Salvator Angelo's grandmother, a certain Bambineddu, so called because he was a simple man. Bambineddu had just married *la bella Grassiarosa*, the "palm-tree" whom her worthy master had once run after.

"And what has become of her?"

"Her? She's still a widow, with six or seven children, all small like the fingers of my hand. Lately I saw her at a way-station on the railroad, flag in hand. Yes, a way-station booth, just before you get to the Bonifai station where, I think, a brother of hers is a railway guard, and also a widower full of children. She had a hungry face."

The noise of chains and sirens filled the air around; the steamer was leaving. Soon the land was far off among the mists of evening, but the moon followed the travelers and illuminated their way on the infinite desert of the sea. A cadaverous pallor made still sadder the face of don Salvator Angelo: was it a disturbance over drawing away from land, or the memory of the young "palm-tree", and remorse for having loved and forgotten her?

Ziu Predu Camboni looked at him almost maliciously; but when don Salvator Angelo moved away, staggering slightly, to retire, saying between set teeth:

"I always suffer, even if the sea is calm. . . .", the little old man accompanied him to the gilded entrance to the first-class quarters, and perceived that the hidden anguish against which the Councillor was struggling was the most terrible of the illnesses to which man occasionally subjects himself: sea-sickness.

"Why take a trip, when one suffers?" wondered ziu Predu Camboni, and he turned to his third-class section, where soldiers were singing, and the convicts were slumbering, tied together like slaves.

* * *

"WHY take a trip, when one suffers?", wonders don Salvatore Angelo, lying motionless on his white cot. A profound anguish grips him, and he feels as though he is astride an indomitable beast running across an immense and dangerous desert. If he moves he is lost: he sticks as long as possible, looking forward to the day when he won't have to move any more!

He feels a terror like that of the coming of death: his saddest and happiest memories, the most hated and the dearest images surround him: the cabin becomes a tomb where he has laid aside all vanity and ambition.

"Why take a trip, when one suffers?", again wonders don Salvator Angelo, while the wind, blowing through the clear night, beats at the window like a nocturnal bird, and whistles and moans as though it would like to come in and rest. "It's always like this: one goes on in order to suffer. Suffer for the others, for a doting grandmother, for useless relatives, for dissolute nephews, for undisciplined brats: always the same, going on and ahead for others. Ah, viceroy? . . . Yes, since I was a little boy, before I had the hat with the ribbons, before I could jump over walls (ah, Grassiarosa the "Palm-tree", how pliant and sweet she was!) I used to dream of becoming viceroy, or even king, for the joy of being able to go about, enter incognito into the houses of the poor, and leave them money and pearls. . . . I used to be a beautiful example of the romantic boy. Even then I thought of others. . . . When have I ever thought of myself? For better or for worse, always of others; and yet I pass for a shining example of an egoist, and my dear nephews say I don't marry because they are sure my wife would run away from home. . . ."

His nephews? They also are six, like Grassiarosa's urchins. Grassiarosa is in a railroad way-station just before the Bonifai station: he will have almost arrived, when her flag will appear. . . .

The idea of the arrival fills him with joy, as it would a child. To arrive, to get off that bed of torture, to live again! He seems to see the wild and picturesque gulf, with the mountains, the islands, the rocks covered by the veils of night; he seems to smell the odor of the island, and such is his joy that he thinks he has returned as a young man, of having his senses still kindled by the memory of Grassiarosa, tall and yielding like a palm-tree. . . . The train runs through the rocks and shrubbery; here is the deep sky of the island, the horizons of his distant youth. . . . here is the deserted plain of Bonifai, with the little hill in the background and the black village on a gray hill; with the wandering flocks, the stones, the marshy streams: the far-off mountains are covered with a violet fog,

a light shines in the signalman's hut just before the station; a woman, withered and emaciated, stands motionless in front of the gate, flag in hand, with a host of dirty, hungry children around her. And all the anguish of his sea-sickness is renewed in the soul and the body of don Salvator Angelo Carta. . . .

* * *

THE train having passed, the woman with the signal flag reentered the hut and lit the fire in the great chimney-place, the only luxury in the damp, depressing room that served as a refuge for the signalman and his double family. And immediately, like moths attracted by a lamp, the infants and children who up to that moment had fearlessly defied the cold of the clearing and the thickets around the hut, gathered about the widow, still bent over the hearth. How many were there? As many as there would be chicks around a hen: two, the smallest, clung to the woman's skirts; two, a little bigger, who were running about laughing, threw themselves on her shoulders; another, to escape the persecution of a little "lady" in a red bonnet, whose large black eyes, with a livid expression, sparkled with savage disdain, sheltered himself between the hearthstone and the widow's legs; and all together formed a group which because of the prevailing color of their faces and clothes seemed to be of bronze.

The shadows of their disheveled heads danced on the walls and the ceiling from the red brightness of the flames; and the woman, a little tenderly, a little savagely, sought to free herself from the tangle, pushing some away, drawing some to her, and uttering both harsh and endearing words.

"That's enough, now; get up from there, Bellia, or I'll beat you; Grassieda, my soul, don't tear my blouse—it's torn enough; and you, Antonie, you devil, stop it; when your father comes he will hear about this; I'm tired of your pranks. You are old enough to help me, and instead you torture me."

ANTONIETTA, she of the red bonnet, swore under her breath, then settled herself in the corner near the door, as though in ambush; and her aunt continued her lecture, the while hanging the little kettle on the hook over the fireplace, a thing which finally convinced the

children to stay quiet. Some of them placed themselves in a semi-circle around the hearth, others helped the woman to detach from a basket the long brown spaghetti she had prepared since the morning. It was Christmas Eve; and even for the poorest of the poor, even in the most desolate solitude, this is the proper occasion for forgetting one's own poverty. Boil, then, kettle, fry, then, pan, with the gravy of oil and flour! Even the poor have their day, says the Sardinian proverb. Besides Grassiarosa, notwithstanding her lamentation, was not really sad; she had never been so; why should she begin now? Like all the children who clustered around her, without giving her too much to do, and cried and laughed over every little thing, she was not concerned over her lot, did not think of the future, and if she thought of the past it was only to draw some comfort from it.

"Nights like this! We used to have real feasts at my masters'! Whole pigs were roasted; and my masters sang the whole night through. What cheer, Holy Mary beautiful! But now even they have finished their revelries, and they leave the pigs to those who have them. Only one, of my masters, is still rich; richer, I think, than ziu Predu Camboni, the dealer who used to come and buy cows. He seemed to be the most merry, and now he's the most serious; but even he... who knows?... is he satisfied? I thought I saw him in the train this evening: his face was pale and swollen like a fresh little cheese..."

The children burst out laughing; but she was speaking in earnest, talking to herself more than to them.

"What is there to laugh about? Do you think rich people can't look pale?"

"The station-master is red as an apple," said Bellia, in a tone that did not admit of a reply.

In a short time the spaghetti was cooked and prepared; gathered about the woman, the children watched the large covered dish as though it were a treasure of priceless value, and only the idea of having to wait for their respective father or uncle disturbed their hungry joy.

"Give us at least the sauce-pot," implored Antoneddu, the red-faced little "man" with the big greenish eyes. "Look, I'll lick it so that you won't need to wash it..."

"Battista's portion is in the sauce-pot. If he's late—and if he's gone to the village and therefore to the tavern, he certainly will be late—then we will eat."

SO THE little ones went to the door and eagerly looked out, to see if the signalman was coming. The moon was rising over the mountains, yellow as a flame; it climbed from one to another of the long black clouds that spotted the pale sky of the evening; the rails shone along the roadbed like narrow streams, and the thickets and the rocks, in the uncertain light, looked like slumbering beasts.

The children were superstitious, but courageous too; they always expected to see legendary horses and dogs overtake them, or the devil in the disguise of a shepherd, with a flock of damned souls changed into wild boars, or a white damsel contemplating the moon. Antoneddu lived in the expectation of encountering the Madonna disguised as an old beggar; Grassiedda, the blonde little stutterer, looked to see the sky open, and, through the luminous doors disclosed, the world of truth flash forth; and Antonietta thought with terror, but also with a certain pleasure, of Lusbè, the leader of the devils, and Bellia, the braggart of the group, asserted he had seen a giant and a comet, and the Anti-Christ himself mounted on a black donkey.

It was he who that night, going as far as the gate, said when he came back that along the tracks a dark gentleman was coming up, with a big fur collar around his neck and a yellow box in his hand...

"Could it be the devil dressed as a man?"

His brothers and cousins began to ridicule him, but they stopped in astonishment and some ran back into the hut when the mysterious figure appeared behind the gate and came across the clearing.

"Auntie, auntie, mamma, mamma, a dark, dark man...!"

The woman ran to the door, and, in the light of the lantern, recognized the man she had seen in the train, don Salvator Angelo, pale and fat. Why had he come? Childishly she thought: he has found out that I am a widow and has come to seek me—as he used to, long ago! And remembering that she was now quite old, worn and emaciated, she was tempted to laugh.

"See how I am!", she murmured, crossing her arms over her breast.

as though to hide her torn blouse: but he put a warning finger to his lips, and she, in turn, becoming aware that Antonietta was slowly approaching, gave no other sign of recognizing the mysterious gentleman.

He went straight to the fireplace, sat down, and laid at his side the yellow box.

"Well, what's the news? Tell me."

SHE began to tell him, at times crying, at times laughing, with that happy and carefree smile of hers that still bloomed on her face as roses bloom amid ruins: but, more than to her talk, the man was paying attention to the curious and anxious children who had once more grouped themselves about her, and observing those pretty, unkempt heads, those dusty black curls, that reddish hair and those yellow tresses to which the flame gave golden tones, those black eyes and those greenish eyes that looked at him in a fascinated way, giving their faces a charm of combined joy and sadness, he thought:

"If I had married her, all those urchins would have been mine"—and he seemed to see a beautiful, worthily bourgeois dining-room, with a Christmas tree on the table, those children dressed in lace and velvet, and that pretty blonde with the eyes of a cat sitting up straight on a chair and reciting a poem for the occasion.

No, it was better like this: it was more picturesque, more romantic and even more comfortable. And suddenly the dark man took off his glove and pointed a finger at a dark face full of dimples through which there seemed to shine a great and malicious joy.

"You, you rogue, what's your name?"

"Murru Giovanni Maria, or sometimes Bellia."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"At Bonifai?"

"Yes, sir."

"Even when it rains or snows?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me!" said Bellia in a bold tone. Urged by his mother's hand, he had placed himself in front of the stranger, while his brothers and cousins looked at him and looked at each other, with difficulty restraining a smile: a smile of envy, of course. At this point the man turned to the whole group.

"Have you had supper?"

In reply, some of them began to yawn.

"By any chance, would you be willing to eat something while waiting for your Battista? Murru Giovanni Maria, help me open this box. Easy, easy! It's all I could find at the Bonifai station, which, after all, is not the London station. Oh, it is better to seat ourselves here at the table."

"But what are you doing? You've taken so much trouble! You will get dirty!" cried the woman, running here and there in a confused way.

"Calm yourself! Here, it's done."

Like flies around a jar of honey, the heads of the children surrounded the edge of the table: and on it, as it happens in fairy tales at the touch of the magic wand, so many good things appeared. Even pears, yes, even grapes, yes even—at that time of the year!—a yellow colored bottle with a gilt-covered neck!

"I like red wine," proclaimed Bellia, and the woman scolded him: "Shameless, brazen!"; but the man said: "You're right!"

Slowly and solemnly the sharing began, and so as not to cause injustices, the group was lined up according to age; but when everyone had had his share and permission to disband, there was a general scattering, and many of them went outside so as to be freer in their comments and comparisons.

ONLY Antonietta preserved her taciturn and observing calm: leaning against the corner behind the door, one foot crossed over the

other, her red bonnet in the shade, she thought of Lusbè. Yes, Christ and St. Francis dressed up as poor men to travel about the world; only Lusbè wears rich clothes and rings and gold chains. . . .

But the calm voice and the still peasant-like accents of the mysterious gentleman called her back to reality.

"We can also have a bit ourselves, Grassiarò! Last night I couldn't close my eyes. All day today I slept in the train, and I haven't eaten. . . . Sit down, here, take a little of this pie. . . . Tell me more about that matter you were talking about a while ago. . . ."

She hesitated, somewhat embarrassed; but she ended up by taking the pie and beginning her story again. Yes, before leaving for America her husband had set up a retail grocery store: things were going well, but the capital was not his, and he had left the town with the hope of earning it. Instead, the wind of death had swept away both him and his little fortune. She dried her eyes with a pie-stained finger.

"Courage, Grassiarò! There are still good people in the world: perhaps the money can be found to set the store up again. But are you good at selling? If you are good at selling and buying, the rest is soon done."

She looked at him, with her big eyes wide open; then she burst out crying, but soon stopped and made the sign of the cross. Just at that moment, from the village on the hill, there descended a resounding echoing of bells, distant, sweet, like a tinkling of bells from grazing

flocks. It was the first stroke of the Mass.

"If he is Lusbè he will go now!" thought Antonietta, seeing her aunt making the sign of the cross; and she too did the same, and everybody imitated her.

But the man, instead of going, took the bottle and began to scrape the gilt paper off it.

"Grassiarò, courage! You know the Sardinian proverb: 'Even the poor have their day.' So, what will we have in this retail grocery shop of yours? Help me uncork this bottle and bring out some glasses."

She had but one glass, but a large one: and first the sparkling wine of Solarussa was given to the children to taste.

"Easy, easy, oh! It's strong, you know; it will make you dizzy. Ah, you, Bellia! And you were the one who said you liked only red wine! I guess you like the white wine too. And now for us."

The woman washed and cleaned the glass and replaced it before the man; her hand trembled, but her faded mouth smiled again.

"Still the same!" she murmured to herself looking at him, and then, out loud, she added, "But why all this?"

Why? Even he did not know. Only he remembered that his nephews said that he satisfied all his inclinations and he said:

"Just this, that it makes me happy! Drink!"

She refused the beautiful golden wine once, twice, but finally she had to accept it. And they both drank from the same glass, as in the past.

(Translated by D. Lamonica)

CAMBRIA OF THE ROXY

(Continued from Page 112)

FOUR years later he joined the Jessie Bonstelle stock company for two seasons in Rochester, where he not only designed and painted scenery, but even played bit parts, in his effort to familiarize himself with all phases of the theatre. Leaving the stage in 1906, he returned to the National Academy, seriously intending to devote himself to art work, especially mural painting and portraiture. But the theatre called.

It was at about this time that the movies were beginning to become popular. Those were the days of the nickelodeon, when empty stores and lofts were used for the flickering films, and when

their advertising consisted of "It's a Novelty—Bring the Children!", when Keystone cops, the custard pie and tear-jerking melodrama made up the movies' stock in trade. Cambria, joining the B. S. Moss organization, thought he saw the day when these lowly flickers would be apotheosized and deified and surrounded by the handmaiden, Art, in many forms. The aim of his art training since then has been to develop the artistic decoration of picture theatres and their surrounding stage entertainment. Hence its variety, and the fact that he has practically grown up with the movies, for his training has been valuable in this respect.

We find him, in 1918, with the important Balaban & Katz chain of theatres, as art director in charge of the production department—which meant painters, designers, costumers, electricians, carpenters, ballet masters, etc. From stage entertainment consisting of soloists, the K. & B. stage shows gradually increased in size and splendor to something approaching the present spectacles. More, they "took on," and began to be copied.

His job began to expand. Not only did he conceive and execute the stage presentations, but also, as architect and artist, he drew plans for the exteriors of new theatres and designed interiors. He was the

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The Theatre

By Frank A. Russo

"DINNER AT EIGHT"

THIS cross section of a New York dinner party bids fair to win the laurel wreath of commercial success for its sagacious authors. The play was marshaled into popularity with a fanfaronade of praises from the critics and has been doing such a thriving business that I should not hesitate to promise a wreath for each of its authors. I might venture a little further: "Dinner at Eight" has the stuff of which Pulitzer Prize winners are made, and I should not be at all surprised if on the day of reckoning the award went to Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber.

The technic of "Dinner at Eight" is not new, as anyone knows who is familiar with certain of the works of Thornton Wilder, William Faulkner, Vicki Baum and a dozen other contemporary authors living and dead. The trick is to string a number of scenes or stories about different people on a theme strong enough to give them the semblance of organic unity. In one instance the catastrophe of "The Bridge" with its metaphysical implications furnished the theme that held together a number of short stories and qualified them to pass as a novel. In another instance it was a hotel that furnished the common-ground of a number of lives. In the Kaufman-Ferber play, as is obvious from the title, a dinner party is the centre of convergence of several stories, each of which contributes its mite of dramatic interest to the kaleidoscopic view of life in Gotham.

The technic, of course, would have infinite possibilities, were it not for the fact that it might become hackneyed through repetition; it is a technic that precludes careful elaboration of action and profound analysis of character. Hence the danger of its being used too often: the treatment of the various subjects being more or less superficial, the technic would stand out prominently as an old trick. Otherwise, it might be applied to any number of occasions such as weddings, funerals, railroad wrecks,

fires, or places such as clubs, offices, brothels, ships and factories. Any of these might be exploited as a theme to connect as many lives as time or space will allow. The point that I wish to make is that it is a highly artificial technic which is essentially based on quantity and variety rather than quality and integration. In short, it is more suitable for the moving pictures, which make a virtue of horizontal expansion at the expense of vertical penetration.

IN the opening scene of "Dinner at Eight" we see the elegant Mrs. Jordan in the throes of arranging a dinner party to Lord and Lady Ferncliffe who are arriving from England in a few days. The whole household is sacrificed to her social ambition, although she would give people to understand that she is only doing her duty by the English nobility, whose guests she and her husband were at dinner in London. We leave her at the end of the scene still occupied in inviting the guests for her dinner. The rest of the play is a series of scenes in which we get glimpses of the pri-

vate lives of the people who are to attend the dinner. And glimpses are apparently all we need to understand them.

Carlotta Vance, an ex-American actress who apparently has spent all of her youth and beauty in London, is another guest. She has nothing left but her memories and some shares in Mr. Jordan's shipping business, which she finally sells to one of Dan Packard's dummy buyers (the bellowing Westerner being determined to buy up a controlling interest in the business).

DR. Talbot and his forgiving wife are also guests. The promiscuous Doctor finds it necessary to seek relaxation from his successful practice in the arms of his sympathetic patients. During the play we see him carrying on an affair with the blonde wife of the butter-and-egg man from the west. Mrs. Talbot is the martyr of domestic traditions. She loves her husband and is willing to forgive him his transgressions, which she regards as the expression of the Tenth Avenue part of his character he has never lost.

In "Dinner at Eight"



Mr. and Mrs. Packard at home

Another guest is a déclassé movie star, Larry Renault. We see him in his hotel suite desperately engaged in drowning his sorrows in whiskey. He is penniless and without even the hope of getting a job. He has seduced the beautiful young daughter of the Jordans. But Paula loves the former movie hero and is determined to leave her fiancé so that she can give herself entirely to him. The night of the dinner, however, Renault ends it all by turning on the gas.

A short time before the dinner, Mrs. Jordan receives a telegram informing her that the Ferncliffes are leaving immediately for Florida. But the dinner takes place; and in the last scene we see the guests assemble. They tire of waiting for Renault and pass into the dining room as the curtain comes down.

Although there is nothing unreal about the way in which the stories of the various people are assembled, "Dinner at Eight" has enough satirical meaning, keen observation and good laughs to make it worth any playgoer's while.

"CHRYSALIS"

WHAT movement "Chrysalis" has is swift and staccato. The scenes follow each other with cinematographic suddenness; there are a great many scenes, and they are written, on the whole, with much accuracy. If a somewhat melodramatic imagination has heightened the color of the underworld, it is probably nobody's business to object. After all, it is the business of the theatre to furnish the underworld with color, so that it may retain in these hard times its faith in itself. But while the criminal classes may find it beneficial to shed a tear over the tragic lives of the boy and girl whom the author of "Chrysalis" throws out of the window in the second act and impales tragically on a fence, while the young daughter of the rich is left to suffer among silks, satins, and imperial limousines, the writer is free to confess that while he suffered with the best of them throughout the action of the play, the benefits have been deferred.

The idle wealthy girl wants life. Let it entail suffering, self-denial, heartbreak, the pains of motherhood—it doesn't matter. It is life that she wants. The two lovebirds of Second Avenue want life too; not quite so much of it, of course, but they want it. In a somewhat

extraordinary fashion, these three are thrown together, but knowing the playwright's omnipotence in these matters, we are not surprised. Now Fate takes a hand in the game. It throws the boy into prison, the girl into a home for delinquents. The little daughter of the rich, like a fairy godmother—but she is pitifully young—intervenes, and brings disaster upon everybody, including herself. It's not so bad for her, that's the moral of the play, but oh, society!

Yes, life is only tolerable, as that excellent actor, Osgood Perkins, remarks before the final curtain. Life is bad business at best, but whether an excellent cast of actors can improve it very much unless you give them a better play, that's the question. I think perhaps that is really the moral of the play too, and not as aforesaid.

"CAMILLE"

IF for no other reason, "Camille" should move up to the head of the Civic Repertory list of offerings because it is a personal triumph for Miss Le Gallienne, who as Marguerite Gautier proves conclusively that she is capable of registering all the delicate shades of emotion called for in that part.

After witnessing a dozen performances at the Fourteenth Street Temple, I had begun to despair of ever seeing Miss Le Gallienne submerge her gracious, dignified personality into the role that she was impersonating. In her subdued, intellectual way she was becoming a type actress. Her acting seemed like a studied attempt to suppress the emotional quality that was implicit in the lines of the character she was portraying. "Liliom" was no exception: as the faithful, romantic peasant girl, Miss Le Gallienne sacrificed but very little of her poise and dignity; so little, in fact, that one got the impression she was holding the character, whose lines she was speaking, at arm's length. In several of her roles, however, Miss Le Gallienne's mastery of technique compensates in a large measure for any lack of emotional warmth and variety.

In "Camille," on the other hand, Miss Le Gallienne succeeds in transforming herself completely without resorting to the pyrotechnics in which the part of Marguerite Gautier abounds. With intensity of feeling in both her movements and her reading of the lines,

she breathes new life into the younger Dumas' superannuated script. It is not a finished production: the rhythm of a few of the scenes is too slow, and the acting of a few of the minor parts is unsatisfactory. Miss Le Gallienne would do well to cut the tattered script which under any conditions will betray the thumbmarks of time. As it is, it enjoys the undeserved distinction of lasting longer than the average play.

On the whole, the Civic Repertory company play their parts with such seriousness and honesty of feeling that the old play becomes a drama of real people and real passions, as perhaps the author intended it to be. To Miss Gish and her company, on the other hand, "Camille" was a faded flower, the embodiment of a legend, anything but a human being. She was not for one moment the reckless courtesan who cannot possibly live on less than a hundred thousand francs a year, regardless of where it comes from. She was always the sweet little lamb whom fate had miscast and who was doomed from the first to offer herself as a holocaust on the altar of pure love. Apparently Robert Edmond Jones, who was responsible for the production, was more interested in recapturing the "period" than in the drama. The result was that we got a series of highly stylized pictures that retained little or nothing of reality. I preferred the Civic Repertory production in spite of the fact that at times it seemed to creak. It was convincing in a way that the Robert Edmond Jones version was not.

"THE DARK HOURS"

I HAVE read The New Testament numerous times in the past six years. But it was not until last month's performance of "The Dark Hours" that a friend's skepticism concerning the play's effectiveness as compared with the original was vindicated. My determination to compare the play with the Gospels had gone the way of so many other youthful resolutions begotten of momentary curiosity.

I went to see the performance with renewed interest, but found it, except for a few scenes about Judas, rather mediocre. Mr. Marquis treats the subject with reverence and understanding. But the scenes which he chose to develop are, for the most part, exactly the scenes depicted in the Gospels, and he hardly succeeds in heightening their treatment.

The Art World

By Maurice J. Valency

IF history demonstrates anything, it is the roundabout way in which the restless spirit of each age finds peace at last among the old forms and shapes and colors. There is always excitement, and a great deal of sniffing about, and much indecision, then, like a dog circling around and around before he decides to lie down, a measure of activity, after which each generation plops itself down, yawns a little, and goes comfortably to sleep upon the spot, still a little warm, where slept the spirit of its ancestors.

Essentially art makes no definite advance. The standards of beauty, inexorably fixed, the immutable and indefectible outlines of the invisible structure, each age rediscovers amid intense excitement for itself. Thus is renewed for us what never grew old, and thus from time to time we are enabled to see more clearly, to understand better, a part, or for a brief instant glimpse the whole. These are our discoveries, different and new only, because we must in each case see for ourselves, nor do we benefit by instruction, but eventually we learn only what we know.

We live in an ancient world, but men have always lived in an ancient world. We speak of a world grown old, as if we ever knew it when it was young. If it seems old to us, being really timeless, it is only because we have discovered nothing new, and our own excitement as we lose our youth bores us, and we are tired. But youth and age are not symbols of eternity. For each generation, art proves short, and life is long. Each generation outlives its genius, and all men live to doubt themselves, but art and life are coextensive. In succession, vaguely we glimpse continuity. But succession is only the reflection of continuity in waters never stilled, yet only seemingly in motion. Whatever was beautiful, is beautiful: nothing is lost or gained. Only insight is subject to fluctuation, only hastiness is conditioned by despair.

Far horizons suddenly ineffable, gods grown old, and demolished

Valhallas, these are the history and the materials of art, no less than of all activity. But always the goal is the same, the gods never die; amid much confusion we come to see at least a certain order. In disillusionment, we rise above illusion. And at last, dimly we begin to see man's struggle to create beautiful things as but the outward seeming of his ultimate necessity for understanding what everyone knows.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART

ANYONE who doubts that there is a great deal of artistic activity in America need only take a trip to the Whitney Museum to convince himself of his mistake. But it is possible that this is about as far as the present exhibition will take him. There are a great many pictures, and a great many names, but there is nothing to reveal the principle governing the choice of names. As to the choice of paintings, this was left to the artists, and the artists have added to the somewhat confusing effect by sending, in many cases, inferior examples of their work.

As we enter, we are confronted with Walt Kuhn's "Topman", sufficiently impressive to beggar everything else in the room, and sufficiently massive to make us wonder what the man looked like who holds him up. We are then confronted in successive waves of revelation by the exhibition. Our first reaction, however, strangely persists as we wander up through the roomfuls of painting. For before long we find ourselves muttering darkly to the strong men who guard the catalogs, "What-what in heaven's name holds this up?" Little by little we see what it is. Demuth's "Buildings", Fiene's "Nocturne—Thirty Fourth Street", John Kane's "Turtle Neck Valley," Kopman's "Lion," Eilshemius' "Delaware Water Gap Village," Marsh's "George C. Tilyou's Steeplechase", Bertram's "Wild Flowers", Ben Shahn's "Bathers",

Hopper's "Room in New York"—these hold it up. There must have been others too, but it was not easy to find them.

But on the way out, after musing over Kantor's "Still Life", an old clock, and a bowl of leaves, set forlorn in a wintry landscape, I came suddenly, surrealistically, very near the door upon Burluk's "Winter in the Bashkirian Steppe." Any other steppe would have done as well, no doubt, for the lady, if she is a lady, is flattened by a great deal of hard labor. She wears proudly her panache of rich cadmium rouge pourpre, and her two buckets of the same materials suspended from a yoke largely built of vert d'éméraude. In the middle distance, her house is not pretentious. It, as well as she, has been thoroughly rolled in mud. They do not look happy, the house or the lady or the steppe, either severally or jointly, and that is perhaps why she is about to step out of the picture in her absent-minded peasant way, and go somewhere else. We don't know where she will go once she gets off the Bashkirian Steppe, but, by Hercules, we know she'll get there once she gets started. She has my every wish, for very suddenly because of her I felt happy as I pushed open the heavy door, and stepped out into the Eighth Street sunshine, and the fine clear air blew the gallery away, and all at once I realized I had been whistling for some time. And as I ransacked my muddled brain to recover what it was I had been whistling, once more the tune recurred, this time words and all. It was from the refrain of Garibaldi's Hymn, the part that goes, "Va fuori! Va fuori!"

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY

THERE are seven paintings of Walt Kuhn at the Marie Harriman Gallery. They are strong paintings. There is no question concerning what the artist was about in these canvases, no ambi-

guity in the conception or the execution. The outlines are hard, crisp, and clear, and by the same token, they limit the subject. The color is expressive in contrast and strength, not in nuance. These are, on the whole, hard pictures, striking pictures, easy to look at. But from their very brilliance being something on the poster side, they made me wonder if I should enjoy looking at them again.

"Kansas" and "Tiger Trainer" are executed with cool virtuosity, but it seems to me that the hardness and brightness of this kind of painting involves in them a somewhat meagre quality. The mask-like face of "Sybil", the no less inscrutable torso, and the startling blaze of color that is her costume, neither hide nor reveal anything. What heart beats under Tiger Trainer's brave red coat, what thoughts take from behind the glassy eyes, are not the subject of this picture. Nor does "Studio Corner" tell us much. Shoes, books, flowers, feathers, bread, a mirror, and a girl. There is no attempt at comment. This is the height of objectivity, therefore of unreality, and they are unreal subjects that the artist has chosen, with great clearness, to depict.

But whether a work of art is truly of the first rank, no matter how brilliantly executed, that lacks sympathy, tenderness, and insight, is another question.

KANDINSKY

NOBODY has said anything very intelligent about Kandinsky's work nor does this writer intend to break the precedent. One might as well attempt to describe in words the Hamiltonian Functions or the Einsteinian law of gravitation as to ensnare these abstractions in literary terms. Let us speak if you please of Kandinsky's oeuvre and his opus, of toiles and ebauches, of lyrical passages and enharmonic values, of polyphonic phrasing, and all the literary, musical, and other claptrap of the puzzled critic, and how much nearer shall we be to an understanding of a wholly abstract conception of its nature comprehensible in no other terms save its own?

"His color never lacks melody", says Christian Zervos in the "Cahiers d'Art." Can this be other than nonsense? Kandinsky's color may have every attribute that the psychologist will allow or the philo-

sopher conceive of, but melody I am sure it has not. When art education has advanced us to the stage where we wear our spectacles on our ears, we shall perhaps hear the melody in Kandinsky's color. Meanwhile why shouldn't we admit that these paintings have magnificent rhythm and cadence, but visual rhythm, the rhythm of spots and



"Kansas"—Walt Kuhn

—Marie Harriman Gallery

shapes of color elaborately, cleverly, and sincerely managed; that they have astonishing movement, and thrilling flight in pure color values? And if we cannot admit this without borrowing clichés from every art save that of painting, then let us say nothing at all.

These abstracted effects of light and motion, of swing and stress, sharp accents, and the fluttering plane,—inherently there is no reason save our own sophistication why they should puzzle us. But precisely because he has carefully generalized each motif Kandinsky has reduced his medium to terms often purely sensual in their bearing. The eye alone is intrigued, resonance is found perhaps in the other sense too, but there is little response from the brain. Kandinsky's values are set in an atmosphere so rarefied of extraneous associations that the possibility of understanding is completely shut off. We can often understand a Braque. The intellect has there something to start from, something to use as a basis for deduction. It may be a table top, half a guitar, a piece of fruit, or a hint of a nose—but it ordinarily suffices. It is enough to color the abstract with

association. Kandinsky carefully eliminates such clues from his work. We are given in most instances no hint of the particulars which have yielded the generalized concept. There is nothing for the brain to feed on. The mind's eye stares at a complete and refreshing blankness. But the possibility of comprehension being shut off, the possibility of feeling is opened up, and the picture, if we are justified in calling an unrepresentative arrangement a picture, speaks clearly and vigorously to our outward senses, to our capacity for pure and unreasoning experience, to that within us which is not amenable to persuasion, in short, to the soul.

To speak of such work as symbolic seems to me to relinquish the point completely. For it is, clearly, representative art that is symbolic. There a line, a color, a form symbolizes for the mind a living, or at least, a corporeal thing in three dimensions, and there the artist has sought to criticize, to appreciate, to become, in a graphic way, literary. Literature is of all arts save perhaps mathematics, the most symbolic. But effects of pure color and form cannot be symbolic. They depend for their meaning upon themselves alone, not upon their associates, and the art is as devoid of symbol as is pure music, that is, music which foregoes imitating brooks, storms, or battles, and works purely in the arrangement of tonal values in succession and juxtaposition. The first duty of the craftsman in pure form and color is to become asymbolic, that is to say, incomprehensible. We comprehend nothing of a sunset in nature, nor do we need to, nor of the sea stretching up and the sky curving down to the sea . . . These are not symbols, they are what they are, and because of their simplicity men have always gazed upon them and loved them, and tried to understand them, but because these things baffle comprehension, loved them the more and magnified their importance. But that which is symbolic of something else has at best but secondary importance.

It is therefore not surprising that these abstractions of Kandinsky's should be as vigorous as they are. They are of course among the finest I have ever seen, far surpassing the work of Picasso, Klee, or Miro. It is not always difficult for the artist to disentangle line, form, and color from the fleshy and extensible matter of the world. But judging from the

results, it cannot be easy to avoid commonplaces, and therefore obvious traces of charlatanism spoil much of contemporary work in this direction. Of such traces, Kandinsky's work is singularly free. No one can fail to appreciate at least in some measure the sincerity and dignity of his art. As for words in which to describe the experience, we have none, and so perhaps it would have been better if this note had confined itself to "*Non ragionam di loro, ma guarda e passa*".

GUY PENE DU BOIS

THE Kraushaar Galleries are showing paintings and drawings by Guy Pene Du Bois. I cannot feel that this is great art. It is art which exhibits a high degree of skill. It is the logical outcome of a long history of effort and experiment, and it has certainly a kind of dignity and a kind of worth. The artist is highly respected by a certain public, but all this cannot breathe life into these waxworks. But let us draw a triangle with Kandinsky at one vertex, Renoir at the other, and Pene Du Bois at the third, then find a fourth vertex for Pierre Roy, and we shall have perhaps a fair representation of what contemporary art is about.

Everything in this work is adequate, competent, skilled. And it gets, I think, precisely nowhere. It is ephemeral because it stems from no living stream. It has to do with craftsmanship, with problems purely technical, solved with the cool dignity of the practiced schoolmaster, adept in reminiscence. "Nude in the Woods," and "Nude with Bathrobe," "Girl in Riding Habit," "Girl in Pyjamas," "Girl in Red Dress," "Girl in Striped Sweater" — these are admirable titles. They denote quite succinctly what the picture was meant to be. But more imaginative painters have more difficulty in naming their pictures, for they are not quite so sure. I wonder whether it is always well to be quite so sure.

It must certainly be admitted that the camera does not often solve problems of texture, drapery, and the representation of flesh as well as this, though the camera too has

a kind of sureness, a lack of ambiguity. But when forms have flowed through a man's fingers, they should have something of that which engendered them. They should have blood. If painting becomes exceedingly intellectual, we are likely to demand of it a meaning. But "Torso" is an arrangement, a problem, and a pattern. It is, I think, an excellent arrangement, and as in "Girl in Pyjamas-Reclining," the composition, the color, the brushing are entirely workmanlike. The artist seems to me not particularly sensitive to line, but there is certainly nothing in these paintings that could possibly offend anyone, no matter how sensitive. It is very nice work. It is finished work.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

HOW long ago is it since that damning word "Victorian" lost its potency? Stuffy red velvet, puffed sleeves, clocks under crystal, flounces and furbelows and manners—all that was so recently anathema to the bobbed-haired and short-skirted generation, it all seems very much in fashion. And that young generation, grown, it is true, somewhat older, having taken time to let its hair grow and its skirts and its mustachios, and occasionally even its whiskers, turns once more with delight to Glackens' "Chez Mouquin." It turns again to the mature work of the age that fostered it. To its own childish fancies it does not return. It is to be feared that the work of Winslow Homer suffers greatly in juxtaposition with works of art. "The Gulf Stream" looked well enough where it hung in the Metropolitan Museum. In its present place it seems merely childish.

Melodramatic also, certainly, is the work of Ryder, but here is something more solid, a tradition that reaches back to El Greco. I suppose it is somewhat mischievous to call all these things American Art. As one walks through the large exhibition among the paintings clearly and intelligently hung and marked, one is tempted to wonder what dignity the nation's art can hope to borrow from work so hopelessly from over the sea as that of Inness, Whistler, Ryder,

and Blakelock. What common tendency is observable in Sheeler, Marin, Kantor, Luks and Weber that justifies us in grouping them in a national school? But what has nationalism to do with art? This is a great and noble country, and here but for the grace of God might have been born Rembrandt. But we wonder if he would not have somehow found his way from among the Indians to wherever his genius led him, as Modigliani and Chirico were led from Italy to Paris, as Picasso and Miro and Utrillo left Spain, and the Russian, Chagall, left Russia, and the Lithuanian, Soutine, and all to become French painters.

Meanwhile in this most excellent show are hung together Marin and Weber, Speicher and Whistler, in a way most interesting to the beholder. For the pictures have been hung in a way suggestive of quiet comment on the part of the Museum, sometimes perhaps without a trace of humor. Around Whistler's much overrated "Portrait of My Mother" a railing has been erected, but over against the beautiful white canvas of Whistler that offsets Speicher's splendid portrait of Katherine Cornell, the Museum has generously placed a sofa. And seated on this sofa, after gazing one's fill upon that exquisite tragic head, and the exquisite flux of the white textures, one may glance also at Inness' "Lake Albano"—for there is no doubt that Whistler and Inness dominate the exhibition—and wonder perhaps by this time a little sleepily about American art.

RENOIR

AT the Durand-Ruel Galleries is an exhibition of painting by Renoir done in the artist's last period, from 1900 to 1917. There are one or two old friends among the canvases on display, and a number I had not previously seen. While this show is by no means representative of the master's best work, there is no doubt that it is one of the most worth-while exhibitions in town. Surely Renoir wears remarkably well, and one has but to see his work again to renew the joy the first sight of it afforded.

Atlantica's Observatory

FRATERNITY

JUDGE Felix Forte of the Somerville District Court in Boston, Mass., delivered recently an address which was quite outspoken in its attack upon members of the "so-called Italian bar."

He said in part, "If more progress has not been made by the so-called Italian bar, it has not been the fault of the rank and file but the fault of the members themselves. There has been too much petty jealousy and envy among them. Each has been fearful that someone else would gain an advantage. Rather than no one get ahead than someone else get that preferment. That has been the general attitude. It is much easier to tear down than to build up. In our controversies we should be guided by a spirit of common purpose for the elevation of all of us as a people. Too often we do not practice what we preach. We speak of fraternity and we plead for cooperation for our general welfare, and then in the heat of political campaigns we forget all about our preachments. To hear a speech on fraternity and then to compare it with a substance of a political harangue shows unmistakably that the ideal of fraternity is a mere sham."

The Somerville jurist's words are true. Too often Italo-American solidarity is split by wise politicians by the simple expedient of offering another Italo-American as the opposing candidate; not because of the latter's imposing record, or because of his honesty of purpose, but because he will simply parrot the likes and dislikes of the political bosses. Too often Italo-Americans have seen men who have had only their welfare at heart edged out at the polls through this simple method.

The latest example is Fiorello H. La Guardia.

1933

DESPITE the fact that many of us want to be made to believe that we have rounded that elusive

"corner," the November "Monthly Survey of Business" of the American Federation of Labor shows the situation to be far from heartening.

According to the bulletin the "greatest unemployment crisis of all time is close upon us. If the number out of work increases by even the normal seasonal amount, 12,700,000 will be out of work by January. Already nearly one-third of all our wage and small salaried workers are deprived of a chance to earn a living. Each depression year our relief bill has doubled. Workers have passed from payroll to relief roll, their earned income shrinking each year by \$8,000,000,000 below the year before."

More than three years have passed since the stock market debacle. Each incoming year had at its inception our prayers that it would bring with it the much-needed economic revival. While we have devoted much of our time to talking in former months, of late, powerful ideas have finally been put to work, and while it is too early to predict definitely, perhaps 1933...?

OPERA

IN a year of financial stringency, San Francisco has constructed and opened to the public the most beautiful and modern lyric theatre in America. It has been fittingly named the San Francisco War Memorial Opera House. One of its features lies in the fact that it is the first municipally owned opera house in American history. Its auspicious start early this fall bodes a success for it. The theatre, nobly commemorative of those who perished in the war, has been built by bonds issued by the city, and the sum of \$65,000 a year has been voted to insure the maintenance of the building.

The San Francisco Opera Association, an organization ten years old, and headed by Gaetano Merola, impresario and conductor, rents the theatre for its season. The Symphony Orchestra of that city

will use the imposing edifice for its concerts.

The new opera house is of simplified classic design with granite bases and steps and free standing columns on the front facades, and the balance of the walls in rusticated terra cotta. It is slightly smaller than New York's Metropolitan Opera House but it is so constructed that the stage can be seen comfortably from any section of the theatre. And what is more important, according to Olin Downes, music critic of the "New York Times," "the seats are comfortably wide, allowing three and a quarter inches more than the room given the cramped and uncomfortable sitter in most modern theatres, to say nothing of reviewers who wish to cross their legs."

MARIONETTES

UNDER the auspices of the Italy America Society, for the benefit of its Eleonora Duse Fellowship and the Italian Welfare League, the "Teatro dei Piccoli" (The Theatre of the Small Ones; i. e., marionettes) will give two performances at the Lyric Theatre in New York: on Thursday evening, Dec. 22nd, in Italian, and on Friday afternoon, December 23rd, in English.

This celebrated marionette theatre arrives in New York after 18 years of triumphant performances throughout Europe and South America, having given some 1200 performances in 400 cities. On the committee promoting these two performances are not only well-known New York society leaders, both American and Italian, but the affair is also under the patronage of H. E. Augusto Rosso, Italian Ambassador to the United States, H. E. John Garrett, American Ambassador to Italy, and Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General in New York.

New York, especially the Italian community, welcomes cordially the most famous marionette theatre and wishes it the success here that has always followed it on its tours.

A Review of the Reviews

ALTHOUGH the spectacular majority of Governor Roosevelt in the American Presidential election had been confidently expected, the completeness of his victory is one of the most extraordinary things about it. The world has not much use for weak governments just now, and a mandate such as the new President's, *even on the vaguest programmes*, gives him a welcome free hand for the large measures of adjustment demanded by the world situation."

This comment on our national elections comes from the London *Week-end Review*. It holds forth in bold relief the fact that an overwhelming majority was won on the vaguest of programs. We might go a bit further and state that the vote indicated primarily a popular protest against the prevailing economic conditions, for which the electorate, rightly or wrongly, held the government in office responsible. Not that the American electorate has forged for itself a political consciousness overnight. Far from it. The inherent inconsequence of the Eighteenth Amendment had not bothered the voter much. The

reign of terror in Chicago and elsewhere directly attributable to the Volstead Act had had little effect upon him. The filth, corruption and license of the Harding Administration still less. Thus in 1928 he continued in office the same administration by a huge majority. But in these few years past he has been touched where he is most sensitive: in his economic well-being. Pluto, the most beloved of his Penates, has turned a deaf ear on his entreaties. The panacea of universal plenty à la Ford has ingloriously tumbled to earth. And the voter, with a noble rage in his heart, has dethroned the apologists of the myth of American Prosperity.

RECENT political events in Germany show the signal inability of the Germans to agree upon a government. Gustav Krupp Von Bohlen excellently sums up the situation in the *Review of Reviews*. "It has been shown, in the September dissolution of the Reichstag, that the political parties have eliminated themselves from all ac-

tive work for the welfare of the nation and the people. Forced to take account of the state of mind of their electorate—a state of mind which is, to be sure, only the expression of a terrible distress weighing upon the mass of the German people—political parties have shown themselves incapable at the present time of forming and supporting a government, which with vigor and determination replaces, by practical deeds, theoretical consideration of possible betterment."

The Germans have no need of forging for themselves a political consciousness. Theirs, it would seem, is already too acute. The panacea of universal plenty could hardly be introduced among them. It would only affect their risibility. They would rather play with more complex conceits, as befits adults, their like, in the methodology of government: national socialism, communism, liberalism, democracy, monarchy, socialism in its many different garbs, etc. The sum-total of all these worthy efforts, as Von Bohlen so ably shows, is Nothing.

* * *

The question naturally arises in the mind of the unbiased onlooker—Which people is in a happier state? The Germans who strive to bring something into being and arrive at nothing or the Americans who whimper over the sudden disappearance of Santa Claus?

A. M. Gisolfi

CAMBRIA OF THE ROXY

(Continued from Page 116)

first to decorate a moving picture theatre with paintings and sculptures, making a tour of Europe yearly to collect art treasures.

Paramount-Publix then claimed his services, and while with this organization he helped draw up plans for the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre, designing interiors, selecting the art works that now grace it, and otherwise bringing it to its finished state. Following a period with Paramount as art director, he took over the same duties at the Capitol Theatre, and now we find him occupying his present job, with its excellent opportunity to give wider scope to his ideas.

THOUGH business policies always tend to obtrude in his work, Cambria is primarily the artist, with an artist's background. For

years now, every week, every day, he has found his chief enthusiasm in conceiving himself stage presentations, tableaux, dances, musical divertissements, choral productions, etc., and the combining of everything the theatre means, putting together all the elements into a unit.

No philosopher or profound sage is Frank Cambria. Nor, being in the show business, should he be, for, rather than depth and reserve, the stage demands a cheery optimism, a gay surface, originality, in addition, of course to ability. But he is unlike most showmen in that—trite as it sounds—he is modesty personified. His manner is bourgeois and very democratic; he is, one would say, "one of the boys." Well-liked by his employees as a good fellow to work for and with, he is nevertheless a hard worker,

and relaxes but seldom. This he prefers doing by himself, with a cigar and book, say, or among his family, which he calls "my only extravagance": his wife (of German descent) and his two daughters, Sophie, 18, and Claudia, 10. He is modest in his tastes, smokes cigars incessantly, wants plenty of sleep, takes a fling at the stock market occasionally, never wears any jewelry, and prefers games of chance like poker to a solemn session of bridge.

He has a pleasant speaking voice (as those who have heard him in his Sunday evening broadcasts can testify) and eyes that always seem amused, and lest one think he has forgotten the land of his birth, he speaks Italian well and is proud of his heritage, though he does not wear it obtrusively on his sleeve.

The New Books

THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATION OF BUSINESS. By 16 Collaborators. Edited by Walter E. Spahr. 1280 pp., 2 vols. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith. \$8.00.

ECONOMICS: PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS. By Lionel D. Edie. Second Edition: Revised and Reset. 859 pages. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$5.00

We live in a troubled age, an age in which the pot of new and old ideas is bubbling over, preparatory, let us hope, to a simmering and settling down, when some semblance of order, unity and stability of ideas will have been established, if only for a generation or two. And no more important ills of the world exist today than those which, however they may branch out politically, have their roots in matters economic. The prime example, of course, is the present depression, with which we are all too familiar, and not only in our contact with the actual reality, but also with the millions and billions of words that must in the last three years have been written about it from every conceivable angle. The great bulk of this writing might well have gone unwritten, for a few well-thought-out economic principles would suffice to explain to the layman and the citizen the cause behind the depression, and these same principles would explain to him how sound are the remedies proposed. The world (and especially its democracies in which, cynicism to one side, the final say rests ultimately with the people) sadly and urgently needs more economic knowledge for the average man, for the great questions facing us today, and still largely unsettled, are primarily economic.

The present two substantial works are valuable aids in the matter. No light or speculative reading this, but hard facts and realities, that must be pondered over and digested to be effective.

"Economics: Principles and Problems" is a standard text, used in many colleges throughout the country since it first came out in 1926. This is its second and largely revised edition, made necessary by the accelerating speed with which changes are being brought about in the modern world. Not only actual cases and statistical data, but also their interpretation and significance are here brought up to date. "The objective," says the author, "has been to use the realistic background of economic life as a vehicle for developing principles and methods of thought." And the problems used are not merely "cases," but actual economic issues of national or international concern—basic problems of the present age.

Divided into eight parts (Introduction; Production and Consumption; Value and Exchange; Distribution and Related Problems; Money, Credit, and Banking; International Economic Relations; Government and Taxation; and Economic Control), the book is both comprehensive and fundamental, as well as (for the average educated reader) understandable. Probably its two most interesting Parts are the Introduction, which is practically a brief economic history of civilization, and its closing Part, on Economic Control, in which various theories of government are taken up in their economic significance.

Distinctly modern in its presentation (a far cry from the old cut-and-dried texts of the so-called "dismal science") it recognizes the links between economics and modern psychology, and it manifests a frank concern for social control of economic processes.

"The Economic Foundation of Business" is a more unusual type of book. Sixteen economists, almost all of them members of the faculty of the School of Commerce of New York University have here collaborated in a work that goes far toward bridging the gap between the man of affairs (for whom it is principally intended) and the economist, who, the authors think, have been too far apart in their ways of looking at economic questions.

Monumental in size and scope, this book, edited by the chairman of the Department of Economics in New York University's School of Commerce, might well serve as a supplementary text or "readings" for the Edie book, and the two together are as good a one-year course in economics as can be obtained at the average university.

Each of the contributors to the Spahr book is a specialist in his field, and aims at a judicial and objective presentation of his subjects, though this is not always the case. For example, William L. Nunn, in his section on "Types of Economic Control" injects a false note in his otherwise harmonious and impartial description of Fascism when he makes the indefensible statement that "Fascism perhaps is yet too young a competitor of older systems of social organization to have a recognized coherent philosophy of its own." Such a statement, peculiarly enough, is not made of the Soviet Union, only five years older in point of age. For the most part, however, debatable subjects are presented from the several viewpoints of those who disagree concerning them.

In arranging their material, the authors first present a background of present day economic institutions (more readable, possibly, but not as broad as in Edie's treatment), fol-

lowed by discussions of production, population, land, business organization, government regulation of business, marketing, prices, money, credit, banking, foreign trade, business cycles, capital, profits, rent, wages, labor, and taxes, ending in the chapter on economic control.

Comparing these two outstanding contributions to economic science (both of which, by the way, are carefully indexed and augmented by extensive bibliographies) it would seem that the Edie book is more closely knit and meant to be studied rather than read, while the Spahr symposium can be read in sections regardless of its other parts, and is somewhat more readable. Both are comprehensive, authoritative and substantial presentations of intensely important matters that are all too little comprehended.

D. Lamonica

NAPOLEONE, by Raffaele Ciampini. Florence, Vallecchi, 1932; 342 pages. Illustrated.

Ciampini's "Napoleon" claims neither the extensive researches in sources and archives of a Fournier or a Lanfrey, nor the wide historical knowledge of the Napoleonic era of a Rose or a Kircheisen. Nor does it even claim to be a psychological presentation of the type made so popular by Emil Ludwig. But with all that, Ciampini does present to us a Napoleon who was human, and who besides being the person most responsible for having turned the whole continent of Europe upside down, was also a man.

No "emperor of battles," no "bogy of Europe," no "madman of war" is Ciampini's Napoleon.

"The campaign (that is after Wagram) had been terribly bloody. It is difficult to calculate exactly the number of losses; but reading the various accounts of those who personally followed the course of those battles, one cannot help gaining the impression of veritable butchery. At a certain moment Napoleon himself was heard replying to Davout, who was asking permission to follow still further the enemy:—'No, let all this shedding of blood cease.'—'And still all this shedding of blood,' continues the author serenely, 'has not yet restored peace to Europe.'"

Not a word of judgment; not a word of repugnance; not a word of invective in the whole book. It is not the author's purpose to stop for breath in dealing with the decimation of the French ranks during the ill-fated expedition to Egypt due primarily to heat, thirst, and pestilence. Nor does he pass any judgment on the extermination of the 60,000 Spaniards at Saragossa who had sworn

the invader. Moreover, he is comparatively silent in dealing with the to die protecting their homes from 150,000 French soldiers who fell frozen to their very finger nails in the midst of the severe Russian winter of the year 1812 on which the emperor had not calculated, and of the 90,000 more who fell during the retreat from Moscow. The expedition to Russia was not merely 'a war of the elements, of time, and of space'—which was intended to prostrate a whole people at the feet of the conqueror;—for the lesson which Napoleon did not heed at Saragossa was to confront him at Moscow, and the blow which was to defeat Napoleon even more than the elements, time, or distance was dealt by the force of Russian patriotism, symbolized in one man—Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow. So that under these circumstances, the author cannot help observing:—

"This terrible man for the first time brought to the Russian people patriotic fanaticism, re-enforced by religious fanaticism. A barbarian who carried away behind him a horde of barbarians. Napoleon was always the conqueror when he was confronted by regular troops, or when battles were fought on the basis of topographical maps and on rules established by military staffs. But he was upset when he was confronted by an enemy with no troops, with no face; an enemy who had no cannon and no guns, with no generals, no staff, no uniforms—but which was called national spirit and people."

There is nothing quixotic in Ciampini's narrative. Napoleon's step "from the sublime to the ridiculous" has certainly never been measured. But in the simple narrative before us there is an impression of the man who could plan a continental blockade, who planned the crossing of the channel to prostrate England, — that "nation of shopkeepers"; who dreamt of destroying the British fleet in far-off Guadeloupe, of making his way to India across conquered Russia; and who in the end decries the fact that only a lot of insignificant petty princes had stood in his way and prevented him from bringing to fruition the noble ideals and aspirations of the French Revolution. From all this grandeur, the view of the same man dictating his will in the bleak and lonely island of St. Hélène.—Sir Hudson Lowe's prisoner;—daily wearing away his life in the memory of his glory and afflicted by ulcer in the stomach,—gazing for hours at a time on the numerous photographs of his son from which, it was reported, he turned only with difficulty, murmuring, "I shall never see him again;" and at a very end on his death-bed receiving the Catholic communion, is certainly not the fall to the ridiculous. It was but the "bella immortal" of Manzoni—the consummation of the human legend of one who

*"tutto ei provò: la gloria
maggior dopo il periglio,
la fuga e la vittoria,
la regia e il triste esiglio:
due volte nella polvere,
due volte sull'altar."*

Francesco Grilli

VILLA BEATRICE, by Bruno Cicognani, Treves - Treccani - Tumminelli, Milan, 1931, 353 pp., Paper \$1.25.

Here we have a girl who feels, but finds it utterly impossible to give expression to her feelings or to react naturally to the feelings of others.

As a child she cannot respond to a kiss from her mother or a caress from her father. As an adolescent she hasn't a friend. Married at the age of thirty, she finds in her matrimonial state hell itself. Her husband is a very amiable person who can afford her every form of luxury, but their moments of intimacy are for her an unbearable torment. Her husband, in spite of her efforts to feel otherwise, can only inspire her with disgust and repugnance.

She becomes pregnant and conceives a ghastly hatred for the unborn child from the very first. The delivery is instrumental in giving us some understanding of the character of this woman. The physicians discover an abnormality in the structure of the sexual organs which almost precluded conception. They further discover a weak heart. Her impassiveness, her failure to give vent to her emotions, then, was merely a defensive reflex. She was made to conceive in spite of herself. Cicognani thus gives us a pretty bit of behaviorism which may or may not be physiologically sound.

So much for the woman's character. Let us come to the denouement. With the birth of the little girl and the mother's continued hostility towards her, husband, parents, and friends assume an attitude of reserve towards Beatrice. She broods over the utter solitude in which she is left and the thought of suicide comes repeatedly to her mind. In this state of spiritual abasement she seeks comfort from a priest who happens at her home on Easter morning, and in the secrecy of the confessional she, who had never spoken a word of her internal strife to those nearest to her heart, reveals her torment: her inability to love. The confessor, with fatherly compassion, soothes her but firmly conveys to her her obligation to love, for the Law of God is Love.

Obediently, Beatrice goes through the painful experience of readjustment in her relations to her child, her husband, her parents and her friends. She finally succeeds in loving them and wins their love in return, but she dies shortly thereafter of heart failure.

Thus we have closely knit together, perhaps for the first time, pure behaviorism and orthodox Catholicism,

which demands everything, even life itself, in sacrifice to Love. Beatrice's sudden conversion to love may be explained by a Catholic as an act of Divine Grace, but she is still not convincing psychologically. The concept of the necessity of the ultimate triumph of love which motivates the story is deserving of praise. The book created quite a stir in Italy and was acclaimed by some as one of the best novels published in recent years.

One will not regret reading it, though he may find it somewhat prolix and fatiguing by its frequent repetitions.

A. M. Gisolfi

THE BOOK OF THE GREAT MUSICIANS, by Percy A. Scholes and Will Earhart. 411 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.00.

Messrs. Scholes and Earhart have collaborated on a history of music written primarily for the younger people. While doing so, the authors have borne in mind the special needs and interests of the group they want to reach, and have treated the present volume in a manner that sometimes borders on fiction, and at all times keeps away from the "cut and dried" history style. The book is divided into three sections, at the end of which we find a biographical list, which goes into some detail, of British and American composers.

Book One is quite simple in style and presents technical phases of music so that even a reader of tender years can understand them. The authors start out on their musical journey with the simple little folk tune, its origin and the use it was put to by our ancestors. From the folk tune the authors graduate to the beginning of our modern music, which saw light in the days of Francis Drake and Shakespeare. Messrs. Scholes and Earhart treat this section of their book with many anecdotes which will delight the young reader. Other parts of the book are also liberally sprinkled with them.

Book Two is more mature in style. In a foreword to the reader the authors write, "It is not written in quite so simple a style as the first book; but meanwhile you have grown a bit older and ever so much learned in musical matters, so you should still find this book easy to read." This section takes in all music from Schubert through to Sullivan, with two chapters devoted to the opera. Book Three is most important for its treatment of Russian music, with a full chapter on its most famous exponent, Tchaikowsky.

To one, whether young or old, who is looking for a readable and comprehensible history of music "The Book of Great Musicians" is recommended without qualifications.

M. A. Melchiorre

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 100)

To say that these voters refused to break party affiliations is not correct, for most of them voted as their party leaders dictated. As a matter of fact, very few voters in this country ever use the ballot intelligently: the usual thing is to vote as the party Bosses command and let it go at that.

The same situation obtained in Brooklyn where Mr. Alex Pisciotta ran for County Judge on the Republican ticket. Did the Italians of Brooklyn give him their support, regardless of party affiliations? They did not. Mr. Pisciotta too went down to defeat.

Another observation is in point at this time. It is recognized on all sides that the Italian-American vote in our State is a considerable political factor—in fact, it is the second largest voting unit. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, we failed to have a proportionate number of Italians elected to important offices in the State. Why? Because the winning party had failed to place them on the winning ticket.

Judge Minisi of Newark recently made a similar observation with respect to the State of New Jersey. In an article which appeared in the *Progresso Italo-Americano* on November 22nd, he pointed out that even though the Italians comprise more than one-eighth of the State's four million inhabitants, yet they have not received adequate political recognition. He said: "For the past thirty-five years the Italian-Americans of New Jersey have been patiently waiting for recognition proportionate to their numerical strength and to their financial and social prestige."

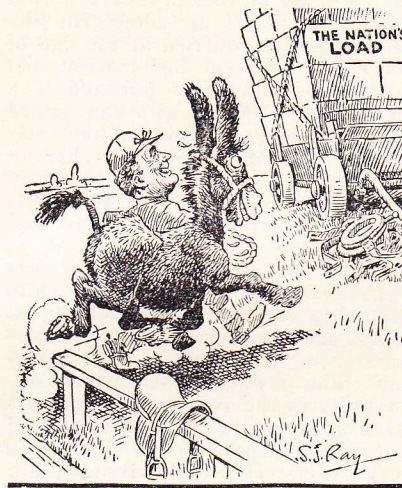
This is also true of New York, as well as of every other State in the Union. Now, how much longer is this condition going to exist?

We are not holding a brief here for one party or another. Party lines mean nothing to us. What we do say here is this: that it is about time that the politicians of all parties make up their minds to

respect the powerful Italian-American vote by giving adequate political recognition to the young Italian-American—and the sooner the better.

THE GERMANS SHOW THE WAY

MORE than five hundred delegates from ten States representing several hundred thousand members of German societies in the United States attended the



"If He Only Pulls as Well
as He Ran"

—From the Kansas City "Star"

opening sessions of the first German-American Congress held recently at the Hotel Astor. The object of the congress was to promote nation-wide co-operation among German-Americans in this country on cultural, educational, economic and welfare problems and to acquaint Americans of non-German descent with the cultural and scientific contributions of Germany. One of the delegates offered a resolution for the establishment of a German-American university, in which "a real and full study of German culture, history and civilization will be made possible, together with a study of the development of America, present and future."

It was suggested that such a University might help to develop in America a true and just appreciation of the German people and Germanic achievements. We are heartily in accord. We go further: why not have an Italian University, a

French University, etc.? Institutions of this type accomplish a two-fold purpose: they promote understanding between nations and make wars almost impossible.

We wish that some one would start a movement to establish an Italian University in this country. Why must the Germans always lead in the intellectual field?

A NEW DEAL FOR NEW YORK CITY

MR. Walter Lippmann, the distinguished publicist who conducts a column in the *New York Herald Tribune*, has written a timely article calling for a new deal in the City of New York. Mr. Lippmann is such a forceful writer that nothing short of literal reproduction can adequately convey his thoughts. Accordingly, I take the liberty of quoting a passage which speaks volumes.

"No decent life is possible for the masses of a great city who are subject to the speculator, the buccaneer, and the job-holder. In a great city people live so close together that their essential needs have to be collectively organized and regulated.

"But with the kind of government Tammany provides planning and the administration of social services are impossible. Think of a man like O'Brien, the Mayor-elect. Think of a man like James J. Walker. Think of a man like John F. Curry. Think of the largest city on this continent at one of the great crises of modern history, in the hands of men like that. It is not merely that they waste our money. They waste our lives. They condemn us to discomfort, to meanness, to squalor, which an able and honest government could remove. They monopolize the power which in the hands of trustworthy and imaginative men could be used to make a city that was convenient, comfortable and inspiring to live in."

To all of which we give our enthusiastic approval, *nemine dissente*, and so be it.

THE CITY OF THE IVORY TOWER

(Continued from Page 105)

HERE in the bright sunlight is the same statue of Garibaldi around which they rallied last evening. In Pisa even Garibaldi becomes peaceful and stands in an attitude of meditative repose—different indeed from his *condottiere* equestrianism familiar in other cities—mate to the even more tranquil Dantesquely robed statue which we faces across the Arno. Hung between them, midway on the bridge, dependent crossways from a suspended bar like one of the Renaissance banners of the rival Pisan factions that used to contest this same bridge in the splendidly costumed combat-games of the Middle Ages, is the tricolor, a symbol of the city's continued celebration—its red, white, and green doubly brilliant by contrast with this low-toned setting—lifting and stirring gently in the warm lazy air.

On the bridge a row of men are lounging, leaning over, intently watching the fishing. For in provincial Pisa where few things happen, this fishing with nets so primitive in construction that they must have been watched by the great-great-grandfathers of these boys who now are men, can still be interesting. I draw near the parapet. One of the boats so familiar to its banks lies at rest in the polished green of Arno. The fisherman at his crackling pulley slowly lowers the great basket-net, mammoth beside the tiny boat from which it hangs at the end of a tall tilted rod. The net is held extended squarely by a quadrangular bent-like frame made by binding crossways two very long bows of slender supple wood, which are curved until the frame arches above as far as the net hangs, hammocklike, below. Often the net rises with no fish, but the fisherman continues patiently at his pulley, lowering the net, waiting, raising the net clear of the water, then lowering it again. From the banks always the activity is justified, for every delicate strand of the dripping snare glistens in the sunlight as though spun of rainbow and fairy jewels.

I TURN from the bridge, leaving the watchers in unchanged attitudes and walk along the busy *Via del Borgo*. But I have soon passed the shops and feel in Pisa again; again the facades are the same as in *Lungarno*, all flat and still. What repose after the noisy baroque of Rome!

The curving streets are broad and crowdless. Loneliness exudes from them and from the houses like a heavy narcotic perfume. Their desire for solitude has created solitude impossible to disturb. Nor is there any evading of it. It waits at every corner—whoever may have been there has always just vanished; lurks within every courtyard. It does not hold back to be sought, but like some slow and engulfing sea, deeper than the soul, it

flows around and over one, elemental, resistless and beyond resistance. No friend can enter it—the solitude of Pisa cannot be divided like that of Venice—it creeps closer to one's heart than any friend can be.

I wind through a sunny street for some distance. Once the quiet of the air is startled by a whistle—the whistle of a train—for Pisa is on the direct line between Rome and Paris, Florence and the sea. But it is of a train that is going by.

And then suddenly in mute surprise the street opens on a *piazza* greater than any of the rest. Upon the wide, level, airy expanse of grass stand three gleaming buildings, master-works of Pisa, which the city has characteristically placed at her farthest corner, just within the venerable masses of the city wall. Behind them, shielding from the northern winds, in their modulation upward to a dominating summit seeming higher than they are because of rising from a plain, are the near, blue, and very beautiful Pisan hills.

Here is the placid *Duomo*, beyond it the round Baptistry, and nearest, the famous white tower, the only thing that the world knows of Pisa. These buildings do not meet one and rejoice with one in their own beauty as does the architecture of Venice. Each stands apart, musing closed and content within itself, separated from the others more than the dividing space alone would mean. After almost a decade of centuries, they are like a group of very gentle old philosophers, who have forgotten the world, and perhaps also their philosophy.

Besides being a curiosity, the *Campanelle* is very fair. It leans, not from audacity, but because it is resting. The bell-tower is childlike—these buildings are the youngest of the Renaissance—in its regular placement of one gallery above another until it has six, each circled regularly by slender columns and narrow round arches, which all completely incase the great central column that is the tower itself. And there above the crowning turret is the tricolor again, blazing against the brilliant sky.

THE whiteness of the *Duomo* is relieved by bands of dark green marble: horizontal, they serve to depress it for the eye and to increase the feeling of rest. I go over the grass toward the nearest entrance at the apex end. In the several low steps that extend completely surrounding the Latin cross of the church is seen again the long flat line that Pisa loves. With the top one broadened to form an encircling walk, they lie, so many additional planes of white above the ample green plane of the lawn—lie, instead of rise, for here there is no sense of lifting. The steps are not great and the church is not vast, yet the persons using the steps as benches seem to diminish and not to count any more, because the church itself disregards them. Here the thing created has taken on an independence and asserted dominance over its puny creator.

Within this *Duomo*, whose superposed rows of delicate Pisan pillars and arches cling close to its facades, where the low relief of the gentle Do-

natello would have been completely in tone, there is instead an art in which the figures start out from their background with a drama and turbulence that almost releases them from the stone. It is the pulpit of Giovanni Pisano, reassembled from gallery and cloister after three centuries and newly replaced—adding an impressive Fascist ceremony to the many magnificences of the *Duomo's* past—which with the pulpit of Nicola, Giovanni's father, treasure of the Baptistry, is the birthstone of modern sculpture. This pulpit, the only thing in Pisa today that is not restrained, is necessary here—how much more meaningful in the Pisa that produced it than the similar one of Nicola transplanted to Siena!—as a sort of bold keynote from which the present completely different harmony with its dying fall was modulated. It stands unchanged in a city that has grown old around it.

When Giovanni carved this pulpit, the last work of his life, Pisa's material glory was dying, but a greater life was being born. Flame of the new life kindling within Giovanni and with him, kindled this stone. The joyousness and vigor of the springtime of the human spirit have made the figures in the tablets that picture the life of Christ move and speak and sing, and the foliage of the capitals of the supporting columns to blossom with little birds. The lions that covered in the earlier pulpit at Volterra, and stood at rest in Nicola's pulpit in the Baptistry, here proudly advance. Small, sleek with caresses, they step out magnificently, threatening at any moment to slip from under the bases on which the columns that support the pulpit have been rested in naïve defiance of good sense, to run through the cool shady cathedral, creep under the heavy curtain that hangs over the door and scamper white and leaping across the grass, blinkingly joyous to be out in the sunlight again after six centuries.

LEST lingering long under their fascination, I too should become stone with gazing, I leave them and pass down the long column-lined nave—those classic columns of Pisan victory—and lift the curtain at its end. Bewildered for an instant by the sunlight, and then physically rejoicing in it—the sunlight of Italy makes everyone a pagan—I pause on the top step, here a very porch.

There before is the bell-shaped Baptistry. To enter is to know the reason for its existence: it sprang to close upon the echo from some saintly choir, strayed wistfully to the green of earth and unwarily hesitant here too long—an echo that renews itself whenever it seeks a way out of its prison.

And there at last is the *Campo Santo*, hidden before by the *Duomo*. As I cross the lawn toward its entrance at one end, the whole expanse of the long blank wall reveals itself, dazzling indeed, with each particle of the white marble glistening in the sun.

Beyond the small door is beauty, airy spaciousness, and silence. White Gothic arches, chaste as though the work of yesterday, lift above tall pillars, sensitive and attenuated like lily-stalks, to inclose the cloister shadows.

I wander about the high broad passages and across the walks that divide the simple grassplots. Subdued by the round arches that Pisanly clasp the Gothic, the soul hovers above this earth from Palestine together with the stillness that has been there—how long? On the cloister walls there are great tormented mediaeval frescoes of a hell that the repose within denies; fragments of early Pisan sculpture; sarcophagi, relics of Pisa's brilliant Roman period, which inspired Nicola for some of his figures for the pulpit.

But it is not objects that hold one here, nor personalities. Even Giovanni, who designed them, is gone and has left only the arches, the cloister, and the walls, with a feeling that no human hand has ever touched them. It is the place itself that will not let one go.

For the *Campo Santo* is the sacred heart of Pisa. Sitting alone beneath an arch under the cloistered sky and looking upon the grass-blades, one will slip into a musing, a sort of meditation without thought, of the spirit rather than the mind. How long does one

stay here motionless, a part of Pisa? There is no knowing: the *campo Santo* is timeless.

When I come out to the green plain, and the Baptistery, and the *Duomo* and the white tower, the sun has set, the sky is pallid, and there is a faint new crescent. The light of the full moon haloing those arches, what must it be?

Perhaps then within there is a Presence and a holy step upon the grass once more, to bless the place again and to renew its heavenly peace. (From *The Virginia Quarterly Review*)

SOME RACIAL PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 107)

The polemic may be ended here, because, notwithstanding Dr. Lomauro's desire (unless the form of his article has betrayed his thought) the Italians will not throw away their spiritual, moral, and civil heritage that has come down to them

through the centuries in order to embrace, without plausible reason, the customs and modes of life which offend their moral character and dignity.

Even if our Italians were willing to do so they would not know

how, because nobody, unless it be God himself, can remove those traits from his own soul that come to him not through the determination of his own will but through the long elaboration of generations through the centuries.

ANOTHER COMMENT

On Italo-American Racial Problems

By V. Grossi

IN the September issue of *Atlantica* an interesting article was published concerning the relations between the first and second generations of Italians in this country: "Do Italians Hamper Their Children?" by James R. Lomauro. In an explanatory note, the editor points out that the ideas expressed may not be accepted by everyone, and I think it is worthwhile to express the point of view of an Italian who dearly loves his native land, but who admires and respects the country of his adoption, and who tries to live in America "as Americans do."

The foreigner in general, and the Italian in particular, comes here prepared to accept everything and to Americanize himself and to live in this country as he should. It is true that there are popular habits and usages, as for example the pseudo-religious feasts and processions, which it would be best to forget, but on the whole it must be recognized that the Italian adapts himself to his environment. Moreover, if there is room in America for a St. Patrick's Day, it is only just that there should also be a Columbus Day!

But here is the crux of the problem: the children of Italians know

that in Italy there exist well-defined social classes, but they think, perhaps in all good faith, that in America such distinctions do not exist. As soon as they go to school they forget that their parents are, in the majority, good people, people, that is, who do manual labor and are equal to all those who do manual labor from New York to Calcutta. Evidently they ignore the fact that the so-called professional man is the Italian bourgeois. The Italian bourgeois class, or, to put it better, the Italian middle class, has handed down from father to son traditions of education and living quite different from those of the people in general, and it has the true conception of American democracy in accepting within its ranks all those, poor or rich, who are equipped with the necessary requirements of education and instruction. This is why the children of Italians who are fortunate enough to change social classes should sympathetically forgive their parents what are not defects, but the characteristics of a different class. Instead they generalize, and instead of acting as good Americans who must live in their great country, they want to act the pedagogs to those of their own blood, and they

seek to impose themselves on them, as well as on their American countrymen.

It is precisely among the more elevated classes everywhere that there are made distinctions and examinations and questions of families, and perhaps in America more than elsewhere. Suffice it to read the society pages of the newspapers, full of the photographs and family trees of the debutantes.

This feeling of defense of one's own girls is one of the hereditary virtues of the race to be praised. Perhaps it is descended from the blood of Roman civilization, when the best thing about a woman was that it could be said of her: "lanam fecit."

Fortunately we are witnessing today the creation of this middle class within our emigrated family. Let us honor and respect those good workers who brought with them to this country a pride in seeing their own descendants in a better class, and who, amid struggle, oblige their children to acquire those requisites of education that are necessary to rise in the world, and in this way to show in the executive life the same admirable qualities shown in the life of obedience and manual labor.

The Italians in the United States

THE PRESS

The defeat of Congressman Fiorello H. La Guardia and the subsequent loss to labor was the subject of an editorial which appears in a recent issue of the weekly bulletin of the American Federation of Labor. The editorial said in part: "With the defeat of La Guardia, working men and women, not only of his district but throughout the nation, have lost one of their best friends and a loyal defender. La Guardia was a recognized leader in Congress and exerted a tremendous influence in the fight for the adoption of laws favorable to the worker. La Guardia's faithfulness and his devotion to labor was publicly recognized by the President of the American Federation of Labor, William Green, with the following statement issued during the campaign: 'The record of F. H. La Guardia is 100 per cent for the working people. I consider him to be a great leader of the rights of labor and of the legislative program set by labor in the Congress of the United States.' La Guardia always refused the overtures made to him by political bosses and always opposed them when they were in favor of legislation which was opposed to the dictates of his conscience. Organized labor will not have La Guardia in the new Congress. The interests of the people demand that he be returned to his place as soon as is legally possible."

Pietro Nanni, editor of the "Bollettino Italiano" of Chicago, was the guest of honor recently at a banquet in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his publication. The banquet, which was attended by numerous celebrities, was given at the Hotel Belden-Stratford.

The publishing of "Il Minatore Italiano", which had been suspended for several months following the death of the editor, A. C. Marinelli, has been resumed by J. Rigoni. This paper is one of the oldest Italian weeklies in America. For thirty-three years "Il Minatore Italiano", which is published in Laurium, Michigan, has reached its Italo-American readers of the Upper Peninsula with its local news and pertinent editorials interspersed with news from Italy.

SOCIETIES

More than 1700 persons participated at an affair organized by the Italian World War Veterans Association, the Nastro Azzurro, and the Victor Emanuel III Society, given on board the liner Rex last month. The evening was in commemoration of the 14th anniversary of the Armistice, and of the 10th anniversary of the March on Rome.

Those who spoke to the large gathering were the Acting Consul, Dr. Antonio Logoluso and Dr. Salvatore Bonanno, President of the Veterans Association. Gr. Uff. Angelo Ruspini, Col. Serrati, and Capt. Tarabotto welcomed the celebrants in behalf of the Italian Line.

The committee in charge of the affair was: Dr. Salvatore Bonanno, President; Dr. Alberto Serra, Secretary; Gaetano Uzzo, Treasurer. The Honorary committee was composed of: Cav. Luigi Berizzi, President of the Victor Emanuel Foundation; Rev. Cav. Filippo Robotti, President of the Nastro Azzurro; and Cav. Uff. Capt. Vincenzo Vedovi, President of the Italian War Veterans in the United States.

The Italian Historical Society of Brooklyn commemorated the 10th Anniversary of the March on Rome with a dinner and dance recently given in Brooklyn. A large group gathered at the scene of festivity, which was decorated with flags and bunting.

The honorary guests were the Vice-Consul Dr. Serafini, Attorney Rosario Ingargiola, the President of the Society, Vito G. Cannella, Prof. Juvenal Marchisio, Attorney Peter Giambalvo, Prof. Adolfo Lo Faro, and Calogero Di Giovanna.

The officers of the Society are: Vito G. Cannella, President; Prof. Juvenal Marchisio, Vice-Pres.; Charles Di Giovanna, Treasurer; F. Sparo, Corr. Secretary; F. Simonetti, Financial Secretary. Francis D. Saitta, Chairman of the Board of Directors

A Masquerade Ball was given the evening of Thanksgiving by the Italian Barbers' Benevolent Society of New York. More than two thousand people attended the ball, which was given at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York City. The Order Sons of Italy, and the Independent Order Sons of Italy, were represented by impressive groups, as were many other Italo-American societies.

The newly-arrived Consul for New York City, Dr. Antonio Grossardi, attended the affair with Acting-Consul Dr. Antonio Logoluso and Vice-Consul Dr. Augusto Castellani. Among the invited guests of honor who attended were: Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, Comm. Italo C. Falbo, Attorney Pinò, Peter Alfieri, Paul Rao, Dr. C. Perilli, Cav. Uff. S. Miele, Attorney Rosario Ingargiola, Dr. F. Cassola, Doctor Gallo, Doctor Aiosa, and C. De Biasi.

The President of the Society is Giuseppe Susca. Joseph Mandese was the Chairman of the Committee in charge of the ball.

The 25th Anniversary of the founding of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey of the Order Sons of Italy was impressively celebrated last month at Jersey City. Many lodges took part in a parade through the streets of the city to the Dickinson High School, where the celebration proceeded in fitting fashion with speeches and music.

Those who spoke to the followers that crowded into the auditorium were the Vice-Consul, Dr. Pier Spinelli, Supreme Venerable Comm. Di Silvestro, Attorney Patrizio Mercolini, Grand Venerable Cav. Uff. F. Palleria, Supreme Secretary, Cav. Parisi, and Judge Casale.

The Tiro a Segno Nazionale of New York united at a dinner to celebrate the birthday of His Majesty Victor Emanuel III last month. The dinner was attended by a great number of prominent Italo-Americans, among them the Acting Italian Consul, Dr. Antonio Logoluso, who congratulated the members on their organization.

Among those present were: Dr. Cav. Alberto Bonaschi, Secretary of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York; Cav. Alfredo Marzorati, Honorary President of the organization; Comm. Celestino Piva; Giuseppe Personeni; Hon. Frank Galgano; and Comm. Guido Rossati of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York. The officers are: Count Alfonso Facchetti-Guiglia, President; Cav. Luigi Reale, Vice-President; A. B. Zari, Treasurer; Emilio Cammilucci, Secretary.

PUBLIC LIFE

Numerous Italo-Americans were candidates for political offices this past election. While some were defeated, many were elected. There was an increase of one over the number of those in the past Congress. V. L. Palmisano, Maryland, was re-elected, as was P. A. Cavicchia of New Jersey. The new members are J. J. Lanzetta, New York, who defeated F. H. La Guardia, and G. A. Dondero, Michigan. These men are Democrats with the exception of Cavicchia, who is a Republican.

In New York, Cosmo A. Cilano was elected to the State Assembly, representing the 45th district. J. C. Ambro, Dem., was elected to the State Assembly, representing the 19th district in Kings County. Another elected to the State Assembly is Charles J. Gimbrone of the 1st district, Buffalo.

The following Italo-Americans were victorious in the Chicago elections: Francis Allegretti, Justice of the Supreme Court; Nunzio Bonelli, Justice of the Municipal Court; Charles Cola, re-elected State Deputy; Rolando Libonati, re-elected State Deputy; Anthony Pintonzi, re-elected State Deputy; Joseph Farina; elected State Deputy; R. Petrone, re-elected State Deputy; Alberti Mancini, re-elected State Deputy.

The largest number of Italo-Americans ever to sit in the Massachusetts Legislature has been turned in with the current election. Heretofore no more than three ever sat in the Legislature, but the number is now doubled. Those who were elected are: Joseph A. Langone of North End, Senator; Edward P. Bacigalupo of North End, Representative; Augustine Airola of Revere, Representative; Tony Garofano of Saugus, Representative; Tony A. Centracchio of East Boston, Representative; Joseph A. Milano of Melrose, Representative.

Louis W. Cappelli was elected to the important position of Secretary of State of Rhode Island. In Providence the voters elected G. Adamo, Thomas

Testo, J. Turco, and Orazio Petrarca to the State Legislature. In that same city, Frank Prete, George Mancini, Pasquale Romano, Dr. Messoro, Beniamino Cincarulo, and Vincenzo Berarducci were elected Aldermen, while Peter Marino, G. Bove, and Thomas Tarro were elected to the City Council.

Miss Anna Brancato is the first woman Democrat to be elected to the Pennsylvania State Legislature. She will represent the Fifth District of South Philadelphia.

Philip R. Pastore, of New Haven, has been elected Representative to the State Assembly of Connecticut. Paul Alfonsi, of Pence, Wis., has been elected to the State Assembly.

Nobile Giacomo de Martino, retiring Italian Ambassador to the United States, sailed recently for Genoa on the Italian liner Rex. Two hundred delegates of the Sons of Italy went aboard the liner to say farewell to the Ambassador, who told them how much he regretted leaving the United States after nearly eight years in Washington. He expressed a wish to return some day to renew the many friendships he had formed here.

Prior to Ambassador De Martino's departure for Italy he was presented with a collection of travel books by the American Automobile Association. Ernest N. Smith, executive vice-president of the A. A. A., made the presentation.

EDUCATION & CULTURE

Giuseppe Prezzolini, director of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University, is collecting material for a book on American travelers in Italy from 1750 to 1850. He will be grateful for an opportunity to examine diaries, journals, letters or books written by Americans in Italy during this period, and he will especially appreciate information concerning any privately printed book or books by Americans printed in Great Britain.

More than 800 persons attended a concert and lecture given a short time ago by the "Circolo Italiano" of Washington Irving Evening High School in New York City. Miss Carmela Zuchero, the president of the Club, acted as chairman for the evening. Miss Anita Candela of the Romance Language Department gave a brief sketch of the contributions of Italy to music. Mr. William J. Henwood, assistant principal, welcomed the artist for the evening, Prof. G. Lombardi. The tenor, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang "Vesti la Giubba" from "I Pagliacci", "Celeste Aida" and "La Donna è Mobile." Dr. P. Sarmartino, the faculty advisor of the club, entertained with several selections on the organ.

At the same school a poetical recital was held recently in which numerous students of Italian recited Italian poems. The recital was given in the nature of a contest which added incentive to the partakers. Nella Pezzone, a third year student of Italian, was judged the winner of her group. She recited Carducci's "Per la Morte di Garibaldi." First prize among the the second year students was

awarded to Lena Lo Presti for her "Scherzo grammaticale sul passato remoto," by Eligio G. Barberis. The winner of the first year group was Lucia Arena. She recited "Nell'ora della mia morte" by Eligio G. Barberis.

A banquet in honor of the 1932 graduates of Philadelphia Universities will be held the evening of January 28 at the Penn Athletic Club in Philadelphia. The sponsor of the affair is Generoso Pope through the medium of his newspaper of that city, "L'Opinione."

Prof. Oscar Del Bianco, director of the Pittsburgh String Ensemble, has been appointed Professor of Harmony in the music department of Duquesne University.

Leonardo Rubino, of Weymouth, Mass., has won a scholarship to the Massachusetts State College at Amherst.

There was recently formed at the Free School of Italian of Jamaica the "Dante Club." The officers are John Fornuto, President, and Miss Teresa De Gregorio, Secretary.

Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, President of the College of the City of New York, recently gave a lecture at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University. Dr. Robinson's topic was "Impressions of Italy."

RELIGION

More than 150 persons gathered at a banquet recently in Asbury Park, N. J., in honor of the Rev. Cav. Antonio Garritano, rector of the Church of Christ King of Peace of Philadelphia.

Attorney Scebelli acted as master of ceremonies, and in a short talk lauded the character of the guest of honor as well as his devotion to his neighbors. Others who spoke were the Rev. Mons. O'Hara, Attorney Eugenio Cobianni, the Rev. P. Renzullo, the Rev. P. Giovanni, Domenico Corbo, and Filippo Papa. John West of the Knights of Columbus announced that his organization had made the Rev. Cav. Garritano an honorary member.

Father Salvatore Cianci of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, was honored last month by a fountain dedicated to the city in his honor. The park wherein the fountain was placed is known as Cianci Park, another tribute by the city of Grand Rapids to the noteworthy work being done by Father Cianci.

The inscription on the fountain reads: "Father Salvatore Cianci for the past 20 years has been outstanding in his service to this community, especially in the neighborhood of the playground, many of his parishioners using this beauty spot, and in tribute to his friendliness to all and his devotion to this community this fountain is dedicated to the city in his honor."

Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of Boston, Mass. was recently named Cavalier of the Order of Malta. Others

of the American clergy who have already received the Order are: Cardinal Hayes of New York, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago.

OCCUPATIONAL

The recent merger of three great savings banks in the metropolitan section of New York City has brought the combined bank into the group of the ten largest banks in the United States. The banks involved were the East River Savings Bank, the Italian Savings Bank, and the Maiden Lane Savings Bank. The new bank, which will continue under the name of the East River Savings Bank, will have five offices with 140,000 depositors, and its surplus and undivided profits will amount to \$19,000,000.

The new officers are: Darwin R. James, President; Pasquale I. Simonelli, F. William Barthman, Daniel W. Whitmore, Frederick G. Fischer, William G. Terlinde, and Nicholas J. Barrett, Vice-Presidents; Lester Van Brunt, Vice-President and Secretary; Henry J. Monsees, George O. Modyne, Francis P. Bosco, Gaetano Zampariello, Humbert A. Vannozzi, and Julius Heyne, Assistant Secretaries.

Lou Little (Luigi Piccolo), football coach at Columbia University, has been rewarded for his successful past seasons with the Blue and White eleven with a new contract for a "further period of years." It is believed that the contract will run for five years at \$15,000 per year. Mr. Little's association with the Columbia team has seen Columbia rise to football heights seldom reached in the past. This fall the eleven has been ranked with the leaders of the country.

Word of Little's retention, although not unexpected, was greeted with pleasure by Columbia athletes and undergraduates. Cliff Montgomery, captain-elect of the team, sounded the keynote. "Lou Little is one of the best associations I've made in my entire life. He is an inspiration to players of the game and non-players as well."

Dr. Giovanni P. Arcieri, specialist of the "Scuola Superiore di Tisiologia" of Rome, has returned recently to the United States with a new process of embalming. Prof. Dionisi, member of the Italian Academy, after having studied various anatomical specimens prepared by Dr. Arcieri, said, "The Arcieri system is the most important discovery made in the field of the preservation of the dead since the days of the Egyptians."

Dr. Arcieri has pointed out that his process preserves permanently the body of the dead with all the features of the living. He is the author of various scientific books, one of which, "Diastasi del fegato in putrefazione" has been awarded the Girolami prize by the Royal University of Rome.

Once more the Italian Physicians of Philadelphia are making an attempt to unite themselves in one group and form a branch of the County Medical Society of Philadelphia. Dr. Vico Ciccone and Dr. Paschal

Lucchese are at the head of the movement.

The 25th Anniversary of the founding of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Chicago was fittingly celebrated early this month at the Hotel Belden-Stratford. Among those invited were Cav. F. Bragno, Cav. Frank Cuneo, Comm. John E. Rigali, and Dr. Marco Adragna.

Professor Mario Dagliotti, of the University of Turin, recently placed before a group of New York Physicians his researches in anaesthesia. Professor Dagliotti's presentation of his paper was well received by his audience.

Dr. Paluel J. Flagg entrusted with Prof. Dagliotti a copy of his book "Anaesthesia" for Premier Mussolini, to whom it has been dedicated.

A testimonial banquet to Dr. G. A. Pescatore was held recently at the Walton Hotel in Philadelphia. Judge E. Alessandrini and Attorney Roberto Sebastiano were invited to speak. Adriano Bonelli acted as master of ceremonies. The chairman of the committee was Dr. Paschal Lucchese.

The lower east side of New York is mourning the loss of Mrs. Angelina Scillitani, well known throughout that section for her charitable work. Mrs. Scillitani, who was seventy-one years old, died while on a visit to Italy. Her body was sent to this country, where a large and impressive funeral was held. Thousands of persons who benefited by her charities knelt at her bier, offering up their prayers for "Mother Scillitani, as she was affectionately called.

Friends of Louis DiSessa are congratulating him for his promotion to a Lieutenancy in the Boston police department. In his new position Lieutenant DiSessa has been assigned to the Bureau of Criminal Investigation.

A committee has been formed to work out plans for a testimonial dinner and dance to Attorney Frank P. Garomita this month to be held at the Towers Hotel in Brooklyn, N. Y. Attorney Peter C. Giambalvo is chairman of the committee.

A banquet was held recently by the New Jersey Italian Medical Society at the Riviera Hotel in Newark. The Society, which numbers more than fifty members, is headed by Dr. A. Lina. The invited guests of honor were: Dr. F. Cassola, President of the Association of Italian Physicians in America; Dr. A. H. Lippinest, President of the Medical Society of New Jersey; Dr. W. H. Areson, President of the Essex County Medical Society; Dr. P. Spinelli, Vice-Consul of Newark; and the Hon. P. A. Cavicchia.

Besides Dr. Liva other officers of the Society are: Dr. P. D'Acerno, first Vice-President; Dr. A. R. Bianchi, second Vice-President; Dr. M. De Franzo, Secretary; Dr. J. Notaro, Treasurer.

Menotti Nanni, Italian inventor, recently demonstrated his safety cabin for submarines. The device is used in effecting an escape from a trapped submarine, and the demonstration which was held at the Battery in New York, was a success.

FINE ARTS

Severo Antonelli, young artist-photographer of Philadelphia, has just returned home following four months of artistic triumphs in Italy where he exhibited his photographic works.

At the Palazzo Salviati in Rome his photographic display was accorded an enthusiastic reception by members of the Royal family and Fascist government. His prints, which took in portraiture, illustration and pictorialism, met with favorable comment, especially his latest innovations in which he created such charming scenes as "The Grotto," "Mount Blanc," "Sand Dunes," "Lakeview," and "Sunrise," from abstracts of the human figure.

Following the exhibit Antonelli was kindly received by Il Duce, who not only praised his prints with such glowing comments as "Sono quadri di vera arte" and "Assolutamente sono capolavori d'arte" but also most graciously posed for him and requested copies of the photographs.

Antonelli's photographic show in Rome has been rewarded with an invitation to exhibit his work at the First International Photographic Salon which opened in Rome on the 18th of November.

While in Europe Antonelli was awarded a silver medal at the First International Photographic Show in Switzerland.

The first of a series of five concerts by the Italo-American Philharmonic Orchestra of Philadelphia was given on Wednesday evening, November 2, at Fleisher's Auditorium. Under the baton of Guglielmo Sabatini the orchestra scored a brilliant and artistic success. Mr. Sabbatini's own composition, "Rapsodia Abbruzzese" was given its world premiere at this concert. The composition was dedicated to Judge Eugene V. Alessandrini whose patronage and help the orchestra deeply appreciates.

Mme. Frances Alda of the Metropolitan volunteered her services at the bridge and tea dance given recently on board the Italian liner "Conte Grande" by the Mulberry Community House, whose secretary is Miss Mary Frasca.

Graduates of the Metropolitan Opera Choral School under Edoardo Petri gave a concert recently under the auspices of the Dante Alighieri Society of New York at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University.

An exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures of Dominick Mortelito of Newark was opened recently

in the gallery of the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts.

Dr. Italo Carlo Falbo, editor of "Il Progresso" and president of the New York section of the Dante Alighieri Society, delivered last month a lecture on Italian music before the "Circolo Italiano" of Hunter College in New York.

The Molino Grand Opera Company, of which Professor Molino is director, recently gave a performance of Verdi's "Traviata" before a large and receptive audience in the Odeon Theatre of St. Louis, Mo. Mme. Minerva Molino and Enrico Clausi sang the leading roles.

The Da Vinci Art Club of the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School of New York held its first dance recently at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University. The club has been organized but a short time and already numbers fifty members. The president is James Crisafulli, and Anthony Scarfi was chairman of the dance committee. The faculty advisors are Messrs. Piccirilli, Caggiano, and Falanga.

Vittorio Podrecca's "Teatro dei Piccoli," the Italian marionette show, will arrive on Dec. 22 at the Lyric Theatre in New York. More than ten million spectators in thirty countries have hailed this show during its 18 years of existence, in which time it has given approximately 12,000 performances.

The "Teatro dei Piccoli" combines the elements of music, singing, acting, stagecraft, comedy and drama into an artistic unity of entertainment. It is a variety show in the continental way, parodies, ballets impersonations, fantasies, stylized circus and comic opera are presented. Scenes from the opera "Barber of Seville" are presented as well as sketches by characters portraying Josephine Baker and Mistinguette. Eight hundred puppets are required to give the performance and there are twenty-eight manipulators and singers. Three hundred stage sets and one thousand costumes are used.

Arturo Toscanini, celebrated conductor, says of the "Teatro dei Piccoli," "The American people will be able to enjoy what I consider to be the finest entertainment on the contemporary stage."

Among the many who have seen and endorsed the show are Reinhardt, Harden, Mussolini, Duse, Respighi, Belloc, Papini, Serafin, Grandi and Hoffmannstahl.

A large gathering warmly applauded Miss Inez Lauritano, violinist, at her debut recital given last month at Town Hall in New York City.

Miss Antonietta Stabile entertained a large audience at Roerich Hall in New York last month with impersonations of characters from the opera "La Boheme." Miss Caroline Ghidoni, soprano, and Arturo Gervasi, tenor, sang excerpts from the same opera.

ATLANTICA

in Italiano

GIUSEPPE MACHERIONE:
POETA DELLA PATRIA

Di Vittorio Emanuele Orlando

ACCADE che talune parole — in generale, fortemente espressive — sieno evitate, perchè la loro ripetizione, continua e fuor di proposito, ha finito col renderle fastidiose e banali. Pur, talvolta, alcuna di esse è così propria ad esprimere il pensiero da non poter essere sostituita; questo è il caso, giacchè, a manifestare le impressioni provate, leggendo gli scritti di Giuseppe Macherione, debbo usare una di quelle parole e dire che per me è stata una rivelazione: rivelazione di uno spirito superiore, di un vero e nobile Poeta; e se la potenza rimase di gran lunga superiore all'atto, per lo stesso tragico apparire e scomparire di Lui — la fatalità leopardiana in aspetto anche più crudele! — tuttavia, l'attimo del bagliore di quella meteora illumina di magnifica luce un momento decisivo della storia di Sicilia nella storia d'Italia.

Come tutti gli spiriti superiori, quello di Giuseppe Macherione non fu di un sol dono, nè di una sola potenza; per contrario, Egli ci appare sotto forme ed aspetti diversi, onde si comprende come in Lui taluno riconosca — ed anzi preferisca — oltre il Poeta, il prosatore elegante ed efficace, il pensatore già robusto, l'uomo politico giovanissimo, il cui geniale intuito, nel caos di sentimenti ed eventi di quel periodo tormentatissimo, vide la via giusta e la segnò al suo popolo con una concitata emozione, che non conobbe nè perplessità, nè dubbiezze. E si può giungere sino a rilevare in quel meraviglioso adolescente lo sforzo di elevarsi verso una sua propria concezione del mondo e verso una sua propria filosofia.

Tutto ciò sta bene; a condizione, però, che siffatta distinzione di aspetti non diventi contrapposizione di caratteri, in guisa da compromettere quell'innegabile unità spirituale, che di Lui fa — io penso — essenzialmente un Poeta.

Poeta non si può essere, e tanto meno Poeta lirico, se non si abbia la facoltà di avvertire in maniera originale e profonda (non importa se inconsapevole) quelle che sono le attitudini essenziali e le passioni fondamentali dell'anima umana, individuale e collettiva. Che, dunque, un Poeta avverta

in maniera dominatrice una delle più grandi fra le passioni umane: quella per la Patria, non è certamente un caso eccezionale; la storia di tutte le letterature, e specialmente di quella italiana, lo attesta. Che poi questo Poeta, con l'animo infiammato di quella passione, abbia la visione netta e sicura di quel che giovi e di quel che nocca al popol suo e che per virtù d'intuizione precorra gli eventi e annunci le risoluzioni che prevarranno, non significa già che si trasformi in uno Statista. Egli resta più che mai, il Poeta, nel senso più proprio ed anche più alto di questa parola, onde giustamente la filosofia spontanea, che i popoli esprimono col linguaggio, indicò con una sola e stessa parola — **vate** — il poeta e il profeta. E poeti furono quei geni, che ai popoli segnarono le vie del loro destino avvenire.

Questa correlazione mi appare così intima, da farmi credere che, come un poeta veramente grande diventa per ciò stesso, rappresentativo di un popolo e di un tempo — così, reciprocamente, una tale potenza rappresentativa può dare, da sè sola, la misura della grandezza di un poeta. La quale maniera di controprova acquista un'importanza specialissima nel caso del Macherione, appunto perchè sottratto dalla morte a soli 21 anni, l'opera da Lui compiuta non può d'rettamente e per sè sola darci la misura della gravità di quella perdita.

Quanto Egli fosse rappresentativo dell'anima siciliana nel momento forse più decisivo della storia di essa — è stato già rilevato dianzi, ed è questo un punto che han messo in grande e giusta evidenza tutti coloro che del Poeta etneo si sono occupati. Se non che, io credo, a questo proposito, che non s'intenda esattamente e bene lo stato del sentimento isolano di quel tempo, quando il contrasto fra autonomisti e unitari si concepisca come una separazione netta fra due tendenze opposte inconciliabili; nè il supporre tale separazione occorre per riconoscere ed esaltare il mirabile intuito politico dell'adolescente Macherione — che, pur essendo cresciuto e spiritualmente educato a scuole che da quella tradizione autonomista derivavano, trovò in sè l'ispirazione domina-

trice verso l'Unità, nella grande Patria Italiana.

BENSI, ripetiamo, nel rendersi conto dello stato dell'anima siciliana in quel periodo, bisogna evitare equivoci od esagerazioni capaci di alterare la realtà delle cose ed indurre in erronei giudizi. Se infatti, il cosiddetto "autonomismo" s'intenda come "separatismo", nel senso di voler creare uno Stato di Sicilia accanto ad uno Stato d'Italia, quasi come il Portogallo rispetto alla Spagna o come fu la Norvegia rispetto alla Svezia, la verità è che i sostenitori di una tale idea costituivano una minoranza così scarsa da doversi qualificare come del tutto trascurabile. Giammai essa ebbe tanta importanza da determinare un dualismo da cui fosse dilaniata l'anima del popolo siciliano, quasi come tra Guelfi e Ghibellini di medievale memoria, — non del tutto, forse, estinta nelle parti di Italia, che da quelle fazioni furono funestate. Il sentimento siciliano, forgiato ad unità da una secolare storia vissuta in forma di Stato, non di Comune, non ha mai conosciuto siffatto genere di divisioni. Che se, invece, la tendenza autonomistica si vuol intendere in maniera così larga da riferirsi a tutti quei siciliani, che, pur sentendosi sinceramente e fervidamente Italiani, con tutto il loro cuore e tutta la loro anima, credevano per altro preferibile un ordinamento amministrativo e, se vuolsi, costituzionale, atto ad assicurare una certa continuità alle tradizioni secolari proprie dell'isola, in guisa da poter provvedere in maniera più immediata alla specialità dei loro bisogni — io credo che tale diversità di tendenze, in confronto degli "unitari", sia da considerarsi, non già come un'antitesi irriducibile, ma piuttosto come una diversa gradazione, se non proprio sfumatura, di pensiero politico. Tanto meno, poi, direi che fosse irrispettoso verso il principio unitario il serbare ricordi di fierezza e di orgoglio delle proprie glorie.

Che se il pensare che Re Ruggero era stato un grande, anzi un grandissimo uomo, un "Eroe" nel senso ellenico di creatore spirituale di una gente, debba considerarsi per un Italiano come una eresia antipatriottica, ebbene, mettete fra tali eretici anche me, che quel pensiero ho sempre avuto ed ho. E credo pure che, se esso non è universalmente diffuso, ciò dipenda dall'ignoranza della media cultura italiana circa lo spirito e il valore della storia della Sicilia, che pure costituisce il contributo da noi Siciliani apportato alla totale grandezza della storia d'Italia.

Quando, dunque, noi riscontriamo nello spirito di Giuseppe Macherione una successione di stati d'animo, che culmina nella esaltazione fervente e dominatrice dell'unità nazionale, non è già che in Lui si sia combattuto come un duello tra due forze opposte — per l'Unità o contro l'Unità — e che l'una abbia trionfato sull'altra — ma si tratta, invece, del compimento armonioso di un ciclo, di un passaggio successivo e graduale di momenti psicologici, che dalla Sicilia — se vuolsi — di Ruggero arriva alla Sicilia del proclama di Salemi, prima affermazione costituzionale dello Stato d'Italia. E' la storia di un popolo, che viene

riassunta nello spirito di un uomo: missione del Poeta.

NON diversamente, sebbene in altro campo, io credo che il Macherione sia anche rappresentativo del suo tempo, ove quella successione di stati d'animo si riferisca non più alla politica, ma alla concezione dell'arte. È stato osservato nel Poeta adolescente un succedersi di vari stili o forme o generi; onde, movendo dalla tradizione accademica ed anzi arcadica, Egli passa al romanticismo manzoniano e poi a quello, di spirito così diversi, del Prati, per arrivare alla diamantina purezza ellenica del Leopardi; ma, non a questa si sofferma, ch'è anzi forme nuove e, in certo senso, precorritrici, appaiono in Lui. La verità di tale osservazione balza evidente dalla semplice lettura di quei canti nel loro ordine cronologico. Errerebbe, però, chi, fermandosi alle sole apparenze, credesse che in ciò debba riconoscersi lo sforzo di chi ricerca un modello, una tradizione storica, individuata da grandi Maestri, il cui stile il giovane discepolo sia disposto ad ammirare, accettare e continuare. Anche qui, i rapidi passaggi di "maniera", che si succedono nella poesia del fanciullo e poi del giovinetto, hanno un valore ciclico: riassumono, cioè, i vari momenti successivi che l'artista ha traversato per la sua formazione. Così, nel mondo dello spirito si riproduce la legge biologica, per cui ogni essere, nel periodo embrionale, percorre tutti i gradi dello sviluppo della specie. Non diversamente, il Macherione percorre tutti quegli stadii, che rappresentavano lo sviluppo di generi e di stili, cui avevano collaborato e dovevano collaborare generazioni di letterati e di poeti per ben due secoli, il XVIII ed il XIX; ma non si tratta — giova l'insistere — di imitazione e neppure di continuazione, bensì di necessità della formazione di uno spirito che ha vocazione e potenza di originalità. Perciò Egli non si adagia in alcuno dei generi appresi, con la fedeltà ch'è propria, non dirò dell'imitatore, ma, quanto meno, del seguace di una tradizione o di una scuola; evidente, è, invece, lo sforzo di plasmarsi una forma sua, che corrisponda alla personalità sua. Già altri ha rivelato in Lui atteggiamenti ed accenti di sapore carducciano; osservazione, che a me sembra giustissima e alla quale, anzi, potrebbero darsi estensione ed ampiezza maggiori. E nulla a me sembra più suggestivo, come segno del valore di questo giovanissimo, che il ricapitolare in sé tutta un'evoluzione letteraria, per precorrere ed anticipare l'avvento di Colui, che deve veramente dirsi il Poeta della nuova Italia.

L'opera poetica, adunque, di Giuseppe Macherione, oltre il suo valore assoluto, assorge ad un significato altissimo se, in maniera relativa, si consideri come in questo giovane morto poco più che ventenne, si riscontrino tutti i caratteri propri dei Poeti degni di questo nome, e cioè dei veramente grandi Poeti, capaci di riassumere in sé l'anima di un popolo, lo spirito di un'epoca, il ciclo di una estetica.

E, per concludere, debito, non di cortesia, ma di giustizia esige che un pensiero sia rivolto a coloro che hanno voluto e curato questa stampa; e va a Vincenzo e a Raffaele Macherio-

ne questo nostro pensiero, che è di ammirazione e insieme di gratitudine.

Essi han reso un segnalato servizio alla storia, e della nostra letteratura e del nostro risorgimento; ed hanno, nel tempo stesso, compiuto un atto di nobile e fiera devozione familiare, conforme al senso della vecchia nostra patriarcalità isolana. Sotto quest'ultimo aspetto, bene deve esser legittima ragione di orgoglio per essi che le virtù altissime dell'artista e del patriota non solo non s'eno offuscate (ed avviene, talvolta) dalle qualità dell'uomo, ma che, al contrario, queste rifulcano terse ed immacolate: tali furono infatti la purità adamantina della vita, l'impeccabile nobiltà del costume, la potenza dominatrice dei sentimenti familiari, che al poeta ispirarono i dolcissimi versi in morte della madre, della sorella, e del fratello — e, finalmente, la maschia virilità del carattere, coraggioso e indomito, di cui così mirabil esempi si hanno nello "Avvertimento" che precede la cantica su "I mari" e nella "Lezione a un giornalista borbonico".

Compie, certo, ufficio degno di simpatia e di rispetto chi di qualche suo antenato — estintosi carico di anni e di onori, quando già tutta aveva la misura del valore suo — contenda il nome al tempo, col raccogliergli gli scritti, in cui sopravvive ciò che di men perituro abbia la vita mortale dell'uomo. "E così raunai le sparse fronde" — potrebb'egli pietosamente ripetere col poeta.

Ma queste poesie e queste prose di Giuseppe Macherione non destano in noi l'impressione di foglie pietosamente raccolte, ingiallite e secche; suscitano, invece, immagini di fiori freschi, dai colori vivaci, che ridono fra l'erba, in un'aureola rosata di primavera. E gode lo spirito nostro, sin che non lo assalga l'angosciosa domanda che è, nel tempo stesso, protesta ed accusa la sorte: "Perché solo questi primi fiori dell'aurora? Perché non dovettero pure gli altri sbocciare e dar, poi, insieme, tutti i lor frutti copiosi, nella piena gloria del sole?"

LA MACCHINA E LA CRISI

di Francesco Paoloni

Deputato al Parlamento

ALLO sviluppo formidabile della produzione industriale, con i mezzi offerti dal prodigioso incessante progresso della meccanica della fisica e della chimica — e cioè in sostanza alla "macchina" — da varie parti, e talvolta anche autorevolmente, si attribuisce la responsabilità maggiore della crisi mondiale: la causa prima.

Veramente non è questa la opinione più accreditata fra i cultori di scienze economiche e sociali, che hanno studiato tutti gli aspetti e tutti i settori della crisi, paese per paese, e che hanno concluso con ipotesi alquanto disparate, senza venire a capo. Soltanto alcuni hanno considerato l'"eccesso di industrialismo" come "una" delle cause, od anche come conseguenza di altre cause, ed a sua volta come causa dipendente. Fanno eccezione i superstiti marxisti; la loro tesi apocalittica a sfondo comunista, come è noto, pretende che il capitalismo è dannato dalla sua stessa natura ad esasperare lo sforzo produttivo, con organizzazioni industriali concentrate sempre più gigantesche, fino al fallimento per incapacità di dominarlo, cosicché il proletariato dovrà assumerne l'eredità organizzando la proprietà comune e la produzione statale.

Più di uno scienziato ha dovuto levar la voce a difendere la scienza. Ricordo un notevole articolo in proposito di E. Borel della "Faculté des Sciences" di Parigi, nel fascicolo di gennaio di "Scientia", dal titolo significativo: "La scienza è responsabile della crisi mondiale?"

Dunque la questione è posta.

Giova affrontarla, esaminarla da tutti i lati. Anche perchè se erronea in linea generale, e se pregiudizievole per quanto riguarda gli interessi italiani, bisogna combatterla.

L'industria basata su mezzi meccanici, conta poco più di un secolo e mezzo di vita.

L'estendersi del commercio da città a città, da regione a regione, da nazione a nazione, già nei secoli XIII e XIV aveva sconvolto per alcune produzioni il sistema artigiano del lavoro di bottega manufatto dal padrone con i suoi famigliari ed alcuni garzoni, facendo promuovere la formazione di imprese capitalistiche, per le quali lavoravano centinaia, o migliaia, di operai ed operaie in fabbrica, con divisione di lavoro per le varie operazioni necessarie a trasformare la materia greggia od il semilavorato in prodotto finito. Anzi, per queste formazioni, qualche regione d'Italia, in sul cadere del Medio Evo, spiegava attività di primato, e precorreva altre nazioni nei progressi della prosperità economica.

Più tardi, l'apertura e lo sviluppo di nuovi mercati transoceanici (l'America, le Indie, le immense terre popolosissime dell'estremo Oriente), il bisogno commerciale da soddisfare assumeva tali proporzioni, da richiedere vaste organizzazioni manifatturiere, con forti capitali, e così determinava la formazione di società commerciali a larga base, provocando la lotta contro le ristrette regole delle sopravvissute Corporazioni medioevali. In Inghilterra, già nei primi anni del sec. XVIII le Corporazioni erano eliminate di fatto prima che nel diritto; e questa autentica rivoluzione industriale contro i vecchi ed ormai insufficienti e paralizzanti sistemi produttivi sanciti con i privilegi e statuti dei mestieri, insieme al dominio delle Indie e del Nord America, favorì lo sviluppo della grande industria, e stimolò l'invenzione e l'applicazione delle prime macchine. La applicazione

sempre più estesa di tutte queste macchine, allora prodigiose mentre oggi ci appaiono meschine ed appena rudimentali, pasava dal cotone alla lana, e nei primi anni del secolo XIX alla seta, al lino. Ma la scoperta che doveva rivoluzionare profondamente il processo produttivo in tutto il mondo, fu quella di James Watt: la macchina della energia motrice a vapore, che la grandiosa trasformazione dei trasporti, sostituendo la locomotiva e la ferrovia alla trazione animale, ed il piroscafo alla navigazione a vela. Nello stesso tempo la chimica aveva ridotto al minimo di tempo e di lavoro alcune operazioni, che fino allora avevano richiesto numerosa mano d'opera, e mesi, ed ingenti immobilizzazioni di capitale; come la sbiancatura del cotone e del lino, prima con l'olio di vetriolo, e poi con la clorina; e la sostituzione dei colori chimici a quelli tratti da vegetali di Oriente per la tintura e la stampa.

COSICCHE' nel 1789, la rivoluzione francese — alla quale la borghesia fu spinta anche da bisogno di rovesciare tutti gli ostacoli frapposti dai residui di regime feudale, e dai regolamenti d'arte, come aveva la borghesia inglese potuto fare senza essere costretta a soffocare nel sangue monarchia ed aristocrazia — si trovò di fronte l'Inghilterra che aveva già preso enorme vantaggio di sviluppo industriale capitalistico e commerciale, e questa fu in gran parte causa della rivalità e della implacabile guerra tra i due paesi.

Eppure, precisamente in Inghilterra, dove era nata l'industria meccanicizzata, la macchina fu bersaglio di una lotta accanita, violenta, che durò dal 1800 al 1830, e parve dovesse averne ragione. Son pagine di storia che i nostri lettori conoscono; basta un breve cenno per richiamarle alla loro memoria: petizioni ed azioni giudiziarie contro gli imprenditori che impiegavano macchine non contemplate negli "Statuti della Regina Elisabetta", bande terroristiche scorazzanti intere provincie per la distruzione sistematica dei telai meccanici, sommosse di popolo, devastazione degli impianti per il trasporto automatico del carbone fossile, ed i primi battelli a vapore demoliti ed affondati a furia di popolo.

Tuttavia la macchina, abbattuta, distrutta, rinacque perfezionata, si moltiplicò rapidamente con prolificità straordinaria, e vinse. Anzi la vittoria fu assolutamente decisiva; perchè non soltanto la macchina finì con l'imporsi di fatto, ma anche ebbe ragione della mentalità delle popolazioni; in quanto, riducendo la fatica brutta, diminuendo il costo della produzione ed accelerandone e moltiplicandone il ritmo, facendo sorgere nuovi bisogni industriali per produzioni strumentali o collaterali o accessorie, abbassando i prezzi dei prodotti a livelli accessibili anche i più modesti ceti, raggiungendo rapidamente i più lontani mercati, non soltanto richiese una quantità sempre maggiore di lavoratori, molto al di là del riassorbimento della mano d'opera che sul primo momento la meccanica aveva respinto e sostituito, ma anche elevò sensibilmente il medio tenor di vita delle popolazioni.

E' stato osservato in questo nostro periodo di crisi che precisamente nel secolo di sviluppo della grande industria contemporanea, all'incirca dal 1830 al 1930, si sono ripetute, a periodi brevi e quasi regolari ma con progressiva estensione e gravità, le crisi economiche, alle quali gli economisti han dato questa spiegazione: ogni ciclo produttivo si intensifica fino a superare la capacità di assorbimento del mercato, cosicchè ne segue un periodo di depressione, dopo il quale si ristabilisce l'equilibrio e si inizia un nuovo ciclo con maggiore intensificazione.

DUNQUE, di crisi in crisi, la macchina ci spingerà verso il punto morto di una crisi di dimensioni e gravità insuperabili, e bisognerà tornare indietro?

Eppure l'umanità conobbe crisi gravissime prima dell'avvento della macchina, prima della rivoluzione industriale, anche molto indietro nei secoli: carestie; spaventose raffiche di miseria che si abbattevano sulle popolazioni, pur tanto meno numerose di oggi ed abituate a livelli minimi di tenor di vita, mietendo innumeri vittime che morivano di fame sui margini delle strade. Il lavoro manuale era stato diminuito in proporzioni molto modeste, dai primitivi strumenti di cui trattava Galileo nel suo studio "Della scienza meccanica e delle utilità che si traggono dagli strumenti di quella", che non potevano essere causa di disoccupazione, pur avvertendo Galileo che potessero essere utilizzati "a risparmio del lavoro di parecchi milioni".

La carestia, che caratterizzava quelle crisi, era un fenomeno agricolo; ed è certo che la chimica, la fisica e la meccanica, con la moltiplicazione delle comunicazioni rapide, con l'ausilio della stampa alla diffusione della istruzione, con la possibilità di sistemare le irrigazioni, con le concimazioni, e con la sostituzione di macchine ai primitivi attrezzi del lavoro della terra, han dato all'umanità i mezzi sufficienti per soddisfare ai bisogni alimentari e di materie prime e per eliminare ogni pericolo di carestia.

E' chiaro che, se la macchina in sè stessa fosse causa prima fondamentale della crisi, per guarire il mondo, non soltanto col superamento di questa crisi, ma anche con la eliminazione della minaccia di ricaduta a più o meno breve termine di tempo, bisognerebbe tornare indietro: smontar meccanismi, e restituire all'uomo l'utensile per il lavoro prevalentemente manuale. Al filatoio meccanico ultimo modello una operaia produce in otto ore di lavoro la stessa quantità di filo che 150 anni fa producevano alquanto decine di migliaia di donne. Smontiamo dunque completamente questa macchina? Oppure la utilizziamo in parte, riportandola ad un certo grado di sostituzione del lavoro umano, quale ebbe 20 o 50 anni or sono? E poi, i prezzi?

DUNQUE, a voler arrestare or arretrare il progresso, in quale settore, in quale momento, in quale punto, della produzione, in quale perfezionamento della meccanica, si dovrebbe operare? Certo, dall'immedia-

to dopo guerra, ad oggi, la tecnica ha fatto grandi progressi. Se a questi fossero dovute le crisi, dovremmo tornare alle posizioni che la tecnica aveva allora? Ma anche allora aveva fatti passi giganteschi, in rapporto alle posizioni di qualche decennio prima della guerra. Dunque ancora indietro, e fin dove?

Se fosse possibile abolire le macchine, o ridurre la efficienza, se fosse possibile ripudiare il progresso tecnico, se fosse possibile rinunciare alle mirabili conquiste dell'ingegno umano sulla natura, fosse pure in una misura che non si vede come potrebbe essere dosata, non se ne avrebbe rimedio alla crisi, ma inasprimento caotico, sia per la perdita di capitali investiti, sia, e maggiormente, per aumento vertiginoso di tutti i costi col ritorno a molte operazioni manuali, e cioè per privazione di gran parte del miglioramento del tenor di vita che negli ultimi cento anni è stato conseguito anche dalle masse, le cui esigenze, nelle abitudini, e nelle condizioni di civiltà generale acquista, e ne ei bisogni, e nelle cognizioni sono oggi tanto superiori a quelle d'allora.

E per le stesse ragioni, nemmeno è possibile frenare, arrestare questo progresso, impedirne gli ulteriori sviluppi.

La macchina ha dato all'uomo i mezzi: per accumulare la forza e moltiplicarla, e regolarne l'impiego, e prolungarne la durata dell'azione; per accrescere o diminuirne la velocità; per economizzare il tempo nelle operazioni produttive; per utilizzare i rifiuti o residui di ciascuna produzione; per compiere lavori dove e come la mano dell'uomo non potrebbe, o perchè esigono forza superiore, o perchè eseguibili in luogo che non si può raggiungere, o perchè presentano risultati di grande utilità adoperando sostanze nocive all'organo umano. Ha dato i mezzi per l'economia matematicamente massima dell'impiego delle materie prime; per la fabbricazione di grandi quantità in serie; per la moltiplicazione rapida all'infinito delle copie di un solo modello. Ha dunque liberata l'umanità dal bisogno di soffrire la fatica muscolare bestiale comandata dall'istinto anzichè dall'intelligenza; l'ha messa in condizione di sfruttare tutte le immense risorse della natura, e di avvicinare i paesi ed i continenti divorando lo spazio ed il tempo nei trasporti e nelle comunicazioni tra un popolo e l'altro; ha dato a tutti la possibilità di usare beni che furon privilegio di pochi favoriti della fortuna, e di arricchire la mente con un corredo inesauribile di cognizioni.

Uno scrittore di materie economiche per il pubblico dei giornali, (**Metron**, "Corriere della Sera") ha rilevato recentemente come la macchina, creata dall'uomo, abbia reagito a sua volta su tutta la vita ed anche sulla mentalità e sullo spirito dell'uomo, poichè gli ha dato il senso dell'ordine, il senso della logica, il senso della disciplina, l'idea e la preoccupazione del rendimento, il senso vigile della attenzione, il senso raffinatamente squisito della misura, il senso dell'organizzazione, ed infine il senso della esattezza, che è anche senso della giustizia; perchè la macchina possiede, ed impone a chi ne usa, tutte queste doti.

Ma ancora molte possibilità offrirebbero i progressi della tecnica, specialmente in alcuni campi rimasti arretrati in confronto a quelli di cui abbiamo fatto cenno; e per esempio, nella agricoltura, nella urbanistica edilizia, e nelle industrie estrattive.

SI PUO' concluderne che la facoltà inventiva per lo sviluppo del processo tecnico della produzione, e cioè il prodigio meccanico o fisico o chimico, tra i doni della Divina Provvidenza all'uomo è uno dei maggiormente preziosi, e che spetta alla responsabilità dell'uomo di saperne regolare l'uso per eliminare il danno ed assicurare il massimo beneficio; e che quando il danno soverchia il beneficio, la causa è nell'errore dell'uomo bensì, e non mai nelle conquiste scientifiche della tecnica.

I trattatisti di economia politica hanno insegnato questa verità elementare: "tutto ciò che concorre ad aumentare la produzione, contribuisce anche alla ricchezza della Nazione, e quindi anche degli individui che la compongono."

Ma finora nella economia politica ha dominato la scuola liberale, i cui teoristi e docenti e legislatori e politici non hanno preveduto nel secolo scorso che la iniziativa privata, la libera concorrenza, abbandonate ad impulsi esclusivamente egoistici avrebbero determinato, non già la pena e l'insegnamento correttivo per le singole imprese, come essi presumevano, ma la rottura disa-

strosa dell'equilibrio fra potenzialità produttiva e capacità distributiva dei mezzi di acquisto, con grave pena di tutta l'umanità.

E del progresso tecnico è accaduto come delle acque del torrente, che se invalerate producono ricchezza, e se abbandonate a se stesse ingrossando portano devastazione.

Se la macchina — come crediamo di aver dimostrato — ha prodotto disquilibrio non per il fatto del suo impiego, ma per vizio del sistema generale e dei mezzi particolari di sfruttamento del suo impiego, e cioè per il regime economico liberale, sfrenatamente sbandato fra l'anarchia della concorrenza frenetica incontrollabile e la tirannia monopolistica del trustismo e del cartellismo, per l'inflazionismo monetario, per l'abuso degli impianti a debito e delle vendite a credito, per gli assalti dei mercati col "dumping" e per la eccessiva sopraelevazione ed estensione delle barriere doganali, è soltanto nella correzione del sistema economico e dei mezzi di impiego, che potrà essere superata la crisi presente ed evitato il pericolo di ricaduta.

In questo equilibrio la macchina potrà esercitare tutte le sue virtù di collaboratrice obbediente dell'uomo perché egli consegua un più alto livello di civiltà, con la maggior liberazione dello spirito e delle facoltà intellettuali dalla fatica brutta, e con la maggior disponibilità di soddisfazione dei bisogni materiali e morali.

MUSICA E CANTI NELLA DIVINA COMMEDIA di Alfonso Arbib-Costa

Il campo così attraente dell'opera di Dante è stato tanto abilmente e completamente esplorato che ben poco è rimasto per chi è tentato di spigolarvi per trovarvi nuove ascose bellezze, allegorie o significato probabile di oscuri passaggi. Ciò che qui presento oggi non ha davvero pretese di aggiungere alcuna parte d'importanza alla vasta compagine di commenti e riflessioni su la Divina Commedia. Chi ha raccolto le poche spighe lasciate cadere dai grandi commentatori del poeta non è un dantista, ma solo un innamorato di Dante. E qui potrei solo ricordare le parole del Divino Poeta:

*Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore
Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.*

Nel secondo canto del Purgatorio il poeta, accompagnato da Virgilio, vede, felici ed ansiose di cominciare la loro purificazione, le anime destinate a passare dal Purgatorio al Paradiso, e tutte cantano in coro il salmo centotredicesimo che incomincia: "Quan-

do Israel uscì dall'Egitto," il qual salmo solevasi cantare dai sacerdoti durante il trasporto d'un corpo morto alla chiesa. Spiritualmente, si deve intendere che nell'uscita dell'anima dal peccato, essa si è fatta sana e libera.

Tra le anime — che conservano apparenza terrena — Dante riconosce il musico Casella che gli era stato amico carissimo, e vanamente cerca di abbracciare la sua incorporea forma. Dopo un breve colloquio Dante lo prega d'intonare un canto per conforto del suo spirito. Casella canta così dolcemente che Dante e tutte le anime stanno lì ad udirlo, affascinate dall'armonia.

Di questo Casella si hanno poche notizie. Un anonimo fiorentino dice che "Casella fu grandissimo musico, e massimamente nell'arte dello intonare, e fu molto domestico dell'Autore, però che in sua giovinezza fece Dante molte canzoni e ballate, che questi intonò, et a Dante diletto' forte l'udire da lui."

Ecco i versi di Dante in cui è descritto il commovente incontro col musico amico nel secondo regno della morte:

*Soavemente disse ch'io posasse:
Allor conobbi chi era, e 'l pregai
Che, per parlarmi, un poco s'arrestasse.*

*Risposemi: "Così com'io t'amai
Nel mortal corpo, così t'amo
sciolta;*

*Però m'arresto: ma tu perchè vai?"
"Casella mio, per tornare altra volta
Là dove son, fo io questo viaggio;"*

*Diss'io: "ma a te com'è tant'ora
tolta?"*

*Ed egli a me: "Nessun m'è fatto ol-
traggio,*

*Se quei che leva e quando e cui
gli piace*

*Più volte m'ha negato esto pas-
saggio;*

*Chè di giusto voler lo suo si face;
Veramente da tre mesi egli ha tolto
Chi ha voluto entrar, con tutta pace.*

*Ond'io, che era ora aua marina volto,
Dove l'acqua del Tevere s'insala,
Benignamente fui da lui raccolto*

*A quella foce ov'egli ha dritta l'ala;
Però che sempre quivi si raccoglie,
Qual verso d'Acheronte non si cala."*

*Ed io: "Se nuova legge non ti toglie
Memoria o uso all'amoroso canto,
Che mi soleva che tar tutte mie*

voglie,

*Di ciò ti piaccia consolare alquanto
L'anima mia, che, con la sua per-
sona*

Venendo qui, è affannata tanto."

*"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona"
Cominciò d'egli allor si dolcemente,
Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi*

suona.

Fu quest'episodio che mi condusse a ricercare nella Divina Commedia gli esempi dell'interesse che Dante poteva avere nella musica e nei canti. Poiché, se un musico era un suo intimo amico, se egli chiede a lui di cantare per il conforto dell'anima sua, se dipinge le anime del Purgatorio come in estasi all'udire il canto di Casella, ciò indica l'amor suo per la musica e i canti di cui, come io cercherò di mostrare, egli fa menzione in varii luoghi del Purgatorio e del Paradiso. L'inferno non è luogo per la dolce musica. Del rumore ce n'è davvero, di ogni genere, dal più spaventoso al più basso e più volgare, ma l'armonia musicale non è fatta per le anime dei dannati.

* * *

Nell'ottavo canto del Purgatorio, durante la mesta ora della sera, quell'ora

Che paia il giorno pianger che si more,
un'anima si alza, giunge le palme, le leva verso il cielo, ed intona l'inno che si canta dalla chiesa, nell'ultima parte dell'ufficio divino, che dicesi "compieta," e tutte le altre anime rispondono:

*Ella giunse e levò ambo le palme,
Ficcando gli occhi verso l'Oriente
Come dicesse a Dio; "D'altro non
calme".*

*Te lucis ante, si devotamente
Le uscì di bocca, e con sì dolci note
Che fece a me uscir di mente.*

*E l'altre poi, dolcemente e devote,
Seguitar lei per tutto l'inno intero
Avendo gli occhi alle superne rote.*

* * *

Nel nono canto il poeta, dopo aver passato l'ante-purgatorio, è ammesso

nel Purgatorio per una porta che apre un angolo con le chiavi divine del regno dei cieli. Sembra a Dante in quel punto che egli ode il canto del *Te Deum Laudamus*, l'inno lieto di ringraziamento al Signore che si canta per felici eventi.

*Io mi rivolsi attento al primo tuono
E Te "Deum Laudamus" mi parza
Udire in voce mista al dolce suono.
Tale immagine appunto mi rendea
Ciò ch'io udiva, qual prender si suole
Quando a cantar con organi si stea;
Ch'or sì or no s'intendon le parole.*

* * *

Nell'undicesimo canto le anime penitenti del primo cerchio — quello dell'orgoglio in cui sono le vittime dell'arroganza di famiglia nobile, la vanità dell'eccellenza artistica e l'alterigia della possanza — procedendo lente lente sotto i gravi pesi che fanno tener loro gli occhi a terra, intonano il *Pater noster*, riconoscendo non la propria ma l'altezza di Dio, recando a Lui la gloria del nome, richiedendo a Lui tutti i giorni, quasi umili mendici, il pane della grazia, e rinunciando al superbo diletto della vendetta col perdonare ogni offesa.

* * *

Nel diciannovesimo canto, il soggiorno di Dante nel regno dell'accidia avviene di notte, il tempo in cui ogni attività è sospesa. Colà il poeta ha il secondo dei suoi sogni allegorici. Un'orribile femmina è a poco a poco trasformata in una sirena di stupenda e pericolosa bellezza, e il poeta scolta, nella dolce voce della tentatrice, il canto delle favolose abitatrici del mare che avevano tentato Ulisse e i suoi compagni:

*Poi ch'ella avea il parlar così disciolto
Cominciava a cantar sì, che con pena
Da lei avrei mio intento rivolto.
"Io son," cantava, "io son dolce sirena,
Che i marinari in mezzo mar dismago;
Tanto son di piacer a sentir piena."*

* * *

Nel ventitreesimo canto Dante, accompagnato da Virgilio e da Stazio, ode in mezzo alla turba dei golosi un suono di pianto e di canto:

*Ed ecco pianger e cantar s'udie
"Labia mea, Domine" per modo
Tal che diletto e doglia parturie.*

* * *

Siamo ormai giunti — nel ventisettesimo canto — prossimi all'entrata nel Paradiso Terrestre, nel cerchio dei lussuriosi che è circondato da una barriera di fiamme. L'angelo di Dio appare dinanzi ai tre poeti: Dante, Virgilio e Stazio, e intuona il canto dei puri di cuore

*Fuor della fiamma stava in su la riva,
E cantava: "Beati mundo corde,"
In voce assai più che la nostra viva.*

Nello stesso canto, quando Dante sta per separarsi da Virgilio, si ode una voce:

*Guidavaci una voce che cantava
Di là, e noi, attenti pure a lei
Venimmo fuor là dove si montava
"Venite, benedicti patris mei!"
Sond' dentro ad un lume che lì era,
Tal che mi vinse e guardar non potei.*

* * *

Nel ventottesimo canto Dante si trova nel Paradiso Terrestre, ove egli incontra

*Una donna soletta, che si gia
Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
Ond'era pinta tutta la sua via.
"Deh, bella donna, ch'ai raggi d'amore
Ti scaldi, s'io vo' credere ai sembianti
Che soglion esser testimon del core,
Vegnati voglia di trarreti aventi"
Diss'io a lei, "verso questa riviera
Tanto, ch'io possa intender che tu canti!"*

* * *

Al principio del canto seguente, lungo le rive fiorite del fiume Lete,

*Cantando come donna innamorata,
Continuò, con fin di sue parole:
"Beati, quorum tact sunt peccata!"*

che son queste le ultime parole del trentunesimo salmo, in cui si dice:

* * *

Beatrice appare infine al poeta. Nella sacra processione uno dei ventiquattro vegliardi che circondano il carro intona il Cantico dei Cantici di Salomone:

*Ed un di loro, quasi da ciel messo
"Veni, sponsa, de Libano," cantando
Gridò tre volte, e tutti gli altri appresso.*

* * *

Sul punto di far scomparire Virgilio dalla sua narrazione, Dante gli rende il supremo omaggio di far cantare dagli angeli una frase dell'Eneide, unita a parole delle Sacre scritture:

*Cotali in su la divina basterna
Si levar cento, ad vozem tanti senis,
Ministri e messenger di vita eterna.
Tutti dicean: "Benedictus qui venit!"
E fior gittando di sopra e dintorno:
"Manibus o date lilia plenis."*

Beatrice, ritta sulla sponda del fiume Lete opposta a quella su cui si trovava Dante

* * *

Nel trentunesimo canto Dante è immerso nelle acque del fiume Lete e, quando n' esce, sale sulla sponda ov'è Beatrice. Colà quattro ninfe ballano e cantano intorno a lui:

*si tacque, e gli angeli cantaro
Di subito: "In te, Domine, speravi."
"Noi sem qui ninfe, e nel ciel semo stelle:
Pria che Beatrice discendesse al mondo
Fummo ordinate a lei per sue ancelle."
Così cantando cominciaro; e poi
Al petto del Grifon seco menarmi,
Ove Beatrice volta stava a noi.*

Nel trentaduesimo canto Dante procede con Stazio alla destra del sacro carro, e un angelico canto regola i passi della processione:

"Temprava i passi un'angelica nota.

* * *

Il trentatreesimo canto è l'ultimo del Purgatorio. Dante vorrebbe ancora cantare ma lo ritiene "il fren dell'arte" poichè egli non può oltrepassare il numero assegnato ad ogni can-

Le setee ninfe intorno al carro — figuranti le sette virtù — cantano il salmo in cui si piange la distruzione di Gerusalemme e del suo tempio per opera dei Caldei ed in cui si alterna una dolce e lagrimosa melodia:

*"Deus, venerunt gentes," alternando
Or tre or quattro dolce salmodia,
Le donne incominciaro, e lagrimando;*

*E Beatrice sospirosa e pia
Quelle ascoltava sì fatta, che poco
Più alla croce si cambiò Maria.*

Dante è ora

*Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle
con le quali parole si chiude la cantica del Purgatorio.*

Ci troviamo ora in Paradiso nella fiammeggiante ora del mezzodì. L'entrata all'inferno era accaduta nella cupa e melanconica ora della sera; quella al Purgatorio nell'ora dell'alba in cui si sente meglio la speranza. Al Paradiso il poeta giunge nel fulgore del sole meridiano. Le sfere celesti producono col loro movimento rotatorio un armonico concerto di che si diletta la stessa divinità:

Con l'armonia che temperi e discerni.

Il poeta non sa indovinare la cagione della dolce armonia ch'egli ode e di quel grandissimo aumento di luce:

*La novità del suono e il grande lume
Di lor cagion m'accesero un disio
Mai non sentito da coranto acume.*

Beatrice, che gli legge nel cuore, gli dice che non è più in terra ma, veloce più del lampo, è salito in cielo.

* * *

Nel terzo canto del Paradiso, nella sfera della luna, Piccarda Donati, suora dal cuor semplice la cui anima è colà con quella della grande imperatrice Costanza, dopo aver parlato a Dante canta l'Ave Maria:

*Così parlammi, e poi cominciò: "Ave
Maria" cantando; e cantando vanio
Come per acqua cupa cosa grave.*

Nel settimo canto l'anima dell'imperatore Giustiniano, alla fine del suo discorso rivolto a Dante, intuona un canto al Dio degli eserciti. L'inno è in latino, il linguaggio della chiesa e dei beati, con mescolanza però di voci ebraiche; e in tal modo il cantico è nelle due lingue della chiesa, dell'antica o giudaica o della cristiana.

* * *

Dante e Beatrice si trovano nella sfera di Venere. Rapidi come il lampo i beati di quella sfera vengono verso i celesti viaggiatori cantando l'Osanna:

*E dentro a quei che più innanzi appa-
pario
Sonava "Osanna" sì, che unque poi
Di ruidir non fui senza disio.*

Nel dodicesimo canto Dante è nella sfera del sole, tra filosofi e teologi, ascoltando un lungo e dotto ragionamento di San Tomaso d'Aquino, l'anima del quale faceva parte di una corona di dodici beati. Non appena il Santo ha terminato di parlare la corona dei dodici beati ricomincia a rotare. Ad essa si aggiunge subito un'altra corona di vivi splendori, la quale gira cantando intorno alla prima. Come appaiono due arcobaleni paralleli e con colori, così quelle due ghirlande di sempiterni rose si volgono con tripudio e festa intorno a Beatrice, intonando dolcissimo canto:

*Sì tosto come l'ultima parola
La benedetta fiamma per dir tolse
Al rotar cominciò la santa mola;
E nel suo giro tutta non si volse
Prima ch'un'altra di cerchio la
chiuse,
E moto a moto, tutto a canto
colse;
Canto che tanto vince nostre Muse,
Nostre sirene in quelle dolci tube,
Quanto primo splendor quel ch'ei rifiuse.*

* * *

Nel cielo sesto o di Giove si trovano le anime dei principi saggi e giusti. Con le ali aperte si mostra al poeta la bella immagine dell'aquila — emblema del potere imperiale — in cui son conserte tante anime, liete nel dolce godimento della visione di Dio. Ciascuna di quelle anime sembra un rubino che rifletta i raggi del sole. L'immagine comincia a parlare: e un solo suono esce di molti amori, come un sol calore si fa sentire di molte brage.

L'aquila intuona un canto il cui significato è oscuro al poeta, e gli dice in risposta alla sua domanda che come egli non intende le parole del suo canto, così i mortali non comprendono la divina giustizia: L'aquila

*Roteando cantava e dicea: "Quali
Son le mie note a te, che non le
intendi
Tal è il giudizio eterno a voi mortali."*

Come l'aquila tacque nel benedetto rostro, tutte quelle vivaci luci vieppiù lucendo cominciano canti divini la cui dolcezza e soavità non si può esprimere nel linguaggio umano:

*.... tutte quelle vive luci
Vie più lucendo, cominciaron' canti
Da mia memoria labili e caduci.*

Finito il canto dei beati lumi l'aquila riprende il discorso, e le luci di Traiano e di Rifeo accompagnano d'accordo col loro scintillare il suo parlare, come il buon citarista accorda il suono del suo strumento alla voce del buon cantore, per il quale accompagnamento di suono il canto acquista maggiore soavità:

*E come a buon cantor buon citarista
Fa seguir lo guizzo della corda
In che più di piacer lo canto acquista;*

*Sì, mentre che parlò, sì mi ricorda
Ch'io vidi le due luci benedette,
Pur come batter d'occhio si con-*

*corda
Con le parole muover le fiammette.*

Il ventitreesimo canto descrive il cielo ottavo o stellato, quello degli spi-

riti trionfanti ove i celesti viaggiatori contemplano l'apoteosi di Cristo e di Maria. L'arcangelo Gabriele, nunzio dell'incarnazione e del verbo, si aggira velocissimo intorno alla stella che era Maria dando l'aspetto d'una corona luminosa, e intuona un celeste canto paragonato al quale qualunque melodia terrestre sembrerebbe tuono che squarcia le nubi:

*Per entro il cielo scese una facella
Formata in cerchio a guisa di corona,
E cinsela, e girassi intorno ad ella.
Qualunque melodia più dolce suona
Quaggiù, e più a sè l'anima tira
Parrebbe nube che squarciata tuona,
Comparata al suonar di quella lira
Del quale il ciel più chiaro s'inzaffira.*

Tutte le candide fiamme degli spiriti luminosi cantano le lodi di Maria:

*Ciascun di quei candori in su si stese
Con la sua fiamma sì che l'alto affetto
Ch'egli avean a Maria mi fu palese.
Indi rimaser lì nel mio cospetto
"Regina coeli" cantando sì dolce
Che mai da me non si partì il diletto.*

Nel ventiquattresimo canto Dante descrive come la carola degli spiriti gira tre volte intorno a Beatrice intonando un canto sublimemente ineffabile:

*E tre fate intorno a Beatrice
Si volse con un canto tanto d'ivo
Che la mia fantasia non mi ridice.*

Nello stesso canto San Pietro fa tre donade a Dante, la prima sull'essenza della fede, la seconda in che senso la fede è definita come sostanza e come argomento, la terza onde viene la fede e come ne fa acquisto il credente. Dante risponde a queste domande, ed

alla fine delle sue risposte il santo si dichiara soddisfatto, e un coro di spiriti intuona il *Te Deum Laudamus*, il canto di ringraziamento al Signore:

*Finito questo l'alta corte santa
Risunò per le spere un "Dio laudamo"
Nella melode che lassù si canta.*

Nel ventiseiesimo canto Dante, il quale ha perduto la vista, dichiara a san Giovanni Evangelista che solo accetterebbe di riaverla se questo fosse l'espresso desiderio di Beatrice, poichè egli desidera soltanto ciò che è voluto in Paradiso in un supremo spirito di carità. Tosto che Dante ha terminato di professare la sua carità tutti i celesti, e Beatrice insieme con loro, lodano Iddio del buon esito subito dal poeta intorno alle tre virtù teologali. Tutti cantano: "Santo, santo, santo è il Signore degli eserciti! Tutta la terra è piena di sua gloria!" il canto, cioè dei Serafini:

*Sì come io tacqui, un dolcissimo canto
Risunò per lo cielo; e la mia donna
Dicea con gli altri: "Santo, santo,
santo!"*

* * *

Nel ventisettesimo canto tutte le celesti coorti del Paradiso intuonano un inno di grazia. Il poeta è inebriato dalla dolcezza di quel canto. Il tripudio di quello splendore gli pare un riso dell'universo; onde la sua ebbrezza è doppia, entrando per l'udito col canto e per la vista collo sfavillare dei beati:

*Ciò ch'io vedeva mi sembrava un riso
Dell'universo; per che la mia ebbrezza
Entrava per l'udire e per lo viso.*

* * *

Qui terminano i canti. Da quel punto al supremo momento in cui la visione di Dio è connessa al Poeta, il

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trionfo è della luce più che del suono. Ma nei gironi del Purgatorio come nei cieli del Paradiso il canto delle anime e degli angeli più volte delizia il Poeta.

* * *

L'immagine di Dante che molti hanno è quella di una cupa e austera persona, severa ed acerba. Ciò è forse perchè la maggioranza di coloro che si accingono a leggere la *Commedia Divina* non vanno più in là dell'Inferno, od anche forse perchè lo spettacolo della tetraggine, della malvagità e della depravità ha, singolarmente, più interesse per moti che quello della luce, della gioia e della virtù. Ma Dante fu così completo che egli

non è affatto inferiore a sè stesso nel Purgatorio e nel Paradiso come poeta e come uomo che nell'Inferno, e come creatura di Dio vi è infinitamente superiore. Colà, tra i peccatori pentiti che aspirano alla gloria del Paradiso e tra i beati che quella gloria hanno conquistato, l'infinita bellezza spirituale dell'universo di Dio appare trionfante. Di questa bellezza la musica melodica e il canto sono parti integranti. Lo spirito esultante del poeta è inebriato da quel che vede e da quel che sente:

*Cid ch'io vedevo mi sembrava un riso
Dell'universo, perchè la mia ebbrezza*

Entrava per l'udire e per lo viso.

IL NATALE DEL CONSIGLIERE

Novella

di Grazia Deledda

Il piroscampo partiva alle cinque, ma fin dalle quattro e mezza era affollato di viaggiatori di terza classe, — paesani con la bisaccia in mano, soldati in licenza, condannati che avevan finito la loro pena o venivano trasferiti alle colonie penali dell'isola, carabinieri che li accompagnavano. Più tardi arrivarono i viaggiatori di seconda classe, piccoli borghesi, commessi, qualche studente; e infine salì, accompagnato da facchini carichi di valigie di cuoio giallo e di scatole e cappelliere, un piccolo signore in soprabito con pelliccia. Era grasso, col viso pallido sbarbato, una mano coperta dal guanto grigio l'altra di massicci anelli d'oro.

Un vecchio negoziante di buoi, che viaggiava in terza classe e con la bisaccia, lo riconobbe e lo indicò ai suoi compagni che tosto salutarono con deferenza, ma anche con un certo rispettoso terrore. Il vecchio negoziante si avvicinò per rivolgergli la parola, ma indietreggiò respinto dai facchini, e attese un momento più opportuno.

Il viaggiatore, infatti, deposte le valigie in una cabina di prima classe, tornò sopra coperta, e s'appoggiò al parapetto del piroscampo per guardare il paesaggio. Il tempo, sebbene fosse agli ultimi dell'anno, era bello e asciutto, il mare calmo, grigio verso il porto, turchino all'orizzonte, sotto il cielo violetto del crepuscolo.

Nell'aria limpida e fredda vibravano i rumori del porto e della città ancora violacea al riflesso dell'occidente; s'udiva una fisarmonica, come nelle belle sere d'autunno, la luna saliva grande e rossa sopra la torre nera del molo e già l'acqua intorno ne rifletteva lo splendore.

Il viaggiatore guardava la terra e il mare, e il suo viso pallido e po' cاسcante e i suoi occhi azzurrognoli e freddi, a fior di pelle, non esprimevano né ammirazione né tristezza; solo le labbra grigiastre avevano di tanto in tanto come un segno di disgusto.

Ed ecco il vecchio negoziante di buoi, che dal suo angolo non ha lasciato per un istante di fissare coi suoi vivi occhietti neri l'importante personaggio, crede giunto il momento opportuno per avvicinarsi. Se il

piroscampo parte e il viaggiatore rientra nella sua prima classe o va nella terrazza riserbata a questa, non c'è più modo di riverirlo. Il vecchietto dunque si fa coraggio e si avvanza lungo il parapetto umido, fregando la mano sulle brache di tela, per pulirla bene prima di porgerla al viaggiatore.

— Scusi, don Salvator Angelo Carta, se mi permette la saluto. Io sono...

— Ziu Predu Camboni! E come va? In viaggio?

— In viaggio sempre, don Salvatore! E come fare, se no? Non abbiamo lo stipendio di duemila scudi come lo ha vostè. E' vero che non abbiamo neanche il suo talento!

— Da dove venite?

Il vecchietto tornava da Roma e andava al suo paese, che era poco distante da quello di don Salvatore Angelo.

— Son tre anni che non la vedevo, don Salvatore! E che vostè non viene tutti gli anni, in Sardegna? Ha ragione: ha altro a cui pensare. E adesso va a passare le feste in famiglia? Chi sa come saranno contenti i suoi nipoti: essi non parlano che di lei.

— I miei nipoti? Son tutti scavezaccolli e aspettano la mia morte! — disse con ruvidezza don Salvatore Angelo, e il vecchietto invece di protestare si mise a ridere.

— Ricorda, don Salvatore, quando io venivo al suo paese per comprovare le giovenche della sua nonna? Lei era uno studentello, allora, una anima allegra, con certi cappellini coi rastrì come quelli delle donne. Quello lì. — come diceva donna Mariantonia sua nonna, Dio l'abbia in gloria, — quello lì è un passerotto che si beccherà tutti i fichi acerbi. E si lamentava con me, Dio l'abbia in gloria, perchè vostè non lasciava in pace nè vicine nè serve. Saltava i muri come un diavolo. Ricorda quella bella servetta bruna, alta, che sembrava una palma? Si chiamava Grassiarosa, e vostè le correva appresso come ammaliato. Ma donna Mariantonia si sbagliava, sebbene fosse savia come un'abbadessa, Dio l'abbia in gloria.

Gli altri nipoti, sì, hanno mangiato i fichi acerbi; e lei... lei è diventato l'onore del paese!

— Eh, figuriamoci!

Un rispettosamente stupore allungò il viso legnoso e bruciato del vecchio nomade.

— Le par poco? Consigliere di Corte d'Appello?

— Ci sono posti più alti.

— E se ci sono lei li raggiungerà. Se ci fosse ancora il vicerè lei lo farebbero...

Don Salvatore Angelo sorrise, lusingato suo malgrado, e domandò notizie del paese e dei conoscenti.

I tempi eran tristi, le annate cattive; tutti avevano qualche guaio, e la gente se ne andava in America e in altri paesi, come gli Ebrei al tempo di Mosè. E molti morivano laggiù, e molti sparivano e non si sapeva più nulla di loro, come ingoiati dal mare: fra i morti c'era anche un antico servo della nonna di don Salvatore Angelo, un certo Bambineddu, chiamato così perchè uomo semplice. Bambineddu aveva appunto sposato la bella Grassiarosa, la "palma" che un tempo piaceva al suo nobile padroncino.

— E che ne è avvenuto di lei?

— Lei? E' rimasta vedova, con sei o sette figli tutti piccoli come le dita della mano. Ultimamente l'ho vista in un casotto della ferrovia, con la banderuola in mano. Sì, in un casotto, prima di arrivare alla stazione di Bonifai, dove, credo, c'è casellante un suo fratello, anche lui vedovo pieno di figli. Aveva la faccia della fame.

Rumori di catene e l'urlo delle sirene riempivano intorno l'aria di terrore; il piroscampo partiva sussultando come un mostro marino che svegliatosi di soprassalto si affrettasse a tornare in alto mare.

In breve la terra fu lontana, fra i vapori della sera, ma la luna seguiva i naviganti e illuminava la loro via sull'infinito deserto del mare. Un pallore cadaverico rendeva ancor più triste il viso di don Salvatore Angelo: turbamento per l'allontanarsi del continente, o ricordo della giovine "palma" e rimorso di averla amata e dimenticata?

Ziu Predu Camboni lo guardava quasi con malizia; ma quando don Salvatore Angelo si mosse barcollando per ritirarsi e disse a denti stretti:

— Io soffro sempre, anche se il mare è calmo... — il vecchietto lo accompagnò fino all'ingresso dorato della prima classe e s'avvide che affanno occulto contro cui lottava il Consigliere era il più terribile dei mali che talvolta l'uomo si procura da sè: il mal di mare.

— Perchè partire, quando si soffre? — si domandò ziu Predu Camboni, e tornò alle sue regioni di terza, ove i soldati cantavano, e i condannati sonnecchiavano legati come schiavi.

* * *

— Perchè partire, quando si soffre? — si domanda don Salvatore Angelo, sdraiato immobile sulla sua cuccetta bianca. E sente un'angoscia profonda, e gli sembra di essere sul dorso di una bestia indomita che corre attraverso un immenso deserto pericoloso. Se si muove è perduto: e sta fermo il più che è possibile e pensa al giorno in cui non si moverà più!

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Titoli del Governo degli Stati Uniti	9,628,392.83	
Titoli di Stati	3,725,888.99	
Titoli Municipali	15,221,712.17	
Titoli di Compagnie Ferroviarie	23,517,012.53	
Titoli di Compagnie di Utilità Pubbliche	5,899,099.52	
Prime Ipoteche su Proprietà Immobiliare in New York	93,656,197.09	
Prestiti garantiti da depositi o altra Sicurezza Legale	228,250.91	
Palazzi Bancari	3,600,000.00	
Altre Proprietà Immobiliari	3,357,031.78	
Interessi Maturati ma non riscossi	2,472,864.23	
Ammontare dovuto ai nostri 140,438 depositanti compreso gli interessi maturati sui loro depositi		\$152,037,745.24
Riserva per Tasse, Assicurazioni, etc.		114,302.71
Riserva (Surplus) e Profitti indivisi calcolati al valore degli investimenti		19,343,681.75
Totale Attività	\$171,495,729.70	\$171,495,729.70

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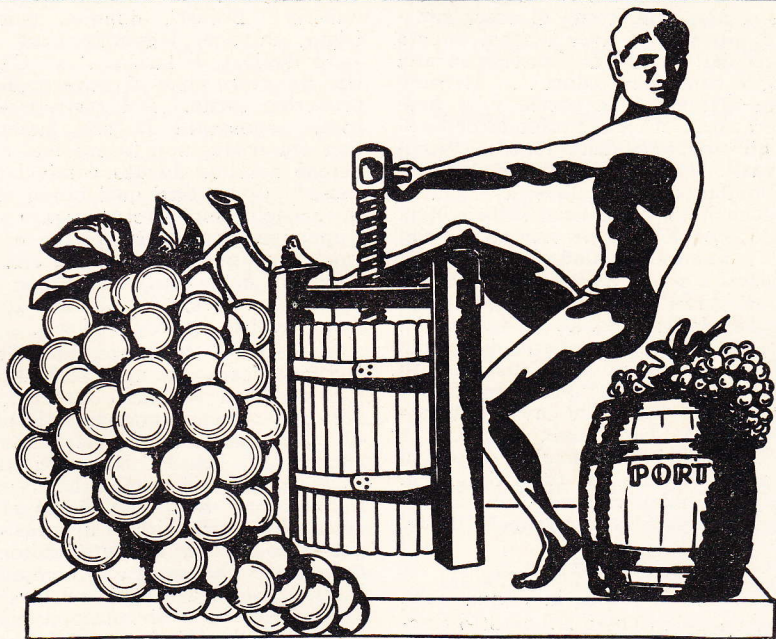
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ti e i pi carì lo circondano: la cabina gli sembra una tomba ove egli ha deposto ogni vanità e ogni ambizione.

— Perchè partire, quando si soffre? — si domanda don Salvator Angelo, mentre il vento che soffia nella notte limpida batte al finestrino come un uccello notturno, e fischia, geme, vuol entrare e riposarsi. — Sempre così: andare per soffrire. Soffrire per gli altri, per la nonna rimbambita, per parenti inutili, per nipoti discolorati, per marmocchi indisciplinati: sempre così, camminare, andare avanti per gli altri. Ah, vicerè? ... Sì, da ragazzino, prima di portar il cappellino coi nastri, prima di saltar i muri (ah, Grassiarosa la "palma" come eri flessuosa e dolce!) sognavo di diventar vicerè, o magari re, per il gusto di poter andar in giro, entrare travestito nelle case dei poveretti e lasciar denari e perle... Ero un bel campione di ragazzo romantico. Anche allora pensavo agli altri; eppure passo per un bel campione di egoista e i miei cari nipoti dicono che non prendo moglie perchè son sicuro che essa mi scapperebbe di casa . . .

I SUOI nipoti? Son sei anche loro, come i marmocchi di Grassiarosa. Grassiarosa è in un casotto prima della stazione di Bonifai: egli sarà quasi arrivato, quando apparirà la sua banderuola . . .

L'idea dell'arrivo lo riempie di gioia come un fanciullo. Arrivare, scendere da quel letto di torture, rivivere! Gli par di vedere il golfo selvaggio e pittoresco, coi monti, le isole, le roccie coperte dai veli della notte ma come rischiarate da un riflesso lontano; gli sembra di sentire l'odore dell'isola, odore di brughiera, ed è tale la sua gioia che crede di esser ritornato giovane, di aver i sensi ancora accesi dal ricordo di Grassiarosa alta e agile come una palma . . . Il treno corre attraverso le roccie e le brughiere; ecco il cielo profondo dell'isola, gli orizzonti della lontana giovinezza . . . ecco la pianura desolata di Bonifai, con la collinetta grigia in fondo e il villaggio nero sulla collina grigia; con le greggie vaganti, le pietre, i fumicelli paludosi: ecco una muriccia a secco, bigia e verdastra come un gran serpente addormentato nel pallido crepuscolo d'inverno: i monti lontani son coperti di nebbia violetta, un lumino brilla nel casotto prima della stazione; una donna lacera e smunta sta immobile davanti al cancello, con la banderuola in mano, e una turba di bimbi famelici e sporchi formicola intorno. E tutta l'angoscia del mal di mare riprende l'anima e il corpo di don Salvator Angelo Carta.

* * *

PASSATO il treno, la donna della banderuola rientrò nel casotto e accese il fuoco nel grande camino, unico lusso della stanza umida e triste che serviva di rifugio al "casellante" e alla sua doppia famiglia. E tosto, come farfalle attirare dal lume, i bimbi e i ragazzetti che fino a quel momento avevano sfidato impavidi il freddo dello spiazzo e delle macchie intorno a casotto, si raccolsero attorno alla vedova ancora curva sul focolare. Quanti erano? Tanti quanti i pulcini attorno alla chioccia: due, i

più piccini, si aggrapparono ai fianchi della donna; due, più grandetti, che si rincorrevano ridendo, si gettarono alle sue spalle, un altro, per sfuggire alla persecuzione di una donnina in cuffia rossa, i cui grandi occhi neri, in un visetto livido, sfavillavano di sdegno selvaggio, si cacciò fra la pietra del focolare e le gambe della vedova; e tutti assieme formarono un gruppo che per il color dei volti e dei vestiti sembrava di bronzo.

L'ombra delle teste scarmigliate danzava sulle pareti e sul soffitto, al rosso chiaror della fiamma; e la donna, un po' tenera, un po' selvaggia, cercava di liberarsi dall'aggrovigliamento, spingendo gli uni, stringendo gli altri e pronunziando buone e male parole.

— Adesso basta; levati di lì, Bellia, se no ti bastono; Grassieda, anima mia, non strapparmi la camicia; è abbastanza rotta; e tu, Antoniè, demonio, smettilla; quando viene tuo padre mi sente; io sono stanca delle tue cattiverie. Sei in età di aiutarmi e invece mi tormenti. Sto fresca io, con voi, fresca come un fiore sotto la brina!

Antonietta, quella della cuffia rossa, impreccò sotto voce, poi andò a mettersi all'angolo della porta, come in agguato; e la zia continuò la sua predica, attaccando il paiolino al gancio del fosoare, cosa che finamente convinse i bimbi a star quieti. Alcuni di essi si disposero in semicerchio attorno al focolare, altri aiutarono la donna a staccare da un canestro i lunghi maccheroni neri che ella aveva preparato fino dalla mattina. Era la vigilia di Natale; e anche per il più povero dei poveri, anche nella solitudine più desolata, questa una buona occasione per dimenticare la propria miseria. Bollisci, dunque, paiolino, friggi, dunque, tegamino, col sugo fatto d'olio e di farina! . . . C'è anche un giorno per il povero, dice il proverbio sardo. Del resto Grassiarosa, nonostante le sue lamentele, non era triste; non lo era mai stata; perchè avrebbe dovuto cominciare adesso? Come tutti quei bimbi che le si raccoglievano attorno, senza darle troppo da fare, e piangevano e ridevano per ogni piccola cosa, ella non si curava della sua sorte, e non pensava all'avvenire, e se pensava al passato era per trarne conforto.

— Le notti come questa! Se ne facevano feste, dai miei padroni! Interi porchetti venivano arrostiti; e i miei padroni cantavano tutta la notte. Che allegria, Santa Maria bella! Ma anche loro, adesso, hanno finito di gozzovigliare, e i porchetti li lasciano a chi li ha. Solo uno, dei miei padroni, è ancora ricco; io penso sia più ricco di ziu Predu Camboni, il negoziante che veniva a comprar le vacche. Sembrava il più allegro, quel padroncino, ed è diventato il più serio; ma anche lui chi sa se è contento! Mi pare di averlo veduto nel treno stasera: aveva il viso pallido e gonfio come un formaggio fresco . . .

I bimbi scoppiarono a ridere; ma ella parlava sul serio, raccontando più per sé che per altro.

— Che c'è da ridere? E che i ricchi non possono essere pallidi?

— Il capo-stazione è rosso come una mela — disse Bellia, con accento che non ammetteva replica.

In breve i maccheroni furono cotti e conditi; aggruppati intorno alla donna i bimbi guardavano la conculina come un tesoro inestimabile, e solo l'idea di dover attendere il rispettivo padre e zio turbava la loro gioia famelica.

Dateci almeno il tegame dove c'era il sugo, — implorò Antoneddu, l'omino rossiccio dai grandi occhi verdastri. — Vedrete lo leccherò che non ci sarà bisogno di lavarlo . . .

— Nel tegame tengo la porzione di Battista. S'egli tarda a rientrare, e se è andato al villaggio e quindi alla bettola, tarda certo, noi mangeremo.

Allora i ragazzetti si affacciarono alla porta, si spinsero fino alla muriccia per spiare se il casellante tornava. La luna sorgeva dai monti di Nuoro, gialla come una fiamma, saliva dall'una all'altra delle lunghe nuvole nere che macchiavano il cielo pallido della sera; i binari scintillavano, lungo la strada, come fili d'acqua, e le macchie e le roccie, nel chiarore incerto, sembravano bestie addormentate.

I bimbi erano superstiziosi, ma anche coraggiosi; aspettavano sempre di veder passar di corsa cavalli e cani leggendari, o il demonio travestito da pastore, con una kedda (branco) di anime dannate convertite in cinghiali, o di veder una dama bianca seduta su un'altura a filar la luna. Antoneddu viveva in attesa del passaggio della Madonna travestita da vecchierella mendicante, Grassieda, la biondina balzubente, guardava se vedeva il cielo aprirsi e, attraverso le luminose porte dischiuse, fiammeggiare il mondo della verità: e Antonietta pensava con terrore, ma anche con un certo piacere, a Lusbè, il capo dei demoni, e Bellia, il fanfarone della compagnia, affermava di aver già veduto un gigante, una cometa, lo stesso Anticristo seduto su un asino nero.

FU lui quindi, quella sera, ad avanzarsi fino al cancello della strada ferrata e a tornar indietro dicendo che lungo il binario veniva su un signore nero con una criniera al collo e una scatola in mano . . .

— Che sia il diavolo vestito da signore? . . .

Fratelli e cugini cominciarono a sbeffeggiarlo, ma tacquero allibiti e alcuni scapparono dentro il casotto quando la misteriosa figura apparve dietro il cancello e s'avanzò attraverso lo spiazzo.

— Zia, zia, mamma, mamma, un uomo nero nero nero . . .

La donna corse alla porta e al chiarore del fanale riconobbe il signore veduto nel treno, — don Salvator Angelo pallido e grasso. Che veniva a fare? Puerilmente ella pensò: ha saputo che son vedova e viene a cercarmi . . . come una volta! — E ricordandosi che era quasi vecchia, adesso, smunta e lacera, le venne da ridere.

— Vede come sono! — mormorò, incrociando le braccia sul seno, come per nascondere il suo corsetto lacero: ma egli si mise un dito sulle labbra, ed ella a sua volta, accorgendosi che Antonietta si avvicinava, non accennò oltre a riconoscere il signore misterioso.

Ed egli andò difilato al focolare, sedette, depose accanto a sé la scatola gialla.

— Ebbene, che nuove? Contami.

Ella cominciò a raccontare, e a momenti piangeva, a momenti rideva, con quel suo riso spensierato e lieto che fioriva ancora sul suo volto come fioriscono le rose sulle rovine: ma più che al racconto, l'uomo badava ai bimbi curiosi e ansiosi che si erano di nuovo aggruppati attorno a lei, e assieme, pensava:

— Se la sposavo, tutti questi monelli sarebbero stati miei: — e gli sembrava di vedere una bella sala da pranzo degnamente borghese, con l'albero di Natale sul tavolo, e tutti quei bimbi vestiti di merletto e di velluto, e quella bella biondina con gli occhioni di gatto ritta tentennante su una sedia, a recitare una poesia d'occasione.

No; era meglio così: era più pittoresco, più romantico e anche più comodo. E a un tratto il signore nero si tolse il guanto e tese un dito verso un visetto scuro pieno di fossette entro le quali pareva scintillasse una gran gioia maliziosa.

— Tu, birbante, come ti chiami?

— Murru Giovanni Maria, o anche Bellia.

— Vai a scuola?

— Sissignora.

— A Bonifai?

— Sissignora.

— Anche quando piove o nevicata?

— A me non me ne importa! — disse Bellia con accento spavaldo. Spinto dalla mano della donna si era piantato davanti allo straniero, mentre i fratelli e i cugini lo guardavano e si guardavano fra loro frenando a stento il riso: riso d'invidia, si sa. Ma ecco che l'uomo nero si volse a tutta la compagnia.

— Avete cenato?

Per tutta risposta alcuni si misero a sbadigliare.

— Per caso, mangereste volentieri qualche cosa, intanto che si aspetta questo vero Battista? Murru Giovanni Maria, aiutami ad aprire questa scatola. Piano, piano! E' quanto si trova alla stazione di Bonifai, che non è la stazione di Londra. Oh, è meglio metterci qui sul tavolo.

— Ma che fa? Ma che disturbo s'è preso! Ma si sporca! — gridava la donna, correndo qua e là confusa.

— Calma! Ecco fatto . . .

Come mosche attorno al vaso del miele, le teste dei bimbi incornavano l'orlo del tavolo: e su di questo, come avviene nelle favole al tocco della bacchetta magica, apparivano tante buone cose. Anche pere, sì, anche uva, sì, — in quel tempo! — anche una bottiglia gialla col collo d'oro!

— A me piace il vino rosso, — proclamò Bellia, e la donna lo sgridò — sfacciato, sfacciato! — ma l'uomo nero disse: — tu hai ragione!

Lenta e solenne cominciò la distribuzione, e perchè non avvenissero ingiustizie, la compagnia fu messa in fila in ordine di anzianità; ma quando tutti ebbero la loro porzione e il permesso di sbandarsi, fu un fuggi fuggi generale, e molti se ne andarono fuori per esser più liberi nei commenti e negli scambi.

Solo Antonietta conservava la sua calma taciturna e osservatrice: appoggiata all'angolo dietro la porta, con un piede sull'altro, la cuffia rossa

nella penombra, ella guardava lo sconosciuto e pensava a Lusbè. Sì, Gesù Cristo e San Francesco si travestono da poverelli, per girare il mondo; solo Lusbè indossa ricchi abiti e si mette gli anelli e le catene d'oro . . .

Ma la voce calma e l'accento ancora paesano del signore misterioso la richiamavano alla realtà.

Possiamo prendere un boccone anche noi, Grassiarò! La notte scorsa non ho chiuso occhio. Oggi ho sempre dormito in treno, e non ho mangiato . . . Mettiti lì a sedere; ecco, prendi un po' di questo pasticcio . . . Contami dunque com'è l'affare della rivendita di cui parlavi poco fa! . . .

Ella si schermiva vergognosa e commossa; ma finì col prendere il pasticcio e ricominciò il suo racconto. Sì, prima di partire per l'America suo marito aveva messo su una rivendita di generi alimentari: le cose andavano bene, ma il capitale non era suo, ed egli appunto era partito con la speranza di guadagnarselo. Invece il vento della morte aveva spazzato via lui e la sua piccola fortuna. Ella si asciugò gli occhi con le dita unte del pasticcio.

— Coraggio, Grassiarò! Gente buona ce n'è ancora nel mondo: può darsi che si trovi il piccolo capitale per rimetter su la rivendita. Ma tu sei brava a vendere? Se sei brava a vendere e a ricomprare, il resto è subito fatto.

Ella lo guardò, con gli occhi grandi spalancati; poi scoppiò a piangere, ma tacque subito e si fece il segno della croce. Giusto in quel momento dal villaggio sulla collina scendeva un tremito sonoro di campane, lontano, dolce, simile a un tintinnio di greggie pascolanti. Era il primo tocco della Messa.

— Se è Lusbè scappa! — pensò Antonietta, vedendo la zia farsi il segno della croce; e se lo fece anche lei, e tutti la imitarono.

Ma l'uomo nero, invece di scappare prese la bottiglia e cominciò a raschiare con l'unghia la carta dorata.

— Grassiarò, coraggio! Sai il proverbio sardo: c'è anche un giorno per il povero. Dunque, cosa metteremo in questa rivendita? Eppoi aiutami a sturare questa bottiglia e porta dei bicchieri.

Ella aveva un bicchiere so'ò, ma grande: e dapprima il bel vino dorato di Solarussa fu dato da assaggiare ai bambini.

— Piano, piano, oh! E' vernaccia, sapete; fa diventar matti. Ah, tu, Bellia! E tu dicevi che ti piace solo il vino rosso! Mi pare ti piaccia anche quello bianco. E adesso a noi.

La donna lavò e asciugò il bicchiere e lo rimise davanti al signore nero; e la sua mano tremava, ma la sua bocca sfiorita sorrideva di nuovo.

— Sempre lei! disse sottovoce, e in alto soggiunse: — ma perchè tutto questo?

Perchè? non lo sapeva neppure lui. Solo ricordò che i suoi nipoti dicevano che egli si prendeva tutti i gusti, e rispose:

— Così, perchè mi fa piacere! Bevi!

Ella respinse, una, due volte, il bel vino dorato; ma infine fu costretta ad accettarlo. Ed entrambi bevettero dallo stesso bicchiere come un tempo.

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Ricci, E. — "Mille Santi nell'Arte", 1 volume, 8vo., 734 pages, 700 illustrations, Milano — Hoepli ...\$4.80

This beautiful volume recently published seems to fill a demand long felt for a work of this kind among religious people as well as lovers of art. It is unique in its field. It contains a beautiful biography of 1000 saints, for most of whom the author supplies a reproduction taken from well known works of art. One cannot be too appreciative in view of the splendid results which the author has achieved, after so many years of patient labor.

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Dante — "La Vita Nuova" (seguita da una scelta delle altre opere minori — per cura di Natalino Sapegno) — Firenze, Vallecchi ...\$1.00

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Religion and Philosophy

Bertetti, G. — "I Tesori di San Tommaso d'Aquino" (copiosa raccolta di studi dommatici, morali, ascetici, sociali ricavati dalle opere dell'angelico e volgarizzati), 1 volume, 8vo., 725 pages, Torino — S. E. I. ...\$3.00

Those who find the Latin of St. Thomas Aquinas difficult to read or his works too numerous, will certainly welcome this volume which contains the best of the Saint's philosophy translated into modern Italian. The compiler of this volume seems to have spent a considerable portion of his life in the difficult task of making St. Thomas accessible to every cultured person. He has divided the material included in the present volume into subjects such as Adorazione, Anima, Castità, Conoscenza di noi stessi, Dio, etc., alphabetically arranged so as to make research very easy.

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Falqui e Vittorini — "Scrittori Nuovi", 1 volume, 664 pages, Lanciano — Carabba\$1.80

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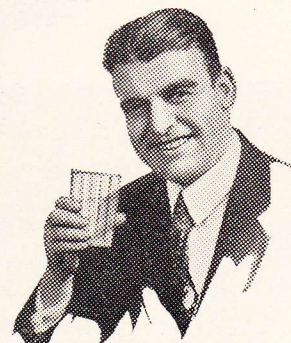
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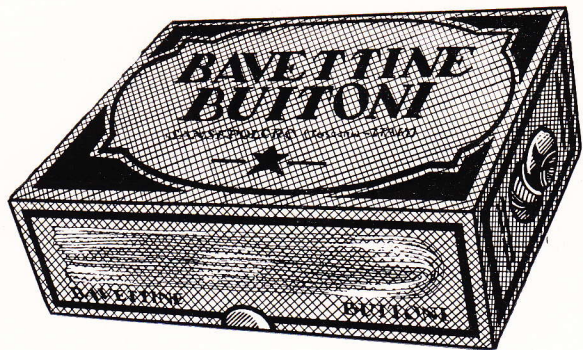
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