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FEBRUARY, 1933



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IF you are an American Italian, the finger is still pointed at you as an "Italian," and you want to know why you deserve the praise, if it is praise, or what ignorance or prejudice there is behind the scorn, if it is scorn; then ATLANTICA IS for you.

IF, on the other hand, you believe—with a very, very few—that this scorn is rightfully heaped upon you, and you find that the easiest way out is to submerge your self and your own racial identity, then go to it; we have no quarrel with you. You have an inferiority complex that makes you neither American nor Italian.

IF you are alive and alert, and desire to know the wherefore of the praise or prejudice; if you do not know but want to know—not vaguely or in a general way, but with facts, figures and data—what the Italians have done in and for this country since Columbus and are now doing more than ever, if you want to draw your own inferences as to what they will probably contribute in the future, then ATLANTICA,

the magazine for American Italians, IS for you.

IF you are a doctor or a lawyer, a druggist or an architect, a priest or a politician, a business man or a skilled artisan, a college man or a self-educated man, the knowledge that you will find ready at your finger tips in the pages of ATLANTICA will be of invaluable help to you in your speeches and in your writings, in your occasional debates and in your everyday conversations, and it will make A BETTER AMERICAN of you.

IF you have a place in your heart for the beautiful country that is Italy, the land loved by Byron and Schiller, by Wagner and Goethe, by Browning and Keats, and by countless other thousands from other countries who have known it, or if you like its ancient history with its unrivalled monuments, or the present life, or the art and music and literature and culture that has been and is Italy, then, too, YOU OUGHT TO READ ATLANTICA, the magazine of Italian life and culture.

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ATLANTICA

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The Cover This Month

Although he assumed his new duties little more than a month ago, the new Italian Ambassador to the United States, H. E. Augusto Rosso, has already been the subject of front page news because of the coming debt conference projected between Italy and America. His career in Washington bids fair to be distinguished because of his handling of the preliminary steps to this important negotiation for his country in the American capital.

A veteran of twenty-five years' experience in the Italian diplomatic service, the new Ambassador is no stranger to Washington, having served in his first diplomatic post there from 1910 to 1912 as Secretary of the Embassy. Lately he had represented Italy at many European conferences, including the Geneva Disarmament Conference, the London Naval Conference, the Hague Reparations Conference and the League of Nations Council and Assembly. He also accompanied Foreign Minister Dino Grandi during the latter's visit to Washington in 1931.

Born in Tronzano in the Province of Vercelli on December 3rd, 1885, the comparatively youthful Ambassador is a graduate of the University of Turin in Jurisprudence in 1908, entering the Foreign Office two years later.

Additional timeliness to his presentation to our readers on the cover this month is lent by the fact that he is to visit the Columbus Hospitals and other Italian institutions in New York, during which he will be the guest of honor at a banquet of the Italy America Society in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York on the 18th of this month.

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingargiola

PROTECTING THE ALIEN

LAST month representatives of fifty foreign language groups met in New York City and decided to form a permanent committee to aid the United States Department of Labor in its efforts to curb racketeers who prey on immigrants and their families. The meeting was presided over by the Commissioner of Immigration Edward Corsi and the main address was delivered by Secretary of Labor Doak. As it was my good fortune to be present at this meeting I think I am right in saying that such a movement sponsored by Mr. Doak and Mr. Corsi is the first of its kind ever attempted and one which ought to be heartily approved.

It is a well-known fact that the poor alien is a constant prey to the fraudulent practices of unscrupulous people. In his desire to enter this country, or to remain here permanently, he very often runs the whole gamut of illegal expedients and impossible hopes, usually at a cost which at times becomes fantastic. The results are invariably negative; for, if a person is here contrary to the provisions of the immigration law, absolutely nothing can be done by anyone to legalize his status. But hope springs eternal in the heart of the eager immigrant, with disastrous and tragic consequences.

Mr. Doak, who in the past has been severely criticized for certain of his immigration policies, is to be sincerely complimented for his strong denunciation of these corrupt practices and for the useful recommendations contained in what he called his "farewell address" delivered at the meeting.

In this connection, it should be remembered that there are pending before Congress at this writing three very good and humane Bills in which both Mr. Doak and Mr. Corsi are vitally interested and which ought to be passed without much debate.

The first Bill seeks to extend to five years, from the date of entry, the time in which an alien legally

in this Country may ask to be returned to his native land at the expense of the United States Government, upon proof that he or she is an indigent person. The law now provides for such repatriation within three years from the date of the immigrant's arrival.

The second Bill will give the right to all aliens who entered this country illegally prior to 1924 to become American citizens. The law is now rather queer: while these aliens can't be deported, if they came prior to 1924, yet they are not allowed to become naturalized American citizens.

The third Bill provides that an alien who came in as a non-quota immigrant may, under certain conditions, acquire permanent legal residence without leaving the country and then return, as is now the case.

We have frequently taken up the cudgels for the alien. We have spared no criticism for those whose prejudice compels them to abuse and hate him. It is, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure that we note these efforts of Mr. Doak in behalf of the alien. His desire to liberalize and humanize our immigration laws is shared by all well-meaning and truly patriotic Americans.

PATRIOTISM: A NEW DEFINITION

PERHAPS the best known definitions of Patriotism are those by Decatur and Johnson. Decatur's call to arms has become the watchword of all narrow-minded hundred per centers: "My country, may she ever be right; but, right or wrong, my country!" Johnson's definition is less lofty, less poetic, and for this reason nearer to the truth: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel!"

Now comes Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt with a new definition of Patriotism. In a speech delivered recently at the Women's City Club she offered the following:

"We must teach children that it is not just to say your country is always right, or that it is always the greatest country in the world. Patriotism is the desire to make our country stand for all things you feel are right and to fight for that ideal."

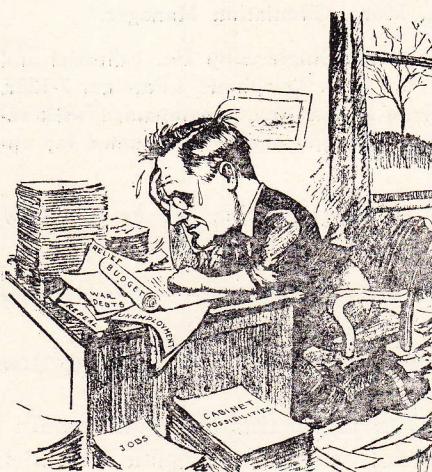
Mrs. Roosevelt is to be greatly admired for her courage in this restating the real essence of true Patriotism. Naturally many bigots will raise the hue and cry against her. But who can doubt that she is right? Hundreds of years to come her brave words will ring truer than they do today.

William Lloyd Garrison thought that his country was wrong in permitting slavery. He fought to right that wrong and went to jail. Lincoln died for his eagerness to right that wrong. Myriad examples could be furnished: Washington, Mazzini, Kossuth, Garibaldi: true patriots all, deeply in love with their country, devoted to her supreme interests, yet conscious of the fact that righteousness and greatness are no exclusive privileges of any single land or people.

Mr. Justice Holmes once said that it was no sign of disloyalty to the Constitution of the United States if one thought that it could be improved. Similarly it is not treason if one thinks that one's own country could be made a better place for all its people to live in.

But in practice the Decatur idea prevails. Mrs. Roosevelt may be considered a theorist, a dreamer. If so, she will be in the noble company of the choice and master spirits of all times. To-day's theories and dreams usually become to-morrow's realities.

(Continued on Page 223)



Just a Little Home Work

—From the *New York Times*

The Crisis of the System

By Gino Arias

THE crisis is one of the system. But the recognition of this truth does not mean the scientific restoration of the work of Karl Marx.

The historical conception of political economy is not his, but that of the historic German school; the Marxist theory of value is a tissue of errors and sophisms; historical materialism is fallen; collectivistic Messianism has met in Russia its decisive test and is losing ground daily, while everywhere the preaching of the thesis of "class war" has had its disastrous and admonitory effects. There remains perhaps the legitimate intuition of the capitalistic tendency toward the concentration of corporations and of the perils lurking beyond certain limits.

The crisis is one of the system, but it is not a crisis of private property and private initiative, that can be solved through collectivism, or through State socialism, unless as a brief and temporary experiment.

The disordered penetration of the State into economics, with empirical and oppressive legislation, has contributed toward aggravating the crisis: autarchy, with its prohibitions and its contingencies, threatens to bring us back to an economic Middle Ages.

Wealth is an instrument; it cannot be an end in itself. An economic and political order that aims at nothing else but the increase of wealth contains within itself the germs of its own destruction. Political economy will teach "the people and the sovereign" the means of enriching themselves, said Adam Smith, the father of economics as distinct from morals and politics. It is the supreme error from which all the other errors are derived; it is the negation of the function of wealth and therefore of the necessarily subor-

dinated position of economics in the order of the moral sciences.

Technical truths of fundamental importance have been discovered by economics in the last two centuries,

One of the consequences of the present world-wide depression has been the criticism voiced by many concerning the inability of democratic States to deal swiftly and effectively with the great problems now facing them, because of the fact that their hands are tied by electoral considerations. Concurrently, the present-day capitalistic structure is being examined with unusual closeness, and there are many who believe that the essentially capitalistic idea of "devil take the hindmost" can no longer be entertained, and that modern times necessitate a new basis to supplant the classic liberalism of the previous century.

There is indeed food for thought in these ideas, and in the following article, translated from the "Popolo d'Italia" of Milan, Gino Arias, a noted university professor of economics in Italy discusses the question and presents the solution offered by the Corporative State as it exists today in Italy.

and no one would think of repudiating them, but the erroneous principles inspired by the most sordid and unfortunate utilitarianism are losing ground today, and the crisis in the system presents two related and indissoluble aspects, the crisis in the economic order, and the crisis in the doctrines.

FOR this very reason it is vain to expect salvation from the old or the new socialism, born of the same liberal mentality and dominated by the same fatal conception of economics and wealth. Corporativism and socialism are antitheses, and this should never be forgotten. To produce more and more, to force consumption, to conquer all markets, was the ambition of private American capitalism

and the first origin of the crisis, or, better, one of its most manifest indices. The same applies to Soviet state capitalism with its Five Year Plan which now frightens nobody, because it is destroying itself. Always the same thought: enrichment as an end in itself.

The piling up of gold, notwithstanding the expenses and the harm deriving therefrom; to threaten others without using it oneself, to claim therefore, the credits necessary for war, or refuse its payment, and to hold and increase the volume of available gold. But of what use is gold if not as an instrument of production, as monetary capital? Of what use is production if not to satisfy the just needs of life, and hasn't the life of individuals and peoples future ends superior to simple material well-being? The upsetting of values is the ultimate cause of all moral, political and economic disturbances.

Economic relations among peoples are taking place in a warlike atmosphere, with the absurd proposal current of selling without buying, as though goods are not exchanged for goods. And meanwhile world commerce is falling headlong. It is being forgotten that international division of labor, even though it be contained within the limits imposed by historical and national necessities, is still the source of the greatest productive effectiveness. And thus the national cost of production, as an effect of this policy of progressive isolation, increases more and more, whereas it should be diminished to the maximum extent, to overcome the present terrible moment. Furthermore, well-known writers even find justification for protectionism in terms of theoretical economics. Protectionism is depicted as a sure source of enrichment, and thus the peoples are encouraged to divide

(Continued on Page 207)

What Price Technocracy?

By John A. Donato

REVIVED after it had apparently been forsaken and forgotten, Technocracy sprang into the international spotlight overnight, as it were, in an effort to solve the existing dilemma between overproduction and unemployment. It has continued to astound economists and to invite widespread criticism from many sources, despite the recent tendency toward a major schism among its sponsors at Columbia University.

Howard Scott, Chief Technocrat and director of the "Energy Survey of North America," floundered about for twelve years in the mazes of his pet doctrines, and then flatly predicted the end of man as a "beast of burden." He placed the blame entirely on our machine age in presenting what he termed Technocracy's fundamental assertions:

1. That energy could be made the sole coefficient or factor as a means of determining every complex physical fact of our system.

2. That, because of technical and scientific progress, man, as a working animal, would be rendered obsolescent; and likewise, money as a measure of value.

3. That only technologists, trained rigidly in Technocratic doctrines, could be trusted to manage the chaotic affairs of man—politicians, bankers, industrialists, soldiers, priests, etc., having failed to understand or master the new mechanical order.

The assertion, that the machine age had increased mankind's productive power beyond its capacity to absorb the flow of manufactured products, was nothing new. Practically every economist agreed. The main flow of criticism was directed against the Technocrats' denunciation of our present system of monetization; and, in like manner, against their too lavish dependence on statistics to prove their contentions.

In support of their theory the disciples of Technocracy boasted that

Probably one of the questions most current within recent months has been "What is Technocracy?", a question that, no matter how often answered, continues to be asked. The ideas inherent in the term "technocracy" have spread like wildfire throughout the country, and even abroad.

In the following article, the author presents the issue, stripped as much as possible of technical terms, with both its pros and cons. Mr. Donato, a student of technology and science, is a graduate of Columbia University.

not even had the systems of Karl Marx, or of any other socialism, advocated doing away entirely with monetary standards. On the other hand, it was their intention to wipe them out, setting up some unit of energy with which to measure labor and production. They suggested the substitution of the erg or kilowatt hour for the gold dollar. To lend to their doctrine additional force, they cited the invariability of such units, in contrast to the daily changing of the dollar with respect to buying power.

PURSUING its argument, Technocracy maintained that the present dollar is an arbitrary unit with no relation whatsoever to the "physical operation of our continent." The present price system, they insisted, operated so that wealth was produced only by the creation of debt. Consequently, when a man became a vast creditor, he was wealthy. He accumulated stocks, bonds, public and private obligations, and currency. These, as Technocracy defined them, were all forms of debt, but they did not represent commodities. They were, as a matter of fact, merely means of reinvestment which had to be paid by further production. Technocracy assailed the price system in that it created a vicious circle whereby payment of these debts necessitated increased production, which, in turn, was possible only

through the increase of machinery. Thus, the resultant depletion of the ranks of labor completed the circle by decreasing the power of consumption. So, the Technocrats argued, we were back at the beginning, after having run ourselves ragged; and we were accumulating what we considered property, but what was actually other peoples' indebtedness to us.

All this struck a sympathetic note, in that it had set its finger on the tender spot, but it nevertheless suggested no out-and-out practical method of curing the ailment. The Technocrats failed to specify, in their "energy determinations," precisely how we were to transport ergs, eat joules, or trade in coulombs. Was Mr. Everyman to walk the streets with a physics text under his arm and nothing in his stomach? Were we to trust in the supposed infallibility of their scientific tenets, while they promised nothing solid, choosing rather to shrug their shoulders when asked "What about it?" And there was quite an inquisitive chorus of indignant labor leaders, mildly amused literary men, startled psychologists, and churchmen.

Writing in the "Iron Age," John H. Van Deventer answered the charge of the depletion of the ranks of labor by displaying as a counter-charge "an occupational balance sheet," wherein he showed that 21 workers per 1000 who left the industries in 1929 placed themselves in other fields of endeavor, such as transportation, domestic and clerical service, and miscellaneous occupations. As a matter of fact, he argued, "there was a net gain of 4 workers per 1000 on the credit side of the employment balance sheet."

So Technocracy talk went on and on, with many friends of the machine replying to what they considered the unfounded condemnations of the scientists. President Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. of General

Moines actually suggested a progressive policy of research and invention in the face of the depression. Asked by Mr. Sloan whether they approved of his policy, 150 leaders in American life seemed completely to support his premise that "research, invention, improvement of labor-saving devices are more important to-day than ever before." Prof. Wilford I. King of New York University expressed the belief that "there can be no question but that every improvement which results in increasing the amount of utility obtainable from the expenditure of an hour's labor serves to increase the general welfare."

ALFRD E. Smith very optimistically remarked:

"Everything we use has been wearing out, and there is piling up a backlog of demand that must soon burst its bonds and be reflected in manufacturing. Those manufacturers who have stood tiptoe waiting for this to happen and have gone ahead in their research departments and in their laboratories to improve their product and to sell it cheaper are the ones who will first win the rewards of their foresight, their initiative, and their courage."

Combating the "menace-of-the-machine" idea in a series of editorials, one newspaper argued that in spite of the development of labor-saving machinery, "the ratio of general employment to population has been steadily maintained, and even increased, during the past half-century." According to this newspaper, it seemed that "some machines reduce employment, other machines create employment," and, "more employment is created than is destroyed by the machine," concluding that "the machine is moving onward, and it is always an instrument in the hands of man for his progress; never can it be his master."

Many contemporary leaders were of the opinion that Technocracy had made a real contribution to modern thought. They were inclined, however, to condemn Mr. Scott's methods in these words:

"He has gathered statistics from single units of ramified industries, principally continuous process industries, reduced them to charts, derived formulae from them, and declared that his formulae represent the actual trend of civilization."

Some writers were able to form



"Technocrazy"

—From the *Cleveland News*

humorous interpretations from Technocracy's blind faith in statistical figures. For example, one of them, in treating the technological advance of power looms in England 100 years ago statistically, found that by 1830 forty thousand workers could produce by the new technique as great a textile yardage as forty million persons could with hand methods.

"According to the logic of Technocracy, (which none may dispute), this created an unemployment of 39,960,000," he wrote, "which was about 19,000,000 more than actually lived in England at that time. Think of it—not only a complete 100 per cent unemployment, but 19,000,000 more out of work who had never been born."

"The picture of unborn children being unemployed," he concluded, "is too harrowing for further literary exploitation."

Simeon Strunsky, in the "New York Times," added to this attack on the Technocrats a most damaging article in which he showed amusement over the so-called machine-age "menace."

"Only three years ago," wrote

Mr. Strunsky, "many of us thought the machine a menace because it made men too prosperous. The machine catered so well to our bodily needs that it was in danger of destroying our souls. Three short years, and the menace of the machine is envisaged in terms of want and poverty."

In concluding, Mr. Strunsky did not think that the Technocrats had proved their assertion that our present economic system is doomed by the machine. He felt that Technocracy owed much of its popularity to "the terrific impact of its enormously inflated statistics upon the frayed nerves of a sick world."

WHATEVER the contentions on either side, it was evident throughout the course of the controversy that the layman would put no great stock in the theoretical hodgepodge. As it stood, Technocracy was inimical to all mankind's doctrines of individualism. What it proposed was akin to a subordination of the mind and spirit to the purely physical. On no account could man suffer the mere appellation of "beast of burden." So much theory would not serve to ameliorate his woes. What did Technocracy benefit man in pointing out the vicious circle of machinery and gold, when it failed to suggest a definite method of upsetting the revolution of that circle?

However, Technocracy was not too hastily condemned, except for its tendency to mathematical errors and discrepancies in its treatment of statistics. It was the consensus of opinion that Technocracy had, in spite of some impractical suggestions, pointed out the need for concerted and constructive thought and action. The least it had done was to arouse the world to a realization of the problems confronting it. It was widely believed that this latest storm center of a topsy-turvy economic system would prove the impetus toward a newer and broader perspective of existing conditions; toward a truer activity, bent on accomplishing something useful to offset the lethargic wanderings of the past decade.

The Art of the Book in Italy

By *Franco Ciarlantini*

In speaking in the United States of the Italian art of the Book, my task is made easier by the thought that you already have here in America over 14,000 volumes printed in the fifteenth century, and that you have been able to secure twenty copies of the *Polifilo* by Aldo Manuzio and five of *San Girolamo* printed at Ferrara by Rossi in 1497. America thus has evidence in many documents, that a large part of the merit of bringing the book to beauty belongs to Italy.

It might have been expected that by substituting typographical decoration for the patient and painstaking workmanship of the copyists and the previous work of the illuminators, a book would lose the beauty which the manuscript possessed. It might have seemed that the printing press was nothing but a practical discovery, a revolution in speed, having an indefinite potentiality of output, but not taking into account the artistic values and the aspiration to beauty which have formed the very substance of the Italian soul throughout all epochs. But the result, instead, has turned out to be a union of art and technique, of spirituality and practicality, and it was out of this union that there grew a veritable typographical glory in Italy—a glory with which Italy may be more than satisfied without disputing the one-time mooted question as to the priority of the mechanical invention.

It would, in fact, be somewhat naive, at this date, to dispute the claims of Germany in that field. Concerning this invention, as concerning every prodigious realization of genius, legends have grown with the years, as have accusations. The attempt has been made to throw Gutenberg from his pedestal by accusing him of having stolen the movable types from the Dutch inventor Coster, one Christmas night,

and then taking them to Mainz. Another legend has its origin in a seventeenth century chronicle, to the effect that the original invention was made by an Italian physician, Panfilo Castaldi de Feltre, who was the victim of robbery by a German. But it would now be as futile to enter into a controversy on the subject, as it is unnecessary to state that recent scholarly researches made in Germany have quite firmly established the claims for Gutenberg.

WHEN one recalls that after many efforts to give Columbus a native land other than his own, certain historians are now trying to wrest from him even the glory of having discovered America, it does

not seem extraordinary that a dispute should wax hot over the prodigious discovery of Gutenberg.

Italy grants to Germany, without envy or jealousy, her contribution to civilization of the movable printing types, as well as the merit of having sent to our Peninsula her master printers. The first printed books that appeared in Italy were almost all printed by Germans established in Venice, Rome, Naples, and some smaller cities.

But the Italian book has had, since the very beginning, a special character of its own which can be very easily recognized. If one compares the books of that period printed in Italy with those that appeared at the same time in Germany, or a little later in France, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, England, or Hungary, one is struck by characteristic differences, especially by that of a definitely superior esthetic quality. So evident is it, that one cannot refrain from asking why Italian typography, at that time a purely foreign work, should, from an artistic point of view, present this superiority.

The answer is not difficult to find. The same refining phenomenon took place in printing, that took place in the people themselves when the hordes which caused the fall of the Roman Empire invaded the country; that is, an absorption of the spirit of serene harmonious beauty which is diffused by the very earth and sky of Italy. We are, of course, not ignorant of the fact that historical facts are set forth to prove the reverse, to claim that the invasions brought fresh blood to Italy, and instead of being absorbed themselves, gave new ethnical and moral force to Italy. But even if this be granted, the fact still remains indisputable that in exchange for a force and vigor brought to Italy, the invaders received the gifts of grace, of science, of a harmonious language, of a



Franco Ciarlantini

new feeling for nature and for life itself. It was the birth of this feeling which gave to art the great Albrecht Dürer after his stay in Italy, and which brought to flower many other masters in France and in Flanders.

And so it came about that the German master printers, while introducing among us the technical knowledge of typography, at the same time acquired from us a spirit that transformed their work and made them artists. In the Italian climate typography had to superimpose upon its utilitarian purpose an esthetic appearance. And thus a marvellous concurrence of little things, an imperceptible transformation wrought by minute innovations, all worked together to render the book beautiful.

While in the beginning there was a kind of compromise, or rather, we may say, a fruitful collaboration between the new and old period, between the printer and the hand worker, yet for the latter the privilege of decorating the pages, and especially the initials, was reserved.

BUT the beauty of the first Italian books cannot be attributed to this alliance of machine and intelligence. The books *Cicero* and *Il Lattanzio de Subiaco* are real works of art, like the Venetian paleotypes of Jenson and Vindelio da Spira, as are the Neapolitan ones by Morovo. These are works of art in the strictly typographical sense, without taking into account the beauty of ornaments and illustrations. Italian influence permeates the taste of the artists, while at the same time the beginning of Humanism molds its gradual development.

From the carefully studied proportions between the margin of the sheet and the symmetry of its typographic body, from the clever combinations of the color, tones, and the ink (at times warmer, at other times colder), from these minute elements which give an idea not only of the very painstaking mosaical work involved, but of the infinite love with which the new art was practised from its beginning, there stands out something comparable to one of those simple architectural orders of which Leonardo said it was easier to produce one than to define the essence. "Those well accomplished and perfect works seem the product of heaven, and you do not even wish to inquire as to how they were made."

So we find that the German typographers who came to Italy were already printing artistic works, while their confreres who had remained in Germany were still putting forth just ordinary books. It was in Italy that Gutenberg's invention took an artistic form. In the monasteries the pa-

printed on their papers and do honor to their workmanship.

Naturally the introduction of printing augmented greatly the importance of paper; Val d'Elsa, Salo', La Riviera di Amalfi, not only supplied it, but continually perfected the product, and adapted the mixture and coloring to the exigencies of printing.

The author of the following article, Hon. Franco Ciarlantini, is one of the best known of Italian literary men, as well as a member of the Italian Parliament. Editor of "Augustea," one of the more important Italian monthly magazines, he is also the author of "Incontro col Nord America" and "Il Paese delle Stelle," both of which books concern the Italians in this country, and are based on extensive visits. He is also President of the Federazione Nazionale Fascista Industria Editoriale, which is the association of publishers in Italy, as well as President of the Permanent Italian Book Exhibition, Inc. in New York City, which represents the Italian publishers in this country. Mr. Ciarlantini was in this country recently on publishing business, having come over on the Conte di Savoia's maiden trip. "The Art of the Book in Italy" was written especially for Atlantica.

tient copyists were replaced by monks who learned typography, but the latter, in a way, transferred to the new method the ancient skill and perfection and the taste to harmonize and adorn which had been lavished upon the manuscript books, and thus gave to the world many precious jewels of the printed art.

To the esthetic value of the mechanical discovery, some purely foreign types have contributed. Also it is not too much to say that an element in the substantial superiority of the Italian book may be accounted for by the beautiful papers produced in Italy.

On this point it is well to remember what Briguet wrote in his scholarly book, *Papier et Filigranes*: "Italy competes with Spain not in the priority of the invention but in the manufacture of the paper. More fortunate than her rival, Italy has been able to develop her industry considerably and to maintain it in prosperity for many years."

The industry of paper making is very old in Italy. Paper makers plied their trade in the Ligurian Riviera in 1235, and in the second half of the same century those of Fabriano were already renowned. The most famous ancient documents that we possess today are

EVER since that time Italy has had beautiful papers on which the types do not become deformed, but seem to rest lightly, maintaining all the tone of the ink. In these delicate shades, and in an exquisite nicety of size, lies the secret which made of the printed book a work of art no less than is a painting or a statue or one of those marvels of jewelry which form another glory of Italian genius.

The iridescent play of light which Italy kindled in the spirit of her artisans must be taken as a positive factor in an analysis of this new beauty. An expert eye can follow step by step the progressive elevation by which the productions of the period became works of art. Italian printing went on its artistic way with a rapidity and a warmth of feeling that are nothing short of marvelous. Gutenbeg's discovery came to us in our period of rebirth, and then, with us, had itself a new birth, just as had the modes of thinking and living and styles and customs.

The most important of the great technical changes was the adaptation to the printed book of the Roma alphabet, still used by most civilized peoples, and which, because of its clearness, logically imposes itself in the peoples who have not yet adopted it. The printers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries studied the manuscript books and derived their types therefrom. Such was the manner in which Schweinheim and Pannartz obtained their types. For the *Lattanzio*, a lower case type in Carolina, existing in the library of the Benedictine Monastery, was used. The French Jenson, from the *Alta Marna*, deduced his magnificent "rotondi" and his "lapidari" from many specimens of humanistic writings which abounded in Venice; in fact, all the foreign printers who had been called to the Italian courts found in Italy a mine of types which they exploited.

Our "Risorgimento" had already at that time created esthetic exigencies of a high order. The purely mechanical book, that is, the book

printed with the sole object of working fast, economically, and producing in large numbers, could not be well accepted in the new atmosphere of refinement in which artists and doctors were striving to give expression to a higher form of life, not only in thought but in actual practice.

And precisely on account of this idealistic fervor, and because of the fact that Italy offered so many marvelous models to all who had eyes to see and an open soul to appreciate, the foreign artists found there the instruments which were necessary for their own perfection.

* * *

WE have impressive evidence of the influence of manuscripts on the birth and development of the artistic book. But we must add that this influence was not only natural but inevitable because of the vigorous impulse that beautiful writing had already received in Italy and which surpassed even the impulse given by miniatures. The scribes had nationalized their writing by creating the semi-gothic letter with soft and elegant curves. This letter, which appeared in Tuscany in the fourteenth century, and later became more refined and modernized until it became assimilated into the Carolina, represented a model prepared in anticipation of the typographical types. This letter was in fact clearer and more restful than the real Gothic, which had that blinding contract of very fine and very heavy strokes which brings the various letters too close together and implies too great a number of shortened forms. It was very natural, therefore, that the semi-gothic letter harmonized better with the serene, artistic, Italian ideals, and was therefore adopted by the Italian typographers.

Upon considering these facts, we are logically forced to conclude that the printing press not only surpassed but also absorbed the art of writing, incorporating and spiritualizing the mechanical and industrial process. Typography, as it was understood and practiced in Italy, represented in this sense a marvelous union of the tool and of the brain, of the dynamic force of the machine and of human sentiment.

Whoever is familiar with manuscripts, recognizes at once in the earliest Italian books this union from which issued art. Even if one is not a specialist, even if one cannot experience the subtle es-

thetic pleasure of a bibliophile, it is nevertheless impossible to admire a beautiful Italian incunabulum without having brought to mind the manuscript from which it was derived. For example, it is impossible to examine the manuscript of the Mediceo-Laurenziana of Florence which gave so much love and spirit to Guido Biagi, without thinking of those flowery Venetian printers with German names but Italian souls, who produced, for instance, *L'Appiano* of 1477, one of the best made books wrought by Italian printers and one which must be considered as a marvelous imitation of the manuscript of the Sibaldini School.

In New York, in the splendid library of Henry E. Huntington, is to be found a perfect specimen of the *Appiano*. Perhaps it would be sufficient to show only this one book to convince anyone that there really exists a typographical art born in Italy, and nourished on what the Italian copyists left us witness to their deep love for the humble and superb work to which they devoted their lives.

To repeat: as soon as printing came to Italy, the copyist put himself in contact with the spirit of the printer in order to make him a gift of charm and elegance, for the artist-scribe was fully conscious of his duty to conserve the beauty of the old, and to hand down not only the legacy of antiquity but also of all the successive periods with their treasures of wisdom and genius. The artist must always conserve and hand on, and not only in a worthy form, but also in a form commensurate with its own artistic manifestation and with the manifestations of the life of its particular time. The chest for the brides' trousseau was then a work of art, every humblest ornament was imbued with beauty, as was every utensil, even to those used in the kitchen, every detail of construction, even every trifling accessory of a costume.

In the climate of Italy printing could therefore not be an exception to the rule that forced every line of endeavor to converge toward an artistic ideal. Thus the printers were obliged to rise to the artistic mentality of the scribes, and the transfusion of the beauty of the manuscripts into the printed books came about.

AND once started on this road, the printing press had necessarily to produce in the century which

followed its origin, works of invaluable refinement. The impulses in this direction were gradually multiplied up to that decisive one given by the illustrators, which added to the book all the charm and elegance which had already made the manuscript so graceful. Even in this special matter Italians greatly differed from the foreigners. In fact, Italians understood that the printed book could not be illustrated in a miniature fashion and that the mechanical transformation, although utilizing the traditional values, imposed a decorative transformation, while the foreigners, up to the time when Dürer applied his genius to the book, maintained themselves rigidly bound to miniature.

The prevalence of an architectural concept in decorating the book contributed much to the preëminence of Italian typography, which is completely based on proportions.

The decorative harmony of the *Polifilo*, of *S. Girolamo*, of *Terrone*, was possible because the Italian illustrators kept themselves within just limits, did not invade fields which did not belong to them, and thus restrained themselves from excesses.

The form and appearance of an Italian book are in themselves beautiful, yet they never overshadow the text or overstep in importance the limits of accessories.

If such a comparison were in place here, it would be an easy matter to establish the relationship between the Gothic, which is all purity of strokes, and the so-called "flamboyant" Gothic, in which the decoration obscures the line. This Gothic, a foreign importation, became serenely Italianized in Florence, in Siena, and in Orvieto, and from its severe and slightly rude spirit of Romanic architectural form, the harmonious vision of the school of Pisano was born. Sober and chastised, this beautification of the book assumed in Italy a very particular and absolutely superior artistic character.

The beginning of the art of printing must be considered in this fashion in order to understand its character. And in this light its revocation is no longer a simple, pleasing flight of thought along the time-paths by which it has passed; perhaps it may not, on the other hand, be called a study in science, but it is at least a scholarly and enchanting pastime.

Italian and American Medical Schools

AN ANSWER TO A RECENT RULING

By *Federico Mortati*

A FEW months ago the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of New York promulgated a rule summarily excluding from the medical licensing examinations in this State, graduates from the medical schools of France, Italy and some other countries of Southern Europe.

The rule apparently has been based on statistics compiled by the office of the Medical Board, which show that of all the students graduating from Italian medical schools and examined by the State Board of Medical Examiners of the State of New York, 75% fail to pass the first time they take the licensing examination. (Eventually, of course, after other examinations, practically all of them pass.) The same statistics show that of all the German graduates examined, over 46% fail to pass. The French and Mexican failures amount to 50% and 76% respectively. From such figures, it has been deduced that the European medical institutions impart training that is far inferior to the standard set by this State for those who wish to practice medicine here. And, acting upon this conclusion, a supposedly remedial measure was enacted to preserve the sanctity and purity of this State's medical profession.

We may accept such statistics; yet it can be proved to the satisfaction of any fair and open minded individual that the conclusions are erroneous and misleading; that, after all, the medical schools of continental Europe are not so crude, nor in such a hopeless state of decomposition as the State Board of Medical Examiners would have one believe; and that the students graduating from such schools are not so devoid of medical education as to justify a measure so radical and offensive as that taken by the State Board.

Our contention is that the high percentage of European doctors failing in the medical examinations

of the State of New York is mainly due to their ignorance of the English language.

Everyone will certainly concede that a fair command of the English language is necessary for the deciphering and correct understanding of the intricate examination

This article is only part of a vigorous protest sent by Mr. Mortati to the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of New York, when the rule therein discussed was first announced. Besides such protest, Mr. Mortati at the same time started a movement among his friends which resulted in a flood of telegrams of protest to Albany. He also took up the matter with Governor Roosevelt, Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, the Italian Ambassador in Washington, D. C., and the Italian Consul in New York City. The activities of those who took an interest in the matter, including the author, induced the State Board to consent to a reconsideration of the problem and an equitable revision of the rule.

paper confronting the European medical student at the licensing examination.

It is an undeniable fact that most of the European doctors take the examination in this State within six months or a year after their arrival in this country. Ninety-nine out of a hundred know comparatively little English when they arrive here, and no one will seriously contend that they can master the language in the short period of time just mentioned. The State Board of Medical Examiners has within easy reach the examination papers written by these doctors, which fully bear out this contention. From a mere cursory glance at those papers, it can see that the English is comparable to that of an American who has attended school but a few years. Yet we all know that in such examinations, power of expression is of the very essence. The examination papers of the German and Italian

doctors and of all those coming from non-English speaking countries, are replete with errors in spelling, grammar, composition and general expression. They irritate and exasperate the examiner and place him in a frame of mind that is indeed of ill-omen to the unfortunate applicants. Nevertheless, by our system of examination, such a paper is the sole, the exclusive exponent of the personality of the candidate and the revelation of his medical patrimony.

BUT, what makes the rule obnoxious and offensive is the positive suggestion of discrimination that becomes more apparent when the statistics are carefully analyzed. They show that over 46% of the German doctors taking the licensing examination fail to pass, yet the rule does not exclude them, while it does exclude the French and Italian doctors.

The statistics of the State Board of Medical Examiners, if taken as genuinely informative, would indicate that the Italian medical schools and the Italian doctors are inferior or equal to the Mexican medical schools and the Mexican doctors, since 75% of the Italian doctors taking the licensing examination in this State fail to pass, while of the Mexican doctors taking the same examination 76% fail.

How can any one contend that the universities of Rome, Naples, Padua and Bologna of Italy, and Paris and Lille of France to mention only a few of each country, which have almost a millennium of history, and which have contributed and are contributing to medical science a very large number of its makers and masters, are inferior or even equal to the universities of the comparatively young Mexican nation? Yet, this is exactly what one must conclude if the statistics which governed the State Board of Medical Examiners in the adoption

of the exclusionary rule are to be considered as truly representative of the facts.

A comparison between students graduating from German medical schools and students graduating from the medical schools of Ireland, leads to the same conclusion. According to the statistics compiled by the office of the State Board 46% of the former fail in the licensing examination, while of the latter, only 11% fail. If such statistical study is to be given the full face value that the Board has unjustly given it, and if it is to be taken as the index of the comparative fitness and learning of the doctors just mentioned, we must take it to be a fact that the doctors from Ireland are greatly superior, very greatly superior to the German doctors.

But can anyone who can read, and who has read, accept this verdict without parading his ignorance, or without exhibiting patent intellectual dishonesty? Any Encyclopaedia or elementary treatise in medicine tells the story of the great progress and present high position of Germany in the field of modern medicine. If anyone should feel inclined to dispute this just let him remember that every year, hundreds of American doctors go to Germany in order to complete their medical education. Even Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, last summer went to Germany for a three months' course in medicine.

In appraising the scholastic attainments of the foreign medical students, the Board has been guided entirely by the results of recent licensing examinations. But examination statistics, to be truly informative and reliable, must have their basis in conditions that afford equality to all participants. But can there be such equality in the present instance? The students graduating from American medical schools are undoubtedly in a position superior to that of their foreign colleagues as they proceed to take the licensing examination. They have a pretty accurate idea of the encounters they are about to face. The general technique and the method of questioning are vital matters with which they are familiar. For four years the American medical student is taught not medicine only, but he is, in addition, constantly reminded of the fact that there is a licensing examination awaiting him, and he is accordingly trained and prepared

for it. He is prepared to pass an examination given in the English language, according to the American system and rules, in an American environment, and not in the language, system and environment of Germany, Italy or Turkey.

Nor is this all;—there are other ways in which the American student has an advantage over the foreign doctors which have nothing to do with knowledge of medicine. Students graduating from American medical schools take the licensing examination piece meal,—on the installment plan—so to say. They take the examination in two parts, one half after the first two years of study, and the other half at the end of the fourth year, when they graduate from medical school. Thus, on one hand, we have the American candidate, master of the language, familiar with, trained and tried in the examination system of the country, warned and prepared on what to expect, and with only one half of the examination to contend with, while, on the other hand, we have his foreign colleague, ignorant of the language and the system, in the dark as to what will be expected of him, and with the entire examination before him at once. With this picture in mind, is there any doubt why only 5% of the American doctors taking the licensing examination fail to pass, while the percentage of failures among the foreign doctors runs from 11 to 100 per cent?

When the new regulation which forms the target of this article was made known to the public, the State Board of Medical Examiners sought to explain and justify its action with the following statement:

"There are now about 2,000 American students enrolled in 37 foreign medical schools whose standards are considerably below those which we require of the medical colleges in the State of New York. About 90% of these students are from New York. Our experiences with the great bulk of these students are that something should be done to protect the standards we try to maintain here. A large proportion of these students are comprised of those who have been unable to qualify for entrance in the accredited New York Medical Colleges, and have gone abroad with the hope of meeting our requirements by study at some school whose standards are not

believed by the Board to be equal to those set in this State. It has been our experience that about 75% of all the students from Italian medical schools examined by the Board fail in these examinations. About 50% of the French students also fail."

THE portion of this statement pertaining to Italy is absolutely erroneous and therefore misleading, since the migratory movement of American students to that country began only a few years ago. These students have not as yet completed their medical studies and therefore have not yet returned to take the licensing examinations. A high official authority has informed the writer that only four American students graduated from Italian medical schools during 1931, one from the University of Bologna and three from the University of Rome. It is really astounding and shocking to note the inaccurate and careless manner in which information is disseminated to the world by public officials, who are supposed to be accurate and responsible in their public utterances. The figure having reference to Italy, must, of necessity, have been compiled in connection with examination papers submitted by Italian doctors, natives of Italy, who had been in this country but a short time when they took the New York licensing examinations. They were under all the disadvantages and handicaps above discussed, and it is no wonder that so large a number failed to pass.

If the State Board had waited but a few years more before acting, the examination papers of the Americans now studying in Italy would supply more correct and more informative data, and a rule based upon such data would be just and fair, and not unjust and unfair such as the one now enacted.

The evident public policy of this State is in favor of limiting the number of physicians practising within our community. The Board, in promulgating the rule under discussion, seemingly acted in accordance with this policy. But did the ruling effect real and equitable limitation? The answer is plainly in the negative, since the rule does not proscribe those foreign medical schools wherein the great majority of the American medical students are enrolled. Of the two thousand or more students who are now studying in foreign

medical schools, even less than one quarter of them are enrolled in the medical schools of the countries that have been barred. Therefore, the measure substantially fails as a limitation, while clearly manifesting discrimination as its primary purpose. Indirectly it seeks to resurrect the fantastic and long discredited theory of Nordic superiority.

The recent numerous and vigorous protests, especially by American citizens of Italian extraction, induced the State Board of Medical Examiners to re-consider its action and modify the rule. But even as modified, the rule still remains offensive and discriminatory. According to the amended regulations, medical students matriculated in the medical schools of France, Italy, and a few small countries, prior to January 1, 1933, will be admitted to the New York medical licensing examination. Students matriculating in such schools, subsequent to January 1, 1933, will not be admitted to the New York licensing examination, unless such schools in the meantime secure full recognition by the New York State Educational Department.

STATED differently, the amended regulation amounts to this: the medical schools of England, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Hungary and other small countries, without question or hesitation are given a clean bill of health, a certificate of graduation, while the medical schools of France, Italy, Greece, Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland must humbly submit to investigation, examination and probably a period of probation. The famous centers of learning of France and of Italy must appear before the Board of Medical Examiners of this State and plead for recognition and admission within the family of "learned" communities.

Legislation such as the rule enacted by the State Medical Examiners, unshorn of its discriminatory character even by the amendment just discussed, is clearly and palpably odious and indefensible. By setting one racial group against another, it de-Americanizes, instead of Americanizing, our foreign born element. Though local and limited in its application, it causes international friction and hard feeling, for it runs counter to world custom and world policy. It lowers the ancient and honored medical profession to

the level of a mere business by interposing against doctors every obstacle, every impediment, that is usually interposed against undesired articles of merchandise sought to be exported into this country by foreign nations. It clearly and definitely stamps the foreign doctor as a "persona non grata," in these United States of ours, the land of the "brave and the free."

Any one who is familiar with modern medicine must of necessity be familiar with men such as Mondino, Malpighi, Da Vinci, Acquapendente, Borelli, Spallanzani, Galvani, Morgagni and Valsava, each of whom has been the beacon and master in some branch of modern medicine.

It was at Salerno, Italy, as early as the latter part of the 10th Century that the seeds of the great developments of modern medicine were sown by the opening of the first medical school of modern times. During the three or four centuries following, the influence of Salerno spread all over Europe and attracted such wide attention that medical science was made a living reality. It was during this fortuitous period that many of the famous Italian universities now upon the "proscribed" list of this State were founded. The university of Bologna was founded in the 11th century; the universities of Naples, Padua and Pavia, in the 12th century; of Florence, Pisa and Siena, in the 13th century; and many of the others were established shortly thereafter.

THese universities became the sanctuaries of medicine. Students and medical scientists from every part of the world converged to Italy in order to come into personal contact with the elevating and enriching influence of the Italian schools, and the inspiring force of the Italian medical masters. And thus, we find that the Englishman, Harvey, before becoming famous as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, studied in the University of Padua from the year 1599 to 1602, and it was there that he received his M. D. While in Italy, his tutor was Acquapendente, the great anatomist we have referred to. Guy de Chauliae, too, the great French surgeon, studied in the University of Bologna, under the guidance and tutelage of Bertucci. Vesalius, the Flemish, at the age of 21 years went to Italy to study anatomy. He remained there for 20 years. In the Universities of

Padua, Bologna and Pisa, he received the training, the knowledge and the inspiration that made him the greatest anatomist of the world. These great foreigners and many others are the product of Italian tutelage. In Italy they rose to the heights of the environment. They have repeatedly acknowledged their deep obligation to the Italian medical schools and the Italian masters.

The hospitality of Italy has never known any bounds. In the medical schools of Salerno there were Jews among the students and even on the professorial staff, in times when the Jewish race were being persecuted throughout the entire world and were being barred from all advantages and privileges. In the year 1158, to protect foreign students from overreaching landlords, Frederick Barbarossa issued a decree ("Authentica Habita"), wherein the landlords were prevented from increasing rent to foreign students and from dispossessing them.

During the Middle Ages, when Italy was the only nation where scientific teaching could be had and scientific research could be made, the country was deluged with foreign students, seeking the opportunity to imbibe some of the knowledge that was being imparted by Italian teachers. There were many foreign students, who, upon reaching Italy, found themselves without funds to pay the small fee charged by the schools, while others found themselves entirely destitute. As a result of this condition, in 1326, the College of Brescia was founded for the benefit of poor foreign students without distinction as to race or nationality.

THese facts and these examples, picked at random, exemplify most vividly the depth and tenderness of feeling of the Italian people. Such acts of hospitality and generosity are indeed brought into high relief, they become historical deeds of insuperable moral value and show the Italian people in their true perspective when they are compared to the rule of the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of New York, and to the other rule of the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Doak, which prohibits foreign students enrolled in American educational institutions from seeking employment, to earn a few dollars and pay their way through, while pursuing their studies in this country.

(Continued on Page 217)



Ildebrando
Pizzetti

*Two of the noted
Italian composers
who signed the
manifesto assail-
ing modern music*

Ottorino
Respighi

A



Protest Against Modern Music

TEN LEADING ITALIAN COMPOSERS
ISSUE A MANIFESTO

In the following declarations the undersigned musicians do not presume or pretend to assume gladiatorial poses and subversive attitudes. It is true that actions of this kind have always come to this, or at this have aimed. There is not in the Italy of today, however, any reason for such attempts. On the other hand, it is not our custom to create little congregations and followings for this or that esthetic purpose, or to constitute artistic groups for mutual flattery, and then proceed in little, so-called vanguard platoons toward real or imagined trenches to be taken by assault.

Nevertheless, a point of spiritual contact and common interest there must be, and there is, among men of good will and in good faith, who are not indifferent to the artistic destinies of their country. Admitting this, and reserving for each signer the fullest personal liberty in point of artistic aims and conceptions, there could be no delay in arriving at an agreement for a demonstration of collective faith. To wait for time to render justice and to reach automatically an extolling

Ten of the most noted Italian composers threw musical Italy into an uproar recently with a sharply worded manifesto against modern music. The signers are all well-known in this country, where their musical compositions have been played by the leading symphonic orchestras. It was the eminence of the signers that lent importance to the manifesto, the text of which we reproduce below, translated from the Italian.

The signers of the manifesto were Ottorino Respighi, Giuseppe Mulè, Ildebrando Pizzetti, Riccardo Zandonai, Guido Zuffellato, Alberto Gasco, Alceo Toni, Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, Guido Guerrini and Gennaro Napoli.

of the truth as against loathed error, is to pacify ourselves with a Mohammedan passivity that is not consonant with our times.

The great hullabaloo over the various artistic specifications that, it is said, would cure our musical ills is now too great and fed by too many. We have reached a point where, if we did not step in to have this confusion ended, it would mean that there is no more

love of country and virile sentiment.

This is not to say that much has not been accomplished, as to faith and expectancy, by the most audacious attempts at artistic revolution. All the esthetic credos that were to upset the traditional canons have been brought out and put into practice.

Our world has been assailed, it can be said, by all the squalls of the boldest futuristic concepts. The watchword really aimed at the destruction of every old and formerly-held artistic ideal. The visioned art was to appear, and be, in perfect contradiction to the art which until recently had been listened to and honored. Any attempt at novelty was accepted so long as it had not been heard of before, if born of the instinct or exalted by the mind. Everything was good so long as it was unthought of and unthinkable.

What have we gained by it?

Of the atonal and many-tonal trumpetings, of the objectivism and the expressionism that has been made of it, what has remained?

In the musical world, more than

elsewhere, there reigns indeed the Biblical confusion of Babel. For twenty years the most diverse and disparate tendencies have been lumped together in a continual and chaotic revolution. We are still at the stage of "tendencies" and "experiments," and no one knows to what definitive affirmations and to what safe ways they may lead.

The public, confused by the clamor of so many extraordinary apologies, intimidated by many very profound and very sapient programs of esthetic reform, no longer knows which voice to listen to or which way to follow; frequently it does not succeed very well in understanding or in seeing all that assails the ear and eye.

On the other hand, there has infiltrated into the spirit of young musicians a sense of comfortable rebellion to the secular and fundamental canons of art. The school, for them, cannot and does not give any standard that can serve as an artistic text. There are no masters to bow down to, especially the latest to have triumphed in all the orchestra pits of the world.

THE future of Italian music does not appear to be safe, except as it is subservient to the music of foreign countries. At the most, following even here a foreign manner which practices musical humanism for the lack of a tradition to follow, some people think only contemplatively of our distant musical centuries. Above all, however, the romanticism of the last century is being opposed and fought. This is the great enemy. The obstacle over which the new musicians stumble would seem to

come from their ventures... The masterpieces of this century would seem to represent the ballast with which the musical imaginations of our people are loaded, and the impediment, therefore, in the way of rising into the great open blue spaces on the part of the ultra-modern explorers.

The public must free itself from the state of intellectual subjection that paralyzes its free emotional impulses. We must emancipate the young people from the error in which they are living; bestow on them the sense of artistic discipline, although at the same time freely permitting every legitimate lyrical expansion.

To them, in a special way, is this manifesto addressed, and not to arouse base reactions and mischievous aversions. We know that the rhythm of life is a continual movement that does not, like that of art, halt, and that the adaptation, therefore, of one to the other is forever going on. The conquests of life and art do not take place by leaps and bounds: they are not improvisations or wholly original creations. A spiritual chain binds the past to the future.

For this reason, nothing in our musical past do we feel we should deny, nor do we. Nothing of that past is unworthy of the artistic spirit of our race, nothing is foreign to it. The Gabriellis and the Monteverdes; the Palestrinas and the Frescobaldis, the Corellis, the Scarlattis, the Paisiellos, the Cimarosas, the Rossinis, the Verdis and the Puccinis are various and different branches of the same tree: they are the brilliant many-voiced flowering of Italian musicality.

THE CRISIS OF THE SYSTEM

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themselves more and more each day. At least the classic liberalism predicated the economic union of peoples, even if it was without regard for the profound differences of historic order, with excessive solicitude for the strong to the disadvantage of the weak and with too much tenderness for the British economy of that time. There came forth, in contraposition to British liberalism, German protectionism, American protectionism, then that of other countries, but it cannot be denied that pre-war protectionism was less blind and more equilibrated than present protectionism. Today it is absolute, dogmatic, unconditional, without the least criterion of

gradation and of selection. It is economic nonsense, always with the false idea of an increase in one's own wealth to the total disadvantage of that of others.

It is hardly necessary to say that the word "justice," in economic relationships, has no longer any significance. We continue to follow the teachings of utilitarianistic political economy, with the difference that no one believes any longer in the spontaneous coinciding of the self-interest of each with the well-being of all, and in the poetic-economic harmonies of Adam Smith and Frederick Bastiat. But the school of self-interest, against which rose our own Mazzini in the name

Yes, even of Verdi and Puccini we like to believe ourselves and desire to be the direct descendants.

The charge of rhetoric and over-emphasis which certain ultra-esthetes hurl against them does not frighten us. Rhetoric for rhetoric, we prefer the sentimental to the cultural.

We are against the so-called objective music, which as such would seem to present only sound taken by itself, without the living expression of the animating breath that creates it. We are against this art which cannot have and does not have any human content and desires to be merely a mechanical demonstration and a cerebral puzzle.

AS Italians of our times, with a war won—the first of our modern national unity—with a revolution in process that reveals once again the immortality of the Italian genius and spirit, and fosters and galvanizes our every virtue, we feel the beauty of the era in which we live, we will sing it in its tragic moments as well as in its flaming days of glory.

The romanticism of yesterday, which was the patrimony of all our great men, and is life itself in action, in joy and in sorrow, will also be the romanticism of tomorrow, if it is true that history unfolds its threads consequentially and does not go astray or mark time in the manner of Sisyphus. (Editor's note: Sisyphus was a fraudulent, avaricious king of Corinth, whose task in the world of shades is to roll a huge stone to the top of a hill, and fix it there. It so falls out that the stone no sooner reaches the hill-top than it bounds down again.)

of the duties of man and the better nations, has borne all its fruits.

AFTER this it cannot be doubted that the crisis is one of the whole system. The crisis is a moral one and even a political one, but the first of these aspects prevails over the second.

Furthermore the political crisis derives, first of all, from the voluntary abandonment of certain criteria, of certain immutable truths, of every concept of justice, for example in international and external economic relationships. Then too, the political crisis manifests itself

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Property

A SHORT STORY

By Giovanni Verga

Translated by D. H. Lawrence

THE traveller passing along by the Lake of Lentini, stretched out there like a piece of dead sea, and by the burnt-up stubble-fields of the Plain of Catania, and the evergreen orange-trees of Francoforte, and the grey cork-trees of Resecone, and the deserted pasture-lands of Passanetto and of the Passinatello, if ever he asked, to while away the tedium of the long dusty road, under the sky heavy with heat in the hour when the litter-bells ring sadly in the immense campagna, and the mules let their heads and tails hang helpless, and the litter-driver sings his melancholy song so as not to be overcome by the malaria-sleep, "Whom does the place belong to?" was bound to get for answer, "To Mazzaro." And passing near to a farmstead as big as a village, with store barns that looked like churches, and crowds of hens crouching in the shade of the big well, and the women putting their hands over their eyes to see who was going by: — "And this place?" — "To Mazzaro." And you went on and on, with the malaria weighing on your eyes, and you were startled by the unexpected barking of a dog, as you passed an endless, endless vineyard, which stretched over hill and plain, motionless, as if the dust upon it were weighing it down, and the watchman, stretched out face downwards with his gun beneath him, beside the valley, raised his head sleepily to see who it might be. "To Mazzaro." — Then came an olive grove thick as a wood, under which the grass never grew, and the olive-gathering went on until March. They were the olive trees belonging to Mazzaro. And towards evening, as the sun sank red as fire, and the country-side was veiled with sadness, you met the long files of Mazzaro's ploughs coming home softly, wearily from the fallow land, and

It was only last year that there occurred the tenth anniversary of the death of Giovanni Verga, rated by many as the greatest figure in Italian fiction since Manzoni. Born in Catania, Sicily, Verga's most significant work is in his stories of Sicilian peasant life: "Vita dei Campi (Cavalleria Rusticana)", "Novelle Rusticane" and "Vagabondaggio," and his two novels: "I Malavoglia" and "Mastro-Don Gesualdo."

The vogue of D. H. Lawrence has spread considerably since his recent death and the publication of a number of volumes concerning him as a man and an author. It is not very well known that during his stay in Italy he came to love that country's life and literature so much that he undertook to translate considerable of Verga's work, including "Mastro-Don Gesualdo" and "Novelle Rusticane." He called Verga "surely the greatest writer of Italian fiction after Manzoni." The following short story is reprinted from D. H. Lawrence's translation of "Novelle Rusticane," published in this country by the Viking Press under the title "Little Novels of Sicily."

the oxen slowly crossing the ford, with their muzzles in the dark water; and you saw on the far-off grazing land of Canziria, on the naked slope, the immense whitish blotches of the flocks of Mazzaro; and you heard the shepherd's pipe resounding through the gullies, and the bell of the ram sometimes ringing and sometimes not, and the solitary singing lost in the valley.

ALL Mazzaro's property. It seemed as if even the setting sun and the whirring cicadas belonged to Mazzaro, and the birds which went on a short, leaping flight to nestle behind the clods, and the crying of the horned-owl in the wood. It was as if Mazzaro had become as big as the world, and you walked upon his belly. Whereas he was an insignificant little fellow, said the litter-driver, and you wouldn't

have thought he was worth a farthing, to look at him, with no fat on him except his paunch, and it was a marvel how ever he filled that in, for he never ate anything more than a penn'orth of bread, for all that he was rich as a pig, but he had a head on his shoulders that was keen as a diamond, that man had.

In fact, with that head as keen as a diamond he had got together all the property, whereas previously he had to work from morning till night hoeing, pruning, mowing, in the sun and rain and wind, with no shoes to his feet, and not a rag of a cloak to his back; so that everybody remembered the days when they used to give him kicks in the backside, and now they called him "Excellency," and spoke to him cap in hand. But for all that he hadn't got stuck-up, now that all the Excellencies of the neighborhood were in debt to him, so that he said "Excellency" meant poor devil and bad payer; he still wore the peasant's stocking-cap, only his was made of black silk, which was his only grandeur, and lately he had started wearing a felt hat, because it cost less than the long silk stocking-cap. He had possessions as far as his eye could reach, and he was a long-sighted man — everywhere right and left, before and behind, in mountain and plain. More than five thousand mouths, without counting the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth, fed upon his lands, without counting his own mouth, that ate less than any of them, and was satisfied with a penn'orth of bread and a bit of cheese, gulped down as fast as he could, standing in a corner of the store-barn big as a church, or in the midst of the corn-dust, so that you could hardly see him, while his peasants were emptying the sacks, or on top of a straw-stack, when the wind swept the frozen country, in the time of the sowing of the seed, or with his head inside a basket, in the hot days of harvest-

time. He didn't drink wine, and he didn't smoke, didn't take snuff, although indeed he grew plenty of tobacco in his fields beside the river, broad-leaved and tall as a boy, the sort that is sold at ninety shillings. He hadn't the vice of gaming, nor of women. As for women he'd never had to bother with any one of them save his mother, who had cost him actually a dollar when he'd had her carried to the cemetery.

AND he had thought about it and thought about it times enough, all that property means, when he went with no shoes to his feet, to work on the land that was now his own, and he had proved to himself what it was to earn his shilling a day in the month of July, to work on with your back bent for fourteen hours, with the foreman on horseback behind you, laying about you with a stick if you stood up to straighten yourself for a minute. Therefore he had not let a minute of his whole life pass by that wasn't devoted to the acquiring of property; and now his ploughs were as many as the long strings of crows that arrive in November; and other strings of mules, endless, carried the seed; the women who were kept squatting in the mire, from October to March, picking up his olives, you couldn't count them, as you can't count the magpies that come to steal the olives; and in vintage time whole villages came to his vineyards, so that as far as ever you could hear folks singing, in the countryside, it was at Mazzaro's vintage. And then at harvest time Mazzaro's reapers were like an army of soldiers, so that to feed all those folks, with biscuit in the morning and bread and bitter oranges at nine o'clock and at mid day, and home-made macaroni in the evening, it took shoals of money, and they dished up the ribbon-macaroni in kneading-troughs as big as wash-tubs. For that reason, when nowadays he went on horseback along the long line of his reapers, his cudgel in his hand, he didn't miss a single one of them with his eye, and kept shouting: "Bend over it, boys!" He had to have his hand in his pocket all the year round, spending, and simply for the land-tax the King took so much from him that Mazzaro went into a fever every time.

However, every year all those store-barns as big as churches were

filled up with grain so that you had to raise up the roof to get it all in; and every time Mazzaro sold his wine it took over a day to count the money, all good dollar pieces, for he didn't want any of your dirty paper in payment for his goods, and he went to buy dirty paper only when he had to pay the King, or other people; and at the cattle-fairs the herds belonging to Mazzaro covered all the fairground, and choked up the roads, till it took half a day to let them go past, and the saint in procession with the band had at times to turn down another street, to make way for them.

AND all that property he had got together himself, with his own hands and his own head, with not sleeping at night, with catching ague and malaria, with slaving from dawn till dark, and going round under sun and rain, and wearing out his boots and his mules—wearing out everything except himself, thinking of his property, which was all he had in the world, for he had neither children nor grandchildren, nor relations of any sort; he'd got nothing but his property. And when a man is made like that, it just means he is made for property.

And property was made for him. It really seemed as if he had a magnet for it, because property likes to stay with those who know how to keep it, and don't squander it like that baron who had previously been Mazzaro's master, and had taken him out of charity, naked and ignorant, to work on his fields; and the baron had been owner of all those meadows, and all those herds, so that when he came down to visit his estates on horseback, with his keepers behind him, he seemed like a king, and they got ready his lodging and his dinner for him, the simpleton, so that everybody knew the hour and the minute when he was due to arrive, and naturally they didn't let themselves be caught with their hands in the sack.

"That man absolutely asks to be robbed," said Mazzaro, and he almost burst himself laughing when the baron kicked his behind, and he rubbed his rear with his hand, muttering: "Fools should stop at home. Property doesn't belong to those that have got it, but to those that know how to acquire it." He, on the contrary, since he had acquired his property, certainly didn't

send to say whether he was coming to superintend the harvest, or the vintage, and when and in what way, but he turned up unexpectedly on foot or on mule-back, without keepers, with a piece of bread in his pocket, and he slept beside his own sheaves, with his eyes open and the gun between his legs.

AND in that way Mazzaro little by little became master of all the baron's possessions; and the latter was turned out, first from the olive groves, then from the vineyards, then from the grazing land, and then from the farmsteads and finally from his very mansion, so that not a day passed but he was signing stamped paper, and Mazzaro put his own brave cross underneath. Nothing was left to the baron but the stone shield that used to stand over his entrance-door—which was the only thing he hadn't wanted to sell, saying to Mazzaro: "There's only this, out of everything I've got, which is no use for you." And that was true; Mazzaro had no use for it, and wouldn't have given two cents for it. The baron still said "thou" to him, but he didn't kick his behind any longer.

"Ah, what a fine thing, to have Mazzaro's fortune!" folks said, but they didn't know what it had taken to make that fortune, how much thinking, how much struggling, how many lies, how much danger of being sent to the galleys, and how that head that was sharp as a diamond had worked day and night, better than a millwheel, to get all that property together. If the proprietor of a piece of farm-land adjoining his persisted in not giving it up to him, and wanted to take Mazzaro by the throat, he had to find some stratagem to force him to sell, to make him fall, in spite of the peasant's shrewdness. He went to him, for example, boasting about the fertility of a holding which wouldn't even produce lupins, and kept on till he made him believe it was the promised land, till the poor devil let himself be persuaded into leasing it, to speculate with it, and then he lost the lease, his house, and his own bit of land, which Mazzaro got hold of—for a bit of bread. And how many annoyances Mazzaro had to put up with! His half-profits peasants coming to complain of the bad seasons, his debtors always sending their wives in

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An Italian Journalist in New York

It will be remembered that one of the features of the arrival of the "Rex" in New York last autumn was the active part taken in Italian-American social life by the Italian journalists who were sent to report the initial voyage. One of the most learned and distinguished of these, Dr. Valentino Piccoli of the "Popolo d'Italia" of Milan, has written a series of seven articles in that newspaper which, for accuracy of reporting, keenness of observation, and depth of understanding are certainly worth reading.

His first article, "New York's Humanity," naturally gave his first impressions of "this Yankee world, ingenuous and youthful—primitive perhaps—but ready for the most sincere and spontaneous enthusiasms." As for the externals of the great city, which, in his opinion, are overstressed by other visitors, so much has been written, filmed, and photographed of the various phenomena of New York that there was very little to be discovered by him in this respect.

But his chief interest was in the American as a type. Recognizing Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt" in the streets, he nevertheless saw beneath his surface. "The force of the will; the capacity of creating for himself, with his own powers, a life with a definite aim of its own, like a bee-line that does not deviate from its direction—this seems to me to be the morale and the solidity of this people, which at first glance might seem to be entirely external and mechanical."

The second of his articles, "Science and Humanity" was devoted to the Columbus Hospital of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. He recounted the various statistics concerning this distinctly Italian hospital in New York which are already familiar to *Atlantica* readers, adding that it "gave me one of the first—and most profound—impressions as to the good that active and intelligent men can accomplish in the name of Italy in the world. Here everything is Italian, physicians, sisters, even the apparatus is of Italian make." After conversations with the physicians, from the head of the Me-

dical Board, Dr. F. Cassola, down, he saw the double purpose of this hospital. "From philanthropic and spiritual work it goes on, to a cultural battle in defense of that Italian science that is continually asserting itself throughout the world."

It was just about at the height of the Presidential campaign that Dr. Piccoli was making his observations, and he became greatly interested in the American electoral method, one of his articles treating this subject under the title "The Electoral Sphinx." He noted how most Americans voted exclusively in favor of their own individual interests, how there is "distinct aversion for candidates of superior energy and excessive culture and ability," for, he says, "in a country in which everything must have a single standard, even the President must approach as nearly as possible the common standard." When Dr. Piccoli described an ideal candidate to an American friend, the latter smiled, saying it was impossible and adding "Not all countries can find a Mussolini!" To which the Italian journalist replied: "I know. To have one, a country must also deserve him."

In "Lights, Colors and Voices," he described various aspects of New York; the reception accorded the "Rex," the clear recognition of the Italianity of many faces in the streets, the financial center, the subway ("every time I come out of the subway to the light of day, I repeat to myself a line from Dante that here acquires a strange taste of its own, nostalgic and perhaps a little ironic: 'e quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.'"), and the upper Manhattan residential sections.

"New York nights . . . frenzied dancing; incredible expenditures; long hours spent in speakeasies in a maniacal continuity of drinking... and on the other hand, people who sleep in the streets, covered with newspapers to protect them from the cold; frequent and pitiful beggars; squalid night lodgings offered to wretched passersby through the charity of religious associations. (In one of these in Chinatown I saw

tourists led through at two o'clock in the morning, in search of picturesque scenes!)

"All the antitheses—wealth and poverty, perversion and fraternal faith, vice and redemption, criminal egoism and fervid, generous humanity—are revealed in these nights of continuous life, on which the pale light of dawn intervenes like a sudden warning of God."

One of Dr. Piccoli's chief enthusiasms acquired in his visit was for the colored race here and their place in American civilization. In the article called "Colored Passion," he vouchsafed the opinion, on emerging from a theatre where he had heard Hall Johnson's Negro Choir in a repertory of Negro spirituals, that "this is the first profound experiencing of art that I have had in New York . . . And it comes to me from the Negroes." It was this first impression that led him to go deeper into Negro life in New York.

Another article spoke of the strides forward that have been made in the teaching of Italian in Italian schools here. Entitled "Teachers of Italian," it emphasized especially the silent but fruitful work being done by parochial schools, more particularly by the schools under the tutelage of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, the Italian order founded more than fifty years ago by Mother Cabrini, and now directed by Mother General Antonietta Della Casa.

While Dr. Piccoli was in New York, an informal reception was held for him at the offices of *Atlantica*. He afterward remembered this, and in an article he had "Books and Lessons," dealing with the Italian groups and associations devoted to the cultural side of Italian-American life in New York, he generously said:

"There is, finally, an independent review, *Atlantica*, founded and edited by Dr. F. Cassola, which gives considerable space to bibliographical and literary information, and will give still more in the future. In the editorial offices of *Atlantica* I found a group of young men full of enthusiasm and the spirit of initiative. They are almost all Italians born in America, but they recognize the value of our culture and they understand all the nobility and the beauty of the sacred duty of defending, with culture, the living soul of the new Italy."

The Mouth of Truth

(After an Old Legend)

A SHORT STORY

By Julia G. Altrocchi

AS Count Mozzi entered his wife's chamber at dawn of an April morning in the early nineteenth century, after an all-night ride from Orvieto to Rome, he was startled to see what looked like a large, white-plumed bird pause for a moment on the sill of the open casement-window, and then disappear. It was too large and feathery for a pigeon, too white for any of the pheasants that abounded in the garden below,—more like the billowing plume of an ostrich than any bird he knew.—“Ostrich! Plume of an ostrich!” A heart-stopping fear slipped into his mind, like a garden-snake. He turned to the window with the smoothness of the snake that so suddenly possessed him. Below the window was a rose-bush, gemmed with ivory buds, and all down the garden were the white canopies of blossoming peach and cherry trees. Not in all that bourgeoning expanse, no living thing moved.—Around the corner of the house—and over the wall, perhaps, the bird had flown!

With a face grey as the stone of that garden-wall, Count Mozzi turned towards the canopied bed where his countess lay sleeping. And sleeping she seemed to be, in a deep and perfect repose, her untroubled eyes closed in marble peace, her breast rising and falling in slow, slumbrous rhythm. But the Count, his wits rendered morbid by the serpent that gnawed within, noticed that the lips of the Countess were sealed so close that not even a dream might slip in between them, whereas it was ever her child-like habit to sleep with lips slightly parted, supple and ready for her waking smile.

“Caterina!” he whispered, not gently. The Countess' eyelids trembled, as if she heard, but she kept her eyes sealed still.

“Caterina!” exclaimed her lord aloud, in a voice raucous with anger. She started up now, terror and surprise showing in her violet eyes and in the sheet-like pallor of her face.

Mrs. Julia Cooley Altrocchi, the wife of Professor Rudolph Altrocchi (Chairman of the Department of Italian at the University of California), is a graduate of Vassar College, and gives lectures on Italian poetry, castles in Italy, and the Etruscans. Although she is the author of two books, “Poems of a Child” (Harper & Bros., 1904) and “The Dance of Youth and Other Poems” (Sherman French & Co., 1917) and numerous articles and poems on Italian subjects which she has contributed to magazines, the following short story is her first venture into the fiction field. Mrs. Altrocchi will be remembered as the author of “Umbrian Landscape,” a poem published in the January 1933 issue of this magazine, and “What Italians Think of American Girls,” an article that appeared in the April 1931 issue.

“My lord! My lord!”

“Why is that casement-window open?”

“That window?—Why, I know not. Agnese must have opened it at dawn to let the fragrant morning-air drift in.”

“Methought I saw a strange bird roosting on the ledge, when I came in.”

CATERINA's face changed from white to the grey color of death, but she moved not a muscle, and with fixed eyes replied:

“What bird, my lord?”

“An ostrich!—But ostriches do not dwell in Rome—except as their dead plumes bedeck men's hats.—And, sometimes 'twere better their dead plumes embellish *dead* mens' hats!—Beware of ostriches, my lady.”

“My lord, my lord, I know not what you mean! Have you been trading in plumes and ostriches at Orvieto that you talk so much of birds and feathers?”

“It is not *I* that have been catching birds, my lady. I fear that, while I did the business of our house, my lady set a snare for velvet-coated birds!—Did you not so? Deny it if you dare!”—And he leaned over the bed, with gleaming eyes.

“Oh my lord! Some tricky morning rays, perhaps, assailed your eyes! You know not what you saw! Surely some dove flew up from the rose-garden and beat against the pane!”

“Would God I could believe you!”

“Would to kind heaven you could!”

“I'll not believe the mortal lips of any woman! Oh for the mouth of truth to tell me what is true! The mouth of truth!—The Mouth of Truth!—By heaven, a marvelous idea! I'll submit you to the test of that old Roman ‘Mouth of Truth,’ that stands with gaping jaws in the grey portico of Santa Maria in Cosmedin! If you swear true, you'll go unscathed. If you swear false, your right hand, laid in the great jaws, will be dismembered at the wrist!—Per Bacco! An excellent idea! I swear the ‘Mouth of Truth’ shall judge your fate, before all Rome. We'll hold the trial tomorrow!”

So saying, Count Mozzi turned, scrunching on his heel, and went out of the room, leaving the Countess dazed, her violet eyes staring.

* * *

BUT presently the Countess pulled a heavy red cord that was over her head, to whose distant, tinkling summons Agnese, her maid, merrily responded.

“A quill and paper, quickly!” ordered the Countess, neglecting utterly her customary morning greeting to her maid. And with the gold speed of lightning, she wrote:

“Beloved Arnolfo: I am in the abyss! The Count, my husband, swears he saw the white ostrich-plume of a hat disappear from my window this morning. (Thank the blessed saints, he knows not *whose* white plume!) He swears he will try me by the old trial of the ‘Bocca della Verità’ tomorrow. Didst ever hear of anything so outlandish! Think what disgrace, what horror for us all! I shall lose my hand, my pride, your pride in me,

and all the erect, sweet joy in life! Of course there is no possible escape, nothing to countervail against the truth of truth. Come to comfort me, on this last night. I shall try, if I can escape the vigilance of my lord, to be at the chink we opened, in the south garden-wall, before the revealing moon slips over the hills to-night. I sign myself, for the last time, with my right hand, that loved and loves you well,

Your
CATERINA."

WHEN Agnese left the house with her market basket on her arm and the Countess' letter in the velvet bag at her girdle, she noticed that Gino, the Count's personal servant, lounged idly in the corridor. It was the hour when Gino usually exercised the Count's favorite horses, and it seemed a trifle strange to see him thus disoccupied. But Agnese thought nothing further of it, until, half a mile from home, with yet another mile to go to Count Arnolfo de Cambi's great house across the city, something occurred which flashed a sudden, vivid realization into her mind. She was already near the Tiber, where the little shops of petty merchants abounded. Towards her, suddenly, a man came running, with wild eyes and flight-blown hair, while after him a scattered group of folk pursued with cries of: "Stop, thief!" "Stop thief!" It happened all in an instant, and in the second that the thief passed by her, scuttling over the cobblestones, she turned to watch his escape, and in that glance caught sight of Gino, four or five hundred paces back of her! In a flash, Agnese knew that she was shadowed, by Count Mozzi's orders. Gino's attention was temporarily diverted by the thief and his pursuers. Quick as intrigue, Agnese darted into a narrow lane ahead, followed its up-slope from the Tiber's bank, and, running as fast as any robber, struck down another street parallel to the river. By zigzagging, checker-fashion, and running as much of the way as heart and lungs permitted, Agnese managed to reach the Count de Cambi's house, undetected, and, staggeringly, to deliver the missive to his personal servant. The return journey required less skill, and Agnese compassed it easily. As she walked up the back garden-path Gino was crossing from the house to the stable.

With a clear look, Agnese shot out the question:

"Did they catch the thief, Gino?"

His eyelids quivered only once before he answered:

"Yes—they always do catch thieves."

But Agnese, being a woman, if only a menial woman, had the last word:

"I thought they might have taken you—by mistake."

* * *

THAT evening, the count dined alone in his high-beamed, torch-lit dining-hall, while the countess supped alone in her candle-lit bedroom. Then, when the lilac dusk had given way to night, a feminine figure, cloaked in black velved, the color of darkness, slipped down a side fairway, into the garden.

An hour later, when the first revealing rays of the moon began to pour over the Castelli Romani, the black-cloaked figure mounted again to the Countess's chamber.

The stones of the garden-wall keep far too close for sharing the secret of that interview. — Yet, perhaps, we shall witness its results in truth and courage, at the trial tomorrow.

* * *

The next day, at four in the afternoon, a strange procession set out from the great house of Count Mozzi on the Esquiline. First rode the Count's equerries and lackeys on their gleaming brown steeds. Then, not carried in any coach, but walking, with her head cast down and hair unbound, wearing a long, black velvet gown, came the poor Countess. Behind her walked her ladies, clad in brighter colours, green and red velvets, apricot silks, yellow satins, like butterflies hovering around a dying blackbird. Then rode the Count, in his crested coach, drawn by four, white horses. Followed other gentlemen of the Count's household and noble friends in carriages or on horseback. Yet behind, came the carriages of patrician women-friends and then, at last, the motley crew of servants, hangers-on and curiosity-gapers that every procession gathers unto itself.

The procession wound slowly the long way down the Esquiline and the old Vicus Patricius past the Forum of Trajan and on towards the Roman Forum, ever gathering onlookers. Near the Mamertine Prisons where the road widens before narrowing again there was a pause of a few moments. Here, some peasant-women crowded up

towards the Countess, crying out upon her beauty and her probable wickedness. Two little street-gamins began to play hide-and-seek about the silk and velvet skirts of Caterina's ladies. An equerry rode up from the front to keep order. From behind, a jester, with the garb of his trade, a green cap with jingling bells, green suit, bell-trimmed, and jester's wand, and on his face a red, false nose, ran up among the ladies tapping one and then another on the cheek with his jester's wand. Then, suddenly, he ran up to the Countess Caterina, put his arms round her, and gave her a resounding kiss upon the cheek. At this sudden public affront, the Count leaned from his carriage and bawled out to the equerry:

"Whip the mad fool!"

The equerry reached from his horse and gave the clown a resounding crack with his whip, at which the clown, bent double, made his way, jumping like a grasshopper, out of the group and disappeared into the motley crowd. But the Countess had burst into tears at the insult, and was close-surrounded by her comforting women. Then the procession started again, and horses, carriages, men and women and the Countess, her face almost completely hidden now, so low she drooped her head, moved on.

UNDER the Capitoline they went, past the site of the Roman Forum, hidden under its thick weeds and grasses, a grazing-ground, a "Campo Vaccino" in that dark, incurious century. Only the top of the arch of Septimius Severus, the entablature of the Temple of Saturn and a few protruding columns and fragments marked, among the weeds, the site of the still-undiscovered glories. The road wound around the Forum and past the western side of the Palatine, then turned abruptly west towards the Piazza of the Bocca della Verità.

Meanwhile, the heart of the Countess Caterina was pounding against her side, almost depriving her of the power to walk. Her ments. It was partly mediaeval superstition and an implicit belief in the magical powers inherent in the "Mouth of Truth" and partly fear was compounded of many eletriguing manner of the times, might have placed some additional devilish contrivance within the "Mouth", and partly a great humiliation at the subjection to the trial,

whatever the outcome might be, good or evil.

At last the Piazza was reached. The noble men and women descended from their carriages. A way was made for them by the shouted orders of the Count's men. The Count, leading the Countess by the arm, ascended the low steps of the old Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin (erected, in the time of Tiberius on the ruins of the Temple of Ceres and restored with Byzantine splendor by Pope Adrian I in the year 772). There, in the outside portico, against the wall, stood the great "Bocca," feared to this day by little Roman children as a punisher of falsehood — a gigantic marble face of Pan, taller from chin to the topmost, jocund marble curl of hair than a living man. The eyes were unclosed, with the malicious half-openness of the God of the Wild Things. The great, grey, weathered marble mouth was open just wide enough to receive a human hand. Within the crevice was a yawning blackness, blacker than starless night.

Before this "Mouth" the Count forced the Countess to stand, in full view of the piazza packed with people, until every human motion had ceased below and there was utter silence. Even the many street-gamins had stopped chasing in and out of the crowd and stood still, like crickets come to rest in a garden. Even the green jester had ceased his circuitous journeying through the crowd to reach a front place, and stood like a jade statue in a group of iridescent ladies just below.

When all was still, the Count addressed the multitude, in a harsh, loud voice:

"My friends, I have come here to put the Countess, my wife, to the test of truth. Let all husbands who suspect their wives follow this wise example. It will, mayhap, deter wives even from arousing the slightest suspicion, justified or unjustified. If proved innocent, no harm is done. If proved guilty, they will be so proved guilty, in the sight of all. The "Mouth of Truth" allows no dishonest hand to come forth from its jaws unharmed.

"Therefore, my countess, in the sight of all, I command you, in the name of truth, aware that if you speak untruth your hand will never come forth again whole from these marble jaws of truth, to swear whether you have been faithless or altogether faithful to your marriage vows."

THREE was a pause, in which a little flock of swallows, with their faint, sharp cry, veered down from the top of the Church over the heads of the crowd and away through the sunshine towards the cool pillars of the Temple of Vesta.

"I swear," said the Countess, in a slow, clear, resonant voice, "that no man—save only that impudent clown who dared to touch my cheek on the way hither—has ever kissed me or touched me, except my good and faithful husband."

She looked up into the Count's face for approval, and all could see how beautiful and how white she was, like a marble of Juno.

"Very well," said the Count. "You have all heard the oath. Now let the "Mouth of Truth" receive your hand, Countess Caterina Mozzi, and judge whether you speak false or true."

Slowly the Countess approached the great marble face. Slowly she put out her long, black-draped arm and delicate white hand. Slowly she thrust her hand into the black abyss between the marble jaws of the satyric Pan. For a moment she let it rest, while a shiver ran over the multitude. Then, slowly, she drew it forth again, beautiful, unscathed, and whole.

Without more ado, the Count, before the eyes of all, put his burly arms around her and kissed her masterfully, loudly, loyally, upon the mouth!

* * *

From the front row, the green jester disappeared, with a merry skip, into the ranks behind. The blithe step betokened no artificial, professional joy, but a very real and personal joy. For, under his green, bell-trimmed jester's jacket, the heart of Count Arnolfo de Cambi rejoiced over the honest, artful rescue of his lady; whereby he had strategically made it possible for her to speak the whole, uncompromising (?) truth, understood by the Mouth of Truth, yet misunderstood by a multitude. The interview by the garden-wall had borne brave fruit. So the green jester went jingling on his way toward the Cambi Palace.

Perhaps, on that happy occasion, even the Mouth of Truth smiled a sardonic, marble smile.

THE CRISIS OF THE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 207)

in the form of a real maladjustment concerning the organization and the functions of the State, and not only in the economic sphere. The liberal and parliamentary State is now out-dated, but it survives (although in diverse forms) in various countries, and shows itself incapable of any resistance and any initiative toward overcoming the present situation. It can be seen (as an example, always) what is happening in the United States, where the old President and the new, faced with the question of the debts, one of the most serious and urgent, are worrying only about their electoral position, and what is

taking place in France, where the Chamber of Deputies ousts a Minister in order not to pay its debt to the United States, pleading the insolvency of the nation, with eighty-two billions in the bank. Initiates the transformation of the system. Otherwise the favorable union proclaimed by mechanistic economists will never come about. We will have new conditions of "equilibrium," but always less and less tolerable. We will go backward with progressive velocity.

The crisis in the system necessarily Italy, as we repeated not long ago, is warning the world and giving it an example. Fascist civilization

cannot be anything but universal. Liberalism is dead, even if it is not yet buried; socialism has been disowned by doctrine and experience, although it continues in its deceptions by occasionally changing its aspect.

It is the hour now for the international Corporation, understood not as a fixed and immutable political institution, but as a new system of theory and practice, that will give form and vitality to the politics and the economy of States, according to the Fascist example. Will it be possible? We must believe it and want it, if we want to see the crisis of the system solved.

The Teaching of Italian in New York

THE study of Italian in New York is progressing, of late, at a rapid rate, fostered by teachers' associations, the Italian press and Italian societies. Last month, in "An Open Letter to Italian Societies and Clubs in Greater New York for the Study of the Italian Language in High Schools," Mr. Leonardo Covello, Head of the Department of Italian at De Witt Clinton High School and Vice-President of the Italian Teachers' Association, presented the whole situation as it stands today, from a practical standpoint. This open letter, as published in the English Section of "Il Progresso," contained the following information: *first*, the Junior High Schools and Senior High Schools which teach the Italian language; *secondly*, under what conditions a course in the Italian language may be opened in schools where the Italian language is not as yet taught; *thirdly*, the progress the study of the Italian language is making in our schools; and *lastly*, a possible answer as to why Italian should be taught in our American schools.

From the first item, wherein are listed the schools teaching Italian, we learn that there are a total of 64 junior high schools, 7 of them teaching Italian; 46 senior high schools, 8 of them teaching Italian; and 22 senior night high schools, 4 of them teaching Italian. In other words, 19 out of a grand total of 132 schools teach Italian.

The second point, concerning the opening up of new Italian classes, stresses the fact that it is primarily a community matter, and not up to the Board of Education, which since 1922 has sanctioned it. "There is a principle and a tradition in American education," says Mr. Covello's letter, "that a community may encourage the introduction, into the course of study, of a subject which the community feels will be of benefit to the community. This principle holds true for the study of the Italian language. If any community, therefore, feels that the study of Italian will meet a community need, that it has values which are educationally and

socially necessary to the community, then the community can cooperate with the local schools and its faculty in seeing to it that the study of the Italian language is placed in the curriculum. In New York City the matter is not up to the Board of Education, which since 1922 has sanctioned the study of Italian in the schools. It is the responsibility of each community which feels that the study of Italian will benefit the children as well as the families living in the community. The schools in the community are willing to cooperate if the community will call this matter to the attention of the local school authorities. We have found that a committee of citizens can, by calling on the principal, get cooperation and help."

FURTHERMORE, by a resolution passed in 1922 by the Board of Education, the Italian language was officially placed on an equal footing with French, German and Spanish, settling once and for all the question of the status of Italian in the city's schools. Following this resolution, a regulation was also passed stating that Italian may be introduced in any school upon the request of 60 students to this effect, again emphasizing the community support required.

As for the progress made in the study of Italian in the past dozen years, Mr. Covello records the following:

"1. The majority of the colleges and universities in the United States accept Italian as one of the entrance subjects to fulfill the Modern Language requirements. Dean Cosenza's Survey, published in 1923 under the auspices of the Italy-America Society, lists over 400 colleges and universities which include Italian as one of the languages which may be offered for matriculation.

"2. Regents Examinations in Italian are given twice a year, in June and January, by the New York State Board of Regents in Italian 2 years, 3 years and 4 years—the same as are given for German, French and Spanish. Mr. Fer-

dinand Di Bartolo, of Hutchinson Central, Buffalo, is, in a large measure, responsible for establishing parity in this report.

"3. The College Entrance Examination Board, which controls entrance to practically any college or university in the United States, gives examinations in Italian 2, 3 and 4 years—the same as are given for French, German and Spanish.

"4. The registration in New York City in the study of the Italian language has increased from 900 in February 1922, to 6,153 in Oct. 1932. An increase it is true, but one which does not begin to touch the possibilities for growth—particularly when we take into consideration the fact that in October 1932 there were in New York City about 107,000 studying French, 40,312 Spanish and 23,496 German, and only 6,153 Italian in the Junior and Senior High Schools."

The last question: "Why study Italian?" has been answered so often and convincingly by the Italians themselves and by outstanding American authorities that it seems futile to repeat. Mr. Covello, however, in concluding his excellent missive, confines himself to quoting briefly from Dr. J. J. Walsh's book: "What Civilization Owes to Italy":

"It is probably not an exaggeration to say that modern civilization owes more to Italy than to all other Western nations put together. Italy for the past thousand years has been to our modern world what ancient Greece was to the old world, the mother and mistress of the arts, the fountain head of literature, the foster mother of education, the benevolent patron of the arts and,—though this is less well recognized—the faithful nurse of the sciences."

* * *

The tide of Italian youth anxious to study the language of their forefathers is mounting, and although not relatively large as yet, it bids fair to increase steadily in the near future. The practical aim of the work such as that embodied in the above open letter is valuable in that it focusses attention on the steps to be followed.

An Italian-American Painter in Detroit: Giacomo Mercurio Spicuzza

By Ida M. Santini

THE first generation of American born children of Italians who emigrated to America around the end of the last century are now beginning to assume an important place among their contemporaries. In spite of the peculiar difficulties of their situation, brought about chiefly by the clash between the ideas and ideals of their forefathers and those of the new home land, these young men and women, thoroughly American, yet with an Italian heritage of health for their bodies, and artistic and musical appreciation for their souls, are represented by a fine group of business men, artists, and professionals, who are influencing the economic, cultural, and educational life of America.

In Detroit alone, there are scores of these outstanding young Italian-Americans whose names are familiar to practically the entire city.

One of these, whose struggle has been perhaps even more difficult than the average, but who has nevertheless achieved distinction, is a promising young artist—Giacomo Mercurio Spicuzza.

Born of upstanding immigrant parents in May, 1901, he grew up, oldest of a large family of fourteen children, amid the customary difficulties of his class. The father, who in his native Sicily had been a fisherman, became a fruit merchant as a means of livelihood for his growing family, and young Giacomo was called upon to contribute his share of support. For that reason his regular schooling ended early, but he continued in evening school. Here he became interested in free hand drawing, and his natural talent was encouraged by an interested teacher.

IT was thus that, at the age of nineteen, he won a Scholarship to the John Wicker School of Art, and the most important decision of his life was made. Only through the intervention of his mother, the daughter of a poor but cultured family, was young Giacomo allowed to study art, for

his father, true to the ideas of his native country, held that a son should not rise above his father—the same calling should be pursued by the sons from generation to generation.

In those early days of adjustment, there were two points of view among the immigrants concerning the welfare of their children. The first, stated above, was that prevalent in practically all European countries, and held by the more narrow-minded, who insisted on bringing the old life into the new world—the other, liberal minded point of view was "new land, new life." These parents contended that, though they had been deprived of the golden advantages of the new country, their children should take every opportunity and to that end they labored and sacrificed.

As a compromise to his father's attitude, the young man, who by this time was passionately eager to develop his artistic ability, worked during the daytime, and after a short time at the Wicker School, attended evening classes in drawing and painting at the Hayward Academy of Fine Arts,

where he continued for two years.

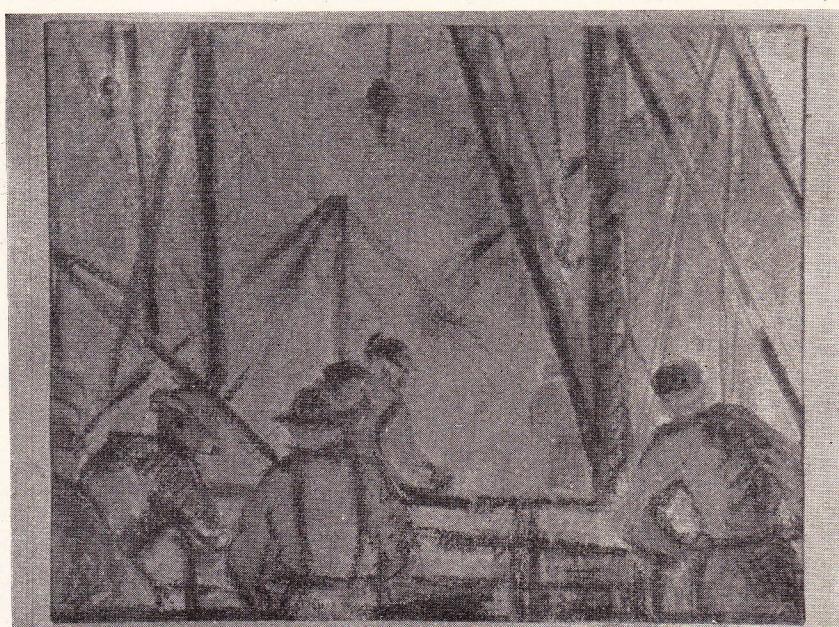
In 1922, he was admitted to the Michigan Artists' Exhibit for the first time, and the next year he was awarded first prize in water-color at the Detroit Art Club. Since then, every year has brought new honors and higher recognition.

The same year he was awarded a prize in Draughtsmanship at the Detroit Institute of Art and shortly after, in competition with the younger artists of Michigan, won a membership at the exclusive and distinctive Scarab Club, which is composed of the most distinguished artists and laymen of the state.

MR. SPICUZZA has exhibited in every Michigan State Fair since 1927 and, in 1932, he entered several paintings, one of which, the Excavation Scene reproduced on this page, was awarded a prize for pastel compositions.

Like all his work it is imaginative and delicate in tone, but a few bold strokes give it character and decisiveness. This seem-

(Continued on Page 222)



"Excavation Scene"

—By G. M. Spicuzza

Atlantica's Observatory

POLITICS

THE subject of the Italians in American politics is ever one of vital interest for Italian Americans. The general opinion held by the latter throughout the country—and it is nothing new—is that they are not by far represented in public office as much as their numbers and achievements warrant. For example, in recent issues of his Italian dailies in New York and Philadelphia, Generoso Pope, publisher, has inveighed editorially against this disregard on the part of political leaders of the numerical and moral strength of the Italian Americans. In a recent editorial entitled "The Italo-Americans and Public Offices" he states that in the last three years the Italians have contributed most to the increase of naturalized aliens that has taken place in the last three years. He asserts that in New York, out of a population of 1,200,000 persons of Italian origin, 500,000 of them are voters, and he shows his indignation over the fact that in Brooklyn, with 120,000 voters out of a population of 400,000 inhabitants of Italian descent, there is not a single representative of Italian blood in any important office, and only a few in the humbler public offices.

The opinions expressed above by Mr. Pope are laudable and, of course, shared by the vast majority of us. But there is another angle to the matter that has frequently been lost sight of. This viewpoint was ably expressed last month by Harold Napoliello in an article in the "New Jersey Italian-American" of Newark, and though his remarks were meant for local consumption only, they are worthy of a wider audience.

"There has been very fervent discussion and propaganda in the past," he says, "on the subject of representation in our city government by nationalities. We Italian-Americans have said that because of our extraction and numerical proportionate strength, we were entitled to have at least one City

Commissioner of Italian-American origin. Such an oft-repeated belief is fallacious.... We ought to desire representation as American citizens and not as Italians.... We are emphasizing the very thing we should forget when we demand that a man be elected City Commissioner solely because he is of Italian-American extraction. The true test should be capability and competency for the office, rather than because of a classification into which the candidate happens to fall."

The answer to this assertion, naturally enough, is that there is plenty of capability and competency among the up-and-coming younger generation of Italian-Americans. At least, it cannot be logically said that they have less of those qualities than any other race. These things being equal, therefore, among the different nationalities, realistic political factors come into play, such as the numerical strength of the class represented by the candidate.

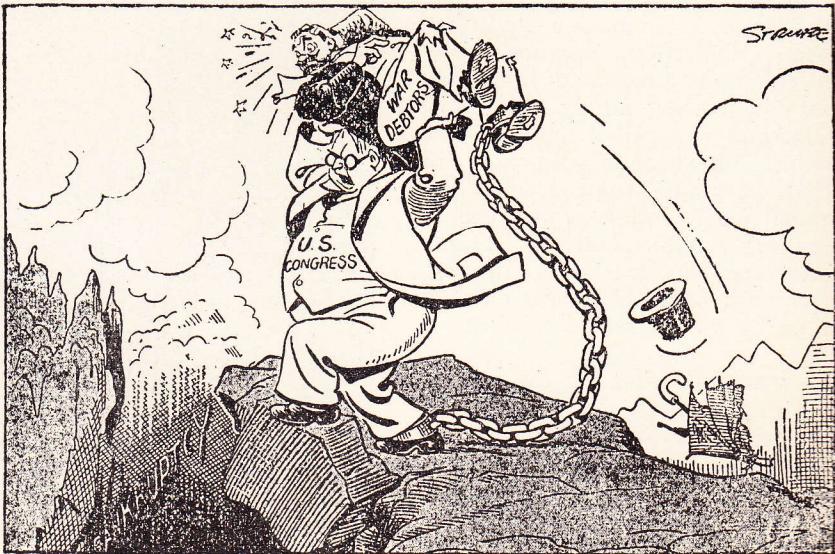
Whichever way you look at it, the fact remains that the Italian-Americans, as a class, are not represented politically in proportion to their numerical and moral strength.

RECONSTRUCTION

UNQUESTIONABLY, when economic revival begins to appear in this depression-weary world of ours, whatever fostering of the budding upturn that is undertaken by governments will be welcome. Though the obstacles to recovery are great, they are bound to be removed eventually by inter-governmental accord, for the obstacles are largely political.

When the first concrete signs of a change begin to appear, Italy will be ready, for last month, with the object of giving "a valid and vigorous impulse to the technical, economic and financial reorganization of industrial enterprises that have been depressed but not ruined by the crisis in order that they may find themselves in the best condition of efficiency at the moment of economic recovery," the Cabinet Council approved the foundation of the Institute of Industrial Reconstruction.

The organization, financing and purposes of the Institute are somewhat complex, and need not be gone into here. However, two points are worthy of mention. It is, first of all, in line with the



"To Hell With You!"

—From the London Daily Express

Fascist Government's policy of controlling industry, and, secondly, it shows its confidence that the end of the depression is not only surely coming, but is now not far distant.

LA GUARDIA

WE NOTE with pride that in the "honor roll" of 1932 recently compiled by "The Nation," liberal weekly, one of the 24 individuals listed was the Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia, "for distinguished service in the Congress of the United States and especially for his leadership in defeating the sales tax and in organizing the liberal minority group in the House." Mr. La Guardia, be it noted further, was the only member of either of the two houses of Congress to be so honored.

ACCOMPLISHMENT

IN A recent survey article published in the "New York Times" by F. T. Birchall, concerning issues that face the nations in the year 1933, the section concerning Italy is of particular interest. We hereby reproduce it, without comment, for it needs none:

Smiling Italy, Everybody at Work

"Italy comes to 1933 smiling, with a record of accomplishment behind her and determination to win out unchanged. It should not be forgotten that among the few economic challenges flung to the world in the last year have been two magnificent new ocean liners, and both were Italian. Italy, with the slenderest resources of any of the major powers, has gone through a dreadful year better than most and has a better right than most to the confidence with which she awaits what may be coming next."

"For one thing, there are no political problems in Italy. That so to speak, has been taken care of. So people are free to devote themselves to getting ahead in an economic sense and they are doing it. It is many years since Italy considered herself rich in the world's goods. But she made up for that in other ways, so that the Italian kingdom is still, as it always has been, a delightful place for the visitor to abide in. Every one is happy in Italy, or seems so—which comes, perhaps, in the long run to very much the same thing."

"Italy has reason to be cheerful, for things seem to be coming her way. Her colonies are prospering and her troubles over them have waned. Her shipping is more than holding its own, and she is nearer a naval accord with France on her own terms than she has been. In fact, 1933 may see an actual accomplishment if things improve a little at Geneva. Political unrest has become a dim and distant memory. The Bolsheviks leave Italy severely alone, save for trading purposes. So, when the church bells rang out for the New Year for Italy last night, they evoked an answering echo of good-will from Sicily to the Alps."

FINANCES

IT IS refreshing, in these days of high taxes, unbalanced municipal budgets and precarious finances, to come across a major American city with its public finances in excellent condition. This is the case with the City and County of San Francisco, a fact which was publicized recently by the "New York Herald Tribune." A resolution expressing their appreciation was recently adopted by San Francisco's Board of Supervisors, because, on the part of that newspaper, "this city has been pointed to as the one bright spot in the financial depression, not only in the matter of tax payments but also in the municipal bond market."

What gives additional point to this item for Italian-Americans is that the mayor of this city, with its finances in excellent condition, is the Hon. Angelo J. Rossi.

MEUCCI

THE gay Walter Winchell of Broadway fame, who conducts a column in the "New York Daily Mirror" that is widely read, learns and tells many new things every day, some of them mentionable and some unmentionable.

One of the things he discovered recently, and noted in his column (Walter Winchell on Broadway) on December 9th, was "That an Italian says Bell didn't invent the phone, but that Antonio Meucci did, according to the Aug., 1932 number of 'Atlantica.'"

We are grateful to Winchell, but he might have stated, more accurately, that it is not just a question of "an Italian says" but that "an Italian proves," as those of our readers who read

"Antonio Meucci: Inventor of the Telephone" by Francesco Moncada in the August issue will remember.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page 205)

And now, lest anyone, while admitting the supremacy of Italy in the field of medicine from the 10th to the 18th centuries, contend that that supremacy has since been completely lost and that the Italy of today is no longer a potent contributing factor in that science, we will mention the names of Golgi, Laura, Giacomini, Mosso, Albertoni, Lombroso, Bacelli, Bassini, Forlanani, Ceci, Putti, Bianchi, Cirrincione, Pende, the Bastianelli brothers, Ferrante, Murri, Durante, Celli, Sanarelli, Pestalozza, Bocci, Maschiafave, and Sormani.

Still, though Italy's medical universities are under the tutorship of many such leaders, and though medical experts of the world today consider it a great privilege to study under such inspiring guidance, the Board of Medical Examiners of the State of New York has proscribed those universities and, by implication, has pronounced their professors unfit and incapable to teach the A. B. C. of medicine to American students.

These are but some of the major considerations that render the Board's rule incomprehensible to some, and highly unreasonable, arbitrary and offensive to others, and especially so to us Americans of Italian extraction who know of, or who have heard of, the greatness, the glory and the splendor of Italy's past, and its great attainments of today.

The writer and the thousands of other Americans who have resented the action of the Board, do not question the right of this State to adopt such measures as it may deem essential for the protection and enhancement of the standing of the medical profession within its jurisdiction, but we certainly do challenge the correctness of the data which the Board points to as their motive in promulgating a rule which is clearly and palpably 100 per cent un-American.

The Art World

By Maurice J. Valency

ANDRE MASSON

AT the Pierre Matisse Gallery may be seen fourteen paintings by Andre Masson, who has not previously exhibited in America. There is nothing placid about this artist's work, nor has he paused from time to time to linger lovingly over particular passages in the manner of Lurcat. No one will accuse him of having, deliberately or otherwise, sacrificed unity to detail. His work — perhaps we had better call it his oeuvre — does not fall apart. It is not uneven. To the contrary, it has a startling wholeness, a startling and even devastating unity which binds together all the paintings into a single and astonishing effort.

There is hardly any point in arguing from paintings to the painter. Andre Masson may be a thoroughly peaceable French gentleman who at stated hours takes his demi at the Coupole, and whom an American alarm clock rouses every morning to a prearranged schedule and a daily stint of work. It may be so. Let us say then that somewhere, perhaps in transit across the wintry sea, perhaps somewhere between the charming red roofs and green hills of Cherbourg, and the fenestrated cliffs of Manhattan, a tempest blew briefly into these paintings. It blew the "Dormeur" into the "Massacre," and "Trois Personnages" into "La Poursuite," where one of them is frantically ringing a door-bell in an effort to get in out of the storm. In vain, my dear personage, the door-bell may be there, but there's no use at all in ringing. Nobody's going to let you in. And though you may be too busy to notice, apparently you have lost your head. It lies sadly broken open in "Massacre" (1932), and all your brains are lying about elegantly, convolution upon gyration, chock-a-block, topsy-turvy, in a gory jumble of impressions and ambitions, thoroughly and skilfully massacred like something in a butcher's window.

Yes, Pierre Matisse's tight little gallery presents for the moment a scene of unutterable carnage, a glimpse of the inner sanctum of

Dr. Moreau, a scene that would give food for thought to Jack the Ripper, or idle panthers. But there are saving graces. "Trois Personnages" have been blown right off their canvas; there is no trace of them there, but "Deux Personnages" have to a certain extent been spared. The sea has taken them unto its bosom. Full fathom five, among the fish from "Les Pecheurs," they stand together, a little dishevelled, but thank God! — intact. And more than intact. They are female personages, but in the heat and bustle of the massacres, the pursuits, and the enlevements, they have evidently got away and lightly adorned themselves with a somewhat anomalous equipment, for which they will have little use, and which someone else will be sure to miss.

You may think this all very confusing. It is not. It is all equally clear to mind and eye. There has been — voilà ce que c'est — there has been a massacre. I looked all over for the fishermen.

GALLERY 144 WEST 13th ST.

THIS gallery is showing a group of water colors by Milton Avery. I know of no one in this country who handles water color as skilfully as Avery, unless it be Marin, and the two painters are hardly to be compared save from the point of view of excellence. In Avery's best work, the freshness and transparent simplicity which are the peculiar glory of the aquarellist are coupled with a grave and rich harmonic resonance which in this medium is attainable only by its authentic masters.

There is evident in Avery's work a serious and sensible quality, an impatience with merely superficial excellence which argues well for the future development of the artist. Once he has decided what it is he has to say, once he has decided to give over the small talk of art in favor of deeper utterance, magnificently equipped as he is to speak, I think it will go altogether well. Avery has a pronounced lyrical bent, much of his work is poetry. You will look in vain for outspoken

traces of humor, or for implications not strictly those of his art, but there is a charming frankness about it which saves it from being difficult. There is neither comment nor criticism; if there is a note of satire, it is recessive rather than dominant. Sometimes you will note an engaging air of wistfulness about the composition, as in "Mother and Child," which was so much and so justly admired when first exhibited. Sometimes there is an effect of epigram, almost of wit, though wit of a purely technical order, as in "Connecticut Landscape."

Avery is a painter's painter, and painters will surely value him. But no one will fail to see that the artist is extremely receptive, that he has rendered faithfully excellent impressions from which he has abstracted all that is not of moment, in color stately and grave and mellow. It is obvious too that his work is hardly dynamic. There are effects sometimes of stress, of suspense; hardly ever of motion. Nor is movement necessary in these paintings, nor its absence felt as a fault, save perhaps in "The Equestrians," in which the galloping horses are standing quite still. This doesn't seem fair to the horses.

JEAN CHARLOT— JOHN LEVY GALLERIES

WHEN a painter has carved himself out a niche in the halls of fame, he may as well get into it, assume an impressive pose, and give up the ghost. When an artist has established successfully a certain style, he may as well reconcile himself to it. It will not be forgiven him. It is a platitude that the public will bitterly resent any departure from what it expects of the unfortunate man it takes unto itself. He may spend all the time he wants in experimenting before he sells anything, but after the dealers begin to carry his canvases, woe to him if he lets them down. We admit of little variation in our currency. When the dies are approved for a new quarter, we expect those dies to strike off those quarters ad infinitum. We are not quite as conservative in the matter of

painting. But for commercial purposes we do insist that a man's work have currency. A man who pays a small fortune for a Renoir, buys with it the assurance that his friends will not stare sceptically at his purchase. But people will look reproachfully at a Renoir nude that is not large, luscious and properly parboiled. It is not proper merchandise, they will seem to say, it was probably

versatile. This will not be forgiven him.

Charlot is versatile. The success of his show of Mexican paintings has apparently not reconciled him—a young man—to the bleak prospect of copying himself ad nauseam while the dealers skilfully work up the price of his art. In this sternly mechanical age, Charlot has preferred to remain among the liv-



"Noces"—by Esman

—“Gallery 144 West 13th Street”

not worth the money. Thus when the values of paintings have been arrived at in the usual meretricious fashion, sale after sale, and a measure of acquiescence has established the grade of the merchandise, it is a sad disappointment to those who own his paintings if the artist inconsiderately insists on going on living. It would be just as well, beautiful and sad, if he died and bestowed a becoming rarity upon his existent work. But if he lives, one thing is essential. He must stay put.

Now a painter like Picasso who has tried, with great success, everything, and has refused magnificently to be pigeon-holed by his public, has at present comparatively a very low financial ceiling. You never know about him. He won't stay put. If you see a fine picture, obviously French, and don't know whose it is, the chances are if you say Picasso you will be right. Not that Picasso is without style. He is perhaps one the greatest original painters of all time. But he is

ing. And because he is still very much alive, his exhibition is extremely uneven.

If you like Bougereau—some of his work still hangs in the outer room further to point the moral—you may not like Charlot's "Dawn." She has rather a lovely face in a hideous sort of way. She stretches languorously tragic arms and capable hands as she slowly awakes to what of good and evil, of toil and passion await her. Over flat maternal breasts, seethe unbeautifully black tresses like shreds of midnight. Stand on your head—why not occasionally?—and "Dawn" will seem to be a squid, spouting indigo, with long dark tentacles outstretched. "Dawn" is a fine picture. It is flanked by two paintings, "Tarascan Idols I and II," vacuous and unpromising panels, decorative, architectural, and thoroughly without interest. Turn to "Mother and Child in Lap"—the sort of thing you expect of Charlot, and in his best manner. She looks up scornfully

with a fine marine dignity—the regal dignity of a well-fed goldfish—her breasts are ample, even somewhat overwhelming. They are wasted on the sausage-like child in her lap. It raises an admonitory sausage-shaped arm. It is about to make a speech and requires silence. In fact there is nothing to be said—the whole thing is beyond reproach. But "Adam and Eve" won't get us anywhere. The canvas is large and the color pretentious. She hands him with an expression of ineffable surfeit a 5 and 10 cents store glass ball—she has plucked it from the well stocked Christmas tree under which they stand—the legendary apple. He, poor man, kind of likes it, and reaches timid fingers, though he can see—who wouldn't—that this is not an apple like other apples. The snake is rather absent-minded about the whole thing and allows himself to be stepped on by everybody. This is an original touch. Steady now. Here are "La Mer" and "La Montagne." I recommend that La Mer and La Montagne get together sometime. "La Mer" is very voluptuous over against the darkened sea from which rises whitely a single pointed sail. "La Mer" is a nude voluptuously lying with great haunches avid for fulfillment over against the insuperable sea, mother of men, gazing with quiet longing where long ago she sighted with excitement long ago spent, a sail. Animism, Allegory. Ahoy! the Roerich Museum! "La Montagne" as far as one can make her out is somewhat dissatisfied, craggy and crevassed. This won't do. This is too simple, anyway, in the line of mysticism, and the color, to use that good old term, is certainly muddy. Between the 'mountain' and the 'sea,' hangs "Bather Chalma." You will call her monumental, for she is like a monument. Her face and her torso are contemplative, and the artist has gone to some trouble to make clear the quiet and erotic significance of the conception. You will like this painting. You will like "Playing Bunny," I hope. Well then, here is a versatile painter, at least for the nonce. One with a sense of adventure, delighting in experiment, thoughtful and alive, not always successful, certainly, but very much an artist, very much up in the air. Bonne chance, Charlot, and—happy landings.

**LUCIONI—
FERARGIL GALLERIES**

IN AN amazingly short time, Lucioni has become an old master.

Things assume a queer appearance when we detach them from reality, by staring at them as if we never saw them before. So considered, they take on a wealth of detail, but they are not comforting. There is a certain unity in things, they have relation, for which we should render thanks, for occasionally the universe exhibits an alarming tendency to fall apart. Lucioni seems to take seriously the text, dust thou art and to dust shalt return, and seeks to perpetuate a pot, a vase, a sprig of leaves, and thus to salvage from the wrack of time, like refugees flying from a stricken town, a few household utensils, a mattress, the picture of grandfather, and the silver candlesticks.

Alas! to what avail? Where is the use of reproducing some objects painfully, methodically, on canvas? There will always be objects. But we will not always be. It is ourselves we must reproduce before we have joined once for all fortunes with eternity. To immortalize a tea-pot or a kitchen sink, can this be the function of art? There is no end of pots to be dug up in the ruins of ancient Egypt, these things last a long time. Properly cared for, ranged neatly upon museum shelves, they have far outlived

their civilization. They will outlive ours. They have broadened our horizon a little beyond the rims of our own pots, and when they are dug up again from among the ruins of us, they will serve again to give employment to some scholars and ditch-diggers, some porters and pardon-peddlers of the years to come.

Art is essentially reproductive: it synthesizes the past; it is pregnant of the future. But these excellently painted pictures at the Ferargil Galleries are as sterile of idea, as they are pure of emotion or insight. They will last as long as utensils last, though they are useless; they are the letters out of which the language of art is spelt, and bear to painting the relation of typography to literature. They bring forth nothing but an exclamation of wonder at the artist's accomplished technique, and as progress is made in color photography this astonishment will give place to platitudes about hand work before the age of the machine.

Art, thank God, will not be satisfied with mere description, no matter how painstaking this may be. Lucioni is a splendid technician, but it does not matter very much. All purely technical skills involve renunciation of feeling and idea, and this is perhaps true of all arts. The Epicurean technique of living is a gesture of asquiescence in the great illusion; the Golden Mean of Aristotle hardly more than a below-stairs aping of the grand manner of the

gods. Those artists in all the arts who have most completely conquered the problems of technique have themselves been most completely conquered by them. It is not more magnificent to counterfeit a drapery than to counterfeit a coin. But coins are counterfeited because of what they can buy.

So are draperies. There will always be a public which will hail this kind of work as great, because there will always persist the hopeful feeling that there is nothing finer than virtuosity, that craftsmanship is the key to creation, that all you need to do to become great is to practise smallness. These paintings have everything save what is of importance. And therefore, nothing is quite right. The leaves and flowers and jugs and draperies all seem to be made of a delightfully flexible and glossy metal, faultlessly groomed. There is an amazing lack of suggestion about them, they mean absolutely nothing, so clean have they been scrubbed, so carefully finished, with such delightful insouciance, that they have somehow acquired the cold and remote perfection of the snows of yesteryear. And so for all the care that has been lavished upon them, they are not real things at all, fruit of the sun, and warmed by the touch of hands. Not like real things at all, but things reflected in a well-glazed mirror, in every sense nature morte.

I like the landscapes better.

PROPERTY

(Continued from Page 209)

a procession to tear their hair and beat their breasts trying to persuade him not to turn them out and put them in the street, by seizing their mule or their donkey, so that they'd not have anything to eat.

"You see what I eat," he replied. "Bread and onion! and I've got all those store-barns cram full, and I'm owner of all that stuff." And if they asked him for a handful of beans from all that stuff, he said:

"What, do you think I stole them? Don't you know what it costs, to sow them, and hoe them, and harvest them? And if they asked him for a cent he said he hadn't got one, which was true, he hadn't got one. He never had half-a-dollar in his pocket; it took all his money to make that property yield and increase, and money came

and went like a river through the house. Besides money didn't matter to him, he said it wasn't property, and as soon as he'd got together a certain sum he immediately bought a piece of land; because he wanted to get so that he had as much land as the king, and be better than the king, because the king can neither sell his land nor say it is his own.

ONLY one thing grieved him, and that was that he was beginning to get old, and he had to leave the earth there behind him. This was an injustice on God's part, that after having slaved one's life away getting property together, when you've got it, and you'd like some more, you have to leave it behind you. And he remained for hours sitting on a small basket, with

his chin in his hands, looking at his vineyards growing green beneath his eyes, and his fields of ripe wheat waving like a sea, and the olive groves veiling the mountains like a mist, and if a half-naked boy passed in front of him, bent under his load like a tired ass, he threw his stick at his legs, out of envy, and muttered: "Look at him with his length of days in front of him; him who's got nothing to bless himself with!"

So that when they told him it was time for him to be turning away from his property, and thinking of his soul, he rushed out into the courtyard like a madman, staggering, and went round killing his own ducks and turkeys, hitting them with his stick and screaming: "You're my own property, you come along with me!"

The Theatre

By Anthony H. Leviero

THE TRIBULATIONS OF EVA

IT IS a very serious matter indeed, this closing of Eva Le Gallienne's Fourteenth Street fortress, all because the private support which provided a subsidy of some \$150,000 a year has been drained away by the economic ills that have stricken all of us. Now, in an effort to overcome this financial difficulty, Miss LeGallienne has bravely moved her costly production of "Alice in Wonderland" with all its fantastic creatures into the vulgar milieu of the burlesque houses in Forty-second Street.

The other day we consulted the Walrus, a good friend of Alice, about this vital topic. There were tears in his eyes and a sigh under his tusks.

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"

This time the Walrus wasn't referring to luscious oysters. He agreed with us that it is the duty of every one to get on the box-office line at the New Amsterdam Theatre and put up his shekels for one or four or a dozen tickets to "Alice in Wonderland."

Pressure of a multitude of other things has prevented us from seeing the present production of "Alice in Wonderland," but we shall certainly go before long. After hearing what the Walrus said and reading all the laudatory chronicles concerning Miss Le Gallienne's latest and costly venture we are sure that it surpasses the other presentations of it that we have seen.

And now let us rush to the New Amsterdam Theatre.

"But four young oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet."

Four other oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last.
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore."

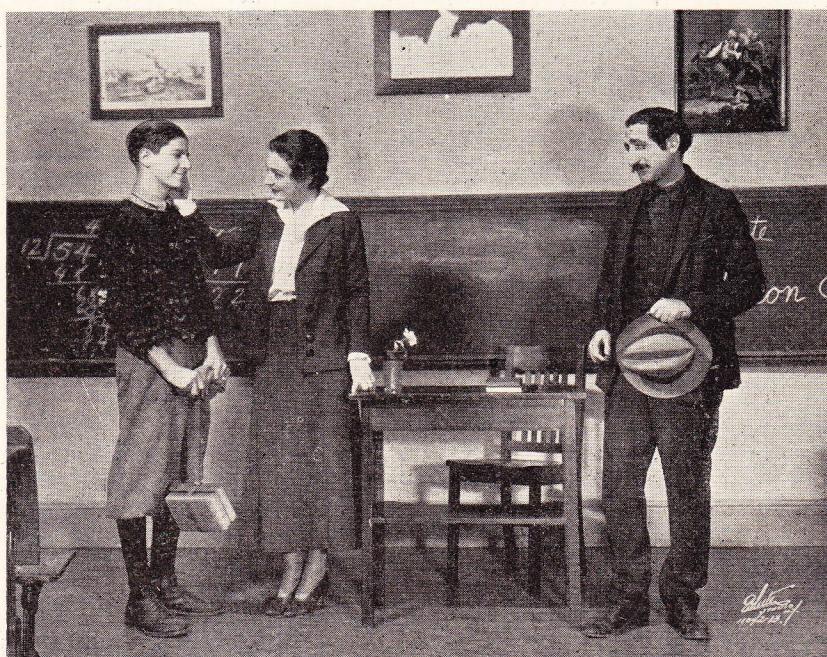
AGAIN THE DEPRESSION

WE have the privilege to review in these columns Elmer Rice's epic of the depression, "We, The People," which opened at the Empire Theatre on Jan. 21st; and "Honeymoon," a comedy by Samuel Chotzinoff and George Backer, which has been at the Vanderbilt Theatre since Dec. 23.

The man who won a Pulitzer Prize for "Street Scene" has made the theatre his rostrum for the "forgotten man." He turns the theatre into a meeting hall, and, with emotion often over-wrought, with picturization sometimes bordering on distortion, attacks all the evils of the depression era—foreclosed mortgages, unemployment, armaments, free speech, war and war debts, machiavellian capitalists, etc.

And while one has the feeling that he has laid on his material too thickly, it would be difficult to say nay to anything in his play, for all that he challenges has more or less had its counterpart in the realities of the past three years. He has snatched up all our ills and packed them together.

The play, with twenty scenes and fifty-four characters, rolls out a mélange of actions depicting all that is perturbing Mr. Rice—and most of the populace for that matter. A story so broad and so variously peopled might easily have got out of bounds with a less disciplined hand, and we might recall the late "Success Story" for a possible comparison. Nevertheless, if the play lacks the compactness of theme that made Mr. Rice's prize-winner so poignant a drama, if he has widened his field to dramatize a whole nation in distress instead of a single universal soul or two, he has not lost any of his power to win sympathy and to stir his audience. A fervent idealism



Three of Elmer Rice's hard beset "We, the People." Miss Eleonor Phelps keeping alive the slightly frayed American spirit in Tony Volterra and his father.

dominates his play, and keeps it throbbing. Sometimes in his audiences there is evidence of a premature hiss or burst of applause from emotional souls who realize too late that they have hailed the very characters that he is holding up for damnation and vice versa. Mr. Rice works his irony a little too skilfully for many New York playgoers.

IN "We, the People," the family of William Davis holds the center of interest. Adverse economic forces push it gradually from smugness and comparative comfort to disintegration and ruin. Through parent and son and lover and their friends and fellow workers and employers, Mr. Rice works out the evil results of the machine, the stifling of the spirit and idealism of youth and of free speech and liberalism in the university; frustration of love and marriage by economic pressure, wholesale unemployment, riot, violent death. And with vivid contrast Mr. Rice points at the causes.

Mr. Rice has assembled a cast that proves they know how to present his propaganda, and Miss Aline Bernstein has designed accurate settings. Miss Eleanor Phelps holds a major interest in all the welter of protest and violence by a most charming performance in the character of Helen Davis, school teacher. No other tragedy of the play, even including the railroading of an innocent youth to the gallows, rouses more sympathy, touches the audience more keenly, than the love of Helen Davis and Albert Collins. There are financial obstacles to marriage, and middle class convention and hypocrisy make consummation of their love a difficult and fearful joy. It is a vignette of simple beauty, but Mr. Rice loses it in the broader story of hard times so that he may get on with his purpose.

In the end Mr. Rice brings average, conservative American stock to the platform of a mass meeting. The minister of God, the two ousted professors, one the Jew, one of Mayflower stock; the school teacher, the father, the lover, sit on the platform. The mass meeting is the theatre audience and one by one these unassuming orators raise thier voices in pious protest. They plead for the life of the boy whose

greatest crime was the stealing of a sack of coal for his destitute family; for themselves and their neighbors they plead for a chance to get work, to earn at least food and shelter, for the fundamental rights which are deemed inalienable by the Constitution, the preamble of which the Mayflower professor naively quotes. The audience responds much as a mass meeting would respond. It manifests a comforting spirit of revolt and awareness. This must be gratifying to the author as it is to us.

MARITAL TOMFOOLERIES

"HOONEYMOON," a play with hackneyed anatomy, weighs down the dull side of the scales. And, having little inspiration, it might have incurred more severe words than these but for the fact that Miss Katherine Alexander and her surrounding cast have bolstered the play with a quality of acting which proves that the limitations belong to the authors.

As Mrs. Leslie Taylor, a divorcee, Miss Alexander is hostess in her Paris home to a honeymooning friend from the States. The honeymoon activities of Joan and Sam Chapman mainly consist of vituperative quarrels motivated by jealousy and swell-headedness in the husband, and in the wife, by revolt against the godhead which her husband thinks he represents by reason of the matrimonial sacraments. This gives Mrs. Taylor an opportunity to seduce her friend's young husband.

As one would expect in comedies of the pure Broadway species, the couple are finally reconciled. This happens too late for Sam's chastity, however. In awe of his new and secret love he is ready to divorce his wife to keep it sacred, but Mrs. Taylor shows him how silly he is. Sam then is ready to take back his wife, first, however, getting assurances that she has not been unfaithful to her marriage vows during a spite visit to Nice.

"THE LITTLE ONES"

THIS Parcae in the employ of Signor Vittorio Podrecca are still manipulating the threads of the great Piccoli on the stage of the Cohan Theatre. At will, with a supernaturalism all their own, they stir Signor Podrecca's lifeless

gawky mimes into sublime travesties of their inferior human brothers. If any persons still remain with the belief that puppets are children's entertainment let them hie themselves to the Cohan Theatre for disillusionment and extreme pleasure. Of course enlightened people, aware that puppets are an integral part of the theatre, will need no urgings. They will take the kiddies along too, for the appeal of the marionette is universal. Signor Podrecca's big little Italian troupe in the "Teatro dei Piccoli" surpasses by sheer sophistication and entertainment much that is presented on Broadway.

AN ITALIAN-AMERICAN PAINTER IN DETROIT

(Continued from Page 215)

ing contradiction is achieved by a neutral, rather vague background strikingly relieved by a shaft of sunlight.

He has exhibited in most of the important Galleries in Detroit, as well as in Cleveland, Toledo, and in the Provincial Exhibition of British Columbia. His first New York exhibit is scheduled for early Spring, the time and place of which will be announced later in this magazine.

A word about the man himself. Of medium height, slender, boyish, his eyes twinkle mischievously when he jokes, which he loves to do, but become deep and earnest when speaking of his work. He is absorbed in his art and pursues it as a hobby or a recreation, lovingly. Last year, with a favorite crony, he took a vagabond trip through northern Michigan, taking along a box of pastels. Travelling aimlessly in a battered and ancient car, they spent an unforgettable summer, painting nature in all its moods—fairylike dawn scenes, violent storms, riotous sunsets, refreshing green and blue water-scapes. When they returned, the contents of Mr. Spicuzza's bulging portfolio were exhibited at the Hudson galleries, where in a few weeks 119 of these sketches were acquired by enthusiastic art lovers.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 196)

WANTED: A GOVERNMENT

ALITTLE more than ten years ago the following excerpt appeared in an editorial published by one of the best daily newspapers in New York City:

"**WANTED:** A man to head the Italian Government. Excellent position, but uncertain. Duration: not more than three weeks."

This was shortly before the March on Rome. Within six months Italy had had at least six different Governments, succeeding one another with lightning speed, thanks to the so-called democratic and liberal rule of Parliamentary hocus-pocus. Nitti, Giolitti, Bonomi, Facta—I don't even remember them all. Suddenly a man appeared on the horizon—and Italy has had a Government ever since.

I have resurrected this incident with its sarcastic jab because I have been waiting very patiently to see a somewhat similar editorial in the same paper, reading something like this:

"**WANTED:** a man to head the French Government or the German Government. Excellent position, but uncertain. Duration: not more than forty days."

Fortunately, as I write, I note that Germany has found one. Whether he will last more than forty days is of course hard to predict. One thing is certain, however: replicas are as impossible in politics as they are in art. There has been one Napoleon, one Bismarck: there will be only one Mussolini.

The French Government is still looking for a man. Even if one is found, it is very likely that he will last less than Paul-Boncour's forty days.

The fault is not with the men: it is with the system—a decrepit, ineffective system called Parliamentarianism, the bane of all good Government.

The only stable and strong Governments in the world today—Italy, America and Russia—are stable

and strong because they are free from this Parliamentarian malady. Before long, France will have to see the light.

BUY AMERICAN VS. SELL AMERICAN

WILLIAM Randolph Hearst has started a movement against foreign goods which threatens to assume the proportions of a veritable crusade. Mr. Hearst has always been the super-American patriot of the age. Whether or not he fits into Mrs. Roosevelt's definition of a true patriot is really beside the point here. He is a super patriot and that's all.

The surprising thing, however, is that Hearst's Quixotic onslaught against imaginary windmills has been taken seriously in certain circles where one would expect at least a relative amount of good sense. The Legislature in Albany, our own Board of Estimate, and even Congress, have been enchanted by the miraculous panaceas suggested in this holy war against foreign goods.

Such response which thus dignifies a silly campaign, proves nothing. At most, it shows what a powerful press monopoly can accomplish by appealing to a mob hysteria.

The only sensible word has come from the Department of Commerce. In a letter written by the Solicitor of the Department it was pointed out that thousands of American enterprises, with their employees, are dependent for existence on the importing business. It is curious to note how none of the sponsors of this movement to boycott foreign goods realize that they are dealing with a double-edged weapon.

The chief point to remember is this: if we buy nothing from abroad, to whom shall we sell our goods? Some day the hated foreigners will wake up and determine that in this Boycott Game two can play as well as one. What will happen then?

"Buy American": Mr. Hearst has put forward the catch-word as a patriotic slogan. But the Solicitor of the Commerce Department stated in his letter that the question involved is "in no sense a patriotic issue, but strictly an economic one."

An economic issue, pure and simple, least suited to lead us out

of the present depression. Shorn of the so-called patriotic element, what remains of this issue is simply Mr. Hearst's attempt to dramatize an unfortunate situation, quite in keeping with his conception of sensational journalism.

TECHNOCRACY: THE NEW UTOPIA

NO, dear reader, I'm not going to define Technocracy for you. I know you have been waiting a long time for a clear, simple definition of this awe-inspiring word. So have I. But, alas, no one, not even its high priests and foremost exponents, seem to know what it means. If they do, they certainly don't feel inclined to come down from their lofty Olympus to enlighten poor mortals like you and me.

A definition, then, is out of the question. I can but give my personal reaction to all this ballyhoo about Technocracy, whatever it may mean.

As I gather it, Technocracy has to do with machines and their effects on man. Its chief point seems to be that improvement from time-saving inventions spells out disaster for the laboring man. What is there new in this? Nothing, except the new name—"a trick name," someone has called it. Karl Marx pointed this out a great many years ago and he was thought a madman. Mr. Scott repeats it like a parrot and they make a sort of man of the hour of him.

The trouble lies not in machines, but in the present economic system. Machines could be a boon to mankind. Yet under our Capitalistic form of Society they are often a cause of unemployment and misery. The thought was expressed 91 years ago and, curiously enough by a humorous paper, "Punch," in an article entitled "Man versus Machine" in which the following sentence occurred:

"Machinery is fiend to the poor; the time will come when it will be as a beneficent angel."

Yes, the time will come. But no high-sounding phrases will hasten its coming. Evolution will take care of that. As a matter of fact, Technocracy offers no practical solution for our economic ills: just a magic word: a fad. Like everything else, that too will pass.

The New Books

NOT TO BE REPEATED: *The Merry-Go-Round of Europe.* Anonymous. 521 pages. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith. \$3.

Modeled on a sensational success-
ful precursor, "Washington Merry-Go-
Round," the present book attempts to
do for Europe what the previous
volume did for the American capital.
Ray Long, "thanks to his rather wide
acquaintance on the other side," has
here gathered a half-dozen or so of
what are probably foreign correspond-
ents in the European centres, and told
them to "spill the dirt," or words to
that effect.

It is to be expected that an anonymously written book will have a frankness that makes readers gasp. But the essentials of presenting a disputed matter are that both sides be shown. Not so here. The effects sought after—that of debunking practically all of Europe's great postwar figures—are achieved by a despicable use of innuendo, rather than straightforward fact, documented and proven. The book has the subject matter that is usually contained in an American "whispering campaign." Though it contains, at times, good summaries of recent European history in particular States, it is distorted and biased, and constitutes dangerous reading for the uninitiated.

For some unaccountable reason, Fascism seems to have received more than its share of "dirt." The author of this section seeks out what he takes to be cracks in the Fascist structure and magnifies their importance, disregarding entirely all the good that the Regime has admittedly done. Then he hedges: "And it is also true that at the moment all countries, not only Italy, are fighting deficits in their budgets. The point is that neither Mussolini's genius nor Fascismo have been able to do any better than men less spectacular and systems less autocratic." Another example of the prejudiced insinuation used is the following:

"The only military victory in the ten years of Fascism was over the orphan asylum of Corfu where Italian guns killed twelve children under American care and then had to withdraw under pressure of the League of Nations, even though Mussolini threatened to withdraw from the League first. And the only conquest so far has been the annexation of an oasis called Jubaland, somewhere in Africa." This after the author has magnified Mussolini's so-called "saber-rattling" and ridiculed the many peaceful moves of Italy at the League, the latter a matter of record. Does this anonymous writer mean to advocate military measures?

As for the chapter on Mussolini the man, it is impossible to even give a hint of the mud-slinging and debunking done at his expense, although at the end, in spite of it, Mussolini remains the man who has made a new

and stronger Italy, both at home and in the eyes of other nations. The Duce is left with hardly a shred of character at the author's hands, which try to mold effects based on hints and indirect statements. As for the "Fascist elite," "with the exception of two or three, the men who made Fascism or are now its heads, have been implicated in what would be called gang warfare in America." This ridiculous statement is typical of the spite and venom that permeates the whole section on Italy and Mussolini.

Of course the other nations also come in for a good drubbing, though they are not as often hit below the belt as is the case with Fascism. Concerning the French, for example, their point of view at least is explained and made to sound reasonable, although one may disagree with it. All the great men in public life are guyed and ridiculed, under the guise of making them "human," even though it be done in an inhuman way. In Germany, only Hindenburg receives a modicum of approbation, while about Hitler, now Chancellor of Germany, more than anything else the author can say about him, "there may be deeper significance in the fact that he imitates the mustache of Charley Chaplin."

Strangely enough, in the chapters on countries other than Italy, one occasionally finds an inadvertent compliment to Fascism, something which is scrupulously avoided in the section where it ought to be. For example: "Nothing quite as Quixotic as the Hitler movement has ever been known in the modern world. Both Italian Fascism and Russian Bolshevism, from which Hitler borrowed heavily, were products of keen intelligence and shrewdest logic, whatever their initial excesses."

Although the book is racy and at times even entertaining in the sense that whispered "inside stuff" is entertaining, there is little to be gained by reading it except a profound irritation, even anger, at the deliberate unfairness of its methods. On the title-page there is a quotation from Pope Julius III apparently meant to be startling: "You would be surprised if you knew with how little wisdom the world is governed." You would also be surprised if you knew how little fairness there is in "Not to Be Repeated," a better title for which would be "Not To Have Been Mentioned."

D. Lamonica

OUT OF THE PAST OF GREECE AND ROME. By Michael I. Rostovtzeff. 129 pages. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.

It is with a feeling of wonder that one discovers one's kinship with men who lived in the far places of the earth more than two thousand years ago. They tamed the land and con-

quered the forests and explored the seas. They built cities and fashioned stone and metals into works of art and worshipped at the shrines of their gods. The men died and the cities fell to ruin, and the earth again grew wild and covered over the works of men. All that remained were the tombs of the dead and the altars of their gods.

From some of these forgotten cities the dust of ages has been cleared, and archaeologists have rebuilt the market-place, the temple, the palace, the stadium, from the crumbling stone they have found. From this work, Professor Rostovtzeff goes on and resurfaces the men themselves who have lain so long in the cities of the dead. In a few unrelated sketches, he is able to bring back to life remote sections of the Near East and of Egypt when the Greeks, and later, the Macedonians and the Romans, were the powerful peoples of the world.

Along the Black Sea in southern Russia, where the adventuring Greeks had come in search of the wealth that the plains yielded in cattle and the rivers in fish, the burial mounds of their more savage neighbors of the steppes, the Scythians and the Sarmatians, are upflung and laid freshly dug. We hear the approach of a great prince's funeral procession, the clatter of rattles and the tinklings of bells hung on the tasseled gold-embroidered curtain of the carriage to ward off evil spirits from the dead and his relatives. The gold and silver harnessed horses that will afterward be slaughtered and buried with their master, come slowly on, and after the casket, the mournful march of the family, the servants, the mourners, the wife and the servant chosen to accompany the prince to the land beneath the earth, and the steers and sheep and riding horses to be offered up as sacrifice.

At Olympia, sacred to Zeus, the site of the old Olympic Games is touched again by the warmth of that same sun that shone upon the fairest youths of Greece who journeyed there from distant parts for the festival of the beauty and strength of the body in honor of their god. From all parts of the world, from countries where the one God is worshipped. Who taught the humility of the body, pilgrims come now to Olympia to see the temple to Zeus and the statues of the victors of the Games.

In Campania in Italy, Pompeii, buried in ashes, and Herculaneum, sunk in mud, since the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D., have been unearthed even to the scribbling of verses, sums of money, names of sweethearts, actors, and masters on the walls of house. Even in the deserts of Arabia and Syria, while roads are being built over the old routes and automobile trucks are taking the place of the camel, Petra and Palmyra, oasis cities, are given new

life to bring back the ghosts of the caravans. In Egypt, too, the glory of Alexandria is touched with magic, and one walks through the parks and gardens of the palace of Ptolemy Philadelphus, through the Museum and the first public library of the world, along the broad streets and into the theatres, the restaurants and the baths.

Professor Rostovtzeff will take the reader journeying both in space and in time so that the men who lived long ago will live again. And once the archaeologist has touched them with his magic spade, the reader will feel that restlessness that will be satisfied only when he learns to know them as he knows his own contemporaries and when he has visited in reality those places where they once have lived.

Edith Witt

A HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, by Cyril E. Robinson. With 14 maps, 484 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. \$3.00.

The author's efforts in the field of Roman history are no less meritorious than his previous excellent work on England and Greece.

Here we have no mere chronicle of legends and events but a thorough scientific exposition of the rise of the world's mightiest republic. The reader is impressed by Professor Robinson's precise evaluation of past records, his keen sense of historical perspective and his scholarly insight where old documents are misleading.

The earliest period up to the institution of the republic, including such spiny topics as the legendary foundation of Rome and the Etruscans and their relations with the Latins, is briefly but very ably reconstructed. The evolution of the Roman people, racial, political, ethical and cultural and its consequent domination of the Mediterranean world constitute the bulk of the volume and give a greater intelligibility to the meteoric rise of the city-state. And the last century of republican government with its contrasts in personalities—Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Caesar—is vividly portrayed.

Occasionally, however, one cannot subscribe to Professor Robinson's theories. Let us consider the following passage:

"... Cato, a typical Italian, declared that of three regrets with which a long life left him, one was for having made a water journey which he might just as well have made by land. Such a temper, if left to itself, is distinctively conservative and tenacious of old customs; and had it not been for another countervailing and in some ways contradictory quality, the Italian would never perhaps have left his mark upon the world. For, if not adventurous, he was at least adaptable. When by force of circumstances he came into contact with foreign ways and foreign sciences, he was a ready learner, so that he could assimilate and having assimilated, pass on to others a culture which of himself he would have been powerless to initiate. Thus in its maturity and as a result of foreign influence, the Italian race, though not perhaps spontaneously artistic, was destined to produce much that was beautiful in literature and to

evolve a style of architecture as noble as any in the world..."

Now such thoughts take us very far afield, for to deny the Renaissance the spirit of adventure, in any measure, is to misunderstand its very essence, and to affirm the racial continuity of the inhabitants of the Italian peninsula through thirty centuries is to enter into a very disputable question.

Such intrusions into debatable grounds increase rather than diminish the interest of a book which in all respects is worthy of recommendation.

Anthony M. Gisolfi

THE MEANING OF MODERN SCULPTURE. By R. H. Wilenski: 172 pages. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Sculptural energy may be the mountain, as Gaudier said. It has often given birth to a mouse. It is natural to expect of a man who writes with the vigor of the author of this book that he be often wrong. In this expectation, I believe, the just reader will be disappointed. Undoubtedly, Wilenski is right. If the mountain of sculptural energy after its terrific birth pangs of the last three decades has produced nothing else, it must be conceded that at least it has brought forth a book.

Mr. Wilenski treats his thoughts sculpturally. He has a certain number of thoughts. These are formalized in a certain number of terms, some borrowed from the language of psychology, some from the more lucid terminology of Mother Goose, some the author has himself invented. By means of these word-forms, treated in the way of the cube, the cylinder and the sphere, piled one upon the other, flanked, supported, and shoared up by a personality of astonishing vitality, with which each one of these word-forms is charged, the author arranges a clear-cut and most engaging composition representing the difficulties of the modern sculptor. The subject has been treated plastically, but the technique is one of putting on, not of taking off. For the author is evidently not entirely clear in his own mind as to the meaning of modern sculpture. He is not therefore in a position at present, though he obviously enjoys the power of clear and forceful exposition to an unusual degree, to collaborate with words, to hew out of the resistant block of language beneath his hand, a meaning or a prophecy.

In the first part of his book, the author disposes, somewhat shrewishly, but I think with complete justice, of the legend with regard to the perfection of the Greek tradition in sculpture. He proceeds to disapprove of the transitory and casual nature of the romantic trend. The book then falls quite handsomely apart.

M. J. Valency

THE REAL NEW YORK. By Helen Worden. 401 pages. Illustrated by the author. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50.

Those who read "The New Yorker", that witty and piquant weekly, will feel at home among the pages of this book. Not a guide book, yet more

than a guide book, it is, in the words of the author, "a Guide for the Adventurous Shopper, the Exploratory Eater and the Know-it-all Sightseer Who Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet." It tells about little, out-of-the-way places, shops, restaurants, sections that have a charm or atmosphere all their own. These places cannot be found in the ordinary guide book; they are usually known only to a select and discriminating few who make an art of good living. Conversely, one will not find here "the New York that is to be found in the glittering stretch of avenues, the magnificent buildings, the vast parks, the costly mansions, the museums of priceless contents," but rather, places like Del Pezzo's, where Caruso ate, and heartily, the musty attic of Giovanni Longiaru, who has been making violins for 28 years, the Divan Parisien, patronized by the elite, and the Spaniard's perfumery shop the owner of which calls himself Mr. Francisco Company. These and hundreds of others one will find.

Before the book was published these little retreats no doubt had the individuality that is lacking to overpatronized places. We hope they will retain it even after the general public learns about them.

Miss Worden, a columnist-at-large for the "New York World-Telegram" has known all the hundreds of places here mentioned, and she imparts to the reader the charm and aura of each. Its contents are worth knowing.

THE ODES OF HORACE in English Verse. Latin text with translation by various hands chosen by H. E. Butler. 303 pages Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

An attractive and well-printed little volume, "The Odes of Horace" presents us some of the works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the great Roman lyric and satirical poet, with the Latin on the left-hand pages, and on the right, English versions of the odes by a wide variety of translators, including Calverley, Congreve, Cowper, Dryden, Ben Johnson, Bulwer-Lytton, Milton, De Vere and many others.

It is extremely difficult to translate what the editor calls "the most untranslatable of Latin poets," and he himself realizes that the versions chosen from a wide range hardly make for unity of style, or uniformity of quality. Yet it is worthwhile to make the attempt to get lines like the following (Odes IV, 9); on "The Immortality of Verse" as translated by Sir Stephen De Vere:

Who dwells on earth supremely blest?
Not he of wealth and power possest;
But he alone to whom is given
Wisdom to use the gifts of Heaven;
Who fears to sin, but not to die,
Most rich when steeped in poverty,
Exulting when his native land
Or friends beloved his life demand.

What better could be said of this poet than the words of John Dryden: "That which will distinguish his style from all other poets is the elegance of his words, and the numerosness of his verse; there is nothing so deli-

(Continued on Page 237)

The Italians in the United States

THE PRESS

Italian newspapermen in New York were sad last month at the news of the death of Cav. Uff. Alfredo Bosi, for many years a beloved member of the staff of "Il Progresso Italo-American" of New York, and known especially for his book "Cinquanta anni di Vita Italiana in America," published in 1921.

Born in Palombara Sabina in the Province of Rome in 1872, he studied law at the University of Rome and came to America in 1899, where, after a short period with the Italian Consulate in New York, he was engaged by the "Progresso." With the exception of the time, from 1909 on, when he founded and edited for three years the magazine "Italia-America," he was always with the "Progresso" as a responsible editor. The Order of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy he received in 1922, and it was only recently that, for reasons of health, he had to give up his newspaper work.

His loss is keenly felt.

"La Rivista d'Italia nel Nord America," a monthly magazine in Italian, made its appearance in New York not long ago. It is edited by Atty. G. Favino di Giura and Cav. Paolo M. Pizzo, both well-known in the Italian community.

The November 1st issue of "La Rivista Commerciale," published weekly by the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York, was devoted entirely to the reproduction of the whole series of five articles recently written by H. R. Knickerbocker on Italian economic conditions for the "New York Evening Post."

The Permanent Italian Book Exhibition of New York recently began publication of a monthly bulletin: "Libri d'Italia," of new Italian books. Edited by Salvatore Viola, its first number appeared in December, with a leading article devoted to G. A. Borghese. The purpose of this organization, which is situated at 2 West 46th St., New York City, is to facilitate the relation between the Italian publishers and the American book-buying public, such as retail book stores, public and college libraries, college book stores, as well as private individuals. Its president is Hon. Franco Ciarlantini, well-known Italian author, and Cav. Uff. Louis Gerbino is vice-president and treasurer.

In Philadelphia last month appeared the first number of a new weekly paper in both Italian and English, the "Spectator." Its personnel comprises Guido Vitrone, editor; C. Battinelli, business manager; and Theresa F. Buccieri, English section editor. Of a tabloid size, the new weekly contains 12 pages, runs interesting articles and

news items, and has an effective layout, especially the English pages. An American newspaper in Italian and English, it is "dedicated to the interests of our young Italo-American men and women."

In a new and enlarged format, the "Italy America Society Bulletin" for January 1933 came out as Volume 1, Number 1, with 36 pages, short stories and full page photographs of scenes in Italy, in addition to the regular news items concerning Italy and the Society. The directing editor is Dr. Beniamino de Ritis, assisted by Harry R. Baltz and Carla Orlando.

S. R. Mancuso, the editor of "Il Risorgimento Italiano" (The Italian Revival) an Italian weekly of Baltimore, was recently re-elected a member of the Executive Board of the Baltimore Press Club.

With a leading feature article on "Mobilization at the Great Wall of China" in the Sunday supplement of Jan. 2nd, Luigi Barzini, famous Italian journalist and war correspondent, for many years editor of the "Corriere d'America" and now editor of "Il Mattino" of Naples, resumed his collaboration with the New York newspaper which he formerly edited. It is planned to have occasional daily as well as Sunday articles by him.

The monthly organ of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, Independent Order Sons of Italy, "L'Indipendente," has improved in format since its December issue with photographs on the cover. The January issue begins with a leading article by Atty. Rosario Ingargiola, editor of the monthly and Grand Venerable of the State Lodge, on "Charity: Divine Virtue." In its December issue the magazine had berated other Italian societies, especially the Order Sons of Italy, for not having supported Italian candidates regardless of party.

G. Falasca, publisher of the Los Angeles "La Parola," has been awarded the order of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

In an editorial in the January issue of "The Lion," organ of the Junior Movement of the Order Sons of Italy, Rosina M. Bonanno, its editor, discusses the place of the Junior Division in the larger picture of the Italians in America, and concludes: "The service we render, the efforts we lend, the loyalty with which we support our leaders, the unselfishness with which we give of ourselves, the faith we maintain in the ideals of our Junior Division; these are the unifying, vitalizing elements in the breathless masterpiece which our fathers have left to us as our heritage."

The January issue of "Casa Italiana" the monthly bulletin of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University, is featured by "A Selected Bibliography of Contemporary Italian Literature" compiled by its editor, Peter M. Riccio.

The new 1932-33 issue of that indispensable reference work, the Almanac of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, made its appearance recently, its 728 pages filled with information of value to Italian-Americans, especially those in business.

SOCIETIES

On February 18th the Italy America Society is to give a banquet in honor of the new Italian Ambassador, H. E. Augusto Rosso, in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. The committee in charge of the dinner, which will be attended by eminent people from Italian and American life, is headed by Henry R. Winthrop, and includes G. H. Baltz, H. Burchell, Paul Cravath, Marshall Field, Henry Fletcher, Myron C. Taylor, F. M. Guardabassi, Thomas W. Lamont, Charles E. Mitchell and Carla Orlando.

Following the banquet, a dance and supper will take place, organized by the Junior Committee of the Italy America Society.

The Grand Lodge of New York State of the Independent Order Sons of Italy held a luncheon early in January at the Hotel New Yorker in honor of the new Italian Consul in New York, Comm. Antonio Grossardi. Seated at the table of honor were Comm. Grossardi, Atty. Rosario Ingargiola, Grand Venerable of the Order, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, and Messrs. Cannella, Salvatore Pino, Giuseppe Susca and P. Parisi.

Mrs. Lucia Dandrea of Waterbury, Conn. recently retired from the office of Treasurer of the Loggia Daughters of Italy, F. O. A., after having been re-elected 45 consecutive times.

The new officers of the Federation of Italian-American Democratic Clubs of Kings County are Hon. Jerome G. Ambro, Chairman of the Executive Committee; S. J. Trapani, Vice-chairman; L. Camardella, president; V. Tito, first vice-president; C. L. Fatusso, second vice-president; C. P. Pinto, secretary; J. C. Scileppi, corresponding secretary; J. Spezio, treasurer; and Dr. V. A. Caso, executive secretary.

The Dante Alighieri Society of Chicago last month gave a supper at the Hotel Belden-Stratford, followed by a presentation of Dario Nicodemi's "Scampolo" by the Scapigliati Club of

the University of Chicago. The committee in charge was headed by Dr. Cav. Italo Volini, and Consul General Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio was guest of honor.

Pietro De Cicco has been reelected for the second time as president of the United Republican Club of Waterbury, Conn.

An Italo-American Centre has been organized in New Brighton, Staten Island, with more than 50 members, under the presidency of D. J. Deodati. The other officers are Peter Catello, vice-president; Charles Coppolo, financial secretary; Anthony La Morte, treasurer. The Board of Advisors consists of Peter Catello, Anthony Arcari, M. De Rosa, Joseph Lucchini and Sam Bilotto. There is also a Ladies' Auxiliary, under the chairmanship of Mrs. John Lamberti; Mrs. A. Arcari is secretary and Mrs. F. Curatore treasurer.

In Rochester, last month, the Columbian Republican League, at its annual meeting, reelected Paul Napolano president of the organization. With him were also reelected the following: Jerry Leonardo, treasurer; Charles Argento, secretary; Pietro Roncone and Patsy Laudisi, vice-presidents.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Columbus Memorial Hospital of Newark, recently purchased by Italo-Americans, held their second annual Charity Ball early this month at the Newark Elks Ball Room. Those in charge of the arrangements were Mrs. Louise M. Stefanelli, Mrs. Jeanette Zangrilli, Mrs. Frances M. Galia, Miss Maude Albano, Miss Minnie Bonavita, Miss Angelyn Mariano, Miss Rose Apito, Miss Theresa Barbiere, Miss Edvige Maioran, Miss Rae Maioran, Miss Mildred Frungillo, Miss Marie Cardamone, Miss Carmela Vitrano, Miss Vita Cauco, Miss Elvira Zarro, Miss Mildred Cuzzone, Miss Theresa Varni, Miss Marie Pavia.

Delegates of the Italian societies of New Orleans, banded together as the Unione Italiana and representing more than 5000 members, last month elected Atty Augusto P. Miceli as president for the coming year to succeed Salvatore Saputo.

The Italy America Society gave a dinner in the roof garden of the Waldorf-Astoria on Dec. 14th in honor of H. R. H. Aimone Savoia Aosta, Duke of Spoleto. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field presided, and among the distinguished guests were the Italian Consul General, Gr. Uff. Antonio Grossardi, and his wife, Col. L. C. Griscom and Hon. Robert Underwood Johnson, former Ambassadors to Italy, and the officers and directors of the Society.

The fifth Imperial Masquerade Ball of the Free Blue Empire was held last month at the Hotel Empire in New York City. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes, and "Martinez the Great" performed some tricks of magic. Mr. Joseph Bruno is president of the Free Blue Empire, which is composed largely of Italians.

EDUCATION AND CULTURE

Word comes from Italy that the great Italian inventor, Guglielmo Marconi will leave Naples toward the end of May and arrive in Chicago early in June to preside at the installation of the Pavilion of Science to be included at the Chicago Exposition.



Miss Rosina A. Guglietti

(See Page 229, Column 1)

When the Rockefeller Center in New York opened its doors on February 8th to the International 1933, an exhibition of contemporary paintings assembled by the College Art Association, Italy was largely represented. Some 30 canvases by Italians were presented, among them Carlo Carra, Felice Casorati, Arturo Checchi, Primo Conti, Enrico Prampolini, Bartolo Sacchi and many others.

The International 1933 is the first art event to be held at Rockefeller Center. The entire 27th floor of the RKO Building houses the exhibition, which will be there till Feb. 26, after which it will start on a country-wide tour.

February 18th will be Italian Day at the Exhibition, and it is expected that it will be attended by Ambassador Augusto Rosso.

Ugo Ojetti, famous Italian critic and journalist, and member of the Italian Royal Academy, spoke to America last month from Rome over the radio on the subject: "Light on the Capitol," in which he described the various attractions of the Eternal City, especially the excavations now going on.

Nicholas Delgenio of Brooklyn, a student at Yale, was recently the recipient of the New York Yale Club Scholarship.

In Philadelphia last month, Professor Bruno Roelli of Vassar College spoke to an audience including Comm.

Pio Margotti, Italian Consul in that city, on the ancient city of Leptis Magna, recently brought to light in the sands of Libya by Italian archaeologists.

"The Italy of Today" was the subject of a talk recently delivered by Harold Lord Varney of the Italian Historical Society of New York at the Boston Public Library under the auspices of the Italian Historical Society of Massachusetts. The address was illustrated by films.

The officers of the Society in Massachusetts are Cav. Prof. J. D. M. Ford, president; Judge Comm. Frank Leveroni, Milton E. Lord, vice-presidents; Albert P. Robuschi, treasurer; Prof. Joseph H. Sasserno, secretary.

At the Italian Industrial School, 154 Hester Street, is given an Italian course which should be of interest to social workers, teachers and professionals who deal with Italian people continually. This is primarily a conversational course. It also gives some cultural material: such as history and literature of Italy. The course is entirely free of charge. Books and writing materials are supplied by the school. For further information, you may inquire at the school. The instructor, Miss Dina Di Pino, will be very glad to give any information or individual attention.

Guido Ferrando of Vassar College delivered an address last month at Casa Italiana of Columbia University in New York on "Italian Influence on English Civilization." It was followed by a concert under the direction of Maestro Bimboni.

The Pulitzer Award for proficiency was recently given to Ermanno Lombardi of De Witt Clinton High School.

The teaching of Italian on a par with other languages has been introduced in Manual Training High School in Brooklyn, largely through the efforts of a committee of the Columbian League of Kings County composed of Judge Sylvester Sabatino, Judge Gaspar Liota, Deputy Sheriff Anthony F. Mayo and Atty. Arthur A. Vioni, president of the League.

Peter T. Campon of Binghamton, who has lectured extensively on Italian contributions to civilization, is still "carrying on" with a work that deserves full commendation and praise. Mr. Campon's audiences are usually amazed at the facts revealed showing the indispensable place of Italy in world civilization through the centuries, and he has accumulated many letters praising his talks. Last month he spoke before the Rotary Club of Altoona, Pa., and one of his listeners, the principal of the Altoona High School, immediately arranged that same day for Mr. Campon to speak before an assembly of some 275 students in the school.

Mr. Campon also spoke before the assembly of the Harrisburg Academy (founded in 1786), and the Harrisburg Rotary, and the latter's president afterward wrote him: "In many respects, your talk constituted a liberal education in itself."

Professor G. A. Borgese, professor of Aesthetics at the University of Milan and at present visiting professor at Smith College, will give a series of six lectures on "A Critique of Poetry in Our Age" at the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, in New York, on Tuesday afternoons at 4, beginning February 14.

Professor Borgese is the author of History of Romantic Criticism in Italy; Studies in Modern Literatures; The XIXth Century in Europe; The Spirit of Italian Literature; Rubè; The Living and the Dead; The Tragedy of Mayerling; A Storm over Nothing, and short stories, poems, etc.

According to an advice from the National League for American Citizenship, a Certificate of Derivative Citizenship is not available to those persons who are American citizens through the fact that their fathers or husbands were born in the United States, but only through such parents as actually received naturalization papers. Further information on this and other citizenship matters is given free of charge in addition to actual assistance in citizenship at its various branches in Manhattan and the Bronx. The central offices of the League are at 405 Lexington Avenue, New York.

The State Education Department of New York announces free courses for adults at P. S. 121, 103rd St. and 3rd Ave. for men and women, where English, domestic science and vocational subjects are taught.

Under the auspices of the Gioventù Circolo of Morris High School in the Bronx, N. Y., an Italian evening was recently held in the auditorium of the school, including a representation of two comedies: "L'ultima Avventura" and "La Principessa Guarita." The evening was under the direction of Prof. Michele Cagno, instructor of Italian. John Biancò is president of the Circolo and Miss Giulia Spadafino is secretary.

Miss Rosina Avella Guglietti, a social worker, is on the professional staff of the Family Welfare Society of Queens, in New York, which has 6 offices in that borough. In her third year with the Society, she has 75 families in her care in Corona and Astoria. She is to be loaned by the Society to the Associated Charities of Flushing, where she will assist with the distributing of Red Cross food and clothing. Miss Guglietti is well-known in Bridgeport and Jersey City, where she has done similar work. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso Guglietti of New Haven.

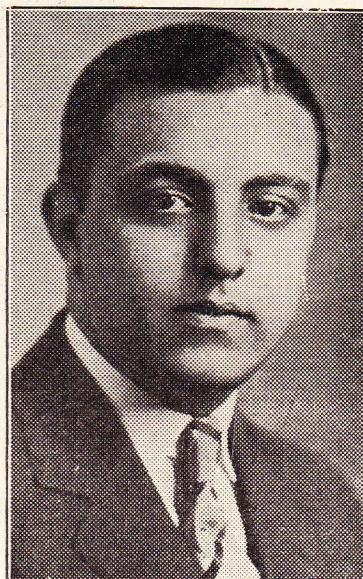
RELIGION

Recent news items in the Kansas City (Mo.) newspapers have revealed the activities of the Rosary Club of that city, which, with membership of 210 women, has for the past six years devoted its efforts and time to the young people of Italian blood, by means of religious education, vacation schools, club work and sports.

In addition to aiding school children with carfare, eye-glasses and clothing,

the Rosary Club, to encourage them to go to Catholic schools, has for the past five years furnished school books free to those attending St. John and Holy Rosary schools. It was the first Catholic Club in Kansas City to arrange with the Board of Education for religious instruction for children attending the public schools. Every Friday members of the Rosary Club and the Sisters of the Holy Rosary School teach 350 children who come from the public schools.

The vacation school of the Club was attended last summer by over 400 boys and girls from the Italian colony, with sewing, music, handicraft, dancing, swimming and kindergarten for the smaller children making up the program. Christmas and Easter celebrations are held annually, at which time gifts are distributed to the children.



William S. Cantalupo

(See Page 231, Column 2)

The sources of income on which the Club has depended are the annual show and entertainments of various kinds, as well as money received as dues from the members themselves.

Mrs. F. J. Nigro is president of the organization, and the other officers are Mrs. F. Fasone, and Mrs. R. Sarli, vice-presidents; Miss Angelina Onofrio, secretary; Miss Mary Donnici, treasurer; and Mrs. F. Ingino Poliselli, auditor.

Rev. A. R. Bandini, Rector of St. Rose's Church of Crockett, California, has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. Rev. Bandini was one of the founders of the flourishing Italian Catholic Federation of California, which now has more than 6000 members and 45 lodges throughout the State. This organization was described by Rev. Bandini in the October 1931 issue of "Atlantica" in an article. He is also a translator of the Divine Comedy.

A banquet was recently held in Chicago to celebrate the award of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy to Rev. Michele Favero, rector of the

Kensington Church of that City. The Italian Consul General, Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, was among those present.

Rev. Carmine Falcone of Sharpsburg, Pa., recently celebrated his 25th anniversary as rector of the Church of the Madonna of Jerusalem of that city.

The Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy was recently awarded to Rev. Molinari, rector of the Church of St. Michael in Chicago.

On the anniversary of the conciliation between Church and State in Italy, Rev. Prof. Comm. D. Antonio Fasulo, of the Order of Salesians, gave a conference, illustrated by lantern slides, on "Religion and Country in the Work of Don Bosco," the founder of the Order. The gathering, held at the Central Opera House in New York on Feb. 12th, was attended by the Italian Consul, Comm. Antonio Grossardi, as well as a committee of Italian-American notables.

BUSINESS, PROFESSIONAL AND OCCUPATIONAL

At the recent annual elections held last month by the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, the following were elected for 1933: **Councillors, Category A:** Dante Antolini, Anthony J. Bendin, Joseph Capolino, Eligio Cerrutti, Giuseppe Cosulich, Domenico D'Angiola, Siro Fusì, Ercole L. Sozzi, Giuseppe Gerli, Ercole H. Locatelli, Lionello Perera, Domenico A. Truda, Joseph Roncallo, Henry W. Schroeder, Pasquale I. Simonelli. **Councillors, Category B:** Domenico Casaburi, Frank Veltri.

Revisers of Accounts: Francis X. Savarese, Dr. Jose Tolibia and Frank G. Tusa.

An address was delivered by Comm. Lionello Perera in the absence of Cav. Uff. Ettore Locatelli, who was in Italy at the time.

The firm of L. Gandolfi & Co. in New York celebrated last month the 50th anniversary of its founding. Founded by Luigi Gandolfi, others who have been at its head have been Ettore Grassi, then his sons Otto and Waldemar, followed by Luigi Profumo, who is also vice-president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York.

Last month at the Biltmore Hotel in New York a luncheon was given by members of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York for Comm. Dr. Attilio H. Giannini, who was its president for eight consecutive years and is now its honorary president. Dr. Giannini now resides in Los Angeles, where he is president of the Board of Directors of the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association. Among the speakers were Cav. Scaramella, toastmaster, Comm. Lionello Perera, acting president of the Chamber, Vice-Consul Castellani, and Comm. Romolo Angelone, commercial attaché at the Italian Embassy in Washington.

Announcement was made last month by Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, that Ferdinand Pecora of New York had been appointed counsel of the subcommittee in charge of the stock market inquiry, with all the authority necessary to make a comprehensive investigation of these matters.

Mr. Pecora was associated with the District Attorney's office in New York for twelve years, the last eight years of which he spent as Chief Assistant District Attorney. In his official capacity between the years 1918 and 1930, when he was in the District Attorney's office, he headed many important investigations touching on financial subjects.

Mr. Pecora is forty-seven years old, was born in Nicosia, Italy, is an Episcopalian and a staunch member of Tammany Hall. He was educated at City College and St. Stephen's College at Annandale-on-Hudson and joined the District Attorney's office in 1918 under former District Attorney Edward Swann.

Among those in the business world to have been made Chevaliers of the Order of the Crown of Italy last month were Dr. John Rossi of Utica; John De Michiel of Torrington, Conn.; Dr. Antonio Mendillo of New Haven, Conn.; Capt. Rosario Catanzaro of New York; Vincenzo Ferrara of Chicago; Dr. Guerino Alvino of Pittsburgh; and Antonio Vena of Jersey City, N. J., who was elevated from Cavaliere to Cavaliere Ufficiale.

The purchase of the Columbus Memorial Hospital by Italian-Americans of Newark, N. J. was decided last month at a meeting of the board of directors, heads of the medical staff and the group interested in its acquisition.

Present at the meeting, which was presided over by Congressman Peter A. Cavigchia, president of the board, were Dr. Arcangelo Liva of the State Board of Medical Examiners, Dr. Angelo R. Bianchi, Dr. John B. Casale, Peter Adubato, Humbert Berardi, Mrs. Jeannette Zangrilli, Dr. Joseph Albano, Dr. Paul F. Liva, Dr. Edward Sturchio and Joseph Vicarisi.

It is estimated that about \$20,000 will be needed for repairs and to make possible the increase of the number of beds available for patients from 24 to 75. Operating expenses will amount to about \$127,000 a year. It has been suggested to start a public campaign for raising funds, but no definite action has yet been taken.

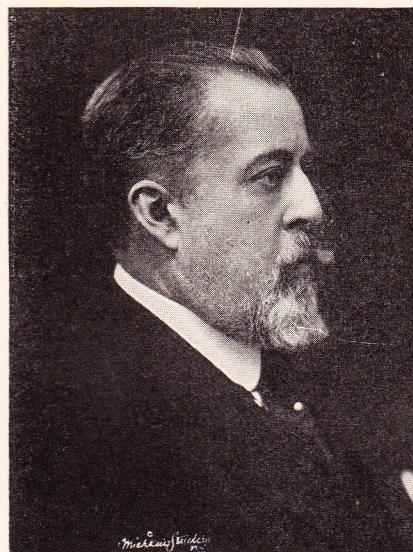
Dr. Peter A. E. Saponaro has been elected president of the Long Island City Medical Society.

The New Haven Evening Register says the Fox-New England circuit of theatres, embracing properties in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts, may soon return to control of its founder, Sylvester Z. Poli of this city.

"But resumption of control and operation of the theatres by Mr. Poli will, of necessity, have to be prefaced by certain litigation in the Federal courts," says The Register, giving as

its authority "a source closely associated with the Poli interests."

When Mr. Poli sold his circuit to the Fox interests the sale price was said to be \$25,000,000. Of this amount Mr. Poli received \$5,000,000 cash and \$10,000,000 in a first mortgage. A



Giulio Gatti-Casazza

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banking house arranged a \$4,000,000 second mortgage. The remaining \$6,000,000, it is understood, was used to amortize existing incumbrances.

The Italian motorliner Augustus sailed from New York on January 24th on a 5000-mile cruise of sixteen days' duration, embracing a number of West Indies ports and also including a call at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

Dr. Frank Mongillo has been unanimously elected president of the New Haven Chapter of the Reserve Officers Association.

At a meeting last month of stockholders of the Banco di Napoli Trust Company of Chicago, the directors were reelected for the coming year. They are: E. Maglione, chairman, Dr. I. Volini, Dr. A. Pagano, Cav. F. Bragno, Cav. P. Russo, Cav. D. Campana and G. Melchione.

Also reelected were the officers, as follows: E. Maglione, president; C. Scognamiglio, vice-president and cashier; S. Lubrano and D. F. Volini, assistant cashiers.

Raphael Pirone, chairman of the Sheepshead Bay Association, protested recently, in the name of the Association, against the high cost to property owners in that district of improvements.

Thomas V. Barbuti, official interpreter to the Supreme and County Courts in Mineola, L. I., for many years, died recently at the age of 57 of pneumonia. Born in Italy, he owned a small retail clothing store in New York as a young man. Later, as an investigator for the District Attorney's office in Long Island, his

knowledge of languages, especially those of southern Europe, was so extensive that he was appointed interpreter.

He was the father of Raymond Barbuti, who was the only American to win a first place at the 1928 Olympic games at Amsterdam with his triumph in the 400-meter run.

Congressman G. W. Lindsay of the 13th Assembly District in Brooklyn, recently obtained the appointment of William D. Santore to the office of Journal Clerk of the State Senate at Albany at an annual salary of \$4500.

Major Francis S. Paterno, builder real estate operator and World War veteran, died last month in New York of heart disease at the age of 49. Born in Italy, he was brought here by his parents at the age of 8. He began as a poor boy, but before he died he was believed to have amassed a fortune. His father, Michael, founded in 1909 the Paterno & Sons Contracting Company. Upon his death 17 years ago, he was succeeded as president of the company by Major Paterno, who was also president of the Park Avenue Leasing Corp., the Windsor Hotel, Inc. and the Francis S. Paterno Co. He specialized in building large apartment houses, including some on Madison Avenue and some on Riverside Drive.

PUBLIC LIFE

Judge Felix Forte of Boston was recently made Treasurer of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts. Judge Forte is also a Professor at Boston University Law School, and holds several degrees.

A banquet in honor of Luigi W. Cappelli, recently elected Secretary of State for Rhode Island, was held last month in Providence. Governor Green was among those present.

In New York, the Republican Mayoralty Committee formed to promote a fusion movement to oust Tammany from the control of City Hall in the fall elections, recently held a meeting at which 100 names were added to the committee's list. They included Stephen F. Barrera, Edward Corsi, Dr. F. A. Manzella and Eugene S. Taliaferro.

State Senator Joseph Langone of Boston has announced his candidacy for the Boston Mayoralty in the coming elections.

Dr. G. Giurato, Italian Vice-Consul in Pittsburgh, spoke last month before the Author's Club of that city on "Italy of Today." Dr. Giurato was a member of the Italian military mission for the instruction and reorganization of the army in Ecuador, where he taught social science and law at the War Academy of Quito. He was also a member of the mission for the reorganization of the administration of the kingdom of Albania.

Dr. Piero P. Spinelli, who for the past six months has been serving as temporary Italian Vice-Consul in Newark, N. J., has been appointed to that office permanently. Before coming to Newark last June, Dr. Spinelli

was for two years Vice-Consul in Buffalo, N. Y., and for a year preceding that he was in the Italian Consulate in New York City. He succeeds Dr. Ornello N. Simone in the Newark office.

More than 500 persons were present at the banquet given last month in honor of Representative A. A. Centracchio of East Boston, Mass., to commemorate his election to the State Legislature. The toastmaster was Philip J. Carmelengo, manager of the successful candidate's campaign, and among the speakers were Judge Joseph T. Zottoli, of the Municipal Court, Judge Felix Forte of the Somerville Court, Assistant Attorney-General Stephen D. Bacigalupo, Cav. Joseph A. Tomasello, who represented Mayor Curley, Senator Joseph A. Langone, Ex-Rep. Felix A. Marcella, District Attorney William J. Foley, Assistant District Attorney William J. Sullivan, Councillor William H. Barker and George F. A. Mulcahy.

Avictory for Councilman Rocco Pallotti of Hartford, Conn., was the recent naming of "Columbus Green" for the public square in that city which contains a statue of Columbus.

Ralph A. Piccolo of Bridgeport, Conn. was recently re-appointed by Mayor Buckingham for another two-year term as Health Commissioner of that city.

Mayor Luigi A. Rossi of Moonachie, N. J., recently began his second term in that office, re-appointing the following: D. F. Pachella, Borough Attorney; F. C. Job, Borough Engineer; A. L. Rossi, Building Inspector; F. Barbaretti, Recorder; C. Ulione, chairman of Finance Committee; B. Tucci, chairman of Committee on Public Utilities; and P. Donadio, chairman of Committee on Laws and Ordinances.

The Italian Consul General for New York, Comm. Antonio Grossardi, began last month a series of talks over Radio Station WNYC by foreign consuls in New York. Another speaker on the program with him was Dr. Beniamino de Ritis, of the Italy America Society and New York correspondent for the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan.

Attv. Vincent J. Ferreri of Brooklyn was recently appointed Deputy Assistant District Attorney at an annual salary of \$3660. Mr. Ferreri was admitted to the Bar in 1926.

At about the same time the salary of Assistant District Attorney Sigismund Trapani was raised from \$5000 to \$6000 yearly, and that of Anthony di Giovanna from \$4000 to \$4500 yearly.

Aseries of Thursday evening programs and talks was begun last month at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University under the sponsorship of the Citizens' Club of the Haarlem House. Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General, was the first speaker, with Edward Corsi, formerly director of Haarlem House and now Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, presiding. A program of popular songs and dances by the Italian Choral

Society, directed by Maestro Sandro Benelli, preceded the talk.

Hon. Antonio Casale has been re-appointed Police Judge in Kearny, N. J. for a five-year period. He has held this position since 1923.

Attv. Angelo F. Scalzo has been appointed Acting Judge of the Citizens' Court of Niagara Falls for a two-year period. Atty. Scalzo was Acting Judge from 1918 to 1924 and from 1926 to 1928 he was Deputy Attorney General.



Salvatore Terracina

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William S. Cantalupo, lawyer of Newark, N. J., was recently honored by appointment as Assistant Clerk of the House of Assembly of the State of New Jersey for the 1933 session.

He holds the unique distinction of being one of the youngest lawyers to become a member of the New Jersey Bar. At the age of 28, William S. Cantalupo has attained professional eminence. He was born in Newark, February 7th, 1904, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cantalupo, (Sena Bartola) Romagna, Province of Salerno, Italy. Mr. Charles Cantalupo emigrated to America 35 years ago, and is now a successful retired business man.

William S. Cantalupo began his education at Central Avenue Public School and later attended Barringer High School and New Jersey Law School, graduating in 1924 with the degree of L.L.B. at the age of twenty, but did not take the State Bar examinations until he was twenty-one. He then entered the law offices of Judge Edward Schoen, at that time Domestic Court Judge. Mr. Cantalupo then opened his own office in the Federal Trust building and at present is located in the Lefcourt Building, Newark.

Mr. Cantalupo is a member of the Essex County Bar Association, having been proposed by Senator Joseph G. Wolber. As an organizer, he has the Fifteenth Ward Republican Club of Newark to his credit, as well as the W. Warren Barbour Club of Essex County.

Fraternally, he is a member of the Knights of Columbus, Elks and Moose and Amici of America.

Politically he is Recording Secretary to the Essex County Republican Committee and he was associated with Republican County Chairman Jesse P. Salmon in making all the necessary arrangements for President Hoover's visit to Newark. He was Grand Marshal of the Barbour for Essex Day Automobile Tour which started at the City Hall, Newark, and visited every municipality in Essex County, ending with a large reception at Krueger Auditorium. During the recent Republican campaign, he was active in assisting the Campaign Manager, William P. Berry.

Mr. Cantalupo is a member of the North End Club, West End Club, Walter E. Edge Republican Club, George Bradley Association, Ironbound G. O. P., Nicholas Bibbo Republican Association, Harry L. Huelsenbeck Association, Italo-American Republican Association of New Jersey, Forest Hill Republican Association, Amodio Booster Club, Newark A. C., Fifteenth Ward Republican Club and Director of the Star of Essex Building and Loan Association.

He was recently appointed Chairman of the Newark Citizens Relief Committee for the Fifteenth Ward, a committee created by Mayor Jerome T. Congleton of the City of Newark for relief work in the community for the winter.

Due to the distinctive Republican success in Essex County in New Jersey in the past November election, it was given five posts in the Assembly, only one of them allotted to the City of Newark, to wit, that of Assistant Clerk of the House, which Mr. Cantalupo has the distinction of filling.

FINE ARTS

Abronze statue of Columbus by Charles Brioschi, a gift to the City of Chicago, was shipped to America on board the liner *Conte di Savoia* on Jan. 26th. The Italian government contributed the major part of the money for the statue, and the city of Genoa the rest.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Giulio Gatti-Casazza's tenure as general manager at the Metropolitan Opera House will be celebrated by the opera company's artists and staff with a benefit operatic party on Sunday night, February 26, in place of the usual Sunday night concert. The proceeds will be given to the Metropolitan Emergency Fund, which cares for members of the company or house staff needing financial aid. Lucrezia Bori, a member of the committee in charge of the artists' tribute to their director, said recently that Mr. Gatti-Casazza had declined to accept any more personal form of testimonial, because of the expense in times such as these, but was willing to accept a concert such as that given by the Metropolitan on March 6, of last year, for the Musicians' Emergency Aid.

Antonio Scotti, who formally bade farewell to grand opera in the matinee of January 20, had planned to sail for Italy a day or two before February

26, but he may put off his departure for a few days in order to take part in the program.

Tito Schipa, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was decorated by the Italian Government with the order of Grand Officer of St. Maurizio and Lazzaro, according to a cable he received recently signed by Achille Starace, a high official of the Italian Government. The bestowal of the decoration itself will probably take place next Spring on Mr. Schipa's return to Italy.

The Teatro d'Arte's fourth season in New York was begun not long ago under the direction of Comm. Giuseppe Sterni. The presentation last month at the Little Theatre of Parker's "Cardinale" was very successful, with Comm. Sterni in the title role of the Cardinal Giovanni dei Medici.

On February 25th at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University, Comm. Sterni will give a presentation for the benefit of that institution's scholarship fund for student of Italian.

The new Caruso Theatre in New York opened on Feb. 1st with "My Cousin," a silent picture in which Enrico Caruso appeared, and also "City of Song," a talking-singing film made in Italy. The Caruso is the theatre formerly known as the Hindenburg.

Leo Lentelli, sculptor of the statue of Cardinal Gibbons recently unveiled in Washington, lectured last month at the Kit Kat Club in New York. His subject, referring to the recent banning of sculpture from Radio City, was "Sculpture vs. the Roxy Complex."

At the annual exhibition of the Seymour Haden Society of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, recently held, Dr. Max Strumia of that city, eminent pathologist of that university and Bryn Mawr, won first prize with his oil painting of Mount Oubliette in Canada. Second prize was awarded to another Italian physician, Dr. Theodore Cianfrani, a well-known surgeon and gynecologist. His winter landscape, "Darby Creek" won the award, while his "Rose Valley" received honorable mention.

The Allerton Gallery in Chicago recently exhibited paintings by the Italo-American artist, Armando Micheli. On Jan. 15th, a reception and tea in honor of the artist was held, attended by Consul General Castruccio.

Maestro Giuseppe Sirignano has been elected president for 1933 of the Circolo Musicale Italiano of Chicago. Other officers are Maestro Antonio Petrini, vice-president; Atty. Charles Bellavia, recording secretary; Prof. Dante Forcellati, financial secretary; and Prof. Michele Salemie, treasurer.

Recognition of the musical talent of Salvatore Terracina of Elizabeth.

N. J., who without the advantage of musical instruction is able to play the scores of nearly fifty operas from memory and has at his finger tips literally hundreds of other selections, is being sought by Councilman Mario Turtur of that city. On February 5th Mr. Terracina will have on exhibition a series of paintings, seven feet by four, for the Don Bosco Club of the

the stage he has graced for thirty-four years. His farewell performance was the occasion for terrific handclapping and tears, and fully twenty minutes of tumultuous cheering on the part of friends, enthusiasts and admirers, after the curtain had fallen on the last act of his performance as Chim-fen in "L'Oracolo." Mr. Scotti's retirement from opera evoked numerous articles, editorials and musical displays on the part of the entire New York press.

A few days later, he celebrated his 67th birthday in his suite at the Vanderbilt Hotel, where he was acclaimed by friends and flooded by congratulatory messages, one of them a tribute signed by thirty-one music critics. Although he has been made offers to teach, Mr. Scotti intends to sail for Italy soon and go into complete retirement in Naples.

The great baritone made his debut at Malta in 1889 in the role of Amenasro in Verdi's "Aida." His next engagement was at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan. During the '90s he sang for four years in Buenos Ayres, and was also heard in Verona, Rome, Madrid, Odessa and Warsaw. In 1898 he was engaged by La Scala in Milan, then under the management of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, and he made his London debut in Covent Garden in the spring of 1899.

His debut at the Metropolitan was on December 27, 1899, in the title role of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Richard Aldrich wrote in The New York Tribune of the following day: "He possesses a beautiful barytone voice, fine and smooth in quality, fluent in execution and managed with admirable skill in most of the matters that pertain to the technical side of the vocal art. But, still further, he is an artist in the highest sense of the word. He sings with intelligence and discrimination, and with the accent of dramatic truthfulness. In action, he showed himself practised in stagecraft, with the added advantage of a pleasing presence, and his impersonation of Mozart's graceless hero was marked by courtly ease and cynical insouciance. His performance, in a word, was one that created a distinctly favorable impression, and aroused agreeable anticipations as to his future appearances."

SPORTS

In the all-star major league baseball team recently compiled by baseball writers in "The Sporting News" 8th annual poll, Tony Lazzeri, star second-baseman of the New York Yankees, was the choice for that position.

Through the initiative of Dr. Giovanni Macerata, fencing instructor at the Annapolis Naval Academy, a group of American fencers are organizing a fencing week to take place early next April, to which leading fencers from Italy will be invited.



Tony Lazzeri

(See column 3, this page)

St. Anthony's Church of Elizabeth. They are said to be vivid and exciting portrayals of the bizarre and fantastic in both oriental and occidental life.

Besides his musical ability, which has caused astonishment wherever he has had opportunity to demonstrate it, the boy possesses several other artistic aptitudes. He sings fairly well, can model in any medium from marble and clay down to soap, write verse of acceptable form and content, paints with anything which comes to hand, preferably oils; manufactures artistically-designed lamp shades, makes any variety of artificial flower or fruit from crepe paper, and is adept in handling marionettes for puppet-shows.

"Mussolini Speaks" a new film to be released by Columbia and said to be an exclusive and authentic film autobiography of the Italian Dictator, will be among the current pictures for the company's 1933 program. It was made under the supervision of Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia, and its dialogue is supplied by Lowell Thomas. It is set against a moving background of Italian progress since the beginning of Mussolini's regime and also includes views of many famous personages of Italy and other European countries. The leader's birthplace is shown, his war career described, as well as his part in the industrial modernization of Italy.

Antonio Scotti "sang his own requiem as an opera star at the Metropolitan" on Jan. 20th, and retired from

Things Italian in American Books and Periodicals

A Bibliography of Recent Publications of Interest to Italian-Americans

BOOKS

VIGO: A FORGOTTEN BUILDER OF AMERICA — By Prof. Bruno Roselli — Boston: The Stratford Co.

The first full-length biography based on original and authentic research of one of the great Italians in early American history. Vigo was the man who made possible George Rogers Clark's conquest of the American Northwest. The author is a professor of Italian at Vassar College.

TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI — By Emil Ludwig — Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The famous German biographer writes about the Italian Dictator, based on a series of conversational interviews.

DEPORTATION OF ALIENS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO EUROPE — By Jane Perry Clark — New York: Columbia University Press.

ITALY'S NEUTRALITY AND INTERVENTION: 1914-1915 — By Antonio Salandra — New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

By the man who guided Italy's destinies as Prime Minister at the time. Translated from the Italian.

IMMIGRANT GIFTS TO AMERICAN LIFE — By Allen H. Eaton — New York: The Russell Sage Foundation.

The subtitle of this book is "Some Experiments in Appreciation of the Contributions of Our Foreign-Born Citizens to American Culture."

HILL TOWNS AND CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY — By Dorothy Taylor Arms — New York: The Macmillan Co.

ITALY IN THE MAKING, 1815-1846 — By C. F. H. Berkeley — New York: The Macmillan Co.

A study of the movement in Italy for nationality and independence.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF ITALY — By H. R. Spencer — Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: The World Book Co.

BOOKS AND READERS IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME — By Frederic G. Kenyon — New York: Oxford University Press.

By a former director and principal librarian of the British Museum, this book "will have an eerie sort of fascination because it brings so near and makes so real the booklover of 20, 30, 40 centuries ago and makes the booklover of today feel own brother to him, dead and turned to dust though he has been for many generations."

THE PARADISO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI — New York: The Macmillan Co.

With a translation into English triple rhyme and an introduction by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth.

OUT OF THE PAST OF GREECE AND ROME — By M. I. Rostovtzeff — New Haven: The Yale University Press.

The life of the average Greek and Roman, as reconstructed from study of excavations.

MUSSOLINI'S ITALY: TEN YEARS OF DICTATORSHIP — By Georgie La Piana and Gaetano Salvemini — Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"GOOD MORNING JUDGE" — By Judge Nicholas Albano — Newark: D. S. Colver.

Observations by the Italian Judge of the Third Criminal Court of Newark.

THE FURIOSO — By Leonardo Bacon — New York: Harper & Bros.

A poem of eight cantos on Gabriele D'Annunzio, whom the author calls "le Byron de nos jours."

MAZZINI: PROPHET OF MODERN EUROPE — By G. O. Griffith — New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

RIDING REFLECTIONS — By Capt. Piero Santini — New York: The Derrydale Press.

Which gives due credit for the "forward seat" of the modern school of horseback riding to Major Caprilli of the Italian Army, who, early in this century, revolutionized riding by introducing the justly famous "Italian seat."

THE DONKEY OF GOD — By Louis Untermeyer — New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Original tales and little known legends of Italy for children of twelve years and older.

THE ROMAN WAY — By Edith Hamilton — New York: W. W. Norton Co.

SARDINIAN SIDESHOW — By Amelie Posse-Brazdova — New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A charming treatment of the Mediterranean island, in the manner of Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele."

ON THE ROADS FROM ROME — By Luigi Villari — New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE PENTAMERON OF GIAMBATTISTA BASILE — Translated by N. M. Penzer — New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A new, two volume edition of the first great collection of folk-stories, gathered in the streets of Naples 300 years ago, with elaborate notes and critical apparatus by Benedetto Croce and the translator.

ROME OF THE RENAISSANCE AND TODAY — By Sir Rennell Rodd — New York: The Macmillan Co.

NOT TO BE REPEATED — Anonymous — New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith.

The so-called "low-down" on the various European countries and their leaders, in the manner of "Washington Merry-Go-Round." It contains a large section on Italy.

ETRUSCAN PLACES — By D. H. Lawrence — New York: The Viking Press.

A NEAPOLITAN FAMILY — By Franz Werfel — New York: Simon & Schuster.

PERIODICALS

THREE MEN OF DESTINY, IRON RULERS ALL — By Emil Lengyel — The New York Times Magazine, Jan. 29, 1933.

The three men are Mussolini, Stalin and Hindenburg. Mussolini is "the creator of a new movement and the hero of a romance . . . the re-incarnation of Napoleon—as many Italians see him—and his country's revenge for the loss of the Corsican. The frailties of the Italian dictator are forgotten, because the nation is willing to endow him with qualities which his heroic role demands."

DISARMAMENT IN EDUCATION — By Maria Montessori — American Childhood, January 1933.

GOODBYE TO THE IMMIGRANT PRESS — By Albert Parry — *The American Mercury*, January 1933.

The author bases his opinion that the immigrant press in this country is declining on the rise of English sections in the foreign language papers.

COLUMBUS AND HIS GENOSE ORIGIN — By P. H. Harris & C. V. H. De Lancey — *The Romanic Review*, Oct.-Dec., 1932.

A long review of "Cristoforo Colombo: Documenti e prove della sua appartenenza a Genova," compiled by a committee of 13 eminent Italian scholars under the auspices of the City of Genoa, and intended to settle once and for all the recurrent controversy over the origin and nationality of Columbus.

ITALIAN VIEWPOINTS ON CALENDAR REFORM — By Dr. Amadeo Giannini — *Journal of Calendar Reform*, December, 1932.

The author is Chairman of the Italian Committee for Calendar Reform; Professor in the University of Rome; Counsellor of State and Minister Plenipotentiary in the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and Delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations.

FASCIST EDUCATION — By F. F. Nitti — *School and Society*, Dec. 1932.

WHAT A REAL DICTATOR WOULD DO — By Fredericka Blankner — *The North American Review*, December 1932.

An interview with Premier Benito Mussolini, concerning his opinions as to what courses we should take to solve our present difficulties.

THE NEW EDUCATION IN ITALY — By Prof. Howard R. Marraro — *Current History*, February 1933.

A professor of Italian at Columbia University, the author describes, in an extremely informative article, the overhauling of the educational system of Italy by the Fascist Government.

THE CLASSIC CASORATI — By Margaretta M. Salinger — *Parnassus*, January 1933.

A NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF DRAMA IN ITALY — By Prof. O. A. Bontempo — *The Romanic Review*, Oct.-Dec. 1932.

A discussion and description of Silvio D'Amico's outlines for a National Italian Theatre, which, "by virtue of its variety and flexibility, seems worthy of adoption by the Syndicate."

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA — *The American Monthly*, Dec. 1932.

A character portrait in the German-American monthly magazine in which the Italian-American Congressman, listed as a leader among the "Who's Who in Congress," is called "the most dazzling personality in the House."

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE: the South Italian Pastori — By Stark Young — *Theatre Arts Monthly*, November 1932.

DOMENICO MAJOCCHI, a Biographical Appreciation — By Fortunato A. Diasio, B.A., M.D. — *Medical Life*, November, 1932.

A sketch of the life of one of the master dermatologists, who died in 1929, by a fellow dermatologist attached to Columbus Hospital in New York.

THE EXCAVATION OF MINTURNAE — By J. Johnson — *Art and Archaeology*, November, 1932.

THE SCOPE AND FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY — By Dr. Roy J. Deferrari — *The Commonwealth*, Nov. 9, 1932.

This article by the Dean of the Graduate School of the Catholic University of America discusses whether the sole reason for a university is to add to human knowledge, or to teach and train.

OLD FRONT DOOR TO VENICE — By H. D. Eberlein — *Travel*, December, 1932.

An illustrated article on "the forgotten glories of the Brenta Canal."

GARIBALDI'S AMERICAN CONTACTS AND HIS CLAIMS TO AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP — By H. Nelson Gay — *The American History Review*, October, 1932.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES — News Bulletin of the Institute of International Education, December, 1932.

Consisting of the reports of fellowship holders under the auspices of the Institute of International Education.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN ITALY — By R. W. McBurney — *The Commercial Intelligence Journal*, December, 1932.

TULLIO CARMINATI DISCUSSES ITALIAN AND AMERICAN THEATRE — *The New York Herald Tribune*, Sunday, January 29, 1933.

The differences between theatrical viewpoints here and in Italy are discussed in an interview with this leading actor, who is familiar with the stage of both countries.

THE PICCOLI — *The Theatre Arts Monthly*, February, 1933.

An interpretive editorial concerning the delightful marionettes in Vittorio Podrecca's "Teatro dei Piccoli," which is having such a long and successful run on Broadway.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN EUROPE — By O. Axelgaard — *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1932.

MUSSOLINI'S APPEAL TO AMERICA — *The Literary Digest*, Nov. 5, 1932.

WINTER SPORTS IN ITALY — By Becket Williams — *The National Review of London*, January, 1933.

The author points out that the winter sports centers of Italy can be compared with any, and wonders why Englishmen do not take more advantage of them.

THE CARICATURE MARIONETTE — By Meyer Levin — *The Theatre Arts Monthly*, Feb., 1933.

Concerning the activities and the art of Remo Bufano, the well-known exponent of the puppet craft in New York.



**Sapete voi che
l'EFFERVESCENTE
ITALINA**

è il perfetto effervescente che dà immediato sollievo dai disturbi di stomaco?

**Sapete voi che
è buono per VOI e per
TUTTA LA FAMIGLIA?**

**Sapete voi che è da anni usato
in Ospedali, Monasteri, Clubs,
ecc.?**

**Sapete che ha ottenuto le Più
Grandi Onorificenze alle mag-
giori esposizioni in Italia, Fran-
cia, Inghilterra e Belgio?**

**Sapete voi che
se andate soggetto ad Indige-
stione, Costipazione, Stitichezza,
Continuata Acidità, Gas, Sonno-
lenza, Continui Dolori di Testa,
ecc., l'uso dell'Effervescente**

ITALINA

vi dà meravigliosi risultati?

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nome ed indirizzo ben chiaro e
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ATLANTICA

in Italiano

LA CRISI DEL SISTEMA

di Gino Arias

LA crisi è del sistema. Ma il riconoscimento di questa verità non rappresenta la riabilitazione scientifica dell'opera di Carlo Marx.

La concezione storistica dell'economia non è di lui, ma della scuola storica tedesca e del nazionalismo Listiano; la teoria marxista del valore è un tessuto di errori e di sofismi; il materialismo storico è caduto; il messianismo collettivista ha fatto in Russia la sua prova decisiva e perde terreno ogni giorno ed ovunque, la predicazione della "lotta di classe" ha avuto i suoi effetti disastrosi ed ammironi. Rimane forse la giusta intuizione della tendenza capitalistica alla concentrazione delle aziende e dei pericoli che nasconde, al di là di certi limiti.

La crisi è del sistema, ma non è la crisi della proprietà e della iniziativa individuale, che possa risolversi nel collettivismo e neanche nel socialismo di Stato, se non come breve e temporanea esperienza.

La penetrazione disordinata dello Stato nell'economia, con una legislazione empirica ed oppressiva, ha contribuito ad aggravare la crisi: "L'autarchia," coi suoi divieti e i suoi contingentamenti, minaccia di riportarci al medio-evo economico.

La ricchezza è uno strumento: non può essere fine a se stessa. Un ordinamento economico e politico che non abbia altro fare se non l'aumento della ricchezza contiene in se stesso i germi della sua rovina. L'economia politica insegnereà "al popolo e al sovrano" i mezzi di arricchire, sentenziava Adamo Smith, il padre dell'economia contrapposta alla morale e alla politica. E' l'errore supremo da cui tutti gli altri derivano; è la negazione della funzione della ricchezza e quindi della posizione necessariamente subordinata che spetta all'economia nell'ordine delle scienze morali.

Verità tecniche di fondamentale importanza sono state scoperte dall'economia, in questi due secoli e nessuno pensa di ripudiarle, ma le direttive erronee ispirate dal più gretto e nefasto utilitarismo, si scontano oggi e

la crisi del sistema presenta due aspetti collegati e indissolubili, la crisi degli ordinamenti economici, la crisi della dottrina.

Perciò appunto è vano attendere la salute dal vecchio o dal nuovo socialismo, figli della stessa mentalità liberale, dominati anch'essi dalla stessa funesta concezione dell'economia e della ricchezza. Corporativismo e socialismo sono in antitesi e non bisogna mai dimenticarlo. Produrre sempre di più, forzare il consumo, conquistare tutti i mercati fu l'ambizione del capitalismo privato americano e l'origine prima della crisi, o meglio uno dei suoi indici più manifesti. Non altrimenti il capitalismo di Stato bolscevico, col suo piano quinquennale, che ormai non spaventa più nessuno, perché si distrugge da sé. Sempre lo stesso pensiero: l'arricchimento come fine a se stesso.

L'accumulazione dell'oro nei forzieri delle banche sta rinnovando la favola di Mida.

L'ORO per l'oro, nonostante le spese e i danni che ne derivano; per minacciare gli altri senza giovare a se stessi. E quindi pretendere i crediti di guerra o rifiutarne il pagamento, per trattenere ed accrescere la massa d'oro disponibile. Ma a che serve l'oro se non come strumento di produzione, come capitale monetario; a che serve la produzione se non per soddisfare le giuste esigenze della vita e la vita degli individui e dei popoli non ha dunque fini di gran lunga superiori al semplice benessere materiale? E' il capovolgimento dei valori la causa ultima di tutte le perturbazioni morali, politiche ed economiche.

Le relazioni economiche fra i popoli si svolgono in un'atmosfera di guerra, col proposito assurdo di vendere senza comprare, come se le merci non si scambiassero con le merci. E intanto il commercio mondiale precipita. Si dimentica che la divisione internazionale del lavoro, sia pure contenuta entro i limiti imposti alle necessità storiche e nazionali, è pur sempre la fonte dei maggiori per-

fezionamenti produttori. E così il costo nazionale di produzione, come effetto di questa politica di progressivo isolamento, aumenta sempre di più, mentre dovrebbe essere diminuito al massimo grado, per superare il terribile momento. Anzi scrittori di grido trovano persino la giustificazione del protezionismo in termini di economia teorica. Il protezionismo è dipinto come una fonte sicura di arricchimento e così i popoli sono incoraggiati a dividersi ogni giorno di più. Almeno il liberalismo classico predicava l'unione economica dei popoli, sia pure senza riguardo alle profonde differenze di ordine storico, con eccessiva sollecitudine per i forti a danno dei deboli e con troppa tenerezza per l'economia britannica di allora. Vennero fuori, in contrapposizione col liberalismo britannico, il protezionismo germanico, quello americano, poi quello degli altri paesi, ma non si può negare che il protezionismo di anteguerra era meno cieco e più equilibrato del protezionismo attuale. Oggi è assoluto, dogmatico, incondizionato, senza il più piccolo criterio di graduazione e di scelta. E' il non senso economico, sempre per la falsa idea di un aumento della propria ricchezza a tutto danno di quella altrui.

Non occorre dire che la parola "giustizia" nei rapporti economici non ha più significato. In questo si continua a seguire l'insegnamento dell'economia politica utilitarista, con la differenza che nessuno crede più alla spontanea coincidenza dell'egoismo di ciascuno col bene di tutti e alle poetiche armonie economiche di Smith e i Bastiat. Ma la scuola dell'egoismo, contro la quale insorse il nostro Mazzini, in nome dei doveri degli uomini e della migliore delle nazioni, ha dato tutti i suoi frutti.

DOPO questo non è possibile dubitare che la crisi sia di tutto il sistema. La crisi è morale ed anche politica, ma il primo aspetto prevale sul secondo.

Anzi la crisi politica deriva, prima di tutto, dal volontario abbandono di alcuni criteri direttivi, di alcune verità immutabili, di ogni concetto di giustizia, per esempio, nelle relazioni economiche interne ed esterne. Poi la crisi politica si manifesta sotto la forma di un vero disorientamento circa l'organizzazione e le funzioni dello Stato, e non soltanto nel campo economico. Lo Stato liberale e parlamentare è ormai fuori del suo tempo, ma sopravvive, sia pure in forme diverse, nei vari paesi e si dimostra incapace di ogni resistenza e di ogni iniziativa per superare la situazione attuale. Si veggia, sempre come esempio, quello che accade agli Stati Uniti, ove il vecchio e il nuovo presidente, messi di fronte alla questione dei debiti, una delle più gravi ed urgenti, si preoccupano soltanto della loro posizione elettorale e quello che si verifica in Francia, ove la Camera abbatte un ministero per non pagare il debito cogli Stati Uniti, dichiarando l'insolubilità della nazione, con ottatadue miliardi alla Banca.

La crisi del sistema. Altrimenti la "congiura" favorevole, preconizzata dagli economisti meccanici, non verrà mai. Avremo nuovi stati di "equilibrio" ma sempre meno tollera-

bili. Cammineremo all'indietro con velocità progressiva.

L'Italia, ripetevamo giorni sono, ammisse e dà esempio al mondo. La civiltà fascista non può essere che universale. Il liberalismo è morto, se anche non seppellito; il socialismo è sconfessato alla dottrina e dall'esperienza, ma continua nelle sue insidie, qualche volta mutando aspetto.

E' l'ora della corporazione interna-

zione, intesa non come un istituto politico determinato e immutabile, ma come un nuovo sistema di dottrine e di opere, che informi di sé la politica e l'economia degli Stati, secondo l'esempio fascista. Sarà possibile? Bisogna crederlo e volerlo, se vogliamo vedere risolta la crisi del sistema.

Mussolini è un nome universale; il corporativismo, da Lui creato e finalmente compreso, lo diventerà.

LA ROBA

NOVELLA

di Giovanni Verga

Lviandante che andava lungo il Biuvere di Lentini, steso là come un pezzo di mare morto, e le stoppie riarse della Piana, e gli aranci sempre verdi di Francofonte, e i sugheri grigi del Resecone, e i pascoli deserti di Passaneto e di Passanitello, se domandava, per ingannare la noia della lunga strada polverosa, sotto il cielo fosco dal caldo, nell'ora in cui i campanelli della lettiga suonano tristamente nell'immensa campagna, e i muli lasciano ciondolare il capo e la coda, mentre il lettighiere canta la sua canzone malinconica per non lasciarsi vincere dal sonno della malaria: — Qui di chi è? — Sentiva rispondersi: — Di Mazzarò. E passando vicino a una fattoria grande quanto un paese, coi magazzini che sembrano chiese, e legalline a stormi, accoccolate all'ombra del faggio, e le donne che si mettevano la mano sugli occhi per vedere chi passava: — E qui? Di Mazzarò. — E cammina e cammina, mentre la malaria vi pesava sugli occhi, e vi scuoteva all'improvviso l'abbaiare di un cane, passando per una vigna che non finiva più, e si allargava sul colle e nel piano, come gli pesasse addosso la polvere, e il guardiano sdraiato bocconi sullo schioppo accanto al vallone, levava il capo sonnacchioso, e apriva un occhio per vedere chi fosse: — Sempre di Mazzarò. — Poi veniva un oliveto, folto come un bosco, dove l'erba non spuntava mai e la raccolta durava fino a marzo. Erano gli ulivi di Mazzarò.

E verso sera, allorché il sole tramontava rosso, e la campagna si velava di tristezza, si incontravano le lunghe file degli aratri di Mazzarò che tornavano adagio adagio dal maggese, e i buoi che passavano il guado e si vedevano nei pascoli lontani della Canziria, sulla pendice brulla, le immense macchie biancastre delle mandre di Mazzarò; e si udiva il fischio del pastore echeggiare nelle gole, e il campanaccio che risuonava, ora si ed ora no, e il canto solitario perduto nella valle.

Tutta roba di Mazzarò. Pareva che fossero di Mazzarò persino le cicale che ronzavano, e gli uccelli che andavano a ramicchiarsi col volo breve dietro le zolle, e il sibilo dell'assiolo nel bosco. Pareva che Mazzarò fosse disteso tutto grande per quanto era grande la terra, e che gli si camminasse sulla pancia.

Invece egli era un omiciattolo, diceva il lettighiere, che non gli avreste

dato un baiocco, a vederlo; e di grasso non aveva altro che la pancia, e non si sapeva come facesse a riempirla, perché non mangiava altro che due soldi di pane; e si ch'era ricco come un maiale: ma aveva la testa ch'era un brillante, quell'uomo. E tutto per la roba.

INFATTI colla testa come un brillante aveva accumulato tutto quel ben di Dio, dove prima veniva a zappare, a potare, a mietere, da mattina a sera, col sole, coll'acqua, col vento; senza scarpe ai piedi, e senza uno straccio di cappotto; che tutti si rammentavano di avergli dato dei calci nel di dietro, quelli che ora gli davano dell'eccellenza, e gli parlavano col berretto in mano. Nè per questo egli era montato in superbia, adesso che tutte le eccellenze del paese erano suoi debitori; e diceva che eccellenza vuol dire povero diavolo, e cattivo pagatore; ma egli portava ancora il berretto; soltanto la portava di seta nera; era la sua sola grandezza, e da ultimo era anche arrivato a mettere il cappello di feltro perchè costava meno del berretto di seta. Della roba ne possedeva fin dove arrivava la vista, ed egli aveva la vista lunga, dappertutto: a destra, a sinistra, davanti e di dietro, nel monte e nella pianura. Più di cinquemila bocche, senza contare gli uccelli del cielo, e gli animali della terra, che mangiavano sulla sua terra, e senza contare la sua bocca la quale mangiava meno di tutte, e si contentava di due soldi di pane e di un pezzo di formaggio, ingozzato in fretta e in furia, all'impièdi, in un cantuccio del magazzino grande come una chiesa, in mezzo alla polvere del grano, che non ci si vedeva quasi, mentre i contadini scaricavano i sacchi; o a ridosso di un pagliaio, quando il vento spazzava la campagna gelata, al tempo del seminare; o colla testa dentro un corbello, nelle calde giornate della messe. Egli non beveva vino, non fumava, non usava tabacco, e si che del tabacco ne producevano i suoi orti, lungo il fiume, colle foglie larghe e alte come un fanciullo, di quelle che si vendevano a 95 lire. Non aveva il vizio del giuoco, né quello delle donne. Di donne non aveva mai avuto sulle spalle che la madre, la quale gli era costata anche 12 tari, quando aveva dovuto farla portare al camposanto.

Era che ci aveva pensato e ripensato tanto a quel che vuol dire la roba,

quando andava senza scarpe a lavorare nella terra che adesso era sua, ed aveva provato quel che ci vuole a fare i tre tari della giornata, nel mese di luglio, a star colla schiena curva tante ore, col soprastante a cavallo dietro, che vi piglia a nerbate se fate di rizarvi un momento. Per questo non aveva lasciato passare un minuto della sua vita che non fosse stato impiegato a fare della roba; e adesso i suoi aratri erano numerosi come le lunghe file dei corvi che arrivano in novembre; e le sue file di muli, che non finivano più, portavano le sementi; le donne che stavano accoccolate nel fango, da ottobre a marzo, per raccogliere le sue olive, non si potevano contare, come non si possono contare le ragazze che vengono a rubarle; e al tempo della vendemmia accorrevano dei villaggi interi nelle sue vigne, e fin dove sentivasi cantare, nella campagna, era la vendemmia di Mazzarò. Alla messe poi i mietitori di Mazzarò sembravano un esercito, che per mantenere tutta quella gente, col biscotto alla mattina e il pane a l'arancia amara a colazione, e la merenda, e le lasagne alla sera, ci volevano dei denari a palate e le lasagne si scodelavano nelle madie larghe come tinozze. Perciò adesso, quando andava a cavallo dietro la fila dei suoi mietitori, col nerbo in mano, non ne perdeva d'occhio uno solo, e badava a ripeter: — Curviamoci, ragazzi! — Egli era tutto l'anno colle mani in tasca a spendere, e per la sola fondiaria il re si pigliava tanto che a Mazzarò gli veniva la febbre, ogni volta.

PERO' ciascun anno quei magazzini grandi come chiese si riempivano di grano, che alle volte bisognava scopchiare il tetto per versarlo dentro tutto; e quando Mazzarò vendeva il vino, ci voleva più di un giorno per contare il denaro, tutto di 12 tari d'argento, perchè lui non ne voleva di carta sudicia per la roba, e andava a comprare la carta sudicia soltanto quando doveva pagare il re o gli altri; e alle fiere gli armenti di Mazzarò coprivano tutto il campo, e ingombriavano le strade, che ci voleva mezza giornata per lasciarli sfilare; e anche il santo, con la banda, a volte dovevano mutar strada, e cedere il passo.

Tutta quella roba se l'era fatta lui, colle sue mani e colla sua testa; col non dormire la notte, e prendere la febbre dal batticuore o dalla malaria; coll'affaticarsi dall'alba alla sera, e andare in giro sotto il sole e sotto la pioggia, col logorare i suoi stivali e le sue mule. Egli solo non si logorava, pensando alla sua roba, ch'era quanto avesse al mondo; nè figli, nè nipoti, nè parenti, nient'altro che la sua roba. Quando uno è fatto così, vuol dire che è fatto per la roba.

Ed anche la roba era fatta per lui, e pareva ci avesse la calamita; perchè la roba vuol stare con chi sa tenerla, e non la sciupa come quel barone che prima era stato il padrone di Mazzarò, e l'aveva raccolto per carità nudo e crudo ne' suoi campi, ed era stato il padrone di tutti quei boschi, quelle vigne e quegli armenti, che quando veniva nelle sue terre a cavallo coi campieri dietro, pareva il re, e gli preparavano anche l'alloggio e il pranzo al minchione; sicchè ognuno sapeva l'ora e il momento in cui doveva arrivare, e non si faceva sorprendere colle mani

nel sacco. — Costui vuol essere rubato per forza! — diceva Mazzarò, e schiattava dalle risa quando il Barone gli dava dei calci nel dietro, e si fregeva la schiena colle mani, borbottando: — Chi è minchione se ne stia a casa — la roba non è di chi ce l'ha, ma di chi la sa fare. — Invece egli, dopo che ebbe fatta la sua roba, non mandava certo a dire se veniva a sorvegliare la messe o la vendemmia, e quando, e come; ma capitava all'improvviso, a piedi o a cavallo alla mula, senza campieri, con un pezzo di pane in tasca; e dormiva accanto ai suoi covoni, cogli occhi aperti, e lo schioppo fra le gambe.

In tal modo a poco a poco il padrone fu lui, e il Barone uscì prima dall'uliveto, e poi dalle cigne, e poi dai pascoli, e poi dalle fattorie e infine dal suo palazzo stesso, poichè non passava giorno, che non firmasse delle carte bollate, e Mazzarò ci metteva la sua brava croce. Al barone non rimase altro che lo scudo di pietra che era prima sul portone, ed era la sola cosa che non avesse voluto vendere, dicendo a Mazzarò: — Questo solo, di tutta la mia roba non fa per te. — Ed era vero; Mazzarò non sapeva che farsene, e non l'avrebbe pagato due baiocchi.

Il barone gli dava ancora del tu, ma non gli dava più calci nel dietro.

— E' una bella cosa, d'avere la fortuna che ha Mazzarò! — diceva la gente; e non sapeva quel che ci era voluto ad acchiappare quella fortuna, quanti pensieri, quante fatiche, quante menzogne, quanti pericoli di andare in galera; e come quella testa che era un brillante avesse lavorato giorno e notte, meglio di una macina di mulino, per fare la roba; e se il proprietario di una chiusa limitrofa si ostinava a non cedergliela, e voleva prendere pel collo Mazzarò, egli sapeva quel che ci voleva per costringerlo a vendere, e farcelo cascare, malgrado la diffidenza contadinesca.

Gli andava a vantare, per esempio, la fertilità di una tenuta la quale non produceva nemmeno lupini, e arrivava a fargliela credere una terra promessa, sinchè il povero diavolo si lasciava indurre a prenderla in affitto, per speculari sopra, e ci perdeva poi il fitto, la casa e la chiusa, e Mazzarò se l'acchiappava per un pezzo di pane. E quante seccature Mazzarò dovette sopportare. I mezzadri che venivano a lagnarsi delle malannate, i debitori che mandavano in processione le loro donne a strapparsi i capelli e picchiarsi il petto per scongiurarli di non metterli in mezzo a una strada, e pigliarsi il mulo o l'asinello, che non avevano da mangiare.

— Lo vedete quel che mangio io? — rispondeva lui — pane e cipolla. E si che aveva i magazzini pieni di roba. Ma se venivano a domandargli un pugno di fave, di tutta quella roba, rispondeva:

— Vi sembra che l'abbia rubata? Non sapete quanto costa tutto ciò? Guardate! — E quando gli chiedevano un soldo: — No, non ce l'ho.

E non l'aveva davvero. In casa non teneva mai 12 tari tanti ce ne volevano per far fruttare tutta quella roba; e il denaro entrava e usciva come un fiume dalla sua casa. Del resto a lui non gliene importava del denaro; diceva che non era roba; e appena metteva insieme una certa somma com-

prava subito un pezzo di terra, perchè voleva arrivare ad avere della terra quanta ne ha il Re, ed essere meglio del Re, che il Re non può venderla, nè dire ch'è roba sua.

Di una cosa sola gli doleva, che cominciasse a farsi vecchio, e la terra doveva lasciarla lì dov'era. Questa è una ingiustizia di Dio, che dopo essersi logorata la vita ad acquistare della roba, quando arrivato ad averla, che ne vorresté ancora, dovete lasciarla! Perciò stava delle ore, seduto sul corbello, col mento nelle mani, a guardare le sue vigne, che gli verdeggiavano

come un mare, e gli oliveti, che velavano la montagna come una nebbia; e se un ragazzo seminudo gli passava dinanzi, curvo sotto il peso come un asino stanco, gli lanciava il suo bastone fra le gambe, per invidia, e borbottava: — Guardate chi ha i giorni lunghi costui che non ha niente!

Sicchè quando gli dissero che era tempo di lasciare la sua roba, per pensare all'anima, uscì nel cortile come un pazzo, barcollando, e andava ammazzando a colpi di bastone le sue anitre e i suoi tacchini, strillando: — Roba mia, vientene con me!

UNA PROTESTA VERSO LA MUSICA MODERNA

CON le dichiarazioni che seguono i musicisti che le sottoscrivono non presumono né pretendono di assumere pose gladiatorie e atteggiamenti di sedizione. E' vero che atti di tal sorta sono sempre riusciti a questo o a questo hanno mirato. Non v'è oggi però in Italia ragione alcuna e clima adeguato per tentativi siffatti. D'altra parte non è del costume nostro creare chiesuole e congreghe per questa o quella finalità estetica o costituire cooperative artistiche di mutuo incensamento, e muovere poi in piccoli plotoni cosiddetti di avanguardia verso supposte o reali trincee da espugnare. Tuttavia, un punto di contatto ideale e di comune interesse ci deve essere e c'è veramente fra uomini di buona volontà e di buona fede ai quali non siano indifferenti le sorti artistiche

del loro paese. Ammettendolo, salvo ogni e più ampia libertà personale in fatto di particolari direttive e concezioni artistiche, non si poteva tardare ad accordarsi per una dimostrazione di fede collettiva. Attendere che il tempo renda giustizia e si giunga automaticamente all'esaltazione della verità contro l'aborrito errore, è pacificarsi in una passività mussulmana non consentita dall'epoca nostra.

Il chiasso apologetico sui vari specifici artistici che guarirebbero i mali musicali nostri, è oramai troppo e da troppi alimentato. Siamo giunti ad un punto che, a non intromettersi per far finire questa gazzarra, attesterebbe che non ci sono più carità di patria e sentimento virile.

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tutti i più audaci tentativi di rivoluzione artistica. Tutti i credi estetici, che dovevano sovvertire i canoni tradizionali, sono stati esposti e praticati.

Il nostro mondo è stato investito, si può dire, da tutte le raffiche dei più avventati concetti avveniristici. La parola d'ordine mirava veramente, infuriando, alla distruzione d'ogni vecchia ed antica idealità artistica. L'arte vagheggiata doveva apparire ed essere in perfetta contraddizione con l'arte sino a ieri sentita e onorata. Qualunque tentativo di rinnovazione era accettato purchè inedito, se affiorato dall'istinto o divinato dalla mente. Tutto era buono pur che fosse impensato ed impensabile.

Cosa ne abbiamo ricavato?

Delle strombazzature atonali e pluronali; dell'oggettivismo e dell'espressionismo che se n'è fatto, cosa è rimasto?

Nel campo musicale, più che altrove, c'è davvero la biblica confusione babilonica. Da vent'anni s'accozzano le tendenze più diverse e più disparate in una continua caotica rivoluzione. Siamo ancora alle "tendenze" e agli "esperimenti," e non si sa a quali affermazioni definitive e a che vie sicure possano condurre.

Il pubblico, frattornato dal clamore di tante mirabolanti apologie, intimidito da tanti, profondissimi e sapientissimi programmi di riforma estetica, non sa più quale voce ascoltare né quale via seguire; spesso non riesce bene a intendere né a veder quanto più bramerebbero il suo orecchio e il suo occhio.

D'altra parte, s'è infiltrato nello spirito dei giovani musicisti un senso di comoda ribellione ai canoni secolari e fondamentali dell'arte. La scuola per essi non può dare e non dà alcuna norma che faccia testo artistico. Non

ci sono maestri a cui inchinarsi, specie gli ultimi che trionfano su tutte le platee del mondo.

L'avvenire della musica italiana non pare sicuro se non alla coda di tutte le musiche straniere. Al massimo, seguendo anche qui una moda forestiera che fa dell'umanesimo musicale in mancanza di una tradizione da seguire, qualcuno pensa a ruminazioni di nostri lontani secoli musicali. Soprattutto, però, si avversa e si combatte il romanticismo del secolo scorso. Il gran nemico è questo. L'incampo ove incappa il passo dei nuovi musicisti verrebbe dalle sue fortune. I capolavori di questo secolo rappresenterebbero la zavorra di cui le fantasie musicali del nostro popolo sono cariche e l'impeditimento, quindi, per innalzarsi nei grandi spazi azzurri scoperti dai modernissimi esploratori.

EBBENE, bisogna che il pubblico si liberi dallo stato di soggezione intellettuale che paralizza i suoi liberi impulsi emotivi. Bisogna affrancare i giovani dall'errore in cui vivono: donar loro il senso della disciplina artistica legittimando ogni libera espansione lirica.

Ad essi, in special modo, è indirizzato questo manifesto e non per suscitare grette reazioni ed avversioni misiane. Noi sappiamo che il ritmo della vita è un moto in continua propulsione che non s'arresta, come quello dell'arte, e che il divenire, quindi, di questa e di quella è perennemente in atto. Le conquiste dell'una e dell'altra non avvengono a sbalzi: non sono improvvisazioni e creazioni "ab imis fundamentis." Una catena ideale lega il passato all'avvenire.

Per questo, nulla del nostro passato ci sentiamo di dover rinnegare e rinneghiamo. Nulla di esso è indegno

dello spirito artistico della nostra razza, nulla è fuori di esso. I Gabrielli e i Monteverde; i Palestrina e i Frescobaldi, i Corelli, gli Scarlatti, i Paisiello, i Cimarosa, i Rossini, i Verdi e i Puccini sono fronde varie e diverse di uno stesso albero: sono la smagliante fioritura polivoca della musicalità italiana.

Non ci spaventa la taccia di retorici e di enfatici che certi estetissimi buttano loro contro. Retorica per retorica; preferiamo quella del sentimento a quella culturale.

Siamo contro alla cosiddetta musica oggettiva che come tale non rappresenterebbe che il suono preso a sé, senza l'espressione viva del soffio animatore che lo crea. Siamo contro a quest'arte che non dovrebbe avere e non ha nessun contenuto umano, che non vuole essere e non è gioco meccanico e arzigogolo cerebrale.

Italiani del nostro tempo, con una guerra vinta — la prima della nostra unità nazionale moderna — con una Rivoluzione in atto che rivela ancora una volta l'immortalità del genio italiano e presidia ed avvalorà ogni nostra virtù, sentiamo la bellezza del tempo in cui viviamo e vogliamo contarlo nei suoi momenti tragici come nelle sue infiammate giornate di gloria.

Il romanticismo di ieri, che fu del resto di tutti i grandi nostri, ed è vita in atto, in gioia e in dolore, sarà anche il romanticismo di domani, se è vero che la storia svolge consequenzialmente le proprie fila e non si smarrisce e non segna il passo col mito di Sisifo.

Ottorino Respighi, Giuseppe Mulè, Ildebrando Pizzetti, Riccardo Zandonai, Guido Zuffellato, Alberto Gasco, Alceo Toni, Riccardo Picc-Mangiavalli, Guido Guerrini and Gennaro Napoli.

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from Page 225)

cately turned in the Roman language. There appears in every part of his language a kind of noble and bold purity. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called "curiosa felicitas." But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be his briskness, his jollity, and his good humor."

OUR FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS,
By Annie E. S. Beard. Revised and enlarged by Frederica Beard. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1932, 406 pages. New York. \$2.00.

Ten years after its first appearance this book has been revised and enlarged by the author's sister. There are forty-three chapters, each of which purports to show the contributions of some distinguished immigrant to the land of his adoption.

Audubon, Bell, Carnegie, Goethals,

Gompers, Patri, Pulitzer are some of the men to whom these chapters are devoted. Every field of endeavor has its immigrant representative: sculpture, labor organization, music, botany, engineering, journalism, scholarship, education, diplomacy, football coaching, woman suffrage and many others. In this sense, to be sure, the volume does not lack breadth, but the narrowness of its naive and superficial execution is painfully felt after only a few pages' reading.

Having read the chapters on Patri and Audubon, one is aware that he knows nothing of the former's school and little or nothing of the latter's birds. The author's efforts lack that breadth of human understanding which would have resulted in something more than vapid chronicle and sententious platitudes.

The author was inspired to write this book by the Americanization movement of the post-war period as

an illustration of what naturalized immigrants had accomplished.

"Such a story," we read in the preface, "would be proof positive that the foreigner could become so interested in the country of his adoption and so successful in whatever line he chose to develop his life-work that he could become of real value to America."

Marvellous deduction! The puerile naivete of this arrogation is appalling. No sooner has the author sensed, to some extent, that the struggles and attainments of successive generations of immigrants constitute America in a certain measure, than she claims the paternity of the miraculous discovery.

Notwithstanding the misconceptions of the author and the reviser as to the value of the book, some of its chapters might be used to advantage by junior high school pupils as collateral reading in citizenship and history.

Anthony M. Gisolfi

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Art & Music

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.

Classics

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

The comment on this new edition of "La Vita Nuova" is not only philological but philosophical. Some of the most obscure allusions, especially in "Le Rime" are interpreted according to the latest philological and philosophical developments in the study of Dante.

Russo, L. — "Antologia Machiavellica" (Il Principe, pagine dei Discorsi e delle Istorie) con introduzione e note — 1 volume, 16mo, 270 pgs. — Firenze, Le Monnier \$1.00

Prof. Russo has included in this handy volume "Il Principe" in its complete text, and selected parts of "I Discorsi and Storie Fiorentine". The volume is extensively annotated, and can be easily classified as one of the best school texts of this classic in Italian Literature. In the introduction of more than 25 pages, the compiler shows why the problems Machiavelli deals with are ever present, and more so in these trying days of political turmoil.

Religion and Philosophy

"La Sacra Bibbia" — 1 volume, 12mo., 1630 pages, India paper, full leather

Firenze — Libreria Editrice Fiorentina \$5.00

This edition of the Catholic Bible is the first ever published in a small handy volume. The previous editions have all been large 4o. Whether it was because, as some have insinuated, the Church did not care to have it circulated among the poorer class, or whether it was because publishers would not venture into the publication, we do not know. The fact remains that the Catholic Church has authorized this new translation, and a in a handsome edition. This translation has been conducted by the Compagnia di San Paolo under the general editorship of Rev. Dr. Giovanni Castoldi.

Fiction

"Aneddotica" — a collection of anecdotes about people and things published in handsome 16mo of about 250 pages each, Roma — Formiggini each \$.90

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

In this volume the compilers have covered the best of contemporary Italian poets and novelists. A larger space is given to the younger authors, of whom 74 are herewith represented with selections from books which, in many cases, are already out of print. This volume is publishing house has issued the volume

recommended to those who are interested in post war developments in Italian literature.

Drama and Poetry

Capasso, A. — "Il Passo del Cigno ed altri poemi" con una prefazione di G. Ungaretti, 12mo, 142 pages, limited edition, Torino — Buratti \$1.00

Capasso is one of the youngest of Italian poets. Although he has written one or two books of criticism, especially on French modern literature, this "Passo del Cigno" is his first book of poetry. His aim seems to be to combine a modern poetic sensibility with the traditional form of Italian lyrics, particularly that of the pre-Dantesque period. Awarded, in conjunction with De Michelis, the Italia Letteraria Prize, 1932.

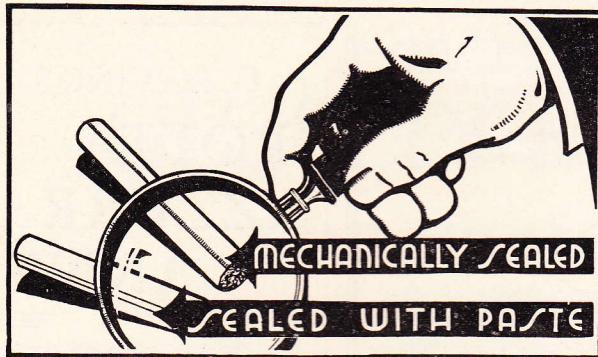
Levi, E. — "Fiorita di Canti tradizionali del popolo italiano" scelti nei vari dialetti e annotati con 50 melodie popolari tradizionali, 1 volume, 385 pages, board \$2.00

The folklore of Italy expressed in the poetry and songs of its people is collected by the author in this valuable volume. From the provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont, the author goes all the way through Italy down to Sicily and Sardinia, gathering the words and music of the people's songs. The musical lines reproduced are left in their original form, not tampered with and not harmonized. The phrases in dialect which may present difficulty have been translated into modern Italian by the author.

Political and World Problems

Schanzer, C. — "Il Mondo fra la Pace e la Guerra" (Il problema bellico nel pensiero umano — Insegnamento della Guerra Mondiale e previsioni circa una guerra futura — L'organizzazione della pace dopo la guerra mondiale — Il problema bellico nell'avvenire) — Milano, Treves-Trecani-Tumminelli \$3.00

The Italian philosopher and sociologist, who was for a time Minister of Finance,



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sets down in this volume the Fascist point of view on the present day situation and the possibility of a new war in the near future.

History and Biography

Alberti, A. — "Verdi Intimo", 1 volume, 8vo, 350 pages with 16 full page illustrations, Milano — Mondadori \$3.00

Correspondence which Verdi had with one of his closest friends in which he reveals his keen musical mind, not only about his own work, but the music of his contemporaries. Within these pages the musical activities of Europe for a period of about 25 years from 1861-1886 are passed in review and commented upon by Verdi in caustic letters to his friend Arrivabene.

Fulop-Miller, R. — "Il Segreto della Potenza dei Gesuiti", 1 volume, 8vo, 484 pages, with 116 illustrations, cloth, Milano — Mondadori ... \$4.00

A translation of the famous book of Fulop-Miller. The Italian critics in union with critics of other nations have acclaimed this volume one of the best ever written on the history of the Jesuits.

Locatelli, A. — "L'Affare Dreyfus" (la più grande infamia del secolo scorso) 1 volume, 8vo, 550 pages profusely illustrated, Milano — Corbaccio \$2.25

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Ossendowski, F. A. — "Lenin" — Traduzione dall'originale polacco e introduzione di L. Kociemski, 1 volume, 8vo, 675 pages with many full page illustrations, Milano — Corbaccio \$3.00

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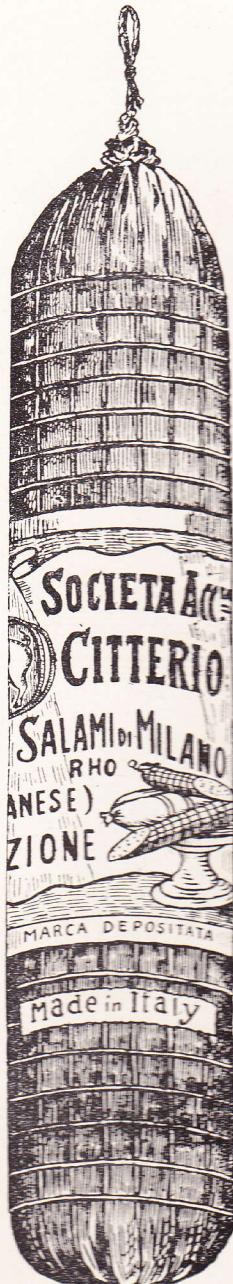
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