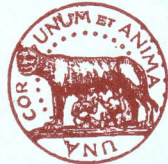


25 Cents

ATLANTICA

THE AMERICAN-ITALIAN DIGEST



*Is America Headed Toward
Fascism?*

Piero Sacerdoti

Piero Parini

Mary Iacovella

Shall We Judge Our Judges?

Dominick Lamonica

Modern Architecture in Italy

Antonio Nexi

Italy in English Poetry

Reginald H. Johnson

*What the Children Think of
Mussolini*

Lillian Gibbson

The Roman Salute

Filippo Crisponti

Forgive the Offence

Giuseppe Cautela

FEBRUARY

1 9 3 4



SAVE 15% ON YOUR BOOK PURCHASES

As a service to its readers, Atlantica offers to procure the books described below at a saving of 15% off the prices listed. We will also endeavor to get for you any desired information concerning other Italian books. Just address your inquiry to ATLANTICA BOOK SERVICE, 33 West 70th Street, New York City.

How to Order: Select the book or books you want from those described below. Take 15% off the purchase price; then add 15c. per book to cover mailing costs. All orders should be accompanied by checks or money orders and sent to ATLANTICA BOOK SERVICE, 33 West 70th Street, New York City.

Art and Music

Ricci, E. — "Mille Santi nell'Arte," 1 volume, 8vo., 734 pages, 700 illustrations, Milano—Hoepli\$5.50

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

Russo, L. — "Antologia Machiavelliana" (Il Principe, pagine dei Discorsi e delle Istorie) con introduzione e note — 1 volume, 16m., 270 pgs. Firenze, Le Monnier \$1.35

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 publishing house has issued the volume 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

Comisso — "Il Delitto di Fausto Diamante." Romanzo, 1 volume, 250 pages. Milano, Ceschina, 1933. \$1.20

Radice — "Vita Comica di Corinna." Romanzo, 1 volume, 350 pages, Milano, Ceschina, 1933 \$1.35

Drama and Poetry

Brunacci — "Poesie d'ogni secolo" (Scelte dalla letteratura italiana e annotate). 1 volume, 572 pages, Torino, S. E. I., 1933 \$2.25

An anthology of the finest in Italian poetry from Dante to D'Annunzio. More than 100 poets are represented by about 500 of their best selections. Used with the extensive notes by Professor Brunacci, this companion volume to the study of Italian literature is of particular value to students as supplementary reading.

Levi, E. — "Fiorita di Canti tradizionali del popolo italiano" scelti nei vari dialetti e annotati con 50 melodie popolari tradizionali, 1 vol. 385 pages, board \$2.25

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 - Treccani - Tumminelli \$3.50

The Italian philosopher and sociologist, who was for a time Minister of Finance, sets down in this volume the Fascist point of view on the present day situation and the possibility of a new war.

History and Biography

Alberti, A. — "Verdi Intimo," 1 volume, 8vo., 350 pages with 16 full page illustrations, Milano — Mondadori \$3.50

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 1861-1885 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 pgs., with 116 illustrations, cloth Milano — Mondadori \$4.00

A translation of the famous book of Fulop-Miller. The Italian critics in unison 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

Locatelli has written in a most readable style the story of the famous Dreyfus case. He has made use of all the available documents which have been recently published, not least of all the papers left by Esterhazy, the culprit, just before he died a few years ago.

Miscellaneous

Il Nuovissimo Melzi: Dizionario Italiano Completo. 1952 pages, cloth \$4.75

This thick book is really two volumes in one. The first 880 pages constitute a complete, all-Italian dictionary, while a concise encyclopedia of 1072 pages makes up the second half. It contains 4560 illustrations, comprising maps, portraits, scenes, art reproductions and 24 plates in color.

DANTE VIVO

di Giovanni Papini

Ever since 1905 when he wrote that famous essay, "For Dante against Dantism," Papini has always displayed the greatest admiration for his Florentine predecessor; but he has waited up till now to write this organic book which is at one time both a life of Dante and a criticism of his works. One must go back to the books of De Sanctis and Del Lungo to find a volume like this one which illuminates the work of the great poet from an artistic as well as an historical point of view. It is undoubtedly a definitive volume on Dante.

1 volume, 16m., with a reproduction of Raffaello's drawing and an artistic cover by Oscar Ghiglia, 450 pp. \$1.85

WHERE ATLANTICA MAY BE BOUGHT

Bologna, Italy
Messaggerie Italiane
11 Via Milazzo

Florence, Italy
B. Seeber
The International
Library
Via Tornabuoni, 20

New York City
Brentano's
1 West 47th St.

Permanent Italian
Book Exhibition
2 West 46th St.

Schultz Newsstands
S. E. Cor. 6th Ave.
and 42nd St.

S. E. Cor. Broadway
and 47th St.

S. W. Cor Broadway
and 33rd St.

Schultz News Agency
112 West 44th St.

D. Gasparo
Newsstand
S. W. Cor. Third Ave.
and 116th St.

Stancaneiano
353 E. 12th St.

A. Schwartz
70 West 10th St.

Vanni's
136 Bleecker St.

A Martignoni
157 Bleecker St.

M. H. Parsons & Sons
S. W. Cor. 7th Ave.
and Christopher St.

Ritz-Carlton Hotel
Newsstand
Madison Ave. and
46th St.

B. Westermann
13 West 46th St.

Akron, Ohio
Zissen's News
Exchange
63 So. Main St.

Birmingham, Ala.
Ben Fell
301 North 20th St.

Boston, Mass.
Schoenhof's
387 Washington St.

Amaru & Co.
333 Hanover St.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
A. Rizzi
75 Park Ave.

Buffalo, N. Y.
U. De Chiara
107 Dante Place

T. Semenza
205 Court St.

Champaign, Ill.
The Coop
Green & Wright Sts.

Detroit, Mich.
Libreria Bonaldi
3033 Gratiot Ave.

Detroit Book
Exchange
431 Woodward St.

J. V. Sheehan & Co.
1550 Woodward Ave.

Jackson, Cal.
William Peters
Amador County

The May Co.
801 So. Broadway

Minneapolis, Minn.
Powers Dept. Store
Daytons Dept. Store
Donaldson's Dept.
Store

Newark, N. J.
V. Stio
141 Clifton Ave.

T. Pantrello
94 Washington St.

Norman, Okla.
Student Union
Bookstand

Charles Miles
University Book
Exchange

Oklahoma City, Okla.
Stevenson's News-
stand

Venables Bookstore

Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Napolitano
1203 Federal St.

Bisciotti Bros.
743 So. 8th Street

John Wanamaker's
Dept. 42

Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. Colaizzi
5400 Penn Ave.

D'Eprio Bros.
805 Wylie Ave.

Portland, Ore.
Book and Magazine
Department
Meier Frank Co.

Reno, Nev.
J. Gardella
130 Sierra St.

Richmond, Va.
Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
6th & Broad Sts.

Rochester, N. Y.
Carfi Bros.
433 Clinton Ave.

Roseto, Pa.
Michael Ronco

San Francisco, Calif.
A. Cavalli & Co.
255 Columbus Ave.

Southgate, Cal.
Charles Castle
2702 Santa Ana St.

Stevens Point, Wis.
Wilson Floral Shop

Vacaville, Cal.
Maude Smith
Smith Newsstand

Youngstown, Ohio
G. M. McKelvy Co.
210 W. Federal St.

Strouss Hirshberg
Co.
20 W. Federal St.

The Only Magazine of Its Kind in America

Atlantica is the only magazine published in English which gives monthly a co-ordinated digest of the political, social, cultural and economic activities of the Italo-Americans in this country.

Professional and business men like its thought-provoking articles. Political leaders read it to keep abreast of the trend of Italo-American affairs. Students and teachers gather inspiration and enjoyment from its pages. Italo-Americans in all walks of life turn to Atlantica as the one constant source that keeps alive the spirit of Italian culture and learning here in America.

If you haven't already subscribed, do so today. Suggest to several of your friends that they do the same thing. Their support and yours will enable Atlantica to maintain its proud position as the only magazine of its kind in America, and to make its monthly visits to your home more and more enjoyable.

ATLANTICA

Chicago, Ill.
A. Agostino
301 E. Kensington
Avenue

Mr. Kroch
206 N. Michigan

Cleveland, Ohio
Burrows Bros. Co.
Euclid at East 6th

Columbus, Ohio
Moby's Inc.

Jamaica, N. Y.
R. C. Sarli
161-04 Jamaica Ave.

Little Rock, Ark.
The Book Nook
c/o Mrs. Hartwell
Wilson

Los Angeles, Calif.
Bullock's, Inc.
Broadway Hill &
7th Street

New Haven, Conn.
G. Mastrangelo
69 Park St.

New Orleans, La.
Star Newsstand
104 Carondelet St.

George Wallace
105 Royal St.

Atlas News Co.
117 St. Charles

ATLANTICA

Founded in 1923

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1934

TO OUR READERS

In inaugurating a number of innovations and improvements in this February number, making necessary the omission of the January issue, we hereby assure our readers that their subscriptions will accordingly be extended by one month.

FEATURES

Is America Headed Toward Fascism? (In 2 parts: Part 1) —Piero Sacerdoti	43
Piero Parini—Mary Iacovella	45
Shall We Judge Our Judges?—Dominick Lamonica	46
Modern Architecture in Italy—Antonio Nezi	48
Italy in English Poetry—Reginald H. Johnson	50
What the Children Think of Mussolini—Lillian Gibbson	52
The Roman Salute—Filippo Crisponti	53
"Forgive the Offence," A short story—Giuseppe Cautela	54

DEPARTMENTS

The Educational Horizon—Peter and Sylvia Sammartino	57
Books and Authors—Camille De Borrello	61
Things Italian in American Periodicals, A Bibliography	64
The Art World—Ione della Sala	66
The Theatre—John Donato	68
Music—John Leone	69
Homes and Decorations: Arts and Crafts in the 20th Century —Santina Manganaro	70
The Lure of Travel	71
The Italians in North America	72
Atlantica in Italiano	78

F. Cassola, M.D., Editor and Publisher; Dominick Lamonica, Managing Editor. Published Monthly. Annual subscription, \$3.00. Single Copy, 25c. Editorial and General Offices, 33 West 70th Street, New York City. Telephone TR afalgar 7-1282. Copyright, 1933. All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied with return postage and addressed to the Editor. No responsibility is assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. Address business correspondence to the Business Department.

Copyright, 1933. No article or story in this magazine can be reprinted wholly or in part without special permission

IMPORTANT--if you change your address:

Subscribers are requested to notify this office one month in advance concerning change of address, otherwise we will not be held responsible for undelivered copies. When ordering a change, please give both new and old address. We would appreciate hearing from subscribers when copies are not delivered.

Comments on the Contents

Atlantica is pleased to announce that on Monday afternoon, Feb. 12th, a tea in honor of H. E. Piero Parini, Director General of the Italian State Bureau of the Italians Abroad, (concerning whom Mary Iacovella has written an article in this issue), will be held at the home of Dr. F. Cassola, publisher of *Atlantica*.

The distinguished guest, on that day, will meet representatives of the various school and college Italian clubs in the Metropolitan area, gathered together under the auspices of Dr. Peter Sammartino, who, together with his wife, conducts the section "The Educational Horizon." A number of other distinguished guests, eminent in many fields of Italo-American activities, will also be present.

As the reader will no doubt have noticed, the entire contents of this issue of *Atlantica* are in small type. We are thus enabled to give the reader considerably more in value, insofar as quantity is concerned, as well as quality.

Here is a startling fact to back up the above assertion: Each issue of *Atlantica*, in its new format, contains from 50,000 to 60,000 words of reading matter! This is practically the length of the ordinary novel, yet at only 25c. only one-eighth the price of the average novel. Kept for 12 issues, *Atlantica* constitutes a volume of about 700,000 words. Thus, for the price of one yearly subscription, the reader obtains the word equivalent of about ten novels.

And as for the quality of the editorial matter, *Atlantica* is worth far more as a **digest** of things American-Italian, than any dozen novels.

Incidentally, we would appreciate comment from our readers concerning the smaller type-face used in this issue. Do they like it better than the other, and larger, type-face? We would like to know.

Among the features in the next issue of *Atlantica* is an article by Jerome J. Licari, former Assistant U. S. District Attorney, on the current American economic situation; another by Angelo Tomasulo, young free-lance writer, on the American youth movement in the colleges and how it affects the American-Italians; an article by Mary Iacovella on the Roman temperament and contribution to American civilization, as compared with the Nordic; and the many departments ably conducted from month to month by *Atlantica's* contributors.

IS AMERICA HEADED TOWARD FASCISM?

By PIERO SACERDOTI

(Contributor to "Gerarchia," the Magazine of Mussolini)

IT was not so many months ago that Mussolini, celebrating the 14th anniversary of the founding of the "fasci di combattimento," proclaimed: "That which we willed in the distant Spring of 1919 is, today, an Italian reality, and will be tomorrow a European reality." And already the words of Fascism are showing their prodigious expansive strength by overcoming boundary lines and bringing themselves to the attention of political movements which, born of the recent economic crisis, are tending to give a new appearance even to many countries of the American continent.

Naturally, in surroundings so different it would be vain to seek an integral reproduction of those principles and systems which, born on Italian soil, have reached there a perfection not easily imitated abroad. Nevertheless it is interesting to note how, even in varied forms and measure, the principles of Fascism are finding imitators and disciples everywhere.

One of the most notable examples of this vast repercussion has been given us during the past few months by the United States.

Origin of Individualism In the United States

THE United States has asserted itself in the history of the last two centuries as the land sacred to individualism. From the beginning of English colonization on, the Americans gave themselves over to the exploitation of the immense natural resources reserved for them by a generous Providence. At the start they had to undergo an inept and inopportune governmental interference in the form of the unfortunate intervention of England in the life of its distant colonies. The struggle for independence and its happy outcome helped in the formation of a political doctrine based on the assertion of the intangible rights of the individual and on the maximum limitation of public powers. This doctrine—nurtured, in addition to the memory of English domination, also by the discouraging example of the paternalistic French rule of Canada—was crystallized toward the end of the 18th century in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitutions of the Federation and of the individual States.

Fortunate historical and economic circumstances lent from the begin-

(In 2 Parts: Part I)

ning an extraordinary success to this laissez faire policy. No external enemy menaced them at their doors, and this weakened one of the strongest reasons for being a "strong State," that is, the defense of the national boundaries. On the other hand, the unlimited territory in the West was enough to satisfy the desire of all those who wanted land, so much so that at the beginning of the 19th Century President Jefferson could proudly boast of "enough territory for our descendants, even unto the thousandth generation." So while the development of a prosperous agrarian democracy strengthened the dogma of free and uncontrolled individual initiative, the industrial revolution was opening up new horizons for the enterprising spirit and ability of the individual.

Indeed, it was this very revolution that undermined the equality principle that permeated Jefferson's democratic doctrine: the industrial concentration confined the power of initiative in the hands of the entrepreneurs, that is, a particularly active and capable minority, and deprived the people in general of it. And at the same time it gave these enterprises powers, unforeseen at first, through financial and industrial combinations, that placed in the hands of a few groups the keys of the nation's trade.

Despite this change in the facts, which destroyed in large part the original bases of American individualism, this doctrine nevertheless did not cease to be the dominating one: the industrial and banking magnates found that this dogma, which had so profoundly penetrated into the popular consciousness, adapted itself better than any other to their policy of expansion. The theories of Herbert Spencer were also used to add new philosophical dignity to the credo of laissez faire. And that this really interpreted the sentiment of the people could be proved by the general spirit of admiration and emulation that has always been accorded the undertakings of the great speculators and captains of industry—such as the Rockefellers, the Morgans, etc.—considered as representative types of the force and capacity of the American nation.

This contrast, between the ruling individualistic doctrine and economic

development tending more and more toward complex and dangerous centralization in the hands of a few, did not fail to make itself shown in Federal legislation. The latter remained as much as possible faithful to the basic principle of non-interference in private business, but it also wanted to maintain among individual enterprises that competition and rivalry to whose miraculous virtues American fortunes were attributed. Thus in 1890 was born the Sherman Law, known as an anti-trust law, but which in reality does not oppose trusts in general but only one of their possible effects: that of the suppression of competition within any given economic field.

The Rise of Trusts

THE monopoly was the menace against which Federal legislation aligned itself. The trust might exist, but if it suppressed free competition, if it produced an artificial rise in prices, it would fall within the purview of the law. From this point of view the line between the legal trust and the illegal trust is naturally a very subtle one. And the enormous development of trusts in America on the one hand and on the other hand the fact that in the last forty years more than 450 controversial cases of this character have been submitted to the decision of the Supreme Court, shows the contradiction between economic development and the political thought that has inspired the Sherman Law. This law, despite the difficulty of its practical application, was later confirmed by other legislative texts, such as the 1914 Amendment to the Wilson Tariff Act—aiming at agreements in restraint of trade or those which might increase the prices of imports—and the Clayton Law of 1914, which brands as illegal the discrimination in prices among different purchasers of the same goods, the acquisition of shares in rival organizations, interlocking directorates, etc.

The defense of individualism was thus limited in Federal legislation to a defense of the consumer and the smaller merchant and business man as against the overbearing trusts. But the individual was still lacking any legal protection for some of his other and serious needs: for example, for those relating to his working conditions, which the managers were tending, in their mad race for gain, to overlook as much as possible. The entrepreneurs found a limit, it is

true, in the relative scarcity of labor and in the laws of supply and demand, which frequently acted in favor of the workers. Yet this did not prevent human exploitation from being pushed beyond every decent measure in many States and especially during periods of depression.

Among other things, the United States still does not have a Federal law regulating child labor. And the situation of child workers, frequently called to supplement the meager wages of the adults, is really tragic in many regions and gives an impressive example of the insufficiency of legislation based on the principle of State non-interference when faced with the developments of modern economy.

The same insufficiency can be seen in the problems of labor insurance, in the development of social insurance, in the discipline of professional associations, etc., all problems that closely concern the individual, but which Federal legislation had to ignore, so as not to oppose the non-interventionist dogma sanctified by the Constitution. In fact, every attempt of Congress to legislate in these fields was rebuffed by the Supreme Court—that vigilant guardian of sacred Constitutional principles—based especially on the 14th Amendment: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

"The equal protection of the laws" which the framers of the Constitution had conceived in a democracy of equals, became a mockery before the economic disparities created by capitalism: the "summum ius" was changed to "summa iniuria," but the principle of individualism and free competition was safe!

The Crisis of American Individualism

THE contrast between the law and the social reality obviously could not last indefinitely. The first three decades of the 20th century mark the slow weakening of the fanatically individualistic mentality: Theodore Roosevelt was the first president to place his immense popularity at the service of social reform ideas and governmental intervention in great economic questions. Wilson himself,

although a paladin of democracy, made himself champion of a new conception of the democratic State; and the war later obliged him to submit the country to a discipline that was an unforgettable example of vast and useful governmental action in all walks of national life.

The postwar period, with a new wave of prosperity, seemed for a time to strengthen in American eyes their favorite theory; it fell to Hoover to sing the paean of "rugged American individualism" and to exalt "the American system," which seemed to have reached at the beginning of his administration the pinnacle of perfection and the right to be admired by all. The collapse that followed could not but upset, together with the prosperity, also the "system" which, under its apparent robustness, had concealed for decades symptoms of an incurable disease.

The process of concentration on the part of American industry in relatively few great enterprises has gone along during the past few decades at an ever-increasing acceleration: the activities of the 200 greatest private American corporations, which rose to 26 billion dollars in 1909, were increased to 43 billions in 1919 and to 81 billions in 1929, a sum equal to 22% of the national wealth and 49% of the country's industrial wealth. If the acceleration were to continue at this rate unchanged, in 1950 the 200 greatest corporations would control practically 100% of the industrial wealth and 50% of the national wealth of the United States.

Parallel to the concentration of economic power there has developed a division of corporation ownership, through shares of stock, in an ever-increasing number of hands: the total of stockholders in all American corporations increased from 4,400,000 in 1900 to 7,400,000 in 1910, to 12,000,000 in 1920, and to 18,000,000 in 1928.

In this enormous mass, the "large stockholders" possess no weight: generally they have but an infinitesimal part of the capital. Cor-

poration property has therefore really become collective in America; and the stockholder no longer has any influence in the affairs of the corporation, nor can he come to an agreement with other stockholders, considering their number and the difficulty of tracing them. Control has passed unnoticed into the hands of the technical and financial directing heads, of the great captains who constitute the ultimate characteristic expression of the private capitalist regime.

State Intervention

WHAT, at this point, has become of the indomitable individualism dear to the American tradition? As Prof. A. A. Berle, member of President Roosevelt's "Brain Trust" and a noted student of the subject, has said: "The recognition that industry is today dominated by these autocrats must show the inconsistency of the general opinion that economic enterprise in America is a matter of individual initiative. The economic activity is collective and the individual, unless he holds a position of command, becomes practically insignificant. Contemporaneously the problems of corporation control have become problems of political economy."

In other words, the individual interest must now give way to the collective interest; and it is up to the State to intervene, and to assume even in this field the function appropriate to it, that of supreme regulator of the general needs.

The last depression has made competition still more violent and has placed the sound corporations at the mercy of the price-lowering race engaged in by those who sought to retard extreme ruin by converting goods into money at whatever cost. The headlong drop in prices had its repercussions in a drastic reduction of activities and general expenses, in growing unemployment, and in industrial losses.

A wasting of natural wealth, exploitation of human labor, suicidal competition, and long-term debts: this is the tragic reality of "rugged American individualism," as revealed by the depression. This was the genesis of the "state of national necessity" which brought about in the Spring of 1933 the abandonment of the policy of laissez faire and the decisive intervention of the State in every field of national economic activity.

(To be continued next month)



It Stinks

—From the New York Daily News

PIERO PARINI

Director General of the Italian State Bureau of the Italians Abroad

By MARY IACOVELLA

THE room had a crimson glow. A red damask tablecover glittered like metal. The last musical notes of America's National Anthem lingered in the atmosphere. A prominent surgeon delivered an address turning often, with much deference, to a young man who sat behind the long shining table. When he sat down, the young man arose and bowing, with old world courtesy, to the distinguished audience, launched into a dynamic appreciation of Italians in foreign lands and their amazing achievements in the countries of their adoption.

With his fresh ruddy complexion, dark hair, and cordial smile, one could easily mistake him for an alert modern business man. He wore a dark blue suit and a pale blue shirt with a blue tie. Nothing verbose and solemn clung about his words. The resonant idiom of the Peninsula had a crystal-like intensity, and the tone of his discourse struck one by its simplicity and heartfelt sincerity.

His name was Piero Parini and he had come from Italy. In a delightful speech he stressed, among other constructive suggestions, the cultural life of the Italian race in foreign lands, also the potentialities of Italo-American intellectuals. Italians in their adopted countries are coming prominently to the fore in every line of human endeavor. Predicting a new era of creative energy, he said that the Italo-American young will also forge ahead in the field of Belles-Lettres and that this realm of the Fine Arts must be encouraged.

For this reason, the Italian language provides inspiration and broadens the mental horizon of students. After the short and brilliant lecture, everyone was anxious to shake hands with the eminent visitor. I also wanted to get up and thank him for his allusion to Italo-American intellectuals and students of Italian. Conscious of my insignificance, I simply watched the thrilling ceremony, and stirred not from my place. However, I felt an urge to inquire into the activities of Piero Parini, and I discovered that the great strides in a renewal of interest in Italian life are due to the tireless efforts of this young man.

His colossal energy has reaped wonderful results. Not since the Golden Era of New England culture, have we seen such an intense application on the study of Italian life. The student of contemporary life is at first intrigued, then compelled to admit that America and other nations, where Italians have made their

hearth, shall be enriched by Piero Parini's cultural mission and humanitarian work.

From Continent To Continent

THIS article, then, with my greatest regrets, is not an interview nor a history of a spiritual mission, but a simple analysis of a man's peregrinations from continent to continent. His Excellency Piero Parini, Minister Plenipotentiary, Director General of the Bureau of Italians Abroad, Commissioner for the Protection of Italian Catholic Missions in Foreign Lands—a position of extraordinary importance and prestige in diplomatic circles, to which he was, no doubt, appointed with the Holy See's approval—General of the Fascist Militia, and a Captain of the Italian Air Corps, was born in Lombardy thirty-eight years ago. He was once a newspaper man in Como.

He is married to a charming Italian lady, who has distinguished herself as an authoress of great merit.

As an aviation officer in the World War, Piero Parini met in the airport of Foggia our Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, then performing his brilliant exploits as a Captain of the American Air Squadron in Italy. These two aviators certainly left their names printed on the sky.

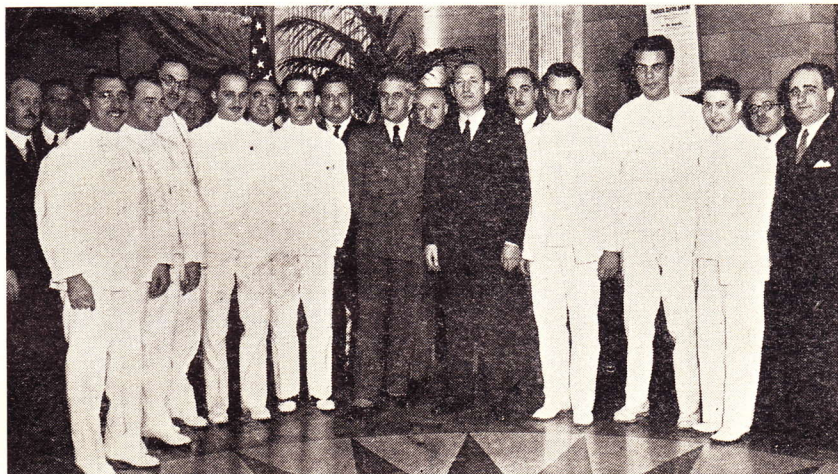
active. From the great office in Via His Excellency Parini is always Boncompagni in Rome, called Direzione Generale degli Italiani all'Estero, he directs the various activities connected with his imposing foreign bureau. Excursions to supervise the educational functions of the bureau are undertaken to the far flung corners of the world.

In many countries, such as Egypt and Palestine, schools and institutions are maintained by the Italian government for the study of the Italian language. The choice of teachers, care of the pupils, even the contents of text books used in these far off schools, and numerous details connected with the successful development of these schools come under the tutelage of Parini and his collaborators. It is enormously painstaking work, requiring efficiency, strength, and earnest application.

Scattered over the face of the earth are to be found Italy's emigrants and their descendants. Immense communities, untold multitudes absorbed into the veins of many nations, often dimly conscious of an older heritage, lacking spur and often interest for greater contribution to the life of their chosen land.

Youth, especially, is made to grasp the golden truth that with itself lie dormant magic possibilities for social

(Continued on Page 47)



H. E. Piero Parini at the reception given him at the Columbus Hospital in New York, surrounded by some of the hospital internes. In the front row, from left to right, are Drs. Caravella, Caruso, Sarno, Nesi and Rapisardi, Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General, H. E. Parini, Drs. Nobiletta, Biondi and Stivale.

SHALL WE JUDGE OUR JUDGES?

A Sequel to a Previous Article: "The Bench"

By DOMINICK LAMONICA

"WHAT, if anything, is wrong with our Bench?" asked Mr. Licari in the last issue of *Atlantica*, and he came to the conclusion that "The whole system must be changed. The Bench must be taken out of politics. Merit must prevail over opportunism. Competitive tests of a high standard must be open to all... The best must be secured and kept at their best. We must get all our new Judges by the new system. The Bench must become their life work, not their reward for a term of years. Higher stalls must be reached by promotion tests."

The author's article, "The Bench," came to the attention of many leading figures in civic, legal and judicial circles, and some of them vouchsafed opinions thereon.

This, for example, is what Governor Lehman has to say on the subject, as transmitted by his Counsel, Mr. Charles Poletti:

"The Governor appreciates your interest in his views on the vital problem of ameliorating the Bench. For several months a Commission on the Administration of Justice in this State has been giving much study to various aspects of the judicial branch of the Government. The Commission is planning to file its report with the Governor within a week or two. The Governor will transmit his views to you as soon as he finds it possible to do so."

Let it be noted, in connection with the above paragraph, that the Westall Commission mentioned was created in 1930 and was instructed by the Legislature to make its final report "on or before Jan. 1, 1933," with recommendations. It is already, therefore, more than a year overdue. Lacking its considered opinions, we must try to arrive at some conclusion without it for the time being.

Other acknowledgments of Mr. Licari's article came also, among others, from such luminaries as Edward R. Finch, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division, First Department, of the Supreme Court of New York State; Judge Eugene V. Alessandrini, of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas; Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization; the National (and also the New York) League of Women Voters; Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes of the Supreme Court; Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the same Court; the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman; the General Education Board; Su-

preme Court Justice Salvatore A. Cotillo; President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University; Alfred E. Smith and John W. Davis.

New York Judges As Good As Any

YET there were some who went further than acknowledgments. There is, for example, the remarkable letter from Norwich, N. Y. of Presiding Justice James P. Hill, of the Appellate Division, Third Department, of the New York State Supreme Court. Judge Hill sympathizes with the aim and end toward which Mr. Licari is working.

"Every right-thinking resident of the State of New York," he writes, blushes at some of the disclosures recently made concerning the conduct of a few of the judges in the New York City subordinate courts. The conviction and imprisonment of a candidate for the Supreme Court some years ago is likewise a regrettable incident.

"However, the work of the judges in New York State stands well in the nation. In the country districts, no man may be nominated for the Supreme Court without the approval of the attorneys. The majority of the delegates to judicial conventions are selected from the profession, and while politics may play some part, it is minor.

"I am aware that the political leader of a city is, doubtless, the final arbiter in connection with a judicial nomination; also, doubtless, at times the nominees have not measured up to as high a standard as would be desirable. I have an acquaintance with a limited number of the justices in New York County, and wider acquaintance with those in Kings, and if those men with whom I have worked were picked by a political boss, he was actuated by high motives and exercised a wise discrimination.

"England has produced great judges by the system there employed. The same is true of New York. It is possible that this has happened in spite of political domination... perhaps because the wise political leader must know that nothing will imperil his leadership so much as judicial scandals or the selection of unfit men for judicial office.

"Repeating, I sympathize with the aim of the article and its author, but

let us not condemn the whole body of New York judiciary because of a limited number of regrettable circumstances."

More outspoken and vigorous in his disagreement with the method of written examination proposed by Mr. Licari, however, is General Sessions Judge John J. Freschi, in New York City, whom this writer had the good fortune to interview on the question.

What Judge Freschi Thinks

"RIDICULOUS!" said the judge, with the utmost sincerity, of Mr. Licari's proposal. "I suppose what he means is to have all judges subject to civil service examinations. What can you examine them on? Questions of law? Then a young man just out of law school would probably get a higher mark in such a test than a lawyer of twenty years' standing at the Bar. The student would have the subject fresh in his mind, whereas the more mature lawyer, though possibly somewhat hazy on certain academic points, would have behind him a fund of experience which an examination could not tap."

Examinations, in his opinion, cannot be trusted, for we would be faced with the problem of who is to judge the qualifications of candidates, strictly on such a test basis. In all probability, it would be a board of some kind, whose decisions would be arbitrary, from which there would be no appeal, and whom public opinion would find it hard to reach.

"By all odds, the appointive system is better," continued Judge Freschi, a gruff but human and kindly-looking gentleman, "It fixes responsibility for the conduct of the appointee on one man, the Mayor (or the Governor, or the President, as the case may be), and if the people are not satisfied, or if the man's ability or integrity is questioned, the Mayor is the one who will receive the complaints. He must see to it that he appoints the right men, else he faces a hostile electorate when he comes up for reelection."

Judge Freschi himself is a product of the appointive method. Back in Mayor Gaynor's regime he was first appointed for a temporary period of 11 months as a Magistrate, then reappointed permanently. When Mayor

John Purroy Mitchel was looking about for a man to promote from the ranks of the magistracy to occupy a vacancy in the Court of Special Sessions, he asked the Bar Association for recommendations. Freschi was the man appointed, and, later, re-appointed. He went out of office in 1925 after serving about fifteen years because the dominant political party against which he had run for the Supreme Court would not recommend his appointment to the Mayor. He remained in private practice till 1930, when the then Mayor re-appointed him for a ten-year term in the Court of Special Sessions. In 1931 Governor Roosevelt promoted him by appointment to the Court of General Sessions. The next step up was when both parties nominated him for General Sessions, assuring his election to his present position.

The Appointive Method

"ANOTHER thing about appointments. Some people feel it puts too much power in the hands of one man, and would like to have the appointments made subject to the approval of a legislative body. But the disadvantages of this system outweigh its advantages. It divides the responsibility for one thing. Oh, there are many angles to the subject, some sound and others unsound."

As Judge Freschi strode restlessly up and down behind his desk, he warmed to the matter at hand. Even when a judge is elected, he continued, the people exercise discrimination, and sometimes bolt the party leader's choice, as witness certain cases last Fall, when certain nominees were defeated or elected. Yet the Judge believes, as do many others, that some of our ablest jurists have been elected to office by the people.

"Mr. Licari is right, though, when he advocates the principle of promotions. This brings up another point; whether a judge should be appointed (or elected) for a definite term or for life during good behavior. There are arguments on both sides of the question, of course, but I believe it is better to appoint for life. Under such a system, a judge does not have to worry about his future, politically speaking. He need not think of the chances of his being re-appointed, or of his being re-nominated by his party, but can devote himself to his work, so that he can make a career of it and strive for promotion."

It was getting late by this time, and it was becoming painfully obvious to the interviewer that Judge Freschi had goodnatureedly given more of his time than he could afford just then. How, then, would the Judge sum up his recommendations as to what might be done to improve, in his opinion, our present method of obtaining the ablest judges?

One Judge's Recommendations

"THAT's not such an easy question to answer suddenly and all at once," he smilingly replied, "and of course they would be my own opin-

ions only. Yet I think that high standards should be fixed for judicial candidates at the very bottom rung, by law (which, of course, means by the people acting through their legislative bodies). Then as the next step it should be compulsory for anyone who aspires to a career on the Bench to start, after at least ten years of legal practice, in the lowest court, no matter who he is or what his connections are, so that a novice will not be given preference for the higher courts over experienced men who have already proved their capacity in the lower courts. After they have proved their fitness, according to their ability they can then be promoted, step by step, to the higher courts. This, I believe, should be the

procedure with every court in this State, civil or criminal."

Passing on to the subject of appointments for a term or for life during good behavior, he iterated briefly his preference, in the ideal state of affairs he had been asked to sketch, for life appointments, adding that it would take the judge out of politics completely, and put him more on his toes as far as his duties are concerned.

"But once more, and in conclusion, I must insist that civil service examinations for judges are impractical, unfair, and not suited to our present system of government. It may sound like the right thing theoretically, but in practice I do not believe it can be carried out."

PIERO PARINI

(Continued from Page 45)

achievements. It is a mission of spiritual and artistic reclamation that Piero Parini has been entrusted with and whose social importance cannot be fully grasped, for it is not heralded, yet quietly, gloriously works for the betterment of mankind.

Enormous moral benefits are those absorbed by the nations that harbor the Italian race. It is Parini's great task to emphasize the study of Italian as a great link among the nations making for close bonds of fellowship.

Student Exchange

STUDENTS are exchanged between Italian schools and the foreign Universities, with the wholesome result that young people become acquainted with the ancient civilization of Italy. Cultural improvement of the Italian race, progress, contentment, and spiritual achievements are woven incessantly into the pattern of his work, and what infinite application, tact, and vision must such a mission require!

Piero Parini also has given his energy to the development of the Mountain and Marine Colonies of little Italians. Thousands and thousands of children of Italian descent, living abroad, are given a vacation in Italy. To the Mountains, to the valleys, and to the coastlines of Italy flow the legions of little vacationists eager for a glimpse of those shimmering horizons, heard described since early childhood in endless descriptions as the promised fairyland in a dream fantasia. From Asia, Africa, Europe come the little Italians to be tanned by the sunshine of their parents' land, to breathe the health-giving climate of a wondrous country. This is purely humanitarian work. What is the luxury of the well-to-do and the impossible dream of the impecunious, becomes under the beneficent plan of sending the children to these summer colonies, a spartan-like, olympian vision of supreme beauty. The colonies form one of the most touching and impressive pages in the annals of childhood.

"Il Legionario"

THAT a man should combine so many activities successfully is a proof that natural abilities have played an important part in building a phenomenal career. He also edits "Il Legionario" and a children's magazine called "Il Tamburino."

To us in America, who regard the application to one beloved task as calling for every ounce of energy, and who are loath to perform more than one mission in life, this example of a man who is a leader in many fields, is stimulating to the utmost degree.

He always travels by air when he can and owns an aeroplane. His journey across America from one city to another, visiting Italian communities, was made largely by air, for his enthusiasm as an aviator seems to increase with the years.

On his American journey, His Excellency Parini had for his companion his friend, Doctor Franco Montanari, who is attached to the Bureau of Italian Schools Abroad. Doctor Montanari is the son of a brave soldier, the famous General Montanari, who died in the World War, fighting for his beloved country.

What remains then but to quote a fragment from an interesting talk delivered by Parini from radio station WOV of New York. "In addressing today my cordial regard to the Italians of New York, it is my wish that my words, entering into the homes through the radio, bring the echo and the love of Italy, for the Italians, who are scattered throughout the immensity of the world."

And this love does not go up in futile smoke and ponderous assertions. Acquainted keenly with the people he loves and works for, Piero Parini is one of the supermen that Italy has destined to be her youthful heralds of goodwill and friendship. The interest in Italian culture affords an unparalleled vista into the records of an ancient race. Conscious of his mission of spiritual beauty, Piero Parini forges invisible bonds for greater appreciation and enjoyment of the thousands of illuminating pages on which the soul of Italy's genius is written in characters of granite.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN ITALY

By
**ANTONIO
NEZI**

(Contributor to the magazine
"Emporium" of Bergamo)

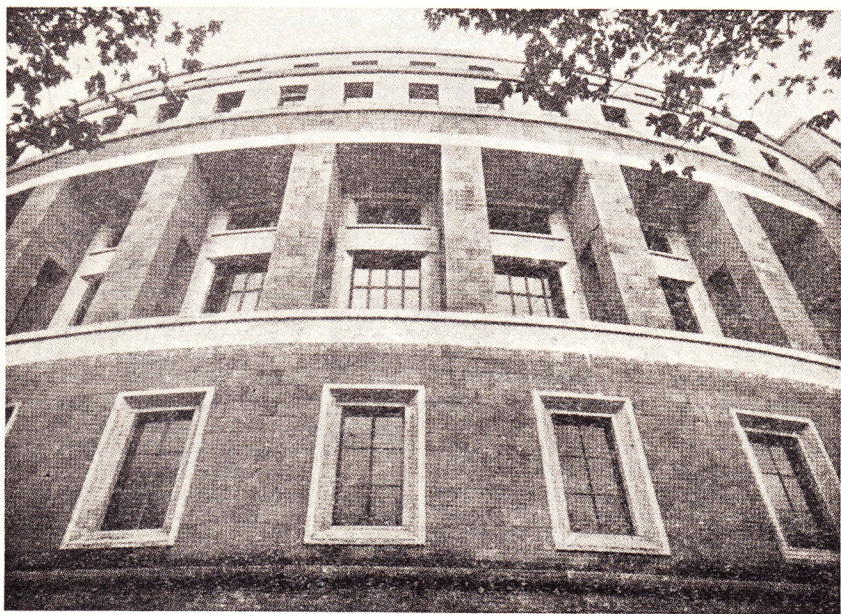
THREE great monumental works now being built—the University City in Rome, conceived by H. E. the architect Marcello Piacentini; the Museum of *Magna Grecia* in Reggio Calabria, also projected by Piacentini; the Post-Office Building in Naples, by the architect Vaccaro, and the competition for the new Travelers' Station in Florence—have lately provoked a resumption of the debate over modern architecture in Italy, a debate which it is well to keep alive to clarify the principles animating the new artistic order and the new esthetic sensibility now penetrating the universal conscience.

The initiators and the principles in the controversy are Piacentini, who in the examples above recognizes that the forms of architecture are in a state of transformation, and H. E. Ojetti, who from a point of view of artistic certainty acquired historically, recriminates and deprecates once again in the name of the ancient nobility of arches and columns, denouncing the real or imagined dangers being brought about by the standard bearers of the new creed.

As a matter of fact the object of the controversy has to do with other works of an imposing size and character, erected or being built, that interpret the new mode of comprehending the building arts.

Being erected at the present time are to be noted some constructions that can be defined as typical, organized as they are boldly for an assertion of new principles. They do not belong to the representative and monumental category, but considering their anticipatory function to be noted by future historians of modern Italian architectonic development, they must be considered with some rights of priority.

The first work of integral rationalization realized in Italy, and at the same time one of the first and most grandiose in Europe, is the Fiat establishment at Lingotto, Turin, built on the plans of M. Trucco. There follow the Solarium at the Lido of



Ministry of Corporations, built in Rome in 1932, showing the center of the curved facade

(Architects: Piacentini and Vaccaro)

Venice of which Torres is the architect, the luminous Marine Station of Trieste planned by the architect Umberto Nordio, an office building in Turin by the architects Pagano-Pogatschnig and Levi-Montalcini, and others. More important probably than any of the above is the Monument to Antonio Sant'Elia in Como now being built, planned by Prampolini and later Terragni with touching effect, adopting for the purpose an architectonic design of the heroic prophet.

Home Building

I WILL not attempt a listing of homes, villas, etc., for I must stay within space limits, but it should be noted that this aspect of modern building in Italy, while as yet not having assumed an extent adequate with the importance of the theme (although there are signs of a great awakening) has acted as a stimulant in posing the problem of architectural renovation and in attempts at its solution.

If for no other reason, a certain notable importance must be assigned to architecture of a temporary or provisional nature for the greater liberty with which the architect feels

he can unfold his ideas. This is why some examples of pavilions for expositions, shows, fairs, etc. have succeeded in becoming veritable models of functional building.

Quite a few works of monumental importance, in which can be clearly recognized the influx of the alert spirit of the times that leavens new forms and rhythms, belong to a period that has no strictly chronological sequence with respect to the manifestations noted (a characteristic fact, this, which is common to all periods of transition), but which is of great importance in the crystallizing and consolidating of the program and discipline of the new form. It is a period of elaboration, of preparation, one would say of expectancy, which contains the signs of a beginning, of an imminent certainty, the germ of coming integral liberation. The following are a few examples which, though having transitional qualities, are none the less clear in significance. There is the Catholic University of Milan by Muzio, the "Vittoriale" on Lake Garda by Maroni, the Ministry of Aeronautics by Roberto Marino, the Arch of Triumph in Bolzano and other works by Piacentini, and a number of new cinema houses in Rome, Milan, Naples and Turin.

Use of Columns

TURNING to more recent works, there is to be noted the *Palazzo dell'Arte* in Milan, in which Ugo Ojetti had the satisfaction of observing the carrying out of an imposing theory of airy arcades, of the lofty kind that Muzio knows how to do. But as to columns, one must be satisfied with those which the architect has placed at the entrance, certainly not modelled on canonical measures, and certainly not sufficient to form a system of monumental order.

And yet we are in the city in which it seemed, until but recently, that it was impossible to conceive a structure of some outstanding size without columns. It is a persistent spirit of classicism, which once struck the fancy of the "Milanese citizen" Stendhal, who counted, both in the interior and exterior, I don't know how many thousands of these columns. Is even Milan becoming de-columned?

Religious architecture with decidedly modern concepts I will not number, although certainly not because of a deficiency in this respect on the part of the architects. The Duomo of Monfalcone, the great projected Cathedral for Spezia, and some of the churches being constructed to take the place of those destroyed in the war, while they have something of tradition about them, demonstrate clearly a conceptual order tending in the new directions. There is already a repudiation of that mixed eclectic custom that offered the easy-going the opportunity of compiling projects with an indifferent spirit, a barren heart and spent feelings: one might almost say with closed eyes, which would not be an exaggeration.

I would willingly pass in review the modestly-proportioned buildings of a sacred, funerary or commemorative nature, country churches, built or being built, in which can be perceived those endowments of flexibility and feeling which our modern architects, have vainly been trying to express frankly in major works. And if some way could be found of conciliating elements that in the light of past history do not appear antithetical, that is, art and religion, the Church, always in the past a standard bearer for every bold regenerative movement, might register to its glory a new triumph by actually bringing about, in the field of modern architecture, the building of a noteworthy group of new temples in the diocese of Messina.

Sacred and Other Architecture

A RECENT competition in which we have seen entered a goodly number of valiant and commanding architects including Pediconi-Paniconi, Canino, Pellegrini, La Padula, Morabito, Romano, Ridolfi, might well mark the beginning of definitive action to liberate sacred architecture from the oppression of a pragmatism

that has halted it in humiliating positions.

* * *

To continue a recital of the facts, we must note and place before the eyes of the skeptical a long list of the subjects of varied, collective, social, educational, cultural and other types of buildings; institutes, colleges, clinics, society headquarters, offices,

ample of the former, linked with our soul and feeling.

The reader will note, in reviewing the examples cited, that there have disappeared almost entirely most of the characteristic elements of the stylistic tradition: the imagined inevitability of their function is not confirmed.

The Classic Influence

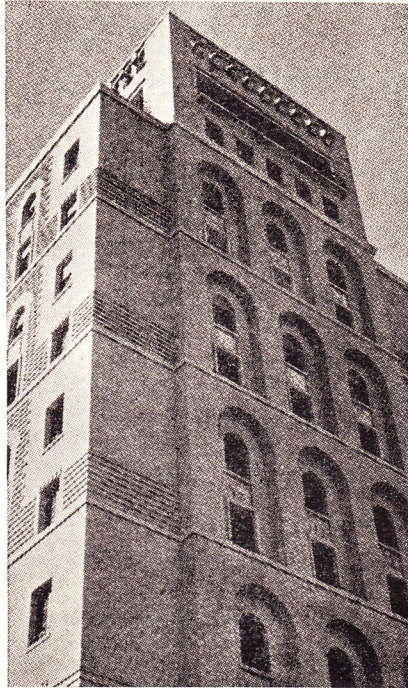
MUST we then banish forever the elements of a grandiose tone, the modulations and motives that have for so long formed the glory of classic architecture? For my part, I believe that the systematic ostracism of the whole traditional repertory, when it is not justified by true building exigencies that would substantially modify the relations of the component elements of the construction, and when the materials used are not those which by their nature have originated the specific forms of functional structure, constitutes an artifice at least as condemnable as an excess of conventional adoption might be.

But even if he were today to reproduce, in a purely constructive way, the conditions of another time, which is highly improbable, the architect would show a lack of the modern sense were he obstinately to repeat in a scholastic manner the proportions, rhythms and schemes no longer understood by our modern spirit, which does not tolerate ornamental fragments, but aspires rather toward great syntheses.

When a sober use is made of the principles and elements of architecture, correlated to the new functions, as for example, in the Catholic University by Muzio, the Unione Bank in Milan by Ponti, the Vittoriale by Maroni, the Aeronautics Ministry, also by Maroni, and the recent George Eastman Institute in Rome by Foschini, no honest objection can be made against such a measured and logical adoption.

We are here treating only the facts as they are presented, without entering into the question, more properly esthetic, which would imply a critical treatment of an interpretative character.

At the present time we are hardly at the beginning of an ascending curve. The works we have observed are not all, nor are they very many. But if five years ago there were ten, and today there are a hundred, and five years from now there will be five hundred; if until recently it was a matter of sporadic cases and today a matter of a phenomenon that has all the characteristics of biological growth; if yesterday one noted as examples an office building, some homes, a few villas and some cinema interiors, and today we are able to review a notable gathering of monumental and representative edifices, it seems to me it cannot be doubted that the rate of progression is one that justifies our firm conviction in an architectural orientation of a decided nature.



The "Istituto Nazionale delle Assicurazioni" in Brescia
(Architect: Piacentini)

schools, gymnasias, athletic fields, etc. And then new stores and transformations of the old: cafes, bars, restaurants, etc.; and other things that are changing the aspect of the streets.

Let us continue further. I have saved till the last mention of some works of a very modern, Italian and personal tone that defy being mistaken with Rotterdam, Berlin and Moscow. The particular works are the Workshop for the Blind in Rome by Aschieri, the "Mario Guglielmotti" School, also in Rome, by Ignazio Guidi, the Italian Schools in Alexandria, Egypt, inaugurated this year by the King, designed by the architect Busiri-Vici, and the Littoria Post Office and Railway Station, by the architect Mazzoni.

Concerning appearances, the attempt has been made to put the new architectonic manifestations on an exclusively technical, mechanical, and utilitarian plane. In other words, this new architecture is held to be destitute of the requisite that is closest to our Latin feelings, that is, the lyric requirement. But here one must be careful to differentiate between lyricism and rhetoric, that is, between essence and bombastic covering. The *Mostra della Rivoluzione* is a good ex-

ITALY IN ENGLISH POETRY

By REGINALD H. JOHNSON

Professor of Foreign Languages in
the University of Pittsburgh

THE influence of Italy on the civilization of the modern world has been vast and varied. Not only in literature and art and music has Italy often led the way for other nations, but also in philosophy, science, and invention. In the Hall of Fame, the role of great men is full of Italian names. One of the ways in which this influence is shown, is the impression produced by Italy on writers of other lands. If we take our English and American poets, for example, we find that many of them in their poems express enthusiastic admiration for Italy and warm sympathy for the Italian people.

Certain poets manifest an interest in Italy's classic past—in the art, the history, the literature of the ancient Romans, and in the ruins of their temples and monuments that are found from one end of the peninsula to the other.

Others are interested in Medieval life, especially as mirrored in the Divine Comedy. The period of the Renaissance, when all Italy turned to the worship of outward beauty and to the study of man, attracts others.

Italy's great struggle to free herself from the foreign yoke in the 19th century arouses sympathy with the oppressed and anger against the oppressor; and these feelings are echoed in the poems of many a modern poet. The land itself, its mountains, seas, and lakes, its bright sun and azure skies, its marvellous ancient cities full of the treasures of art, have appealed profoundly to the poets' sense of beauty.

In the days of the Renaissance, the influence of Italian literature and culture was strongly felt in France and England. Scholars and courtiers studied the language and travelled in Italy. The Italianate Englishman was a common type. The sonnet, a verse form invented in Italy, became popular with the poets. It is not strange that Shakespeare should have laid the scene of many of his plays in some Italian city, and that the plots of many of them are borrowed from Italian sources.

Milton

THE poet Milton travelled in Italy, visited many of its cities, and became intimate with the Italian au-

thors and leading men of that time. He even visited and talked with the great Galileo, then old and blind. Needless to say he knew the Italian literature. He gave Italian names to two of his important minor poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Many allusions to Italy and Italian literary works occur in his poems. He was undoubtedly influenced in his choice of subject for his great Epic by Dante's Divine Comedy.

One of the most beautiful similes in his *Paradise Lost* is his comparison of the host of the lost spirits to fallen leaves:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that
strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian
shades

High overarched embower."

At the dawn of the 19th century, there seems to have been among English writers a great awakening of interest in Italy. Liberal ideas were in the air. Napoleon's various invasions of the country had partially freed it from foreign oppressors and had aroused among the people a passionate desire to become a free nation, a desire which was eagerly fostered by the English poets.

The Romantic movement was then in full swing, and Italy was one of those lands of Romance towards which the young writers turned in their quest for the beautiful and strange.

The passionate poet Keats in one of his sonnets sings: "Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment for skies Italian."

Keats was destined to pass the closing days of his brief life under Italian skies. He died in Rome at the age of 26 and lies buried in the Protestant cemetery there, where his grave is a sort of shrine to which come pilgrims of English blood to lament his early death.

Wordsworth also for a time came under the spell of Italy, and wrote several of his sonnets on Italian themes. Of these the best and most famous is the one "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic," beginning

"Once did She hold the gorgeous
East in fee"—

This was one of that splendid series

of Wordsworth's sonnets "dedicated to National independence and liberty."

Shelley

MUCH of the later poetry of Shelley—that most beautiful of all poetry—was inspired by Italian scenes and written under Italian skies. Shelley himself lived the last four years of his life in Italy. He came there in 1816, and after going from city to city, he finally settled in the neighborhood of Pisa. He was very fond of boating (see his "Boat on the Serchio") and had a sail boat on the sea. On July 8, 1822, he sailed from Leghorn to Spezia, where he had settled for the summer. A squall overwhelmed the little craft and Shelley was drowned. The body which was thrown up on the shore at Viareggio was burned, and the ashes, except the heart, which was unconsumed, were buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, not far from the grave of Keats.

One of the most perfect of all poems in English—Shelley's Ode to the West Wind—was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno near Florence. In this poem we have a wonderful picture of the driving autumn wind, the flying leaves, the scudding clouds. The wind becomes a spirit to which the poet prays to be lifted up and be borne along with the storm—He finally identifies himself with the spirit of the storm and his words with the withered leaves and seeds to be scattered over the universe:

"Be through my lips to un-
awakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O
wind
If Winter comes, can Spring
be far behind?"

In another of his celebrated poems—"Lines written among Euganean Hills"—Shelley describes some of the cities of the Lombard Plain, evokes their past, and laments their present state of subjection to foreign domination.

In his—"Stanzas written in dejection near Naples"—we catch a vision of the bright city, the bay and the mountains seen in broad noon light. In the south of Italy he wrote also that delightful mythical poem on the story of Arethusa—the river that runs under the sea from Greece pursued by the Alpheus only to rise again in Sicily as a fountain, its waters intermingled with those of the Alpheus—the love story of the nymph Arethusa and the River God Alpheus.

Shelley's most powerful drama, *The Cenci*, was written in Italy and deals with a celebrated tragedy in the life of a Roman family of the 16th century.

Byron

THE poet Byron spent the last seven years of his life in Italy 1816—1823. It was from Italy that he set out for his fatal expedition to Greece. He came first to Venice, which strongly appealed to him. He studied her history and learned her language. Influenced by Italian writers of satirical narrative poetry (like Pulci) he wrote "Beppo—a Venetian story." He translated Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore* into English. He composed his famous "Ode to Venice," in which he laments her present apathy and decay, and contrasts the tyranny of the old world with the new birth of freedom in America. He travelled about in Italy. He visited Ferrara, which inspired his "Lament of Tasso." His poems are full of his impressions of the country—Rome, the Coliseum, Florence, the valley of the Po, etc. At Ravenna, he wrote "The Prophecy of Dante"—a poem full of revolutionary feeling and intended for the Italians themselves. In his 4th Canto of *Childe Harold* which he wrote at that time, he attacked the European powers for betraying Venice. In Italy, indeed, Byron was regarded as the champion and prophet of liberty. Naturally he was watched by the Austrians with suspicion. In Italy Byron found a woman whom he could really love—La Signora Teresa Guiccioli—young, beautiful, well read and accomplished. According to the Italian fashion of that day, he became her cavalieri servente. Their attachment lasted until his death.

Byron's eloquent genius seems to many critics more mediterranean (or Southern) than Northern. He loved the south and says of himself—"My blood is all meridian."

Robert Browning

PROBABLY the greatest lover of Italy among the English poets was Robert Browning. In one of his poems ("De Gustibus") he says:

"open my heart and you will see
graved inside of it,
Italy.

Such lovers of old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be."

Browning resided many years in Italy and was thoroughly familiar with Italian life. From that "land of lands" he drew the inspiration for many of his finest poems. When a young man, he spent a good deal of time there. "Italy was my university," he used to say, when asked if he had been a student at Oxford or Cambridge.

The companion poems, "The Englishman in Italy" and "The Italian in England," illustrate that double nationality in Browning's mind by which the two countries were, so to speak, married for him. Mazzini used to read to his countrymen "The Italian in England" when he would demonstrate how generous-

ly an Englishman could enter into the Italian's patriotic aspirations. The result of the poet's first journey to Italy is shown in "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes."

When Browning married the invalid Elizabeth Barrett, it was to Italy he took her. They lived first at Pisa and then at Florence. During the fifteen years of their married life, the Brownings lived for the most part in Italy. After his wife's death, he removed to London, but frequently returned to Italy where his son was established as a painter. While visiting his son in Venice, he was taken ill and died there, Dec. 12, 1889. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but Italy divided honors with England, and on the outer wall of the Rezzonico Palace in Venice is a memorial tablet with the inscription:

Roberto A. Browning
Morto in questo palazzo
il 12 Dicembre 1889
Venezia
Pose

Below, in the corner, are placed two lines from the poem quoted above—

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, Italy."

Browning was interested in the psychology of individual types. He sought to depict eminent moments in the life of typical souls. He turned to Italy to find material for his art. He found the Italian temperament rich in emotion and Italian life abounding in dramatic episodes. The tales of conflicting passions that are found in the annals of the cities of the Peninsula especially during the middle ages and the Renaissance, attracted him. The picturesque beauty of Italy and the striking variety of Italian types appealed to him.

A glance at the titles of his poems shows his fondness for Italian themes—such as "Andrea del Sarto," "Old Pictures in Florence" "Two in the Campagna" and many others.

That famous analysis of character and of incident "The Ring and the Book," owes its origin to a parchment-covered book that the poet picked up at a stall while strolling one day through the Piazza San Lorenzo in Florence. This book contained the raw material for the poem—the story of a Roman murder trial in 1698.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

BROWNING's wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wrote many of her poems in Italy and on Italian themes. She was a passionate sympathizer with the Italians in their aspirations for political liberty.

She published a volume of poetry in 1851 called "Casa Guidi Windows" from the name of the house where they lived in Florence. One of her best known poems "Mother and Poet" describes the grief of Laura Savio, of Turin, poet and patriot, at the death of her two sons—"One of

them shot by the sea in the east, and one of them shot in the west by the sea." Another poem—"The Forced Recruit" tells of a young Venetian—a patriotic Italian—who was forced to serve in the ranks of the Austrians and was killed by an Italian bullet.

Mrs. Browning died and was buried in Florence. On the walls of Casa Guidi is placed the inscription:—

"Qui scrisse e morì Elisabetta Barrett Browning, che in cuore di donna conciliava scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta e fece del suo verso aureo anello fra Italia e Inghilterra. Pone questa lapide Firenze grata 1861."

Walter Savage Landor was another English poet who chose Italy as his dwelling place and who passed his last days there. He died in Florence where he had lived for some years and where he wrote many of his best works. Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Aubrey de Vere, D. G. Rossetti, Oscar Wilde have also contributed their quota in praise of Italy. There is scarcely an Italian city that has not received its tribute of verse from the pen of an English writer.

Longfellow and Others

IN a similar way, a number of our American poets have celebrated Italy in their verses. Longfellow studied in Italy in preparation for his professorship in modern languages at Bowdoin College and later at Harvard. He translated Dante into English verse, and did much to reveal the beauty of Italy and Italian art to Americans. He wrote many graceful poems on Italian subjects, as did also James Russell Lowell, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and other American poets who have fallen under the spell. George Edward Woodberry, the well known poet and critic, wrote beautifully and sympathetically at Taormina in Sicily, of Siena, of the "Marble Apennines Shining," and of the varied beauty and suggestiveness of other Italian scenes.

To read the verses of these poets is like being transported to that land of beauty and romance. One feels the real sympathy and affection that the writers of the North have for that fair land of the South. It makes one feel like saying with the anonymous poet who sang of Italy:—

"Who hath seen thee, O, never in
his breast
The heart grows wholly old! Some
youthful zest
Of Life still lingers: some bright
memory!
And when the nightingales in Autumn chill
Fly forth, a yearning stirs his spirit still
To fly with them toward sunny
Italy!"

WHAT THE CHILDREN THINK OF MUSSOLINI

By LILLIAN GIBBSON

THE legendary power of the Duce's name and personality over the hearts and minds of the people of Italy, and more especially the younger generation, no matter where their residence is, is illustrated in a revealing volume "Mussolini Immaginario" by Franco Ciarlantini.

The Duce's early years, full of hardship and characterized by a love of the open, a passion for study, a desire for solitude and a taste for simple things, appeals vividly to the imagination of the young people, not one of whom to-day is ragged or hungry.

Mussolini's native province, with its medieval towers, crags of arid rock, sparse vegetation, desolate huts and circling eagles and falcons, is familiar by description to all the boys and girls of Fascist Italy.

His father's smithy has a still stronger hold on their imaginations; for some of them it has become a sort of mythological cave, with its huge bellows blowing the capricious flames, the blows descending on the anvil and the glowing steel hissing in the water.

To Fascist boys and girls Mussolini is indeed the Siegfried of the new Italy. His youthful conversations in the smithy with his father are attractive and full of portent to the eager minds of the little ones. The following literary effort of a small pupil of a school in Foggia incidentally reveals the proverbial independence and will-power of the young Benito:

"One day Alessandro Mussolini said to his son: 'Benito, will you help me with my work?'"

"Indeed I will."

"Then, lend me a hand at the bellows."

"Not I; I would rather forge the iron, because I like to see the sparks fly."

Mussolini's Childhood Surroundings

THE modest home in Predappio where he spent his early years is venerated with an almost religious feeling. Little Plinio Mariani describes it as graphically as if he had been the Duce's playmate. "His house was shaded by a big tree, at the foot of which there was a modest stone bench, affording a little cool shelter."

The cemetery where his parents and brother are laid to rest is the object of a veritable cult. Especially the memory of his virtuous mother lives in the hearts of all Italian children and their elders. This veneration includes both admiration for an ex-

One-time English Instructor to Premier Mussolini

emplary woman who was a teacher in the most noble sense of the word and also a reflection of the personality of the Duce himself.

Those who have visited the rustic churchyard know the poignancy of its appeal. The cemetery is near the old church of S. Cassiano, almost on the road.

There is something Oriental about the landscape of the valley dei Rabbi, as this district is called. The hills, valleys, farms, lanes and roads are almost stereotyped, an effect due to the faded yellow of the sun-sodden soil, the calcinaceous rocks, the fields of stubble. Even the ancient fortress of the Caminate on the horizon, commanding the valley, is yellow in tone. It looms bare and solitary against the sky. There is little vegetation, and such greenery as there is, is subdued and almost swallowed up by the unconscious majesty of the surrounding country.

The thick ivy hedges are covered with dust, the hawthorn has turned ashen grey, the leaves of the limes, poplars and oaks rustling in the wind send a silvery grey vibration shivering through the branches, in strange contrast to the surrounding tawny ochre of the landscape.

The apsis of the church of San Cassiano, which recalls that of the famous church of Polenta, takes the visitor by surprise, transporting him, as it were, among the ruins of a spot sacred to history and putting him in the right frame of mind to approach the cemetery. Here the first grave to the left bears the inscription: "Rosa Maltoni. Her Life Was Short; Great Was the Grief at Her Departure. Benito, Arnaldo, Edvige."

The masses of flowers, renewed every day, testify that this grave is a sanctified spot for the whole Italian people.

His Mother

ONE is vividly reminded of the sufferings and privations of this poor woman, equalled only by her tenacity and courage. Her husband gave more attention to his political dreams than to the necessities of every-day life. He lived with his head in the clouds, in a continual dream. The mother alone was wise and pru-

dent. Her poetical soul did not prevent her from conforming to the stern necessities of reality. She alone could restrain the magnanimous follies of her husband; she alone, despite her deep pride, could be humble, calm his rage, and stem the tide of his rebellious nature. She did this notwithstanding her desire to shout to the world her ardent sympathy with all his dreams, with every beat of his heart. A mother and teacher, she was an example to all. Hard work and exhaustion killed her at the age of forty-six.

Renato Adamo of Vanza writes: "H. E. Benito Mussolini is often talked of in our home because our parents used to live near him. My mother knew him when he was a school teacher at Tolmezzo. One of my uncles had the honor of being his pupil."

"At that time, Mother says, he had no friends, but his hands and his pockets were always full of books. His favorite walk, which he always took alone, was along the banks of the river. But he had started a small newssheet in the little town where he was teaching; I do not remember what it was called."

"Father knew him in 1916 during the war, when he was in Forcella Bieghigne near Lusnizza. He was a corporal of the *Bersaglieri*, my father was an *Alpino*. He came across him one day, when Mussolini was in command of a squadron, a small underset man with a look in his eyes that was unforgettable."

The people have the gift of intuition on a big scale and are sometimes capable of grasping facts by synthesis. In contrast to bureaucratic classes, who often see in Mussolini and his regime only the defense of property and the guarantee of order, the working classes attach much more importance to those activities of the Duce's which transcend the interest and advantage of the single individual.

"Mussolini has dictated the Labour Chart" is repeated from one end of the peninsula to the other.

"Mussolini has cleared up all the misunderstandings between our King and the Pope."

"Mussolini has found work for all the poor lads who formerly had to emigrate to America."

"Mussolini has raised fountains where formerly the people were dying of thirst."

"Mussolini went to Rome and put everything straight; everybody began to work and the trains began to go."

(Continued on Page 60)

THE ROMAN SALUTE

By **FILIPPO
CRISPONTI**

(Contributor to many
Italian periodicals)

MUCH has been said of the Roman form of salute both in Italy and abroad, but few have noted that its spread is one of the best indications of the moral power of the Fascist Regime. It is a matter especially of a diffusion that is becoming universal among Italians and is being propagated all over the world.

During the past summer, the author visited villages and fields in the provinces of Modena, Cuneo, Alessandria, and Massa Carrara. Being accompanied by persons well known in the districts, we were greeted at every step, and by almost everyone, in the Roman way. They were well-to-do land owners, peasants, artisans or laborers. Thus they were not officials forced to obey rules, nor associates who had combined "ad hoc" nor residents of important places, in which, everyone knows, each new fad is seized upon and propagated earlier than in small, scattered centers. They were people, on the contrary, who, disregarding their headgear, unconsciously raised their right arm in a spontaneous salute.

All this in an era when styles are born no one knows how; when they live and are changed for no apparent reason, and on which, when they are spreading quickly throughout the universe, neither religious nor moral warnings, nor laws of the greatest authority, have any effect; in an era in which one can say concretely, that even though the great war, which has shaken the very fundamentals, the sameness of fashion has kept itself so intact that in our present series of the vogue, there is no trace whatsoever of this universal upheaval.

We have, thus, in the novelty of the Roman salute, a style which is an exception, which is not attributed to anything at all mysterious, but to a definite initiative, that of the Regime, which was not formulated through a whim, but for the rational purpose of allowing the spirit of Rome to live once more the world over; and this fashion, so different and opposed in origin to all others, has "gone over," and how!

WE add another singularity which would have more than ever caused the Fascist movement to seem inane:



The Salute as done by its leading exponent, Il Duce

that is, its effect on material which apparently could not be changed. The whims of fashion change from year to year, purely because they have done so for centuries past and there is nothing to stop a stylist from changing a style. In the form of the salute, it is, however, another matter. In Italy the tradition of removing the hat goes back to the sixteenth century, that is, from the time men stopped wearing cowls. In the villages and country places, however,—that is, the places I visited—the custom dates back to a full century before because a head covering was adopted here before it was in the cities.

It was a matter, therefore, of the Regime interfering with a peaceful "ab immemorabili" custom which no one had dared to think alterable. And precisely against this well-accepted, undisputed thing the Fascist movement was exercised and has triumphed.

Some uphold that such popularity is due to the greater ease in raising an arm compared to baring the head. But these persons fail to recall that ease has little to do with the fortunes of fashions. One may say on the contrary that the feeling of subjecting oneself to disadvantages gives one a feeling of self sacrifice not unpleasing to the individual. A few years ago, did we not see the narrow dresses of the women hugging their knees so tightly as to render almost impossible their progress across a street, and es-

*Translated
by Ione
della Sala*

pecially difficult the climbing of stairs and the mounting of a public conveyance. Did we not see fashionable men held in the grip of stiff, high collars until they appeared to be in a state of choking? And who reacted, who did not appear delighted, who did not praise himself for his own obedience? On the contrary, so long as these fashions were in vogue, no one seemed to even notice that they were uncomfortable. It was only after the passing of the fad that they began to become aware of the fact. Perhaps, when today's styles have changed, and have given place to new usages, then only will the disadvantages we now undergo be revealed, and the story of the mode will continue to be a tale of minor tortures which humanity, forever changing, has undergone to appear elegant.

IF the new kind of salute had had only ease to recommend it, one could be sure that it would not have been accepted. The moral power of the Regime was essential to create an atmosphere in which new movements, even the most unexpected, such as this, would find supporters in men of every class and country, drawn to adopt the material essentials which stood for a new spiritual order.

For the rest, the fact that to raise an arm is easier than to remove a hat remains to be seen. If the greeting is the same among all peoples, each people has created in its own individual form of respect, the action modifying it to correspond with the social standing of the person saluted, or even to express only that amount of reserve or of cordiality which the individual wishes to place in the act. The same served in the removal of the hat. It was enough for Don Rodrigo to indicate by the way he placed his hat on his head whether his mood was serene or "Marina torbida." For Don Abbonadio, one was expected upon meeting him, "to sweep the ground with the tip of one's hat" to indicate willingness to be "prompt, always prompt to obey," that the lack of so doing indicated his meeting with the "bravi."

(Continued on Page 70)

"FORGIVE THE OFFENCE"

A SHORT STORY

By GIUSEPPE CAUTELA

Author of the novel "Moon Harvest" and contributor to the
"American Mercury"

I

"TITO SPADONI, Artist Painter," this sign in small black letters hung in the window of a painter's shop in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. Tito Spadoni was also known in the neighborhood as a singer and militant socialist. On Sundays especially he kept the sleepy neighborhood awake yelling at the top of his tenor voice from the room he occupied above his shop. Very often he would turn on a Caruso record on his victrola and sing a duet with him. The result would be of such tremendous deafening power that the people living across the street would shut their windows. No one would ever dare remonstrate with him because he was the official painter of all the houses in the district, and he worked for half the price demanded by other painters. He only asked for high figures when he had to work far from home. The people living in the vicinity were all his friends. No one could pass by his shop or by him on the street without being greeted with a stentorian voice, "*Buon giorno, amico*," be he Italian or of any other nationality. With women he used to take his large brimmed hat off, and with a wide circle of his arm, almost sweeping the ground with it, would sing out finishing with a high note: "*Signora, buon g-i-o-r-n-o-o-o*." He used to get up early, and as he came out on the stoop he would stop, look at the sky and no matter what the weather he would give out in ringing notes his salute to the morning. Even people who knew him would linger awhile, and smiling, listen to him. He would then sail forth at a fast pace toward the restaurant for his morning coffee, for he was single and had no relatives. On winter mornings he would put on a thick white collared sweater which made his broad shoulders appear more powerful, and with his white hat cocked on his right ear, would tear down the street like a ship under full sail. Sometimes the boys of the neighborhood, spying him coming home, would crowd round him asking for pennies. Very often it would turn out to be either a fruit or an ice cream party.

II

LATELY, Achille Grosso, who had made money in the grocery business, bought a new home in Bay Ridge. Tito Spadoni decorated it for

him. It took him three months to finish the job. During this time Tito Spadoni and Achille Grosso came to know each other well. They had their first encounter one morning about Mussolini. Achille Grosso, while glancing over his Italian paper, asked Tito Spadoni what he thought of Italy's great man. Tito Spadoni at first hesitated; then he answered:

"I don't quite agree with him."
"Then you are not a Fascista," exclaimed Signor Grosso, with a somewhat offended air.

"No, I am not," promptly answered Spadoni.
"Why?" asked Signor Grosso bewildered. And without waiting for an answer, he added: "I think that anyone who is not a Fascista is unworthy to be an Italian."
"I don't agree with you either," Spadoni said calmly.

"You socialists don't even agree among yourselves," hit back Signor Grosso.

"That is true, why should we?" Signor Grosso looked puzzled.
"Well, tell me, what have you against Mussolini?" he asked after a while.

"I'll tell you, Signor Grosso," began Spadoni slowly, "I personally, have nothing against him. But I think that if I were in Italy now, either I would be in jail or I would have to get out. In other words, I could not express my political opinions to you as I am doing now, that's the reason I don't like him."

"You Socialists had almost ruined Italy before he put everybody in his place, and you are trying to do the same thing in this country now."

"Signor Grosso, you talk like one who is being robbed. You shall see that I will not overcharge you for my job."

"You are taking enough time, but I will not give you a cent more than what I have agreed to pay you."

"I don't want you to; a thousand dollars for a fourteen-room house, decorated artistically, is not much."

Signor Grosso did not answer. He was pleased with the painter's work; but he did not want to say it for fear he might have to pay more for it.

He began to pace up and down the dining room, which was full of light, showing Spadoni's Venetian scenes to advantages. Venice was Spadoni's home and Grosso came from Naples. He stopped in the middle of the room with a resentful expression on his face.

"It is true that I left you full

choice in the subjects, but you have not painted one scene of Naples, and Naples is mighty beautiful," he said.

"I don't know Naples, I only know Venice," responded Spadoni, without losing his good humor.

"You should have told me before. I was misled, because I heard you sing always Neapolitan songs."

"Not always; I sing opera too."
"Could you not paint something of Naples on this panel?"

"I told you, I don't know Naples, besides it would not be in harmony with the rest of the subjects."

"The bay of Naples is much more beautiful than the Grand Canal."

"But, papa, these murals look beautiful," exclaimed Giulia, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Signor Grosso, who until then had kept quiet.

SIGNOR GROSSO gave her a cross look, and she did not dare open her mouth on the subject any more. But afterwards she came often to see the painted work, and art was not always the subject of their conversation. They spoke about social and economic conditions, they delved into religion, and they grew hot about politics. Giulia had no definite political convictions, but she was no socialist. Spadoni, although a socialist, did not approve of the modern woman's attitude toward her home life of to-day.

"Then you are a funny socialist," Giulia told him.

"I may be, but that's the way I am," he answered.

"My father prohibited me to come here alone, Signor Spadoni."

"You should obey your father, Signo-r-i-n-a," sang out Spadoni.

But Giulia came again the next day, and right after her came her father.

"Go home!" he ordered his daughter as soon as he came in. She lingered awhile, looking at him as if to say something.

"Go home!" he repeated. She bowed her head and went out. Signor Grosso turned to the painter rather angrily and said:

"When will you finish this job, Signor Spadoni?"

"By noon to-morrow I will be finished, Signor Grosso," and Spadoni made one of his sweeping bows.

"Good! I will send you a check right away," said Signor Grosso. He turned to go, while the painter kept looking at him. When he had reached the door he turned around saying:

"I like your work; but I don't like

your ideas, and it is a pity that a nice fellow like you should lose himself with a bunch of *straccioni*."

"*I miei ossequi-i*," sang out Spadoni as Signor Grosso was leaving. When he got home that night he began to speak regretfully and bitterly about the painter. He told his daughter that if he did not watch out someday he would land in jail with his ideas. Furthermore people of standing would not call him any more to do work for them. At least he was not going to anyhow.

"But, papa he is not bad; he is very gentle and kind," said Giulia.

"Yes, gentle and kind; but his ideas are not gentle and kind," thundered Signor Grosso.

"As long as he works honestly what is the difference?"

"You keep away from him, you hear?" repeated angrily Signor Grosso.

III

NOTHING was more irritating to Signor Grosso than to see Tito Spadoni walk into his grocery store, located in the lower west side Italian quarter of New York. Nevertheless he had to make a good face; he could not tell him to get out, for Tito Spadoni came in as a customer. He bought *provolone*, Roman cheese, anchovies, canned roasted peppers, which have still the smell of smoke, olives, *prosciutto*, bread, olive oil, and dried black olives.

"What do you do with all this stuff?" Signor Grosso asked him one Saturday night, almost angry at the painter for spending so much money in his store. Spadoni gave out a tremendous laugh. When he had finished and dried the tears from his eyes he began to sing out:

"I eat it, mio ca-r-o, I eat it."

Signor Grosso, who until then had kept looking at him with an angry stare, had to laugh also.

"I am going to spend in your store the thousand dollars you paid me for the job," Spadoni told him, and here another tremendous laugh. "How is your daughter?" he then asked him.

Signor Grosso hesitated awhile and then answered with a grim:

"Very well."

That night Giulia met Spadoni outside and they went home together in a taxi. She also helped him carry the packages into his shop and there she talked with him for an hour, then she went home. People of the neighborhood began to talk about it, and it was not long before news reached Signor Grosso that his daughter Giulia went often to see the painter. Signor Grosso called his daughter over and asked if it was true. She did not answer. He took it for granted that it was true, and gave her a terrible beating. That night he was so sorry for having beaten his daughter that he cried like a baby. The next morning he went to see Tito Spadoni. He asked him what his intentions were toward his daughter. Spadoni felt as if a noose had been pulled around his neck. He shook himself and candidly said:

"I have really not given the subject serious thought." He was thirty years old, and until then had never given women serious thought. He felt towards them always like a

knight errant, chivalrous, full of fun and that was all. His answer, though, did not satisfy Signor Grosso. He told Spadoni that within a week he wanted to know, and in the meantime he should keep away from his daughter. Spadoni was about to say that he did; but he refrained.

"Do not worry, Signor Grosso; you can trust me, I am not as dangerous as you think I am," he told him.

IV

GIULIA's friendship for Signor Spadoni assumed greater importance after the beating from her father. Now she felt that she must see Signor Spadoni at all costs. The next day, at the first opportunity, she slipped out. It was about noon and the painter was eating a sandwich of cheese and olives when Giulia came in. Spadoni greeted her

with a yell as if he had been stabbed with a knife. He had been thinking of what to say to her; but all thoughts left his mind as soon as he saw her. She looked pale and worried, and did not answer a word at the boisterous greeting of the painter, but faintly smiled and took a chair that Spadoni gave her. Spadoni became scared and defenceless when he saw two big tears linger on her eyelashes and then roll down like two diamonds along her cheeks. He dropped his sandwich on a table full of paint spots and made a rush for a clean handkerchief from his coat breast pocket. This made Giulia smile a little, and then she found voice enough to say:

"I am not supposed to be here. My father would kill me if he knew. He beat me last night. But I had to come to tell you to watch out."



"He had been thinking of what to say to her."

—Drawing by Ione della Sala

"Beat you, beat you, what kind of a man is he?" shouted Spadoni.

"He has a terrible temper, dear."

At the word "dear," Spadoni felt a shiver down his spine and then a hot flush. It was the first time a woman had called him dear, sorrowfully, appealingly.

For a moment he did not know what to say, and as he felt that he should say something, he began:

"Well, you stay here if you are afraid to stay home, and if your father comes here again I'll talk to him."

"Was he here?" asked Giulia, quite frightened.

"Yes, . . . he was here," answered Spadoni, and looked away from her.

"What did he say, dear?" insisted Giulia.

"He wants to know . . . what are my intentions towards you."

"Did you tell him, dear?" And Giulia laid her hand on Spadoni's shoulder.

"No, . . . I didn't, . . . I wanted to see you first."

The next moment Spadoni felt Giulia's arms around his neck, and he almost lost consciousness under the furious barrage of her kisses.

WHEN Spadoni, the following Saturday night, went to see Signor Grosso, he found him as usual behind his counter in his white apron waiting on his customers.

"Buona sera," said Spadoni, smiling broadly.

"Buona sera," responded Signor Grosso, with altered tone and trying to appear indifferent. He was waiting on a fat Italian woman who kept shouting: "You charged me three dollars and a half for olive oil last time. My husband didn't like it."

"I have oil for two dollars if you want it."

"No, I can get the same oil you sell for three and a half, for three dollars from the Greek on the corner."

"Mia cara Signora, that oil I sell is the best. It has my name on it. The Greek cannot sell it."

"It's the same quality anyhow."

"Excuse me Signora, my wife will give you the oil, I must talk to the gentleman," said Signor Grosso.

He led the way to the back of the store and Spadoni followed him. There was a confusion of barrels, bags, cans, and crates of stuff, and a strong smell of freshly ground coffee, spices, cheese and salami. Spadoni came to a dining room with three windows which looked onto a backyard.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Signor Grosso.

"Grazie," said Spadoni, taking a chair.

Signor Grosso looked at him as if waiting for an answer. Spadoni looked a bit foolish, but without losing time he said:

"Signor Grosso, I have brought you the answer. Now I must ask you a question; may I have the honor to marry your daughter?"

Signor Grosso got very pale, and as he raised his right hand it was shaking.

"You are not the husband I wish to give to my daughter," he began, "but if my daughter wants to marry

you she can go ahead. I told you I do not like your ideas. You are a good artist, no doubt, and as long as you have got to work for a living, it would be better to think the right way."

Spadoni did not answer. Signor Grosso liked a man who did not contradict him.

"Will you have a cup of coffee, Signor Spadoni?" he asked in a milder tone.

"With pleasure, Signor Grosso," said Spadoni.

Signor Grosso went to the hallway, the entrance of which led upstairs, and called:

"Giulia, Giulia."

"Yes," came the voice of Giulia from the top of the stairway.

"Make coffee for me and Signor Spadoni," commanded Signor Grosso.

V

THREE months after the engagement of Giulia to Signor Spadoni, from early morning relatives arrived for the wedding from all parts of New York and Jersey.

There was his sister Caterina who had come with all her nine children, the oldest of which was sixteen. They had taken possession of the house by storm. By noon they had exhausted Signor Grosso's patience, and he in one of those nervous bursts of his had chased them down to the cellar of the house. He told his poor wife who was going about the house as if in a daze, to serve dinner to them down there. The children in all amounted to thirty.

The bride's dress was spread on her bed, and the relatives, friends, and neighbors made a pilgrimage up to Giulia's room to see it. Now and then Giulia's mother was seen to furtively dry a tear, which made the young people angry. Uncle Rocco had started to celebrate as soon as he arrived from early morning. He went about the house like a majordomo. He had taken direction, as it were, of all the ceremonies. He greeted every stranger with a bottle of *strega* in his hand, and they had to have a drink with him. He spoke in a placid, confidential way, imparting a sort of ritual-like importance to his invitation which people could not refuse. By noon he got purple in the face and Signor Grosso called a halt, because he was going to be in charge of the bar in the evening.

Giulia, looked rather sad for a bride, which was an unusual mood for her to be in. She supervised the arrival of all the sweets, made by an expert Neapolitan confectioner. In the afternoon flowers came, in carloads. They were all taken upstairs in the large living room where decorators were still busy preparing it for the wedding celebration. They had to be at church at five o'clock. The house hummed with voices, and Signor Grosso was all over, giving orders and seeing that nothing was overlooked. Dinner had been a hasty affair. Everyone could not sit still. Only Uncle Rocco looked tranquil. At a certain time he started a panegyric on marriage to which Giulia had to listen with good grace. No one had then dared to interrupt Uncle Rocco, because his words reminded them of many sacred traditions which the

younger generation were forgetting. The old people smiled contentedly. They took hold of the children, those old enough who could understand, and hugged them, and whispered to them to listen to what Uncle had to say. But they could not hold them long. They all went to pound on an old piano down in the cellar and in a few minutes it sounded like a madhouse. Giulia's head began to ache then, and she asked her uncle to excuse her. She told her mother she was going up to her room to rest for a while and begged her not to be disturbed. As she got into her room she locked the door and for a minute gazed intently at her wedding dress, then she carefully removed it and hung it in a closet. From sheer oppression of some thought in her head she lay down on her bed and softly began to cry.

It was four o'clock when her mother knocked at the door. She woke from the doze she had fallen into and went to open the door.

"What a strange girl you are," said her mother, "you go to sleep on the day of your wedding. Come, get ready and dress. Tito is down stairs, and everything is ready."

VI

WHEN she was dressed in her beautiful white gown, and the veil of Italian lace fell from her black raven hair, they came to look at her. They kissed her and expressed their admiration. All the family pride welled up in Signor Grosso, while he looked at his daughter. He stood at a certain distance as if admiring a madonna.

Tito Spadoni found it very hard to adapt himself to the rather solemn air of his would-be relatives, and kept cracking jokes with Uncle Rocco, who seemed to like him more than any other because he never refused to have a drink with him.

When they were all ready the bride, bridegroom, best man, and bridesmaids, the latter dressed in pale green, were given the word by Signor Grosso to march out. A long string of automobiles awaited them down the street. No sooner had they stepped out on the sidewalk than a shower of rice fell on them. Signor Grosso threw handfuls of dimes to the children and there was a scramble for them, with yells for more.

Tito Spadoni had told his socialist friends that he would be married in church in order to please his father-in-law. It was years since he had set foot in a church; but now he bore himself with dignity, showing deepest respect to the house of God. The church smelled of incense, fresh flowers and wax. There was a subdued wave of conversation that died down as soon as the priest began to officiate. From the right side of the chancel, a statue of St. Anthony, resigned and benign, looked upon the ceremony. As Tito Spadoni and Giulia marched out husband and wife, the church began to throb with music from the organ. Five minutes later, after all the automobiles had whirled away, the sacristan began to put out the candles. And as the light in the church was dimmed, so the

(Continued on Page 67)

The Educational Horizon

By Peter and Sylvia Sammartino

Is Economy Wise?

THE swing from extravagant expenditures to stringent economies during the past few years has led many into dangerous experiments. Budget-balancing has assumed such a terrific importance in the minds of political leaders that all other considerations have received slight notice, or been disregarded entirely.

One of the saddest economies facing us today is the reduction of school budgets throughout the country. In spite of the fact that the old type of politician is gradually giving way to the more enlightened and better educated leader, as soon as one of these new leaders is elected to office, his interest in figures becomes all-absorbing, and, forgetting the fruits he has reaped from his own educational advantages, he astounds some of his followers by taking his first step toward economy by reducing the school appropriations.

A specific example of what happens when savings are attempted in the field of education is that of the City College in Chicago, the Crane Junior College. In the last two years over 25,000 students have attended the college and are now a great asset to the city. 85 percent of its students were drawn from families of very limited means and the college provided them the only opportunity for a higher education.

The actual cost to the City of Chicago for maintaining the college amounted to one fifth of a cent in the annual tax dollar, and yet it was for the purpose of saving this one fifth of a cent that the Crane Junior College was closed. What is the result? A recent survey shows that of the 3500 students who were attending Crane College, 75% are out of school and out of work. Penny wise and pound foolish!

The only gleam of hope in this gloomy situation is the fact that a large body of citizens in Chicago have retained a far-sighted attitude in city finances. To this group, the resurrection of the Crane Junior College is of paramount importance to the City of Chicago and they are doing something about it. Since 60% of the former students are of foreign parentage, the various national groups have organized themselves into committees in order to bring greater pressure on those in authority. We are happy to note that the Italian group, led by Dr. Frank Ventresca, is one of the most active in bringing to the attention of those in authority the real necessity of providing a free higher educa-

THE DANGER IN THE NEWER TREND

Most persons familiar with the teaching of Italian in this country are aware of the newer trend in Italian societies: that of establishing schools of Italian in their community. The movement in general has been a sign of progress. It has met a distinct need and has aroused a sense of community pride as far as Italian culture is concerned. Just one discordant note has been raised by an instructor. He states that the local school and political authorities in one community have advanced, as a reason for not officially establishing Italian, the fact that there was already existing a school for Italian in the town. Perhaps it is just as well that the issue has been brought up so that the proper measures may be applied not only in this one case but in all future cases elsewhere. None but the most narrow-minded of school officials would offer such an excuse. When a group of citizens band together and establish a school for the teaching of any particular subject, whether it be Italian, or physical training, or the three R's, it is another way of saying to the community: "A definite social need existed among some of your citizens for a certain type of training. You have not realized the need even though you are teaching other subjects that are of no greater value of interest to these citizens. Therefore, in addition to our paying of taxes for the inclusion of all the other subjects in the curriculum, we are also paying for additional instruction in these other fields." Once a group has shown that it has aroused enough interest in any particular field, the least any community can do is to accede to the request of its citizens and include the particular subjects in its course of study. The establishing of the society's Italian school is the first step in the movement to establish the language in the school. Eventually, the subject must be taught in the regularly established school on parity with other subjects. In the last analysis, there is no reason why any group should have to pay for the teaching of Italian any more than they should be expected to pay for instruction in English or mathematics.

—Peter Sammartino

tion for the students of Chicago. We hope they will be successful and that their efforts will be an inspiration to the enlightened minorities in their communities to resist economies in the field of education.

Il Giornalino

THE first two issues of the Giornalino came out last month. The newspaper is issued under the auspices of the Casa Italiana and is edited by its director, Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini. The publication is the first one of its type: a newspaper intended for reading by students of Italian. It fills a long-felt want. In the past, the need has been met at

times by the publication of newspapers by the individual schools. These attempts were always short-lived because of the financial difficulties usually. In addition, the paper reached a limited circle of readers.

The first issue contained an article by Angelo Patri, a resumé of important news items by Beniamino De Ritis, short articles, poems, linguistic games and a full-page story of Ariosto. The newspaper offers splendid reading material to supplement the regular work of the classroom. The Giornalino costs five cents per copy and one dollar for the year through the Casa Italiana of Columbia University.

The A. A. T. I.

THE American Association of Teachers of Italian held its annual meeting and banquet on December 29, 1933 in St. Louis. The meeting was held in conjunction with the meeting of the Modern Language Association. Papers were presented by Miss Fredericka Blankner, Professor Fred R. Bryson, Professor C. A. Brown and Professor Olin H. Moore. The following officers were elected for 1934: Honorary President, Professor C. H. Grandgent, Harvard University; President, Professor H. D. Austin, University of Southern California; Vice-Presidents Professor Olin H. Moore, Ohio State University and J. G. Fucilla, Northwestern University; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor C. Merlino, University of Michigan; Councilors, Professors M. De Filippi, University of California, Angeline Lograsso, Bryn Mawr University, and H. H. Thornton, Oberlin College.

Professor John Van Horne of the University of Illinois is editor of "Italica," the quarterly bulletin of the Association. The organization is one of the three which form parts of the Modern Language Association. The French group publishes the "French Review" and the Spanish group publishes "Hispania."

Honored by Siam

DEAN Mario E. Cosenza of Brooklyn College has received an official letter of thanks from the private

PRIZE OFFER TO STUDENTS EXTENDED

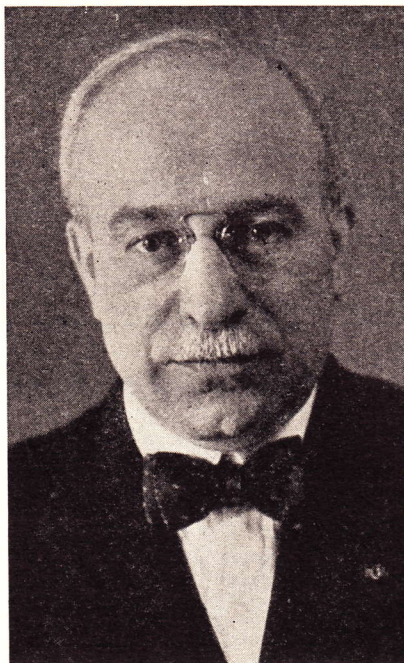
In its last issue, *Atlantica* offered a prize of a free six months subscription to the boy or girl of any nationality in each class who showed the most interest and progress in the study of Italian during the first half of the school year.

So that it may suitably reward more of these deserving students, *Atlantica* extends its prize offer.

Only one prize subscription can be awarded to each class studying Italian. *Atlantica* offers these prizes to stimulate interest among the younger generation in the arts and culture of Italy.

Teachers should forward names and addresses of the students they select to Awards Editor.

ATLANTICA
33 West 70th Street,
New York, N. Y.



Dean Mario Cosenza

(See Column 1, this page)

secretary to His Majesty Prajadhipok, King of Siam, for the copy of the "Complete Journal of Townsend Harris." The book was written by Dr. Cosenza after years of painstaking work delving into thousands of letters and notes left by Townsend Harris describing his work in opening relations between America and the Far East. A special edition was struck up by the Japan Society and the first two copies went to the President of the United States and to the Emperor.

New College

SOME of the most creative teaching in Italian is being done at New College, the experimental teacher training institution connected with the Teachers' College of Columbia University. Dr. Rina Ciancaglini is in charge of instruction. However, the actual teaching is only a part of the cultural program which Dr. Ciancaglini undertakes for the school. Periodically she arranges receptions for the entire school which have all been very well received. The first was a program of folk dances. Later it was an evening of dramatic readings. At another time it was a soirée of Italian music in which both Mr. and Mrs. Ciancaglini participated. The most elaborate was an afternoon tea at the Casa Italiana. A beautiful spread of cakes, candies, and fruits from the various regions of Italy was offered. Miss Olga Contratti and Miss Anna Macario gave recitations in Italian dialects which were explained by Miss Laura Danieli. Everybody joined in the singing of "Holy Night" in Italian. The words for these have been arranged in Italian by Dr. Ciancaglini.

Among the guests were Professor and Mrs. Prezzolini of the Casa, Professor Riccio, Mr. Covello, Dr. Sammartino, Dr. Thomas Alexander, di-

rector of New College, Prof. Agnes Snyder and many other members of the College faculty.

Fraternities

AMONG the pledges of Xi Chapter of Alpha Phi Delta at the Ohio State University are Joseph Pietrafese of Cleveland, Ohio; Albert P. Pietrangelo of Smithfield, Ohio; Ernest L. Perri, also of Smithfield; Joseph Sabetto of Cleveland; Domenic Montmore of Youngstown; Carmen Olivo of Cleveland; Gregory Salvatore of Columbus; Frank Graneto of Youngstown; Joseph La Fratta of Columbus; Paul J. Falco of Chillicothe, Ohio; Anthony Sorentino of Columbus; and John Barone of Buffalo, N. Y. The leader of the pledge group is Mr. Pietrafese.

The regular quarterly of the chapter, known as the Xi Quarterly, appeared recently under the editorship of Domenic A. Macedonia, who is also the consul of the chapter.

Beta Chapter of Alpha Phi Delta recently tendered a dance in honor of Dr. Howard Marraro, who was recently made Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Dr. Marraro was one of the early members of the chapter.

Among the pledgees that were recently announced at the College of the City of New York are Eugene Antonucci, Alfred Bertino, Dominick Pizzirani and Aurelius Rosato for Alpha Phi Delta and Paul Leotti for Theta Kappa Phi.

The Alpha Sigma Phi of Brooklyn College held a dance at the Lawrence Ballrooms to close the year 1933. Among the guests were Dante Negro and Amedeo De Simone, both instructors of the College.

New York City Teachers

AMONG the teachers recently to be transferred to different positions in the school system of New York City are A. R. Caccia to public School 80 (Manhattan), Concetta Bottega to Public School 13, Carmela La Rose to Public School 33, Grace H. Bollo to Public School 46 (all in the Bronx), E. V. Massimine to Public School 217 in Brooklyn, A. Petrosino to Public School 32, Mary J. Nicolini to Public School 118, Anna G. Lauro to Public School 197, (all in Brooklyn), Emma De Meo to Public School 50 in Queens, and Rose A. Cotoggio to Ungraded Classes in Brooklyn.

Among the teachers to receive sabbatical leave from the schools of New York City are: Marie J. Concistre of Seward Park High School; Marie M. Malina of James Madison High School; E. S. D'Onofrio of Public School 57, Manhattan; A. Favalli of Public School 139, Manhattan; Rose M. Verrilli of Public School 48, Brooklyn; C. C. Varchetta of Public School 164, Brooklyn; and Rose M. Pandolphi of Public School 7, Queens.

Miss Concistre will spend the year working for the doctorate.

Among the teachers who were granted promotion licenses by the Board of Education of New York City were Michael Cagno and A. A. Sorieri as teachers of French, W. J. Cambria as teacher of general science and John Torzilli as teacher of geography. The license is an intermediate one between that of the elementary schools and that of the high schools. In these days when thousands strive and only a handful succeed such promotions are indeed an achievement.

Teaching of Italian

PROF. Vittorio Ceroni of Hunter College will offer a new course in the School of Education at New York University entitled "Teaching the Literature of Italy."

Sebastian N. Tangusso, almost single-handed, carried through and won a fight to have the Italian language instituted in the Chelsea High School of Chelsea, Massachusetts. The move was opposed by the superintendent of schools and the Chelsea newspaper.

Instruction in the Italian language was started in the evening schools of New Rochelle, N. Y. The program has been started under the direction of the Civic Works Administration. Classes are held at the Columbia School five evenings a week from seven to nine. Miss Maddalena Cissotti De Siena is in charge.

Unless unforeseen circumstances intervene, courses in Italian will be started in the Manual Training High School in Brooklyn this month. Dr. Horace M. Snyder, principal of the school, has finally given his assent to the inclusion of the language on a parity with the other foreign languages.

From Montreal, Canada, comes the news of the arrival there of the new director of courses in Italian sent under the auspices of Italians Abroad. The gentleman in question is Professor Arrigo De Bernardo, who until recently was teaching Italian in Constantinople.

The Italian School conducted in the Union Hill High School of Union City, New Jersey, resumed sessions for the year 1934. Dr. Petruzzelli is in charge of instruction. The president of the scholastic council has also announced the benefit recital held for the school. In conjunction with the regular adult members of the school committee there has also been formed a committee of students to assist in the work. The members of this committee are: Maria Voza, Emma Savilio, Isabella Savarino, Emma Vittoria, Cristina Scala, C. Manfredi, G. Liquori, N. La Rocca, R. Ienuali, O. Ruso, Antonio Voza, D. Savarino, P. Marino, and A. Vaccallini.

Three more Brooklyn high schools will institute Italian in their course of study. This time the initiative has come from the Principals of the schools, who have realized the value of the language in enriching their

curriculum. The schools are Abraham Lincoln, Erasmus and James Madison.

Organizations

THE Educational Advancement League of Bridgeport, Connecticut, held a dinner dance at the White House Inn on January third. The proceeds are being devoted to a



Miss Elba A. Farabegoli
(See bottom of this column)

scholarship at the Connecticut Junior College. Prof. Z. S. Zampiere was the speaker for the evening. The president of the League is Miss Christina Citrano.

The Crocchio Goliardico of Columbia University recently gave a dinner and dance at the Hotel Brittany. Among the guests were Dr. J. H. Lyon, Professor of English Literature, Dr. Howard Marraro, and Professor Gino Bigongiari.

Miscellaneous

PROFESSOR George Birchhoff of Harvard University has recently won the prize of 10,000 lire offered by the Papal Scientific Academy for the book on methods for the solution of differential equations. Four noted mathematicians strove for the prize.

A. P. Giannini has been elected to the Board of Regents of the University of California by the Governor of the State, Hon. James Rolph. It was Mr. Giannini who not so very long ago gave \$1,500,000 to the University for the establishing of a Giannini Foundation and a building in connection with the School of Agriculture.

To celebrate the conclusion of the first Italian course in Corona, the Queensboro Italian - American Citizens League will hold a Festa, "Per

SPECIAL
Group Subscription
Offer for
Students and Teachers

Hundreds of instructors of Italo-American youths realize the cultural value of ATLANTICA, the American monthly of Italian life and letters.

At the special low student group subscription rate we now offer, every boy and girl interested in Italy and things Italian will want to enjoy it. The regular rate is \$3.00 a year for 12 instructive, intensively interesting issues.

Students and Teachers Only

The special rate, for students and teachers only, is just half that, only \$1.50 per year, when ordered in groups of 10 or more. That's a saving which is made possible only by ATLANTICA'S sincere desire to be of real service, to carry the torch of Italian learning and culture, to be the vital connecting link between the Italy of the past and Italo-America of the present and future.

\$1.50 per year in Groups of 10 or More

This special student group subscription rate offers a remarkable value. It brings the monthly cost of ATLANTICA to the student or teacher down to 12½¢, surely within the reach of all.

Do a real service to Italo-American youths in schools and colleges. Suggest ATLANTICA to them at this special low rate. Make up a group of 10 or more subscriptions. List the names and addresses on a separate sheet. Then fill in the blank below and mail promptly with your remittance.

This half price offer may be withdrawn at any time. Take advantage of it now before it is too late!

ATLANTICA

Atlantica, 33 W. 70th St., New York, N. Y. I am enclosing list of.....names and addresses of students and teachers with remittance of \$.....covering group subscriptions at special rate of \$1.50 per year (12 monthly issues).

Name

Address

City State.....

Students will be given the privilege of paying for their subscriptions in three 50¢ installments every two months.

l'Italia," on Friday evening, February 9th, at 103-10 39th Avenue (Alburtis Avenue) in Corona. The program, a result of the tireless efforts of Miss Elba A. Farabegoli, includes an interesting Travel Motion Picture of Italy, several Folk Dances by members of the Italian Choral Society, a demonstration class in Italian conducted by Dr. Peter Sammartino and a talk by Miss Farabegoli entitled "Your Duty Toward Italy." Dancing will follow the program and there is no admission fee. Miss Farabegoli, who conducts the courses in Italian at the above address, studied in Florence, Italy and is a graduate of l' "Istituto Magistrale di Bologna," and of New York University.

Miss Caroline G. Ronzone, inspector of industrial and placement work for physically handicapped children, recently exhibited a collection of articles by these pupils. The exhibition took place at Public School 6 of New York City. It was replete with all types of handwork from cutout wooden toys and simple paper construction to advanced trade lettering and poster design. Necklaces and bracelets made from shellacked macaroni and desk ornaments from pipe cleaners were only a few of the novelties shown.

Dr. Arturo Castiglioni, Professor of History of Medicine at the Italian Royal University of Padova gave a highly illuminating talk entitled "Roma ed il pensiero latino nella storia della Scienza" on December 8 in the auditorium of Columbus Hospital. The lecture was given under the joint auspices of the Clinical Society of the Columbus Hospitals, Italian Historical Society and the Association of Italian physicians in America. There has been a rather noticeable trend recently by the Italian physicians in America to bring to the attention of the public achievements of Italian men of science particularly in the field of medicine. This is highly commendable in view of the fact that the contributions of Italians in this field have been almost entirely neglected.

Individual Honors

MISS Louise Gabrielli was among those elected by the seniors of Hunter College as members of the student Council. Miss Gabrielli has been quite popular in student circles for a number of years and has in addition maintained quite a favorable scholastic standing.

Among those who hold scholarships at Princeton University are William F. Bottiglia and Lawrence D'Elena of the class of 1934, and Michael J. Curto, Sido L. Ridolfi and Frank A. Petito of the class of 1936.

Miss Ellen Alpigini, formerly of Moorestown, New Jersey, took the part of Everyman in the play by the same name given by Goucher College at Baltimore, Maryland. The play was given for the first time in this country and is a translation of "Jedermann," a fifteenth century play by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Miss Alpigini was given very favorable criticism in the Baltimore newspapers.

Among the newly elected members

of Phi Beta Kappa of Hunter College are Miss Mary Palermo, Miss Attilia Perillo, and Miss Emilie Perillo, all members of the senior class.

High Schools

THE Michelangelo Club of Textile High School in New York City was recently honored by the presence of Dr. Mario E. Cosenza, Dean of Brooklyn College and of Dr. William H. Dooley, the principal of the high school. Dean Cosenza made a stirring speech in which he urged the students to maintain the traditions of their race. Incidentally, as President of the Italian Teachers Association, Dr. Cosenza is in no small way responsible for the inclusion of Italian as a language in the school. Oreste Lapolla, the faculty advisor, Miss Dina Di Pina and Mr. Michael Randazzo, the latter two instructors in the school, were also present. The president of the club is Miss Catherine Marconi, the vice-president Charles Moscato, the secretary Miss Amelia Mattera and the treasurer, Mr. Ralph Abbruzzese. Dr. Hannibal De Bellis is honorary president.

Dr. William A. Clarke, Principal of the John Adams High School in Long Island, recently awarded service league certificates to Joseph De Paolo, Jacob Sturiano, Candida Valentino and Vincent Versage for distinguished service in the institution.

The newly-formed Circolo Italiano of New York Evening High School held its season's first tea dance on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 7th at the Four Trees in Greenwich Village. The faculty advisor, Miss Morabito, and the club's secretary, Miss Renee M. Janin, were in charge of the arrangements, which included Italian songs by Miss Betty Palumbo, group singing by the guests, novel dances with prizes for the winners and refreshments.

Among the guests were Mr. Cohen of the Haaren High School faculty, Mr. Kerner of the New York Evening High School faculty, and D. Lamonica of *Atlantica*. The affair was the first of a series projected by the Circolo.

The officers of the club are Trent Corcia, president; John Billia, vice-president; Miss Renee M. Janin, secretary; Miss Lella Frances, treasurer; Alexander de Fortuna, chairman of the dance committee; and Miss Morabito, faculty advisor.

Among the new Arista members installed at Newton High School in Elmhurst, Long Island are Eleanor Cicatelli, Matilda Manzone and Ada Sormani.

Aldo Berchielli and Charlotte Mangini were recently elected to the Arista Honor Society of Evander Childs High School.

Prizes

IN a contest conducted by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, the following were among those who won prizes: Caroline Sabo, Pauline Guardine, Ruby Mazullo, Flora Baldini, Margaret Ottomano, Anna Vissaggio, Michael Lo Piccolo, Luciano Lusardi, Augusta Frizzi, Marie Viola, Thomas De Rosa, Anna Imperata, Dominick Giordana, and Norma Urbani. The subject of the essay competition was: "How can I assist in keeping the streets, parks, and playgrounds of my city clean and wholesome?"

Among those to receive prizes in a contest of scientific models were: Roland Basile, Joseph Biondillo, Albert Razzetti, Gloria D'Angelo, Giulio Serrapeso, Marie Sacchetta, Richard Rendina, John Marracini, Louis Maggi, Sam Antonio, Alberto Gomme, Donald Pitelli, Anna Castellana, John De Maria, and Lawrence Astorino.

WHAT THE CHILDREN THINK OF MUSSOLINI

(Continued from page 52)

"Mussolini has succeeded in planting corn where formerly there were only weeds."

"Mussolini has made peace between the nations that were preparing war."

Concerning Reclamation

BUT it is the reclamation in the malaria district that has made the greatest impression on their minds.

A boy of nine writes as follows: "Just think—all round Rome, the most beautiful city in the world, there were marshes that poisoned people and even animals. Whoever went to live there was a dead man. Then Mussolini said: 'I will free Rome from this poison and reclaim a lot of land.' He took a plough and did what Romolo did.

"Now from the furrow he drew, canals, cornfields and villages full of people have arisen. And the malaria has disappeared, as I have seen from

a picture of the Balilla at Littoria (the newly founded town in the Pontine Marshes), who seem finer than we are."

A pupil of Valdessa gives a pithy comparison of Mussolini's government with its predecessors. "Alas, I don't understand much about politics, but it seems to me that formerly there was a great deal of jabber and nothing was done, while Mussolini has shut the mouth of the working men and works with facts."

The idea of serious work which requires few words is expressed by many of the people: "When Mussolini talks about a thing it means that it is already done."

The idea of the Duce as a mason and builder is very strong in the children's soul and has inspired a small boy to the following striking metaphor. "The Duce for Italy has been the mason who transformed a miserable hut into a fine palace. He

(Continued on page 65)

Books and Authors

By Camille De Borrello



The portrait of Ariosto by Titian in the London National Gallery

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *The Man. His Life. His Work.* By Richard Specht. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Illustrated. 256 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 3.75.

Musicologists the world over must be cordially welcoming this newest and greatest biographical work on Giacomo Puccini, the eminent composer and artist whose untimely death was disastrously felt by his mother nation, Italy.

Mr. Specht, in writing this most recent biography of the great Italian composer, treats it from a Teutonic point of view. Being a Viennese lover of music and a true critic, and realizing that his readers wish to know the real man, he writes in an impartial manner.

His unusual style of coupling biographical with critical incidences reveals instances almost in chronological order. Having undoubtedly gone through infinite trouble, the biographer has been able to collect twenty-six illustrations. Quotations and snatches of letters help make the biography more realistic and convincing. After having read a volume such as this, we are proud to agree with the Teuton, that the name of one of the greatest Italian musicians and composers shall be immortalized.

To the Italian of most casual acquaintance with characters in the musical world the name of Giacomo Puccini is familiar. Descendant of a family of musicians, and reared in a has sent away all the chatterboxes and when he wants to do anything,

ARIOSTO'S INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE

It is not absolutely necessary, although quite authentic, for one to scan the faded pages of history to become aware of the fact that among others, Italian names have been outstanding in many of the arts, one of which is literature. One need not go to dusty archives of libraries to become learned concerning the foundation of the whole temple of English letters, or whence came the inspiration for the author of the famous "Canterbury Tales," or why the Petrarchan sonnets were so vociferously acclaimed and so diligently utilized by our English poets such as Keats and Shelley. Nor, after seeing a drama, particularly Shakespearian, such as the "Merchant of Venice" or "Othello," do you wonder about the plot. Even while most genuinely enjoying a preferable favorite romantic novel, need you be reminded that it originally came from Italy?

Volumes are still wet from printer's ink and are saturated with information—for mortals never tire of chanting praises to immortals. Dante still exists. Petrarch still is. Ariosto, whom the world mourns, still lives!

A veritable statement indeed—it was in July, 1933, that the fourth centenary of Ariosto's death was made memorable once more, at which occasion a committee decided upon having the biography of the great poet written, so that those few lecturers who do not already know him, will become familiarized with him.

Lodovico Ariosto, one of the greatest and most glorious poets of Italy, of the Renaissance—he who has given to Italian life an efficacious style which even today regulates it, surely is meritorious of this. After writing his "Orlando Furioso" and "Suppositi" he became a character very influential and colorful in the history of Italian literature, and so deeply were future English writers impressed that he has grown to be the inspirator and, may I say, educator of their literary works. His spiritualistic fervor and influence is exemplified throughout their masterpieces. Ariosto's style has crystallized to a form adopted by many.

A very early instance where this may be cited is Sir John Harrington's translation of "Orlando Furioso," which he presented to Elizabeth, Queen of England. Written in octava rima, it shows a flow of eloquence and metrical ability. At the end of each canto there has given an allegorical or moral illusion, as it seemed to be quite popular among the English writers of that time to bring out the ethical significance of the work.

Later, George Gascoigne's translation of the "Suppositi" was edited in a prose form later giving rise to the development of English comedy. This form was later adopted by Shakespeare in "The Taming of the Shrew" and in "The Comedy of Errors." Shakespeare derives his adventure of Aegeon from the story related in "Suppositi." Other plays of the great English dramatist which were influenced by Ariosto are "The Tempest" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

Surrey, a Tudor Poet, who was most greatly influenced by the Petrarchan sonnets, also translated a complete sonnet from Ariosto.

Sir Edmund Spenser, the conservative court poet who is most famous for his "Faery Queen," which in allegorical fashion recites the triumphs of virtue over vice, stated in a letter to his friend Raleigh that he followed all the old poets among whom was Ariosto. The first three books of this allegory reveals a direct Italian style, and many of his illustrious personages and episodes are indirectly

related to situations in the Italian's "Orlando." Spenser, nevertheless excelled Ariosto in method, movement and vivacity.

In the early 17th century there was published in London a version of the satire. The first edition was entitled "Ariosto's Satyrs."

In the realm of drama, "The History of Orlando Furioso," an episode based on the original twenty-third canto, was given at the Rose Theatre in 1591. Greene's drama, "Orlando Furioso," is based upon the ariostoic poem, but is very vague in manner. It is taken only for its scheme and follows Ariosto in few details.

John Fletcher, in the "Sea Voyage," a treatise on a republic of women, imitates the legend of Argonauti in Lemnos, reproduced from canto twenty-two in "Orlando."

During the romantic period even the great historical novelist, Sir Walter Scott, found inspiration through an acquaintance with Ariosto's works. In his "Ivanhoe," the author of the Waverly novels is said to have utilized a style similar to that of Ariosto.

Lord Byron in his "Childe Harold" refers to Ariosto as the Scott of the south—the minstrel who put forth a new creation with his magic verse, and like the Ariosto of the north chanted love and war.

It is quite evident, therefore, that Ariosto, no less than any other eminent Italian writer, had a definite influence on English literature.

—Camille De Borrello

world of music, it would have been unnatural for him to choose any other vocation.

After his sojourn at the conservatory at Milan, he endured the usual disheartening curriculum traditionalized by musicians. "Le Villi" was his first opera. But it was "La Boheme" that brought him fame in 1896. Although the oldest of his works, it is the one now most widely appreciated by the musical world. "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca," "La Rondine," "The Girl of The Golden West," are familiar to all opera-goers.

His last uncompleted opera, "Turandot" (A Dream of The East) was written while the composer's physical aptitudes were being reduced to a pathetic state. Being aware of this fact, and though bearing the load of his declining years (he was in his sixties) he was inspired to create a masterpiece, symbolizing the tragical state of melancholy which was imbued throughout his life and which he reveals in a poem written when the end was quite near:

"Non ho un amico,
mi sento solo,
anche la musica
triste mi fa.
Quando la morte
verrà a trovarmi
Sarò felice di riposarmi
Oh com'è dura
la vita mia!
eppur a molti
sembro felice!
Ma i miei successi?
Passano . . . e resta
ben poca cosa.
Son cose effimere:
la vita corre,
va verso il baratro.
Chi vive giovane
Si gode il mondo,
ma chi s'accorge
di tutto questo?
Passa veloce
la giovinezza
e l'occhio scruta
l'eternità."

Camille De Borrello

AMERICA SELF-CONTAINED. By Samuel Crowther. 340 pp. New York: Doubleday Doran.

"We in the United States have today no friends among the nations of the earth, but we have bitter enemies—the more bitter because they are presently without the power to harm us—Fortunately we need fear no bitter enemies—" These are some of the aggressive statements Samuel Crowther makes, stressing the absolute necessity for complete isolation and armament—more armament. To vindicate his statements, he declares that the founders of America felt the need for independence from the rest of the world. He stresses that our only hope is to shut ourselves up, away from "the milling crowd," armed to the teeth and practice an elaborate system of economic self-reliance. This sounds effective, even dramatic—on paper; but does Mr. Crowther realize that the remote America of Washington's time no longer exists? Since the Atlantic is no longer a barrier between nations there is no wall strong enough to "isolate" us were we to wish it. Armament would only mean a repetition of one of the foremost causes of the Great War; economic isolation would only be possible if our country were transported wholly to a distant planet. Since international amity seems to be the only salvation, why instigate nations by writing arrogant statements?

The author writes: "We have ready in our hands all the ingredients for a perfect freedom." The sagacity and effectiveness of his recipe remains to be seen.

Ione della Sala

ROBINO AND OTHER STORIES. By Umberto Fracchia. Translated from the Italian by Sir S. H. Scott. With an introductory note by John Copley. 86 pp. New York: Robert O. Ballou. \$1.50.

We could say simply: here are four tales nicely bound into one little volume. But they are not just four

tales. They are the media whereby we are introduced to the special qualities that distinguished their writer, Umberto Fracchia, from the writer of any other four tales. These translations, taken from the author's volume of short stories entitled "Piccola Gente Di Città," are modern in their fantastic way, differing as they do from the studied realism of a generation ago. Thereby lies the method of Fracchia, the use of images instead of a mere succession of events, the unfolding upon an everyday background those inner recesses of people's minds and emotions as symbols not connected with their outward actions. The endings are vague and unpredictable, an attribute, also, of modernism.

Of these four, should we say, epical tales, the tragic story of Robino is, to say the least, a most unusual treatment of a familiar theme. We have a woman with a beautiful child that is crippled. There is no descriptive episode. There is inference alone. As the poor woman struggles to surmount oppressive poverty, and takes us on a travel tour of the city which her son can never see, in order to relate to him what she has seen, we are permitted a glimpse of unbounded courage and fortitude that only serves to stress the tragedy of this woman's life. And Fracchia has taught a valuable lesson.

Thus with the others. Each character, instead of undergoing a detailed psychological analysis, is revealed through one single dramatic impact of his life. The result is forceful, direct and masterly portrayal. The early death in 1930 of the author is to be regretted, for Fracchia, as the introductory note tells us, was not a prolific writer.

J. A. Donato

ITALY ON \$50. By Sydney A. Clark. Illustrated by Frederick Dorr Steele. 287 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.90.

Seeing Italy on \$50 no doubt sounds incredible, and it may not be so far wrong to say that many will peruse the pages of this informative little book merely out of curiosity, to see if there is some hitherto unknown magic formula whereby they can really see all Italy for \$50. Let that curiosity be appeased here and now, if not sooner. Mr. Clark does not profess to have a plan for seeing all Italy, but, as he puts it, one for skimming the cream of worthwhile Italy. As for the magic formula, it consists simply in practicing economy and nursing one's lire.

The present volume is the third in a series on seeing various countries on \$50, volumes on France and Germany having preceded that on Italy. Others in preparation have to do with Switzerland, England, Spain and Norway.

With the exchange rates as they are, whereby the lira is at the present writing almost nine cents, the reader may wonder how it is possible to get enough lire with fifty depreciated dollars to get very far in Italy. But the author anticipates this question, and points out other economies that

can be made which would bring the total expenditure below even the low figure one starts with. The trip, incidentally, is scheduled to last fifteen days.

Rates, fares, hotel accommodations and other items are discussed to such an extent as to leave too little space for Italy herself, the author mingling mercenary with aesthetic thoughts, as in the incident of the three *soldi*, with which she had the best time she experienced in Italy.

As a travel book it makes interesting reading, though personally, if we were going to Italy, we would make it a point to have more than \$50, and also to stay much more than 15 days, so that too many minutiae would not encumber our trip.

D. Lamonica

HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH EFFECTIVELY. By Frank H. Vizetelly. 260 pages. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.75.

The coming of the radio has made English pronunciation a matter that can be brought home to all, and Dr. Vizetelly, who has written scores of books on the subject of correct English, who has frequently pointed an admonishing finger at certain spoken usages, and who is managing editor of Funk & Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary, takes up the cudgels once more in this "guide to the art of correct enunciation."

Prepared from a series of talks delivered before announcers of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to whom the author is a consultant, the book contains chapters on misused words, wrong practices, most usual mispronunciations, and other related matters. Dr. Vizetelly stresses the value of the study of English also as a discipline, although, as he winds up an otherwise interesting foreword, he seems to be too much the preacher, anxious to get his sermon over.

Some time ago Dr. Vizetelly revealed that he was of distant Italian descent, yet this does not prevent him from calling English practically as harmonious a language, if properly spoken, as Italian. "Why are we told that Italian is preeminently the language of song? Because of the abundance of its vowel-sounds. Why is Italian speech more euphonic than English to the American ear? Not because it has more vowel-sounds, but because the Italian forms his vowels more carefully and utters them more sonorously than we utter ours."

The author is apparently guilty of the misapprehension that the foreign-born desire to eliminate English and substitute their native tongues for it, which leads him to quote in his foreword the following words of President Theodore Roosevelt, surely as jingoistic a statement as ever came from the mouth of a president: "We have room but for one language here, and that is the English language; for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans of American nationality and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding-house."

We wish Dr. Vizetelly had expanded on the topic of foreign accent

and idiom in American speech, as he deems them of considerable importance, even going to the extent of saying that "as time goes on, American speech may grow into something considerably different from what it is today."

Particularly valuable in this valuable book is a long list, at the end, of words the correct pronunciation of which is indicated.

D. Lamonica

ZOGOIBI. By Enrico Larreta. (*Romanzo della Pampa in italiano di Gherardo Marone*). 284 pages. Napoli: Libreria della Diana. 20 lire.

This, one of the Argentinian author's last works, has been successfully translated by the Italian writer, Gherardo Marone. The author of this volume wishes to impress the reader by a singular instance, with the growing Argentinian civilization. It reveals the life on the "Pampa," a metaphysical region par excellence, "with its ideal horizon, its lyrical loveliness and unmeasured fantasy."

Federico De Alhumada, Zogoibi, the hero so-called, who has been reared in the capital and on the "Pampa," is the one who feels, feverishly, the contacts of two lives, two civilizations—one traditionalized by his ancestors, and the modern, technical, mechanical life which is gradually surpassing the old and partially deformed aesthetic contemplative nature of Spain. Zogoibi wonders about the outcome, but finally realizes that the European man has far surpassed the old, almost savage man of ancient days. For him not to affirm defeat, there remained nothing but death. Here, the book is concluded with moral stoicism.

In the original Spanish, therefore, this book remains the mystical romance of the Pampa, the last song of war, the desperate salutation risen to the immersed liberty of the country.

Camille De Borrello

25 ANNI DOPO. By A. F. Formiggini. 46 pages. Illustrated. A. F. Formiggini, Publisher.

Edited and published by the noted Italian publishing firm of A. F. Formiggini, this little booklet is published in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of that publishing house. Of a rare bibliographical nature, the volume is also interestingly illustrated. Signor Formiggini gives us in its pages a short review of the many and various works which his company has published during the past twenty-five years. Of particular note among them is "L'Italia Che Scrive," the Italian book and literary weekly, which has been in existence for some sixteen years.

ALMANACCO ITALIANO, 1933, XI. 1000 illustrations. 662 pages. Firenze: R. Bemporad e Figlio. 9 lire.

This new, thirty-eighth volume for the year 1934 is a parallel to the World Almanac, although it may be of even greater service. It is a small, popular encyclopedia of practical life

and of administrative, diplomatic, and statistical value.

It is illustrated with about 1000 original designs, figures and caricatures. Its division into seven sections makes it a more facile matter for the reader to get at the desired material. The sections are those on medicine, the Decennale, administrative notices, art expositions monthly calendar, chronicles, and latest fashions. Eminent scientists, doctors of law and medicine, and professional, skilled men of their particular fields have collaborated in compiling this little book. Doctor Angelo Martinenghi has gone to great pains in gathering details concerning economic activities in Italy and he tells about Italy's contribution to the formation of a new equilibrium in world economics. Signor Cesare Spellanzon gives a complete review of the great international events of the preceding year. Arturo Lancellotti writes abundantly on art exhibitions and on the artistic patrimony acquired by the Fascist Decennale in Italy. Doctor Omiga, eminent and able physician, gives interesting material in the science of medicine, and gives informative practical advice on medicine.

Besides the general series of these more serious and practical subjects, there are interesting cartoons and jokes, lending to the book an air of joviality which one may easily enjoy.

CHIAREZZE. By Leo D'Alba. 122 pp. Rome: Italia Fascista, Publishers. 12 lire.

Leo D'Alba writes exquisite, sad poems, poems which reveal a tired soul seeking peace and quiet. He uses both free verse and the conventional molds with a masterful ease. His poems, though leaving little to be desired, are short and vivid; and where the verse stops, the imagination begins. It is refreshing to find a poet of D'Alba's sincerity and simplicity in a world full of artificiality and sophistication. The following he dedicates to his mother:

"Ignoro, O Madre, la tua bianca tomba,
ma la tua ombra
vedo circonfunsa di luce
che mi segna il cammino che
conduce
al Bene
ed alle morti serene."

CONQUISTE ITALICHE. By Giovanni Bonacci. Illustrated with charts and Photographs. 203 pages. Firenze. Rivista delle Arti Grafiche. 10 lire.

This illustrated review of graphical arts, revealing Fascist culture and economic history, is most definitely popular on account of the many discourses of Benito Mussolini which have been quoted. It brings out the thoroughly economical man in Mussolini, as well as giving a demonstration of Italy's progress towards the goal of economy. To quote the Premier: "Fascist Italy is an immense legion which marches under the symbol of the Littorio towards the greater tomorrow. No one can stop her. No one will stop her."

Things Italian in American Periodicals

A Bibliography of Recent Publications of Interest to Italian-Americans

FIGIELLO H. LA GUARDIA. By Alva Johnston. *The Saturday Evening Post*, Jan. 27, 1934.

"This is the first time that the Latin Temperament has ever been turned loose in such a big way on American public affairs . . . La Guardia is pure energy and action; he is geared to make events happen at a rate hitherto unparalleled in American city politics. The new mayor will be applauded or hissed on a national scale . . . It is a stupendous task and a magnificent opportunity that confront the new metropolitan burgomaster.

"La Guardia's present berth is the highest that has been achieved in American politics by a man of Italian stock. Mayor Rossi, of San Francisco, had formerly been the chief Italian - American political exhibit, although there was a remote touch of Italian in Charles J. Bonaparte, former U. S. Attorney-General, who was a grandnephew of the Corsican."

The importance of La Guardia's present position lies "not so much in the size of the town as in the fact that it is the news, radio, newsreel, syndicate-column and magazine-of-opinion headquarters," and the Mayor of New York is always a handy topic for these agencies of publicity, which means that La Guardia is bound to be very much in the public eye during the coming four years.

"La Guardia is neither a party nor a bloc man, but a rugged and mercurial individualist who has never known party discipline or boss control."

THE ROMANCE OF IMMIGRATION. By Fred Pasley. *The New York Daily News*, Jan. 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1934.

A series of four articles dealing with immigration and its various phases as affecting New York City, as well as with the career and present position of Hon. Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization at Ellis Island.

"We have entered upon a new epoch, likewise an experiment, whose outcome not even the wisest economists and sociologists pretend to know. It is an ironic coincidence that Corsi, who came here when immigration was at high-tide, should now be sitting in the Commissioner's office at Ellis Island to witness it at its ebb . . .

"Handicapped immigrants—quality instead of quantity—seems to be what the savants were driving at. And that, today, is likewise the new policy of our Government. Science has replaced romance in the business of immigration."

MONSIGNOR CICOGNANI. By Igi-no Giordani. *The Commonweal*, Jan. 5, 1934.

Mainly a review of "The Great Commandment of the Gospel in the Early Church" by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hamlet John Cicognani, translated by Rev. J. I. Schade, and published by J. J. McVey of Philadelphia (\$1.75).

"It is surprising that Monsignor Ci-

cognani, in his active life in the service of the Church, could find time for a work which required long research and peaceful meditation. As a young priest in the Collegio Nazzareno, in Rome, he studied intensely during the night to get his degrees of theology and law, and then for his successful examinations for the Congregation of Penitentiaria and Consistory. His activity was deservedly appreciated by the Holy Father, who confided to him many important missions to North and South America, to Syria, etc. His latest, hard work was his contribution to the codification of the Oriental Canon Law."

Monsignor Cicognani is at present the Apostolic Delegate to Washington, D. C. from the Holy See.

THE MAN WHO CHASED THE TIGER. By Henry F. Pringle. *The American Magazine*, February, 1934.

Dynamic, versatile, militant La Guardia is a symbol of a nation-wide movement against political machines.

Books Received

Books received are acknowledged in this department in return for the courtesy of the sender. Selections will be made for review in the interest of our readers and as space permits.

Venticinque Anni Dopo. By A. F. Formiggini. Rome: Editori A. F. Formiggini.

Almanacco Italiano. 662 pages, 1000 illustrations. Firenze: R. Bemporad e Figlio. 9 lire.

Robino and Other Stories. By Umberto Fracchia. New York: Robert O. Ballou.

Conquiste Italiche. By Giovanni Bonacci. 220 pages, illustrated. Firenze: Rivista delle Arti Grafiche. 10 lire.

La Medicina Militare nel Regno di Napoli. By Dr. Francesco Pellegrini. Verona: R. Cabanca. 5 lire.

Prospettive Economiche. By Giorgio Mortara. 13th edition. 631 pages. Milan: University of Bocconi. 50 lire.

Come gli Americani Scoprono L'Italia. By Giuseppe Prezzolini. 241 pages. Milan: Fratelli Treves. 12 lire.

Zogoibi. By Enrico Larreta. Translated into the Italian by Gherardo Marone. 248 pages. Naples: Libreria della Diana. 20 lire.

Giacomo Puccini (The Man, His Life, His Work). By Richard Specht. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Illustrated. 256 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

The Story of My Death. By Lauro De Bosis. 27 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.

The Fate of the Carbonari. By Dr. Howard Marraro. Published by the Italian Historical Society, New York.

Italy and the Italians in Washington's Time. A Symposium, prepared under the auspices of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University. New York: The Italian Publishers.

Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories, 1933. Prepared by the Osborne Association, Inc. 1076 pages. New York: The Osborne Association.

Some Implications of Social Psychology. By O. H. Harland. 104 pages. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Mystery, Magic and Medicine. By Howard W. Haggard, M. D. Illustrated. 192 pages. New York: Doubleday Doran. \$1.

America Self-Contained. By Samuel Crowther. 340 pages. New York: Doubleday Doran.

Nel Mezzo del Cammin. By Uppilio Nuti. (A book of poetry).

Icaro. By Lauro De Bosis. Translated from the Italian by Ruth Draper. With a preface by Gilbert Murray. 201 pages. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.

Lovers of Earth. By Joseph Leonard Grucci. Illustrated by Carmen Carnevale. With a foreword by Fred Lewis Pattee. 62 pages. Pittsburgh: Albert E. Ignelzi, Publisher. \$3.

Arte Italiana dall'Origine al Novecento (Scelta di libri d'arte in varie lingue). Prefazione di Rafaeli Contu. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli, publishers. 10 lire.

Italy on \$50. By Sydney A. Clark. Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. 287 pages. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.90.

How to Speak English Effectively. By Frank H. Vizetelly. 260 pages. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.75.

In Italian his first name means "Little Flower," but in Tammany it means "Bad Medicine."

A FULL DAY ON THE JOB WITH THE MAYOR. By S. J. Woolf. *The New York Times Magazine*, Jan. 14, 1934.

"There is a new spirit in City Hall. Fiorello La Guardia "has upset tradition, turned old routine topsy-turvy and instilled a spirit of energy in those surrounding him . . .

"Short and heavy-set, he combines in his appearance the ruggedness of a bulldog and the agility of an acrobat. His body is but a reflection of his mind. He is purposeful but not set, intense but not close-minded. His rapid movements are no quicker than the working of his brain. He can read undisturbed with half a dozen people talking in the same room with him and he can jump from a problem of finance to one of education in the twinkling of an eye. He is typically Italian in appearance and he embodies all the emotionalism of the Latin. Yet he is reserved when one would expect him to be explosive, calm when one would expect him to be untrained."

ITALIAN GLOOM ABOUT PEACE. *The Literary Digest*, Jan. 13, 1934.

A summary of Marchese Giacomo Medici del Vascello's charge before the Italian Chamber of Deputies that during the "useless disarmament discussions" at Geneva, the three major naval powers of the world worked diligently to add new warships to their fleets.

BEHIND THE MASKS OF DICTATORS. By Simeon Strunsky. *The New York Times Magazine*, Jan. 21, 1934.

Says the subtitle of this article: "The Ways of Democracy Are Contrasted With the Ways of Fascism, and the Former Are Found to Produce, Without the Autocratic Discipline of Wartime, the Results That the Latter Seeks."

To quote: "Fascism really made its first appearance in New Zealand more than a generation ago if by fascism we sincerely mean the principle of enforced industrial peace and a large role for the State in the economic life of the people. But fascism is undoubtedly Signor Mussolini's baby if by fascism we understand, as we cannot help understanding, the destruction of liberty and the consecration of dictatorship . . .

"The democratic processes may be marked by confusion, waste, friction, clamor, but that is because the processes are truly economics and politics. They are the strains and stresses of the normal civilian life. But dictatorship is not economics and it is not politics. It is, at bottom, war. Superficially, dictatorship has the singleness of purpose, the swift efficiency, the crisp discipline of the military method. But the world by this time has a very good idea of what the ultimate efficiency of war amounts to."

MEMORIES OF OPERA. By Giulio Gatti-Casazza. *The Saturday Evening Post*, Oct. 28; Nov. 11; Nov. 25; Dec. 9; and Dec. 23, 1934.

Illustrated by pictures of the many stars with whom he has had contact in his career in opera management, this series of five articles by the great Italian impresario really constitutes an autobiography, studded with many reminiscences and anecdotes, from his birth to the present day.

LA GUARDIA PAYS TRIBUTE TO JEWISH MOTHER. By Louis Rittenberg. *The American Hebrew*, Jan. 12, 1934.

"The chief executive of the most universal community in the world, while reserving the altogether human right to remain religiously unaffiliated (as had his father before him), notes with humble satisfaction that his mother was of Jewish descent."

"My mother, whose full name was Irene Coen - Luzzatti," Mayor La Guardia is quoted as saying, "un-

doubtedly had Jewish blood in her veins . . . I never thought I had enough Jewish blood in my veins to justify boasting of it."

A communication from Hermann Glick, the Jewish brother-in-law of the Mayor, who lives in Budapest, is quoted by the magazine, to the effect that the La Guardias originally migrated from Spain to Italy.

RULES FOR NEWLYWEDS. *Time*, Jan. 22, 1934.

Concerning a new pamphlet form of marriage certificate now being issued to newlyweds in Italy. "After the names of bride and groom appear 12 blank spaces for the names of their 12 children—a modest estimate, since Il Duce recently gave prizes to 92 'Champion Mothers' with an average of 14 living children apiece."

WHAT THE CHILDREN THINK OF MUSSOLINI

(Continued from page 60)

instead of talking, he sends for the engineers and builders."

Children often dream of Mussolini on horseback, his breast covered with gold medals. One little boy often dreams of him "talking kindly to us boys and telling us the history of Italy."

Many children hope for Balilla uniforms or sailor suits as a gift from him. They have unlimited faith in his omnipotence with regard to the fulfillment of their personal wishes. "How happy I should be if Mussolini would say the indoor studies are not suitable for all children," exclaimed one little urchin. They duly rely on him for the increasing control of public order. "Il Duce is mindful of everything and will soon put a stop to this disgraceful habit of swearing" said a little girl.

Il Duce on Horseback

A CHILD from the province of the Marche imagines him on horseback, like the Archangel Gabriel, killing a fearful dragon. The preference for this conception of Mussolini on horseback is due to the fact that he has himself expressed his predilection for this form of exercise "which affords a guarantee of physical health with an abundant measure of mental repose. Rome is pleasant for horsemen. The vast plains of the Campagna are fine for galloping and jumping. The roads follow the traces of the ancient aqueducts of Claudius, which still stand to defy the centuries for a stretch of fifty miles and are a marvel of architecture and engineering."

"O what a joy," exclaims Raffaele Guerrieri, aged nine, "to know in my heart that the son of a mason now commands in Italy." The abolition of class hatred and the more oppressive aspects of class consciousness has removed a century-old weight from the patient and intelligent working classes. "I am sure," writes a little girl, "that Mussolini has a lot of

books; but so have others. Then, how is it that they have not succeeded in doing good to Italy as he has? Why has he succeeded? It is because the Duce lives among the people, loves the people and is understood and loved by them. I'm glad that Mussolini has said that Italy is always young. We are strong enough to bombard the whole world and that is why we keep the peace."

A photograph of Mussolini—more or less of a libel—hangs on the wall of every Italian classroom and is considered by the children as a *locum tenemus* of the original. As regards these photographs one is forcibly reminded of what Byron has to say about the bust of an Irish lady. It is indeed equally applicable to the busts and statues of the Duce, whose name is legion:

*"There was an old lady (read Commander) to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done and yet
she was
a frequent model, and if e'er she
must
yield to stern Time and Nature's
wrinkling laws
they will destroy a face which
mortal thought
ne'er compassed nor less mortal
chisel wrought."*

In all his photographs (some of the recent ones are better likenesses) the Duce's high forehead, to quite a little girl, "looks full of brain."

A three-year-old whom his uncle, a visitor, reproached for not eating everything on his plate with the words "Nothing is wasted here," looked up indignantly and retorted "You aren't the Duce, are you?"

Thus at least one hero and his worship once again thrive in a large part of Italy and religion, defined by one of Mussolini's favorites, Heine, as "bad science and good poetry" has claimed "la patria" for its own.

The formative influence of Il Duce corroborates another statement of that author, namely, that artistic creation is the highest form of existence.

The Art World

By IONE DELLA SALA

"The world is so full of a number of things..."

Anyway, as far as art is concerned, New York certainly is. Even enough for our ultra-biase public. This season the exhibitions are extremely rich in mediums and techniques as well as subject range, from Mario Toppi's reverent Madonnas to Frank di Gioia's jocular scenes of "Little Italy."

Mario Toppi

MARIO TOPPI's one-man show inaugurates the opening of Baron Johan von Liederstorff's beautiful new Empire Galleries. In this resplendent setting, occupying a corner of Rockefeller Plaza, Mario Toppi's work is drawing a quantity of admirers. This young artist, who has had no art training whatsoever, was born in Anticoli, of the province of Rome, and has never been abroad. His charming watercolors are spontaneous and vibrant. They show the quiet village life, the plain, familiar garb of the peasant, the graceful hills and lambs and the lovingly drawn madonnas. The religious theme, prevailing throughout his scenes, gives them a strange feeling of the Renaissance, although his own unique style is dominant. He shows remarkable skill in breaking up spaces, creating a pleasing pattern by hills, huts and quaint, small trees. A pleasing, familiar tone is struck by the artist's intimate incidents; the little goat herd, milking the goat while the customer thriftily sees to it that no drop is spilled; the village women with baskets precariously balanced on their heads; the small boys at the Sunday meeting after church, comparing their holiday headgear; the madonna on a rickety iron bed. All these minute things, and an exquisite feeling for his subjects, especially the anatomy of the beasts, contribute to make him a modern master, with the feeling of a Fra Angelico. The critics who refer to him as a "crude primitive" and a "modernist" are of the type who refer to Joan Miro's inanities as deeply interpretative masterpieces.

Frank Di Gioia

AT the Marie Harriman Gallery, Frank di Gioia's lovable folk of the East Side strike a gay tone in the sombreness of the surrounding pieces. The artist treats the familiar scenes of New York's "Little Italy" with a slightly satiric brush or pen which sparkles with life. We all know the subjects he so amiably records on paper: the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, not to speak of that completely captivating

member of the Sanitation Corps who is placidly perusing "His Morning Paper," rescued from the ash can.

Perhaps it was that Frank di Gioia's childhood was spent among these people that he understands and reproduces them so well. The son of an impoverished Neapolitan sculptor, he was born in this district; and after having studied art at Cooper Union and The School Art League, he began painting his saga of perhaps the gayest and the happiest group of people in the city.

Edna Reindel

ANOTHER young artist whose fame has come after a long struggle is Edna Reindel at the Macbeth Gallery. Her work glows with color and animation. She manages to impart into it that much-discussed "third dimension" which makes her clear-cut subjects detach themselves from the background. Miss Reindel possesses a simplicity, but a simplicity which is obvious and studied, in contrast to Toppi's and which is yet none the less pleasing. It is her still-life which appeals to us most, "Portrait of a Cat," "Mushrooms" and "Au Cirque" are very fine studies. "Au Cirque" is a composition of a man's apparel: hat, cane, gloves, etc., and the treatment of the different surfaces and cloths are truly an achievement.

On the other hand, her "December 5, 1933" and "American Legend" are deplorable. They are of the now no longer new school of impressionists and we sincerely hope Miss Reindel will remain in her still life, from the results.

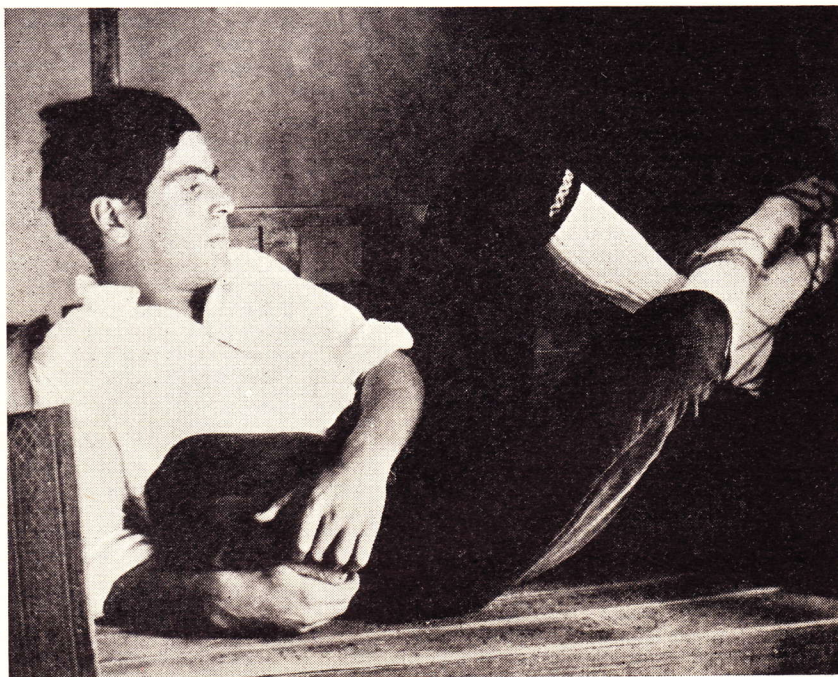
The Delphic Studios

SHEVA AUSABEL, who shares honors with Arthur Schneider at these studios, seems somewhat undecided as to whether she will remain conservative, or "go the way of all moderns." A struggle is obvious in her work. In her Gloucester scenes she is at her best, though her "Bertha" is by no means negligible. There is a good quality in her highlights and patterns, and her work a few years hence ought to show a complete metamorphosis.

Arthur Schneider's canvases at the Delphic Studios seem surer as to style, yet we found his exhibition to consist of a medley of oddly-assorted subjects from an "Ox" to a "Phone Call." "Ernest of Parker's Cove" is by all means the best piece there, showing good use in brushwork and strength in style.

Ferargil Galleries

THE exhibition at this gallery consists of recent paintings and watercolors by Oliver La Farge, and the sculpture of Albert Stewart. Stewart's magnificent pieces completely overshadow La Farge's unpretentious show, which is commendable on the unassuming portrayal of familiar scenes, the best of which are studies of Central Park. His water colors surpass his oils in the easy way in which they depict the weather: the rain, slush and new-fallen snow. La Farge, who is not



Mario Toppi

—Photo Courtesy Empire Galleries

of the ranks of the "virtuosi," enjoys the same popularity of our minor poets who give us common pictures which appeal to us all.

Albert Stewart's name is famous for his animal pieces. His work is highly decorative, yet at the same time possesses a feeling of solidity. He has some beautiful nudes, but it is the "Mountain Goat" and "Deer Group" which rank high among the year's finest pieces. Mr. Stewart has already completed many public works, and this is not to be wondered at, from the simplicity and originality of his figures.

Here and There

THE National Arts Club Galleries are showing their members' work, which, although it represents the work of our most well-known Americans, is not far above the average. The works are lacking in flavor; they are not very original, on the whole. There are a few exceptions which demand our praise: Paul King's "Winter Night," Louis Betts' "Reverie," Cullen Yates' "Calm Sea," Van Dear-

ing Perrine's "Amber Pool," Charles Curran's "Clouds and Boulder" and Vincent Pizzitola's "Still Life."

Luigi Lucioni has exhibited his work at the Whitney Museum and the Warren Cox Gallery. He and Umberto Romano have caused quite a stir among the art critics, who have become aware of much unnoticed talent lately. Mr. Romano is going to replace Mario Toppi very soon at the Empire Galleries, and from the pre-view we had of his "ruthless, yet lovable Don Juan," we forecast a huge success for him. Our Italian artists are becoming better and better known!

This page would not be complete without mention of Attilio Piccirilli's two lovely statues which occupy prominent places at the Grand Central Galleries. His "Fragilina" and "Flower of the Alps" are beautiful in that fragile, perfect charm which marks Mr. Piccirilli as one of the world's outstanding contemporary sculptors. His nudes are a symphony of lines which blend into a creation that is full of expression and meaning.

"FORGIVE THE OFFENCE"

(Continued from page 56)

vibrations of festivity died down, and the church became quiet, and deep of breath.

As the bride and bridegroom stepped into the reception room, the Italian band began to play the Italian Royal March. All the assembled guests clapped hands. The couple took their place at the head of the room facing the street, and for about fifteen minutes received the congratulations of their relatives and friends, who also brought them presents. Right after this Signor Grosso, followed by four waiters, began to distribute pastry and sweets and to pour out cordials. Those desiring stronger stuff got up and went into the adjoining room, where Uncle Rocco served wines, whisky, and sandwiches. It was not long before a distinctive crowd collected behind the bar. The loud laughter of those engaged in the celebration came into the main room, almost drowning out the music. And if it was not the laughter from the bar it was the noise of the children, who began to slide on the smooth floor, interfering with the dancers. At a certain moment, in the middle of a dance, Signor Grosso made a sign to the leader of the musicians to stop. Then from the music stand he said:

"Mothers who have children below fifteen years of age, will you please take them down to the cellar? I'll have some one to take care of them."

Then the troop marched out.

★

TITO SPADONI had rented an apartment not far from his shop.

He was going to take his bride there the night of the wedding, as he did not believe in a honeymoon trip right after marriage. At twelve o'clock sharp Signor Grosso stopped the celebration. A supper had been prepared only for those of the family and for Spadoni and Giulia. After all the guests had left, Giulia went to her room and changed her dress. When she came down, she ate very little, and did not look a bit cheerful. On the other hand, her husband began to sing song after song to the delight of his new relatives. It was two o'clock when Tito Spadoni, escorted by his father-in-law and Uncle Rocco, took Giulia to his home. Before Tito left, Giulia's mother had taken him aside and whispered something in his ear. He had embraced and kissed the old woman. Fifteen minutes later he was alone with his bride. Giulia remained for a while in the middle of the living room with a strange light in her eyes. Then, taking her hat off, she sat down a sofa.

Spadoni had noticed the strange air about her but said nothing, and while he was taking his coat off, Giulia suddenly called him and begged him to listen to her.

"Tito," she began tremblingly, "I must tell you something, otherwise I will not feel right."

"You tell me to-morrow," said Tito laughingly.

"No, I must tell you now," she insisted. The tone of her voice made him stop and look at her.

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"I," she began hesitatingly, "I had a lover before I met you," and she looked at him unashamed, but with a tragic look in her eyes.

Tito Spadoni felt a hot flush to his face and then began to tremble all over. At length he managed to say:

"What joke is this? You really mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said Giulila quietly.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he asked weakly.

"I didn't think it was necessary. I thought you would understand, since you are not one of the old generation."

"Who was he?"

"I can't tell you."

"You must tell me!"

"No. I will not!"

"Then you go back to your parents."

"Oh!" She gave a shudder.

SPADONI walked over to the telephone.

"Shall I call your father?"

"You wouldn't do that?"

"I will, if you don't . . ."

"Do you realize what would happen?"

"I don't care what would happen! Why did you get me into a trap like this? From what I see, you're not a woman to be trusted!"

"I see. Call my father then."

* * *

Fifteen minutes later Signor Grosso walked in. He was pale. He could hardly talk.

"What happened, why did you call me?" he asked Spadoni.

"Your daughter wants to return to her mother," said Spadoni drily.

"Is it true, are you crazy?" asked her father.

"No . . . take me home, I cannot stay here."

"I will not take you home: this is your home now. Do you realize what a disgrace it would be; what would people say?" Signor Grosso said angrily. He turned to Spadoni, and with his right hand raised and eyes aflame he addressed him:

"You must tell me what happened between you two. I have a right to know before I take my daughter away."

"Me? . . . I have nothing to tell you. Ask her."

"What do you mean?"

"I said ask her."

"Do you hear that; before I strangle you?" Giulia did not answer; but burst into tears.

"Good God!" exclaimed the old man, "what can it be?" He seized his daughter by the shoulders, then raised her face to his and:

"Tell me, what can it be?" he shouted. "I feel like going crazy. What have you done? Have you been with another man?"

Pitiful to look at, dishevelled; at length she said under her breath:

"Yes."

Her father let her go, and like a man who has lost his reason kept repeating:

"Merciful God, forgive us, merciful God, forgive us." He sank into a chair and began to cry.

"Signor Spadoni, forgive the offense," he said weakly, "my daughter comes home with me."

The Theatre

By JOHN A. DONATO

A Dutiful Son-in-law

"REMEMBER me? I'm your son-in-law."

Thus, in his best milquetoast manner, upon reliable information, spoke an unassuming, rather phlegmatic young man. He had just returned from the feverish activity of hysterical Hollywood, from five years of grinding cameras and blinding Kleig lights. He said it to one of our more successful lady playsmiths who, grasping the opportunity, if not exactly the bull, by both horns, immediately gave the young man a son-in-law part in her newest play at the Plymouth.

The gentleman, if you haven't guessed, was Roland Young, and his honest-to-goodness playwright-mother-in-law, Clare Kummer, whose "Amourette," if you'll remember that far back, hardly sufficed, not to say survived. The play? That jovial farce called "Her Master's Voice."

To us peeping Toms, it was fortunate that the sterling reaction of Mr. Young's funny bone permitted us a look-see at a Ned Farrar as delightfully restrained and effortless as only the knowing artistry of Roland Young can give.

Aided no little by that other prodigal of feather-brained self-confidence from the silver screen, Laura Hope Crews, the pair combined to demonstrate to us tardy observers just why this unpretentious domestic comedy has stuck amid the mirthful ripples of warm acclaim that still hail it.

The situation, much as it is fresh and engaging, can hardly be termed utterly real, having in the main to do with the efforts of a Victorian aunt to separate her niece from an unemployed nephew-in-law. Aunt Min (Miss Crews), having walked in on the Farrars unexpectedly, and mistaking Ned, who is busy with the dishes, for the hired man, takes a fancy to him and offers him a job. Silly things begin to happen. Ned appears as a worker for Aunt Min and Queena, the niece (Frances Fuller) pays her aunt a visit. Ned, the eternal bungler, gets into Aunt Min's bed by mistake, thinking Queena is asleep on the cold porch, needing comforting. Then the de nouement.

The Mrs. Martin of Elizabeth Patterson is made to order for this actress who can play the role of a mildly complaining mother-in-law with richness and force. The settings of Raymond Sovey are real, credible; the direction of Worthington Miner fluent and more than adequate.

"Her Master's Voice," among other things, brings back the Miss Kummer

of the light heart and the shrewd mind, with none of the poses and sickening pranks of an "Amourette." Thank heaven for her flair for foolishness and a gift of gab, and for the fact that mother-in-law and Mr. Young are well aware of each other's brand of stock, having given in the past such intelligent idiocies as "Goodness Gracious Annabelle," the frivolous "A Successful Calamity," and "Rollo's Wild Oat."

Child of Woe

WHETHER "Wednesday's Child is full of woe" or whether it is "merry and glad" is a moot point to be referred to the Nursery Rhymesters for formal verification. What is more pertinent is the fact that the Messrs. Potter and Haight, those aspiring young sponsors of "Double Door," have done it again, and with neatness and well-spent sympathy. The play, "Wednesday's Child," as seen at the Longacre, is the work of Leopold Atlas, and a right understanding stint it is.

Taking a pot shot at the sins of some of our divorcees who, burdened down with a child whom nobody evidently wants, and loth to embarrass their newly-acquired mates with a part-time offspring, pack the youngster off to one of those charmingly discreet military schools out of harm's way. Mr. Atlas' tale is compassionate and fine. And stringing along in one of the lengthiest and most exacting juvenile roles these eyes have yet witnessed, young Frank M. Thomas, Jr., he of the wondering eyes in "Thunder on the Left," has done a better-than-average job as Bobby Phillips. There is tenderness and sadness played with remarkable sincerity among the storms and disgruntled bungling of grownups (played with varying warmth by Katherine Warren, Walter Greaza and Walter Gilbert).

Whether it becomes our critical self or not, we feel a tribute stirring for the author and producers of "Wednesday's Child" for giving us something about something that matters. Vive Potter and Haight for their courage in taking it from the drawer of unproduced plays and setting it up where it belongs, on the stage.

The Three H's—Female

HAYES, Hopkins and Hepburn—not a firm of thriving architects; nor of affluent lawyers—just three gracious emigres from the flickers now busily weaving into the crazy quilt of a noteworthy theatrical sea-

son a bit of a durable pattern for posterity's edification. And a high objective for other screen luminaries to eye ambitiously, indeed, enviously. Far from offering juicy opportunities for the cynics who decry this profanation of the holy temple of the drama by the California barbarians to chorus a mess of I-told-you-so's, they have stuck to their knitting with admirable tenacity. It does not seem unlikely now to expect a wholesale shift east.

What, to be more than merely inquisitive, is bringing this new and unusual spectacle about? It certainly is not money. The fat checks were left behind in Hollywood and any comparison of relative salaries would be superfluous. There just isn't big money in the legit, that is, if movie salaries are taken as the criterion. Is it the chance at better roles? Not necessarily. We're inclined to hazard the opinion that being in the last analysis troupers, there must come at least once into the heart of each that undefinable wish for public, personal acclaim. Sometime in the career of each must appear that yearning for the applause that rings over the footlights and that sense of talent appreciated that puts into every bow the additional frills and dramatic flourishes which are so dearly a part of theatre lore, so accurately an estimate of the act, therefore, on display. Lacking too, is the sparkle, the extra ounce of intimacy that flows in incessant waves over the audience.

And yet, Broadway should not find it too difficult to welcome back these three. It was Broadway which gave them their first grease paint and entrance cues. The glamorous Helen Hayes of "Mary of Scotland" has not been absent too long, having made her pilgrimage out yonder only a few years ago. Miss Hepburn, returning to play the lead in "The Lake," had only recently begun to enjoy screen recognition. Miriam Hopkins, it must be truthfully said, left here as a pink-legged ingenue and it was only by dint of a hurried plane flight and a feverish week of preparation that she was able to step into the role in "Jezebel" made vacant by the ailing Tallulah Bankhead.

But they are here, evidently intending, from the look of things, to hang on indefinitely. None of the three has signified her disapproval of appearing publicly and Hollywood, it would seem, must mark time as impatiently as it will, for its estranged sheep to return to the fold from wicked New York.

And Still They Come

YET another capital H comes to rediscover his birthright. For twenty-five years Walter Huston labored in the theatre. For twenty-five years the struggles of mediocrity, the ceaseless tramping through the provinces, the disappointments of minor roles and bitter failures were his. And when he arrived at the peak, the movies claimed him and lavished their preposterously swollen bounties upon him. Mr. Huston re-

(Continued on page 77)

Music

By JOHN LIONE

Toscanini Returns

The first Toscanini concert of the season by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra took place last month in Carnegie Hall in New York. The auditorium again was crowded to capacity with a most impressive audience, and when Mr. Toscanini entered the entire audience rose. He looked in the best of health, as, with energy and concentration, he quickly advanced to the podium, bowed briefly and courteously, and rapped his baton.

This was the inauguration of the Beethoven concert series. Mr. Toscanini chose, in starting with the "Egmont" overture, to present his listeners with a portrait of the man full grown before tracing the line of the early works. To this sturdy and declamatory music the conductor brought the full plenitude of his powers.

As for the rest of the evening, it was given over, in the first and second symphony, to familiar matter that Mr. Toscanini has frequently espoused in the past. The first and second symphony, played with a reduced orchestra, shared the aural magnificence of the other works of the evening, although the clues in the maturing Beethoven that lend this work its peculiar character were insufficiently underlined.

The audience was of pre-depression size, and its satisfaction was manifested at every opportunity.

Revival of Strauss's "Salome"

After 26 years of absence, Strauss's "Salome" made its appearance once again at the Metropolitan Opera House last month, with Goeta Ljungberg in the title role.

It was on January 22, 1907 that "Salome" appeared for the first time in New York and was given at the Metropolitan by Heinrich Conried, at that time general manager of the company. It had an all-star cast including Mme. Sembrich, Caruso, Homer, Plancon and other leading figures. The sensational nature of the production attracted an immense audience, with an income of \$22,000 for Mr. Conried's efforts. "Salome" became scandalous and was pronounced detrimental to the best interests of the theatre by the Metropolitan directors, and it was therefore withdrawn from the repertoire on Jan. 28th, 1909.

Oscar Hammerstein later mounted "Salome" in French with Mary Garden in the title role, at the Manhattan Opera House. He produced the opera repeatedly to packed houses and in 1918 he formed a double bill consisting of "Salome" and "Elektra."

Now the Metropolitan has taken



Arturo Toscanini

the opera "Salome" into its repertoire again. A brilliant audience and a capacity house greeted its production last month. The cast included Goeta Ljungberg, Max Lorenz, Friedrich Schorr and Emanuel Litz. Mr. Arthur Bodanzky conducted.

Tchaikowsky's "Iolanthe" In American Premiere

Tchaikowsky's last opera "Iolanthe," received its first American presentation in the beautiful garden theatre of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club at Scarborough-on-Hudson, under a star-studded sky and swaying trees.

"Iolanthe" is a one-act opera, originally produced in St. Petersburg in 1893, after Tchaikowsky's death, and it was given for the benefit of Dr. Walter Damrosch's Musician's Emergency Fund. A capacity audience filled the Greek amphitheatre and contributed a total of \$3000 toward the good cause. A little woman in black sat in the third row, surrounded by fashionable men and women. She was Mme. Margaret Eichenwald, who created the role of Iolanthe in Russia forty years ago and who was coached in the part by Tchaikowsky himself.

This one-act opera is very charming and melodious and deserves a place in the repertoire of our opera companies. It is not the work of

tragic Tchaikowsky of the "Pathétique" or of the Byronic romanticist who wrote "Francesca da Rimini" and the "Manfred" which Mr. Toscanini resurrected last spring. It is a symbolic musical fairy tale on the style of Maeterlinck, but without the Belgian's mystic implications, and filled with a fragrant pastoral spirit especially adopted to outdoor presentation.

The libretto was written for Tchaikowsky by his brother and biographer Modeste. Its story dates back to the fifteenth century and concerns the blind Princess Iolanthe, daughter of King René, who keeps her in ignorance of her affliction in a well-guarded Castle. The King desires to have the princess cured and married to her betrothed, Robert, Duke of Burgandy, who has never seen her and loves another woman.

A Moorish surgeon, brought to the Castle by the King, insists that knowledge of her blindness is essential to Iolanthe's cure. The father refuses to enlighten her, but the surgeon remains in the hope of dissuading the King from his decision. This is the situation when Robert of Burgundy and his friend, Count Vandemond, returning from a hunting trip, rest in the garden of the castle, ignorant of the fact that Iolanthe dwells there.

Vandemond, coming upon the Princess, who is sleeping there, falls in love with her at sight. Hearing that death awaits intruders, Robert leaves to seek help without telling Vandemond of Iolanthe's blindness. When Vandemond discovers the truth he imparts to the girl the idea that God is light. The desire to see now is aroused in the Princess, an operation is successfully performed, the King forgives Robert, and the lovers are united.

Musically, the fable is set forth in a constant flow of simple, appealing vocal melody against a rich orchestral tapestry that betrays the hand of the mature Tchaikowsky, master of instrumentation.

Carlo Del Corso made his debut as Radames in "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House, recently. He was extremely nervous throughout the performance, his voice shaking during the "Celeste Aida," but he took the B flat at the end of the aria with remarkable fullness and steadiness of tone.

Nino Martini, well-known radio singer, made his debut as the Duke of Mantova in Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan not long ago.

A special matinee performance with Lily Pons as Gilda and De Luca as Rigoletto was given for the benefit of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's Mission in Labrador.

Mr. Martini's popularity is due largely to his radio interpretations, but a vocal performance on the air is one thing and an opera performance in the Metropolitan is another. Mr. Martini was nervous, especially at the beginning of the opera. But his voice is one of good quality, and he may yet give a better account of himself at future performances.

Arts and Crafts in The 20th Century

By SANTINA MANGANARO

THERE is no people, even the most primitive that, under varied conditions of physical and social environment, has not evolved its arts and crafts. Pottery, woodcarving, basketry, jewelry, wrought-iron, embroidery, lace, mosaics, furniture, glass-making and countless other arts and crafts which form the richest and most fascinating heritage of the race, stand as undying exponents of man's joy in transforming matter into harmonious forms.

The XX century has initiated a renaissance in the decorative arts. As in the times of the building of the great Gothic Cathedrals, as in the times of the glorious Italian Renaissance, throughout the art world, there is a tendency to break the artificial boundaries separating the artist from the craftsman and to recognize every form of artistic expression as a part of a supreme organic and organizing power. The architect no longer disdains to design and direct the sculptural elements, the iron works, the wall panelling, the furniture of the building, the structure of which he has created; with the result that we have a better and more harmoniously unified product than we have enjoyed before. It is only lately, after a long period of isolation, that the artist and craftsman again cooperate with one another and in many cases, as in times of great fertility, artist and craftsman are one and the same person.

Another great problem that confronts our age is to control and harness machinery to the service of bringing beauty in our daily lives. To a very large extent the machine has replaced the craftsman. He must make himself understand it and must devise a way of becoming its master. The artist must become the mind of this tremendous brute force that can be either a tyrant, robbing men of their most sacred right of creators, or become an obedient tool in the progress of mankind.

Design in Artistry

The artist must realize that under the present economic and industrial conditions sociologically and spiritually it may be more valuable and of greater service to humanity to design, to create a beautiful chair, a piece of pottery which is destined to unlimited reproduction and multiplication by mechanical devices; and that for its beautiful lines, its harmonious proportions, its glory of color may spread more joy, may touch more closely the lives of the people than

a beautiful painting destined to inhabit the gallery of some *élite nouveau riche*.

The artist must integrate his times. The task to which he is called upon in the present century is one of the most difficult on account of the complexity and rapidity of the many forces which he must face, master, and subdue.

* * *

There is now a growing evidence in some newly created useful objects, especially objects used for personal decoration and in the home, of a genuine artistic quality. The new synthesis found in some of the decorative arts of present production integrates the spirit of our times, because it is based upon forms determined by the needs and the activities of our times. We have in America delightful creations in silverware, in furniture, in pottery, jewelry and many other objects of everyday use, that are based upon the lines and the dramatic tonal play of cubic elements suggested by the marvelous creations of American architecture. They are attuned to the movement of a mechanical age, to a striking and fascinating dynamism which, in its sincere and genuine forms, rises above the mere formula and becomes a vital and powerful expression of our times.

THE ROMAN SALUTE

(Continued from page 53)

FOR the present, at least, the Roman salute, equal in all, toward all, has no facility for expressing various states of mind. Some time ago, a Fascist, faithful to the Regime, but still an ordinary rustic, went to see a person of lofty social standing, and was greeted with the raised right arm. The man, however, answered with a bow. The high person not intending to admonish him, but smiling in a friendly way asked: "Why did you not give me the Roman salute?" The other replied: "Because this salute would place me on the same level with you, while I want, as just deference, to acknowledge and indicate my inferiority."

Both might have seen that, in such an instance, even to-day's salute would apply, and that this act of expressing in the gesture of the ancient Romans

In Italy, where the break from the alluring treasures of the past is even more difficult, there is great evidence of new vital forces animating the decorative arts. The International exhibitions at Monza point to this fact and have largely contributed in giving a new impulse to this wholesome reactionary movement. The glass works of Murano, Venetian lace, wrought iron, silk products and textiles of the north, ceramics, furniture, —all show signs of a powerful artistic renaissance, Italian new creations in furniture stand out for purity and beauty of line. There is a dignified elimination of detail. The non-essential is disregarded, sacrificed to the structural unity of the object.

The artist, once free from period preoccupations, from enslaving formulas of past centuries, from demands of unrelated superimposed overdecorations, begins to look at his object of creation as a whole, as a potential synthetic structure of something that must grow out of his own conception and of a struggle between his material and his imagination.

There is a growing tendency of considering a room a plastic organism in which every object must function in a vital and positive way, must add its individual note and yet be highly coordinated with the remaining objects and the keynote of the whole.

In art, and especially in the decorative arts, we are approaching the laws of mathematics, the organic structure of a musical composition. Instead of playing with sound we use lines, planes, volumes; we create atmosphere, moods through the dramatic media of tones and pigments.

There is in this growing artistic expression of the XX century a note of our living, vibrating, dynamic lives. It begins to be an echo, an expression of a new rhythm, a synthesis of our age.

what up to now had been expressed in the customary way, this possibility of showing instantly familiarity or respect, the invitation to approach or the wish of not being disturbed, all this will happen shortly, and the invisible instructors of etiquette will take a hand.

Raising the hand slowly or swiftly, holding it raised briefly or for a long while, these and other details will be many trifles that will acquire significance in time and will be clear to all. Thus this new custom will become a language no less familiar than the other, and in the meanwhile, the Regime will have given to both Italians and foreigners proof of a great power, that of creating, distributing and perfecting a style, the most singular and unexpected of all styles.

The Lure of Travel

Why Foreign Travel?

IN a recent book called "Break Your Lease," written to tell how cheaply Americans may live abroad, the author, Helen H. Gay, who says she writes specially for "those whose hearts have always yearned for foreign parts but who sigh and say 'we can't afford to go,'" assures them they may "live cheaply, enjoy sunshine and flowers all the year 'round, eat out of doors amid quaint and beautiful surroundings, and experience the pleasant shock of alien ways."

Travel always educates, if it is done intelligently; and it always refreshes the mind.

But only foreign travel gives one the "pleasant shock of alien ways" which puts such zest into us when we've "gone a bit stale"—as we all do from treading an accustomed routine.

Travel within the borders of our own country can show us many new scenic beauties, quicken our interest in the history and the present-day problems of many other sections of our nation; but it can't give us the tonic effect of that "pleasant shock of alien ways."

We all need that "pleasant shock" at times. The "alien ways" may suggest many things to us for the simplification or the improvement of our life at home; or they may, as they do to some, result in nothing more than a complete satisfaction with the ways we have always done things.

Mental shaking-up is at least as important to our happiness and well being as the various things we do in physical exercises to stir up a sluggish liver or tone up muscles that are growing soft from lack of use.

The impulse in most of us "to fare forth and seek far hence the dwelling-places of strange peoples" is as old as human nature, and has been responsible for a great deal of the progress in the "story of mankind."

Many things in life become much simpler, as problems, when we stop thinking of "those people over there" as strangers and antagonists, and begin to realize that they are just folks—like ourselves, trying to be as happy as possible in spite of difficulties.

Italian Ships Lead In Passenger Traffic

A NEW luminary appeared in the international maritime firmament during the year 1933, when Italy moved into first place for transatlantic passenger traffic. In addition to winning the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic with the Rex, the Italian Line carried a total of 79,931 passengers east and west bound, with 113 sailings.

The Italian Line's nearest competitor carried 77,242 passengers with 152 sailings, or 2,689 less passengers with 39 more sailings. The next four largest Transatlantic lines carried respectively, 65,859 passengers with 205 sailings, 55,175 passengers with 176 sailings, 41,384 passengers with 113 sailings and 36,658 passengers with 95 sailings.

In the average number of passengers per sailing the Italian Line was from 39 to 126 per cent ahead of all other lines. The Italian Line carried an average of 707 passengers per sailing, the next five lines carrying averages of 508, 321, 313, 366 and 385 passengers per sailing.

The largest number of passengers on single sailings both west and east bound also were carried by ships of the Italian Line with the Conte di Savoia taking 1751 passengers east-bound in July and returning west-bound with 1733 passengers in September. The Rex ran a close second with 1718 passengers west-bound in October.

New Service to South Africa

THE Italian Line inaugurates its new fast de luxe service to South Africa with the "Giulio Cesare" sailing from Genoa on February 6th, it was announced recently by Aroldo Palanca, General Manager of the Italian Line in the United States.

Besides the "Giulio Cesare," the "Duilio" will be in this new Italian Line service. Both these well known transatlantic liners are very

popular with the North American clientele, having been on the Mediterranean-New York run for several years. The tonnage of the "Duilio" is 24,281 tons and that of the "Giulio Cesare" is 21,657 tons. The average speed of these two ships is more than 20 knots.

By this new service, the South African States will be virtually brought nearer European countries, with considerable benefit to their trade.

The ports of call are, for Southbound voyages: Genoa, Marseilles, Gibraltar, Dakar, Cape Town and Port Natal; for Northbound voyages East London and Port Elizabeth are added to the said ports of call.

The sailing schedule has been arranged in such a way as to afford connection at Gibraltar with the Italian liners "Rex" and "Conte di Savoia" arriving from New York. This will permit passengers to reach Cape Town within 19 days after sailing from New York. The first connection will be that afforded by the "Rex" sailing from New York on February 3 and arriving at Gibraltar on the 8th, from which port the "Giulio Cesare" will sail on February 9th and will arrive at Cape Town on the 22nd and at Port Natal on the 24th.

Change of Piers

As recently announced, the two Italian Line superliners Rex and Conte di Savoia have as their regular berth, after January 1st, 1934, the south side of Pier 59, North River, foot of West 18th Street, formerly used by the S/S Leviathan. The other liners of the Italian Line—Roma, Augustus, Saturnia and Vulcania,—continue to dock at Pier 97, foot of West 57th Street, New York.

Since January 1st, 1934, the freight steamers of the Cosulich Line—Lucia C, Clara, Alberta, Maria, Giulia and Ida,—have berthed at Pier 2, foot of 4th Street, Hoboken, instead of Pier 16 New York Dock Company, Brooklyn.

Note to Tourists

Anyone who has contemplated, or even dreamed of, a visit to Italy has in mind some place or district which holds a particular attraction. It cannot be too strongly emphasized not to attempt too much. Italy is so full of beauty and interest in every form that the inclination is to see as much as can be crowded into a given time, but this inclination should be curbed. This applies to any time of the year, but in the height of summer especially travelling should be as leisurely as possible. Many, who can visit Italy only in summer and are desirous of seeing the chief cities (from the tourist point of view), Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples, ask if this is a feasible proposition. Certainly it is, but inadvisable. Far better see two cities comfortably and retain a definite and pleasant memory, than have a confused idea of five.

PASSENGER MOVEMENT EASTBOUND AND WESTBOUND

January 1st to December 31st, 1933

	Passengers	Sailings	Average
ITALIAN LINE	79,931	113	707
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD	77,242	152	508
CUNARD LINE	65,859	205	321
I. M. M.	55,175	176	313
FRENCH LINE	41,384	113	366
UNITED STATES LINES	36,658	95	385

The Italians in North America

The Press

Forty years old is the record of the *Corriere della Domenica*, the Italian Catholic weekly of New York, as of the issue of Jan. 7th. It is published at 673 Broadway.

Italian journalistic circles were saddened last month over the death of Frank Tesoriere, who for the past 14 years had been editor and publisher of *Il Commercio*, a successful New York Italian monthly "of Commercial Reference and information for Italian Importers and Traders, specially featuring market conditions in food products." With offices at 63 Park Row, the magazine will be continued under new management.

The first issue of the *Italy America Monthly*, long awaited, finally made its appearance on Jan. 15 in New York under the joint editorship of the Italy America Society, the Casa Italiana of Columbia University, and the Italian Publishers, Inc. In the same small size as its precursor, the *Italy America Society Bulletin*, the new magazine is 24 pages and sells for 25c. a copy. Its leading article is "Corporate Progress" by Dr. Beniamino De Ritis, who, with Prof. Giuseppe Prezzolini and Prof. Peter M. Riccio, constitute the editors. Harry B. Baltz, Prof. Dino Bigongiari, and Mrs. Carla O. Garabelli are associate editors. The contents of the magazine treat mostly of culture, literature and travel in Italy.

Miss Marie Frugone, who conducts the column "With the Women Voters" in the *Brooklyn Times-Union*, recently spoke on "The Woman Reporter" before the Portia Club on Jan. 18th at the Hotel Astor. Miss Phil D'Agostini, attorney and member of the 2nd A. D. Democratic club in Brooklyn, arranged the program.

L'Araldo of Washington, D. C., a monthly Italian newspaper in the nation's capital, made its appearance recently. In tabloid size, 8 pages, it is edited by Atty. M. Strizzi at 1114 H. Street, N. W.

The *Corriere Siciliano*, Italian weekly of New York ably edited by Giuseppe Genovese, and the "Cena-colo Artistico Letterario Siciliano: V. De Simone" have combined their efforts in a literary contest which expires on Feb. 15th, for a short story in Italian and three poems in Sicilian.

Societies and Social Life

The second annual Festa Verde Alpina, organized by the New York section of the Associazione Nazionale Alpini, took place in January at the Hotel Astor in New York, under the leadership of Dr. A. Castellani, Italian Vice-Consul in Newark, N. J. Many prominent Italo-Amer-

NEW YORK ITALIANS IN PUBLIC LIFE

Under the new municipal administration in New York City, a number of Italians have been appointed to public office.

Dr. Peter F. Amoroso is the new Deputy Commissioner of Corrections. An active member of the County Medical Society, he was Secretary and then President of the Association of Italian Physicians in America. A member of the Executive Committee and Secretary of the Medical Board of Columbus Hospital in New York City, he is also director of its Department of Physiotherapy. A lifelong Republican who always served without reward, he was the guest of honor at a banquet recently given on the occasion of his appointment. Guests included all the Italian deputy commissioners recently appointed, a number of eminent Italian lawyers, and representatives from the two Columbus Hospitals. Speakers were introduced by Dr. F. Cassola, head of the Columbus Hospital, who organized the dinner.

Nicholas H. Pinto was in line last month as one of the major assistants to Corporation Counsel Paul Windels. He ran for Representative-at-large last year. A resident of the 21st A. D., he has been very active in the Brooklyn G. O. P. Club, composed of Italian Republicans. Several times he has been his party candidate for public office.

Michael Fiaschetti is the new Deputy Markets Commissioner. The brilliant detective and scourge of criminals was appointed for the express purpose of cleaning up racketeering in that department.

Dominick A. Trotta, a Democrat of the Bronx and a real estate expert, is a member of the Board of Taxes and Assessments.

Francis X. Giaccone, Brooklyn Republican, is First Deputy, Fire Commissioner.

Miss Mary A. Frasca, founder of Mulberry Community House, is one of Mayor La Guardia's four secretaries.

Eugene R. Canudo, former N. Y. U. honor student, is one of the Mayor's confidential secretaries.

James Peluso of 1421 Webster Avenue, the Bronx, is the Mayor's chauffeur. He has served Mr. La Guardia for some time in that capacity.

Louis Principe is the new Commissioner of Public Buildings in Brooklyn. Born in Santa Croce in Italy, he came here as a youth, and for the past 25 years he has been prominent in construction and real estate fields.

Michael R. Iorio of 24-02 — 23rd Avenue, Astoria, has been appointed Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity in Queens. He is vice-chairman of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in Queens and president of the Riverview Heights Community Council.

Jerome G. Ambro, Assemblyman and Democratic leader of the 19th A. D. in Brooklyn, was appointed Under Sheriff in that borough.

Vincent A. Catoggia was named to the staff of the District Attorney's office in New York County.

Anthony Santulli was elected sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Aldermen.

Mrs. Sophia L. C. Battistella, a lawyer, was made an examiner of the Board of Aldermen. She lives at 535 W. 150th St., Manhattan. She is chairman of the legislative committee of the New York League of Business and Professional Women, secretary of the American Citizenship Committee and secretary of the New York County Lawyers' Association.

Vincent C. Peppe, a real estate operator with 33 years of experience, has been appointed a commissioner of the Board of Standards and Appeals. Married and 58, he lives at 30 W. 11th Street and has not been active in politics.

Lawrence A. Russo, of the Bronx, is the new Chief Examiner of the Board of Aldermen.

Robert V. Santangelo, former Assistant District Attorney of New York County was last month appointed a City Magistrate. He is one of the outstanding Italian lawyers of the newer generation.

Edmund E. Palmieri, former secretary to Charles E. Hughes, at that time Judge of the World Court, and a former Assistant U. S. District Attorney, has been appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel.

ization and have elected Philip Tirone as their standard bearer.

The new unit is the United Roman League, Inc. The Federation of Kings County Italian-American Democratic Clubs, consisting of 36 clubs in various districts, has voted to join the league.

Tirone is a deputy Municipal Court Clerk and has been executive member of the Authentic Club in the 13th A. D. for many years. Despite his Democratic affiliations, Tirone is a close, personal friend of Mayor F. H. LaGuardia.

The league announced a committee had visited McCooney and had obtained his approval for the league's formation and Tirone's election as standard bearer. The committee consisted of Assistant Attorney General Joseph F. Ruggieri, James C. Scileppi, Dr. Vincent A. Caso, Assistant District Attorney S. J. Trapani, Louis Priolo, Frank J. Fennimore, Matthew T. Abruzzo, Louis Camardella and Assistant District Attorney Anthony J. Di Giovanna.

Others elected as officers of the United Roman League are Assistant Attorney General Ruggieri, president; Albert B. Genovese, first vice-president; James G. Scileppi, second vice-president; Frank J. Fennimore, treasurer; Louis Priolo, chairman of the Board of directors; and Dr. Vincent A. Caso, executive secretary.

A. R. Rizzuto, 56, founder of the National Italian-American Civic League of Omaha, Nebraska, concerning whom *Atlantica* in its last issue had an article by Anthony S. Mariano, died on Jan. 12th in that city of a heart attack.

Coming to America at the age of 10, Rizzuto rose from waterboy on a section gang to one of the largest railroad contractors in the West. He organized the Civic League in cities having a large Italian population with the determination of teaching his countrymen how to become better American citizens. To further his aims he had also established a weekly newspaper, *The American-Italian Progressive*, which he published in Omaha under his direction.

At a recent meeting of venerables of the Order Sons of Italy, New York Grand Lodge, a resolution was adopted unanimously to tender a dinner for Cav. Stefano Miele, the Grand Venerable, in recognition of his creation of the English-speaking lodges. Mr. Miele, at the 26th annual convention of the Order held in Albany on Nov. 17th, was unanimously re-elected Grand Venerable.

Notables of New York City and State were among the 1,200 who paid tribute to former Assistant Federal Attorney Anthony P. Savarese at a dinner of the Columbian League of Queens at the Hotel Astor, Manhattan recently.

The guest of honor was presented a plaque by the toastmaster, Municipal Court Justice Nicholas M. Pette, on behalf of the league.

The speakers included: Comptroller W. Arthur Cunningham, Borough President George U. Harvey of Queens, Supreme Court Justice Selah B. Strong, Commissioner of

of the Mutual Aid Society "Cavalieri di Caboto"; Atty. M. E. Lattoni, pres.; M. Gallo, vice-pres.; M. Pozza, Sec.; C. Latella, treas.

Representatives of all 57 lodges of the Italo-American National Union of Chicago, one of the strongest Italian organizations in the midwest, attended the dinner and dance recently given by the Union. Tom Landise was the toastmaster.

The Hon. Giuseppe Imburgio, Italian Mayor of the town of Melrose Park, is president of the I. A. N. U.



Commissioner A. F. Minisi

(See Page 74, Column 1)

Daniele Cocconi is the new president of the American Italian Club of San Mateo. Other officers are I. Martini and A. Ganzini, vice-presidents, N. de Nardi, treasurer, and J. W. Altieri, secretary.

Out in Reno, Nevada, the Italian Welfare Society last month held elections with the following results: Antonio Sala, pres.; J. Grelli, v. p.; J. Dell'Acqua, treas.; and J. D. Granata, sec.

The Italian Women's Civic Club of Rochester was entertained at its Christmas Party by Miss Olga Bon-signore, talented dancer, who has also appeared at many other social affairs in that city.

At a recent meeting of the Dante Alighieri Club of Newark, Dr. Louis Martucci began a series of addresses before the organization by his talk on Dante.

"The old guard" of the Order Sons of Italy, Massachusetts Grand Lodge, recently got together in Boston under the auspices of the "Unione e Progresso" lodge, to do honor to Judge Felix Forte, who was recently made Grand Venerable of the State Lodge.

Italian - American Democrats in Brooklyn who follow National Committeeman John H. McCooney's leadership have formed a new boro-organ-

icans were present, among them the Italian Consul General, Comm. Antonio Grossardi. The committee was composed of Dr. A. Castellani, A. Aquilino, G. Rossini, G. de Regibus, B. Lisoni, Dr. A. Barbera, U. Candido, U. Massaro, U. Luisa, P. Poetto, A. Del Bin, G. Franceschina, C. Flebus, V. Lovisa, F. Agnelli, P. Colussi and A. Petrucco.

Dr. Benjamin J. Macchia has been elected president of the Italian University Club of Jersey City. The new president is a graduate of Dickinson High School there, Fordham University, Georgetown Medical School, and he is also a member of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Italian-American Civic League of Washington Heights and Inwood, the executive member of which is Frank J. Epifania, held its first event of the season in January in the form of a balloon dance at the Paramount Mansion. The arrangements committee included Mildred Ficarra, Adeline Nero, Henrietta Pelosi, Marie Bulla, Mrs. Eugenie Pape, Phyllis Clemente, Mrs. Marie Sardone, Josephine Porcelle, Mary Porcelle, Mrs. Filomena Epifania, Lucy Nero, Sophie Eufemio, Mrs. Josephine Lavallata and Mrs. Sadie La Corte.

Mr. Epifania was recently made vice-president of the James H. Torrens Association.

Twenty-five Brooklyn Italian organizations sponsored the Fusion victory dinner dance of the La Guardia Non-Partisan League at the Knights of Columbus Building in January. Louis Principe was chairman and Nicholas H. Pinto toastmaster.

At the Jan. 17th meeting of the Italian Historical Society of Massachusetts, held at the Hotel Vendome in Boston, Dr. H. Addington Bruce delivered an address on "What I Think of Italy," followed by a musical program under the direction of Mrs. L. T. Cook.

Another meeting was held on Jan. 28th in the Lecture Hall of the Boston Art Museum. Mrs. Maynard Ladd lectured on Italian Art in Italian.

President's Day of the Women's Italian Club of Boston, Mass. will be held Wednesday, Feb. 7, at the Hotel Kenmore in that city. Mrs. Francis Galassi, president, will head the receiving line, with Mrs. Frederick Mansfield, wife of Boston's Mayor, Mrs. Carl Schrader, General Federation Director of Massachusetts, Consul General Ermanno Armao, Mrs. David Goodin, Sixth district director, Mrs. David Westcott, president of the Boston City Federation and Miss Clara Forte, president of the Italian Junior League, also to be present. An operatic program has been arranged by the music chairman, Mrs. Lena Damiano McSweeney, with choral singing to be arranged by Mrs. Pasquale Massa. The reception committee is headed by Mrs. Ralph Cangianno as social hostess.

In Montreal, Canada, recently the following were elected new officers

ALL ITALO-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

(As picked by **Settimio Bruno** in "The Italian Echo" of Providence, R. I.)

First Team

TOSI, Boston CollegeR.E.
 CEPPI, Princeton, (Capt.)R.T.
 RADO, DuquesneR.G.
 DELL'ISOLA, FordhamC.
 PACETTI, WisconsinL.G.
 SARNO, FordhamL.T.
 CAITO, BrownL.E.
 BUONANNO, BrownQ.B.
 TESTA, TempleR.H.
 MANIACI, FordhamL.H.
 PAGLIA, Santa ClaraF.B.

Second Team

POZZO, Oregon
 FERRARA, Columbia
 CAPASSO, Brown
 MARCHI, N. Y. U.
 BURZIO, Carnegie Tech
 VENEROSA, Temple
 PETRUZZE, Tennessee
 BEVEVINO, Carnegie Tech
 TROIANO, Geneva
 FERRARO, Cornell
 NICOLINI, St. Mary's

Coach: LOU LITTLE, Columbia

Immigration Edward Corsi, Magistrate Thomas F. Doyle, Warren B. Ashmead, chairman of the Queens County Republican Committee; United States Commissioner Martin C. Epstein, Edward E. Fay and Jacob A. Visel.

Other speakers were: United States Attorney Howard W. Ameli, Lillian Garing, vice chairman Republican State Committee; Dr. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General of New York; Jenkins R. Hockert, Queens County Clerk; Julius F. Newman President of Queens Bar Association; Assemblyman Jay Elwynn Rice and Alderman Edward H. Buhler.

The dinner committee, headed by Frank A. Suraci, included Joseph Leonardo, vice chairman; Nicholas Morisco, treasurer; Emil Curti, Frank De Simone, Frank Leuci, Edward Gyida, and George Jerome.

Public Life

The first City Commissioner of Newark of Italian extraction, elected last year, is former Judge A. F. Minisi, who lives at 336 Clifton Avenue and has offices at 744 Broad Street in Newark.

Born in 1895, he is a graduate of New Jersey Law School. He served in the war, from which he emerged with the rank of Captain. Admitted to the New Jersey Bar in 1919, he was elected to the Assembly in 1924, serving two terms. In 1928 he was parliamentarian of the House, and in 1929 he was secretary to the Speaker. In 1929 he was appointed Judge of the Second District Court. He is a member of many legal, social, military and fraternal clubs in Newark.

Last month Joseph Piccirillo, service officer of the Kings County American Legion, was being boosted for deputy welfare commissioner in the La Guardia cabinet. An independent in politics who has held his present position for 11 years, he lives at 194-24—111th Road, Hollis, L. I.

Miss Mary Rappa of 115 Cedar Street, New Haven, Conn. has been called to Washington, D. C. to occupy a position with the CWA administration.

Judge Ferdinand D. Masucci was the guest of honor at a banquet recently held in Newark. The committee was headed by Louis A. Trevisan.



The late Rev. Dr. A. E. Santini

(See Page 75, Column 1)

Peter Catapano of 234 Barbey St., Brooklyn, has been appointed a deputy tax collector for that borough.



Commemorating Fiorello H. La Guardia's election as Mayor of New York, this medal was designed by Onorio Ruotolo and recently presented to the Mayor by a committee of needle trade workers. It bears the inscription: "To our Mayor, F. H. La Guardia, master builder of our new city."

On the face of the medal is a portrait of the new Mayor. On the other side is an allegory of Hercules, who, after having cut off the head of Hydra, symbolizing corruption and maladministration, burns their necks with a torch so that these heads may not spring forth again.

Angelo F. Guidi, editor-in-chief of the New York Italian daily "Corriere d'America della Sera," has been appointed Consul in New York for the Republic of San Marino.

The Order of the Sword of Poland has been conferred upon Hon. Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization at Ellis Island, in recognition of his friendship for the Polish people in his present position. He is the first Italian in America ever to have received such an order.

The Italian decoration of Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon Congressman Sol Bloom of New York.

John De Libero, young Italian lawyer recently elected as a State Senator from Providence in a special election, was sworn in last month by Secretary of State Louis W. Cappelli. Representative Vincent J. Berarducci was also present at the function. De Libero won by a vote of 5764, while that of his opponent, Thomas J. Paulino, was 2616.

Andrew Di Maggio, an attorney of Detroit, has been made Assistant Attorney General. A member of the Detroit Bar Association, the Italian Bar Association, the Italian Political League of Michigan, and many fraternal societies, he has offices at 1224 First National Bank Bldg.

In recognition of his service in public life, Anthony Miceli, assistant district attorney in Rochester, was recently made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Only five others in that city have been so honored: Cesare Sconfietti, State Senator Cosmo Cilano, Harry C. D'Annunzio, Dr. Francesco Peluso and Dr. Giuseppe Carlucci.

Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian Consul General in Chicago, has been made a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The new Italian Consul in Montreal, Cav. Giuseppe Brigidi, recently arrived to take up his duties there. He was transferred from Casablanca, in Morocco.

With Mayor Anthony D. Ronca presiding, elections were held last month in Roseto, Pa., resulting in the election to the Board of Aldermen of Anthony Z. Falcone, president; Philip Trigiani, secretary; Louis Farace, treasurer.

Religion

In the death of Rev. Dr. Amedeo Enrico Santini, pastor of the First Italian Presbyterian Church of Detroit, on December 20th, Italian Americans in this country have lost one of the most brilliant and promising of their number. He was stricken and died at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where he was serving as chaplain in the Civilian Conservation Corps, while on leave from his church.

In his brief 38 years Dr. Santini has created for himself a place of distinction in every field which he honored with his gracious personality. Receiving his early education in Rome, he continued his studies at Columbia University and the Biblical Seminary in New York, and in 1930 received a Juris Doctor decree from the Detroit College of Law. He taught school in New York for two years, and served churches in Denver, Portland, Me., and Yonkers, N. Y., before coming to Detroit ten years ago.

During the World War he served with the Thirteenth Cavalry on the Mexican Border, and after his discharge received his commission as chaplain with the rank of captain in the Reserve Corps. For several years he directed religious activities in the C. M. T. C. at Camp Custer, Michigan. He was president of the Italo-American Masonic Club, honorary life member of the Federal Post, No. 373, American Legion, and Chaplain of the Reserve Officers Association of Michigan.

Surviving are: his wife, Ida, and three children, John, Giulietta, and Bina.

"Catholic Missions in the Orient" was the topic of a lecture recently delivered by Father Angelo Margiaria, of the Order of Salesians, in San Francisco's Italian Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, just before he returned to Japan.

His Excellency the Very Reverend William T. Turner, Bishop of the Buffalo Diocese, was last month made a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Following a three-day celebration at the Church of St. Anthony in the Bronx for the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Rev. Comm. Francesco Grassi, a banquet was given in his honor on Jan. 17th.

More than 1000 people were present at the annual Christmas presentation given by the boys and girls of the Home for Italian Children of Boston

--all of them orphans ranging from two to fifteen years of age. One of the features of the occasion was a short talk by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, honorary president of the Home, commending the work done there. Santa Claus was impersonated by Paul Cifrino, and Miss Luisa De Ferrari, treasurer of the Home, said the returns were higher than previously.

Rev. Father Lodovico Toma, pastor of the St. Lazarus Church of Orient Heights, Mass., has been made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy, the first Italian priest in that section to be so honored. Father Toma for some time held two pastorates at the same time, the other being that at the Sacred Hearts Church in the North End of Boston. He started at the St. Lazarus Church in 1911 when it was housed in a small wooden building seating 300 and had a debt of \$8000. The congregation now numbers 3500, the debt has been wiped away, a \$65,000 parochial school erected, and a \$100,000 church stands in the place of the old wood structure.

Business, Professional Occupational

The officers for the new year of the Association of Italian Physicians in America, Inc. of New York, are Angelo M. Sala, president, Charles Perilli, Hannibal De Bellis, Salvatore R. Scorza, August T. Rossano, vice-presidents; A. J. Grimaldi, secretary; Gaetano J. Mecca, treasurer; and trustees, Gaston Carlucci, Peter F. Amoroso, James V. Ricci, Filippo Cassola, and John M. Lore.

In the Bronx, Dr. A. Costabile was elected head of the Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity. Other officers are: P. Casson, first vice-president; G. Petti, second vice-president; L. Ferrara, treasurer; F. Criscillo, recording secretary; C. Muscillo, corresponding secretary; A. Giordano, chairman of the hospital board.

For the Italian Medical Society of Brooklyn, the new officers are as follows: Vincent Anello, president; George H. Lordi, vice-president; Paul Raia, secretary; Pasquale J. Imperato, associate secretary; and Joseph Rizzo, treasurer. The Council consists of Francis Caponegro, Peter De Gaetano, Marius L. Abbene, A. W. Martin Marino, Joseph Bruno, Louis J. Toarmina, Vincent P. Mazzola, John M. Schimmenti, John G. Senese, and Michael J. Bronaguro.

The Italian Medical Society of New Jersey, with headquarters in Newark, starts its third year with the following officials: Dr. Pellegrino, pres.; Dr. A. Bianchi, first vice-pres.; Dr. M. Tomaioli, second vice-pres.; Dr. W. Sena, sec'y.; and Dr. Nataro, treas.

An Italian is the only professional connoisseur of wines in America, says the *Italian News* of Boston. He is Dr. Guglielmo Troiano, who is supposed to be so adept at his profession, which he has been practicing for 25 years, that not only by lab analysis, but by smell, sight or taste

he can detect the quality or ingredient of any beverage.

Dr. Troiano, who is to start a weekly series of articles in "The Beverage Retailer," New York trade weekly, soon, is a graduate of the Royal Viticultural and Oenological Institute at Avellino, and of the Royal Agricultural University at Portici, Italy. He was also connected for three years with the Bussey Institution of Applied Biology at Harvard University. During the war he was attached to the Psychological Examining Board at Camp Dix, N. J.

Declaring that it is no longer necessary to forecast better times because better times already are here, a highly optimistic statement of nationwide business conditions was issued in San Francisco recently by A. P. Giannini, chairman, Bank of America, N. A. & T. Co.

"The President's recovery program is well under way, and it must be the object of every loyal American to see that no confidence-shaking controversies over the details of its operation are permitted to congeal into obstacles to its progress," Mr. Giannini said.

A banquet was recently tendered for Dr. Eugenio C. Cesario, of Chicago, who had previously been made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Arrangements were in the care of Atty. Nicholas A. Pope, of 907 South Ashland Blvd.

Police Commissioner Anthony J.

**DO YOU HAVE
A FRIEND WHO
Needs Money?**

Perhaps you know of a deserving Italo-American man or woman who would like to earn a few dollars extra each week acting as local business representative of Atlantica.

No selling experience is required. No investment is needed. We furnish all supplies free. The work is pleasant and dignified and can be done either in full or part time. All that is necessary is to show copies of Atlantica to friends and acquaintances and take their orders for subscriptions.

By giving us the name of at least one friend who could use extra money every week, you will render a favor to them and to Atlantica. Use the coupon below or a penny post card.

ATLANTICA, 33 W. 70th St.
New York, N. Y.

I am giving below the name of a friend who would appreciate the opportunity of earning extra money every week.

Name

Address

City State.....

(List additional names on separate sheet)

Recommended by

Verdi of Middletown, Conn., was recently made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Verdi, brother of Dr. William F. Verdi, is also head of the G. & O. Mfg. Co. and of the Verdi & Balsamo coal firm.

A testimonial dinner and dance was recently given, at the Hotel Park Central in New York by a group of friends and admirers, to the young and popular attorneys-at-law, Philip J. Zichiello and Hamlet O. Catenaccio, to celebrate their recent co-partnership in the practice of law with offices at 149 East 116th St. in Manhattan. Among the guests of honor were the Hon. Vincent H. Auleta, toastmaster, Hon. Edward Corsi, Hon. H. Warren Hubbard, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, Hon. Salvatore A. Cutillo, Hon. John J. Freschi. More than 500 people attended.

At the recent elections of the Italian Lawyers Club of Michigan the following officers were elected: Ass't Prosecutor C. M. Minardo, pres. (re-elected); A. P. Marchese, vice-pres.; F. S. Valenti, corr. sec.; J. A. Casese, treas.; T. Gillotti, fin. sec.

Dr. Francesco Lardone, professor of Roman Law at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C., last month gave a lecture to the members of the Riccobono Seminar of Georgetown Law School, on the influence of Christianity on Roman law.

Free Sample Copies of ATLANTICA For Your Friends

Haven't you often wished that more of your friends subscribed to *Atlantica* so that you could discuss with them the points brought out by its many thought-provoking articles?

Now you can acquaint them with this stimulating cultural magazine at no cost to them or to you. Simply give us the names and addresses of at least two friends who would enjoy examining a free sample copy of *Atlantica* at their leisure.

Use the handy coupon below!

ATLANTICA, 33 W. 70th St.,
New York City

Please send a FREE sample copy of ATLANTICA to:

Name

Address

City State.....

Name

Address

City State.....

Recommended by

Atlantica reserves the right to limit the number of sample copies which it can send out in response to this unusually generous offer.

Attorney Giuseppe Carlino of New York City has been made a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The New Haven Kiwanis Club, at a recent meeting, elected Joseph De Vita as president for 1934.

Ruggero Bolino, for 25 years head of the Columbus Advertising Agency of 150 Nassau Street, New York, and the first Italian to be admitted as a member to the American Association of Newspaper Editors, has been made a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

To fill in the vacancy caused by the resignation of Cav. Leonardo Barbanzolo, who has gone to Italy, Dr. Bruno Rovere has been made the new head of the Bank of Sicily Trust Company of New York. Dr. Rovere has 22 years of banking experience.

Dr. Enrico Scimeca, of 359 83rd St. a practicing physician in Manhattan since 1901 and widely known in Italian circles, died suddenly of heart failure on Dec. 31st while on a call. His son, Dr. Anthony Scimeca, who shared his office at 45 Second Ave., Manhattan, was with him at the time.

Dr. Scimeca was president general of the United Italian Holy Name societies, embracing all the Italian branches of the Holy Name Society in greater New York. He was born in Italy in 1876. He graduated from the University of Palermo, where he received his medical degree, in 1893, and practiced in Italy until 1901 when he came to this country.

Cav. Joseph A. Tomasello, former president of the New England Road Builders Association and present treasurer, was hailed as a future Mayor of Boston at the annual banquet of that organization in the Hotel Statler recently. The prophecy was made by Traffic Commissioner Joseph A. Conry, the principal speaker, who represented Mayor Curley. The gathering, numbering more than 800 and including the most prominent contractors throughout New England, greeted the tribute to Mr. Tomasello with an enthusiastic demonstration.

Dr. William M. Santoro of the Back Bay, in Boston, who is attached to St. Elizabeth's Hospital and is one of the best known surgeons in that section, was unanimously elected president of the Massachusetts Italian Medical Society at the annual meeting held recently at the Hotel Brunswick. Other officers elected are: Dr. C. R. Petrillo, first vice-president; Dr. Bart F. Macchia, second vice-president; Dr. R. Della Sala, treasurer, and Dr. Carl F. Maraldi, secretary.

James Morelli was elected president of Chapter 661, Associated Master Barbers of America, last month in a meeting at 48 Snow St., Providence, R. I.

Other officers elected were: Vice-President, John DiLeone; Secretary-Treasurer, A. D. Alexander; Sergeant-at-Arms, Denny Pascone and Guide, Joseph Caldarone.

Dr. Anthony S. Sorgi, who practiced medicine in Brooklyn when he first came to the United States about 40 years ago, died yesterday in Stamford, Conn.

Dr. Sorgi moved to Connecticut 25 years ago and was active in Italian politics there. During the World War he was president of the Italian section of the Red Cross in Stamford, and was one of the founders of the Italian Institute, now the Italian Centre, there.

He was 63 and a native of Palermo, Italy. He leaves his wife and four children, Mrs. Marie Kenney, Marjorie and John C. Sorgi, of Stamford, and Leon Sorgi, of New York.

At the annual election of the Italian Barbers Society, held at 170 Hanover St. in Boston recently, Frank P. Fiore of the North End was overwhelmingly elected president. Since the formation of the Society, Mr. Fiore served four terms as president.

Mr. Fiore is Past Chief Ranger of Court Italy, Foresters of America, and president of the San Sabino Society. He conducts a barbershop at 155 Causeway St. and resides at 93 Endicott St. with his wife and eight children.

Other officers elected are: Nicola Giangrande, vice-president; Alfonso Ciambelli, financial secretary; Ciro Cincotti, corresponding secretary; G. Giordano, assistant corresponding secretary; Antonio Abbruzzese, treasurer, and Silvestro Filamonde, chairman of committee. The directors are: S. Abbruzzese, A. De Simone, G. Bagnulo, E. Bagnulo and G. Carbone. Dr. Luigi Ciani is the Society's physician.

A noted specialist in nervous and mental diseases, Dr. A. Ferraro of New York City has been elected secretary of the American Association of Neuropathologists.

Giuseppe Faccioli, electrical engineer internationally known for his experiments with artificial lightning, who had been considered a friendly rival of the late Charles P. Steinmetz, died last month at his home in Pittsfield in his 57th year.

His work at Pittsfield led many electrical experts to rank him with Edison and Steinmetz as an experimenter.

A native of Rome, Mr. Faccioli's father, Colonel Luigi Faccioli, fought under Garibaldi. The son was graduated with high honors as an electrical and industrial engineer from the Royal Polytechnic Institute of Milan in 1899. He came to this country in 1904 first as a designer of alternating current machines for the Crocker Wheeler Company. He came in contact with the late William Stanley of Great Barrington, whose experimental staff he joined.

In 1908 Mr. Faccioli became an engineer internationally known for his work with the General Electric Company, with which he remained until his retirement as chief engineer there in 1930. During this period he was associated in research with Mr. Steinmetz. In 1932 Mr. Faccioli received the Lamme Gold Medal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Fine Arts

Miss Rose Marie Brancato of Kansas City, singing the role of Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto" in place of Marion Talley, who had withdrawn from the role at the last moment over contractual differences, scored one of the most notable personal triumphs of the current Chicago Civic Opera season last month in Chicago.

Called "a charming if exceedingly timid Gilda," Miss Brancato, who is 21, with her rendition of "Caro Nome" in the second act, stopped the show for more than four minutes as the audience sought in vain to override the opera's rule against encores.

Under the auspices of the "Bridgeport Post" of that city in Connecticut, a banquet was given last month in honor of Frank Foti, director of the Bridgeport Symphony Orchestra. Among the guests were the Mayor and Edwin Franko Goldman, celebrated band leader.

The Italy America Society of Washington, D. C. held a meeting on Jan. 10th at the Mayflower Hotel at which they were addressed by Dr. Eugenio F. Croizat on "Gems of Italian Painting."

Mrs. Amelia Conti, foundress and president of the International Art Forum, has begun in Washington, D. C. a series of weekly evenings devoted to the study of foreign languages by the conversational method. They take place at the Forum's headquarters, 1640 Rhode Island Ave. The Italian evening is on Saturdays with Mme. Amelia Conti and Miss Celia Fioravanti in charge.

In San Francisco last month Maestro Giulio Minetti and the members of his Sinfonietta Orchestra were feted at a reception and tea given in their honor by the Italy American Society of that city.

Miscellaneous

President Roosevelt last month sent a gift of a silk embroidered handkerchief to the twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Marcello Gallelo of New Rochelle, N. Y., who were named Franklin and Delano after the President. A letter accompanied the gift.

In Canada, out of a total population of 10,376,786, the Italians number 98,173. More than half of them, 50,536, are to be found in the Province of Ontario, with 24,845 in Quebec Province and 12,254 in British Columbia. Montreal is the Canadian city most populated by Italians, with 20,871, and next come Toronto with 13,015, and Hamilton, with 5,217.

A folk festival under the auspices of the Junior Business Girls of Youngstown, Ohio, in conjunction with the Health Department of the Y. W. C. A., was held in December, at the local Y. W. C. A. One of the featured dances was the Italian tarantella.

It was announced last month that Miss Natalie Mai Coe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coe of Oyster Bay, L. I., has become engaged to Comm. Leonardo Vitetti.

Comm. Vitetti was born in Italy and studied law at the Royal University, Rome, where he obtained a degree of Doctor of Laws. He entered the Italian diplomatic service and passed several years at the embassy in Washington. On two occasions he was sent to Geneva as a member of the Italian delegation to meetings of the League of Nations. At present he is Counsellor at the

Italian Embassy in London. He is a Commander of the Crown of Italy and a Chevalier of the Order of Santi Maurizio e Lazzaro.

The wedding will take place next spring at Planting Fields.

Walter Ranzini of the *New York Daily News* and the president of the Press Photographers' Association of New York, was one of the committee in charge of its dance and entertainment held at the Hotel Commodore on February 2nd. Many notables in public life, including Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, were present.

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 68)

turns shortly to play the title role in a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth." What brings him back? Let him tell it.

"If it hadn't been for Broadway the pictures never would have wanted me. I owe it to Broadway—and to myself—to come back," he says. And the man who had established himself as one of Eugene O'Neill's favorite actors in "Desire Under The Elms," who had given such memorable screen performances as Deadlegs Flint in "Kongo," as the martyred Abraham Lincoln, the half-mad Rev. Davidson in "Rain," and the prototype of President Roosevelt in "Gabriel Over The White House" was sincere.

"I'm still young enough," he insists, "to want to find pleasure in realities instead of abstractions."

Mr. Huston, may we say, is one of forty-odd picture players to desert the mechanical art of the talking screen and its overstuffed pay envelopes for the more exacting demands of the legitimate theatre. A cursory glance over the list now here in New York and enjoying the warmth of the little show houses off the Main Stem reveals some "big" names of filmdom. There is Conrad Nagel at the Booth in "The First Apple"; Jean Arthur, Lillian Bond, Rose Hobart, Colin Clive, Lloyd Hughes have all appeared in some play or other. Mary Pickford and Paul Muni are here play-reading. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. contemplates a stage appearance. The list is long, and gradually lengthening. Verily does the Cinema Gold Rush revert itself and head east! Do you hear us weeping? It must be our cold.

Theatre Art on View

NOT that it's exactly our business, but curiosity led us to the Museum of Modern Art on West Fifty-third Street where, under the direction of the Theatre Guild's Mr. Lee Simonson, there is exhibited the art of the theatre under three general classifications. These are divided into: the Renaissance and Baroque periods, Pioneers of Modern Theatre Art and Modern Stage Design. What

probably attracted us was the fact that of the earliest of these periods the work of Italians stood out in equal profusion with that of the famed Indigo Jones, the father of English stagecraft, who created the spectacle of splendor and magnificence for Ben Jonson's masques. The works of many nations are represented in this wonderful collection, which includes many of the well-known Americans, Norman Bel Geddes, Mordecai Gorelik, Robert Edmond Jones, Jo Mielziner, Donald Oeslager, Rollo Peters, Lee Simonson and Cleon Throckmorton, among them.

The Piccoli

VITTORIO PODRECCA's cunning puppet show returned to New York on January 8th for a limited engagement of three weeks at the Hudson Theatre. After an extended tour of the country which brought the "Piccoli" to the screen, Signor Podrecca offered again the variety sketches of last season with an added attraction in the form of a caricature of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." This opera is especially suited to the facile handling of the artist, who, retaining the most charming of Mozart's melodies, pokes fun at all the dramatic subterfuges of grand opera. The satirical vein with which Podrecca animates his marionettes is ably attained by the expert handling of his manipulators, operators and offstage singers, all of whom are past masters of the art of burlesque.

The program includes favorites of last season such as: the Josephine Baker revue, the bull fight and Bil Bal Bul, the little acrobat, with several new numbers in keeping with the general satirical theme. There is a sketch on old Vienna which lampoons Austrian backgrounds for operettas, and a hilarious take-off on screen cartoons, Betty Boop and the Big Bad Wolf. Podrecca's "Piccoli," as long as contemporary art forms betray absurd conventionalities and insane mannerisms, will never lose its appeal to those of us who can still muster our keenest sense of humor.

ATLANTICA

IN ITALIANO

ITALIA D'OGGI

By **MARGHERITA G. SARFATTI**

(Editor of "Popolo d'Italia" of Milan)

CHIUDO gli occhi, e vedo. Vedo torme disperse — emigranti nostri ai quattro angoli della terra — a cui la sola parola di affettuosa umanità italiana giungeva da gente — privati — che non parlava in nome dell'Italia; a cui l'Italia ufficiale era ostile. Vedo i contadini che io ho conosciuti, nelle mie campagne del Veneto, a Conegliano, a Vittorio Veneto di auspicale memoria. Che brava, cara e buona gente, anche allora; ma come lavoravano mal pagati e troppo e mangiavano poco e male. Talora, in mezzo ad essi, si aggiravano ancora degli spettri, smunti, lividi, squamosi: erano poveri vecchi e vecchie malati di pellagra, grigi, con labbra bianche e denti scalzati nelle scolorite gengive. Non ho mai potuto leggere la Bibbia, nè udire parlare o vedere lebbrosi, senza che mi si riapparissero innanzi quei due fantasmi, tanto la pellagra mi apparve sin da bimba leggendariamente paurosa, come gli antichi flagelli.

Alle opere li conoscerai. Così si conosce l'albero dal frutto.

Gli ultimi censimenti danno la misura dei lebbrosari in quasi tutta Italia. I rendimenti della leva sono magnifici; tutte le percentuali medie delle misurazioni — statura, spalle, peso, torace — sono elevate, migliorate, ampliate di centimetri e chili. Basta guardare gli avanguardisti e i balilla per notare miglioramenti anche maggiori.

Questo nostro magnifico popolo non chiedeva che di non essere più denutrito per rifiorire. La sua gioventù oggi ha pane, aria, esercizio, cure e sole.

Lo si cura sin da prima la nascita, favorendo il matrimonio e la natalità, proteggendo la maternità, assistendo l'infanzia. La famiglia è considerata prima cellula, elementare e insufficiente, ma fondamentale dello Stato. Certo in Italia come altrove, e forse un poco più che altrove, per un complesso di circostanze, in parte economiche, la solidità, stabilità, e il benessere della famiglia riposano sul-

la donna; anche sulla figlia e sorella, ma soprattutto sulla moglie e madre di famiglia: diciamo la parola, riposano sul sacrificio della madre di famiglia, diuturno, continuo e oscuro. E' lei che deve rendere possibile e piacevole la non sempre facile convivenza famigliare, a furia di lavoro, di abnegazione e di bontà. Senza quest'olio essenziale, tutti i complicati ingranaggi economici, sociali e psicologici della famiglia, stridono e non funzionano.

Questo sacrificio, la vita e il costu-

me del regime fascista lo chiedono alla donna intero e grave. Mi si dirà: che cosa le si offre in compenso? Ella deve dare tutto, e per sé non domandare nulla. Ma questo è pur troppo, realisticamente parlando, parte del destino degli uomini e quasi tutto il destino delle donne. Le gioie della donna sono soprattutto le gioie altruiste, riflesse in altrui, dell'amore, del matrimonio, della maternità.

L'Italia, terra dell'antico culto della *Mater Matuta*, dell'adorazione per la Madonna e la Sacra Famiglia, tributa alla maternità, un consapevole omaggio di venerazione e di orgoglio. E viene in aiuto alla donna nel compito di essere, dentro il limite delle sue possibilità, due volte madre: come donna per i figli propri; come fascista, anche attraverso l'assistenza alle altre madri e ai figlioli altrui.

LA CENTE CHE AMO:

L'UOMO CHE VIVE SU QUELLO CHE NON FA

Di **FRANCO CIARLANTINI**

(Editor of "Augustea" of Rome)

CHE un galantuomo possa vivere, e vivere anche bene, nel più solazzevole ozio, è risaputo. Ci sono persone nate per non far nulla e con una vocazione così spiccata che nessun precettore, nessuna legge morale, nessun regime politico, riusciranno mai a spingere al lavoro.

Ma che un uomo possa vivere su quello che non fa, come se quello che non fa fosse il suo mestiere, è assai più difficile da immaginare.

Eppure io conosco molte persone che sanno districarsi brillantemente, anche in questi difficilissimi tempi, proprio con la deliberata rinuncia a qualsiasi occupazione e con la collezione più varia degli insuccessi.

E intendiamoci: quando, parlando di costoro, si fa riferimento ad un insuccesso, non ci vuol dire menomamente che gli interessati abbiano comunque tentato di riuscire. La

riuscita riferita a questa categoria sarebbe il vero e proprio insuccesso.

Se c'è da pescare qualcuno che non c'è, l'uomo che vive su quello che non fa, si assume subito l'incarico di pescarlo; se si tratta di ottenere un posto che non esiste, o che sia stato già ricoperto da tempo, a tale posto esso induce a concorrere; se c'è da chiedere un prestito già bocciato dalla più ottimistica commissione di sconto, solleciterà a domandarlo; e così farà concorrere ad un appalto già annullato, consiglierà di partire con un treno già da tempo soppresso e si indurrà di far irrettare le azioni di un'azienda prossima al fallimento.

E tutto questo ed altro non sor-
mai fatto in persona prima: sempre per conto di terzi.

Gli insuccessi, le sconfitte, le delu-

sioni, sono l'elemento di cui si nutre il nostro uomo.

Quando riferisce che una cosa è andata male, o è stata negata, o che non ha fatto in tempo a compierla, lo fa con una specie di sottile voluttà, largheggiando nelle premesse e facendo maturare lentamente il punto risolutivo con quel garbo tutto speciale dei narratori di razza.

L'uomo che vive su quello che non fa è sempre gradito, specialmente tra le persone di spirito.

C'è, nel calcolo delle probabilità di qualsiasi iniziativa, un certo numero di punti favorevoli e un numero infinitamente maggiore di punti sfavorevoli. Per concludere presto, chi ha fiuto d'affari vuole eliminare prima di tutto ciò che è impacciante, ossia la parte passiva. Avere a portata di mano una persona che garantisca con la sola sua presenza o col solo suo intervento quel quantitativo di insuccessi che si deve mettere in bilancio allorché si comincia, è un notevole beneficio.

Basta guardare in viso l'uomo che

vive su quello che non fa, per sentirsi trasportati a dargli subito la soddisfazione di un incarico che debba risolversi in nulla.

La olimpicità dello sguardo, la sottigliezza del sorriso, il garbo irreprensibile dei modi, quel certo che di persuasivo che promana da tutta la mimica del volto, che io chiamerei ottimismo iettatore, inducono a non rinunziare all'occasione di eliminare quella serie di insuccessi che vi appartengono di diritto.

— Senta, caro, vorrebbe occuparsi lei di questa faccenda? . . . Mi sembra la persona più indicata per farlo.

— Sì figurì . . . onoratissimo!

— Ma le pare, l'onore è mio: una volta nelle sue mani. . .

— Ah, per questo può essere certo . . .

— Certissimo!

Il giorno che riuscisse in una impresa qualsiasi, quest'uomo — c'è da scommettere — si troverebbe disorientatissimo. Crederebbe al capovolgimento del mondo.

tratta di uno straordinario caso di amnesia totale ritmica, ci aspettiamo di ritrovare una straordinaria deformazione degli organi che sono in più diretto rapporto con le facoltà mnemoniche. Voi sapete che le amnesie rivelano quasi sempre un irrigidimento delle arterie, un difetto d'elasticità. La memoria non è la Cenerentola delle facoltà mentali; è la facoltà vitale per eccellenza, è un fiore mirabile in cui brilla la giovinezza delle nostre arterie. Esaminiamo dunque con la più gran cura la cita arteriosa dell'uomo vegetale e cerchiamo lungamente i segni della sclerosi. Nulla, nulla, nulla. Le arterie del nostro Fulvio sono, in tutto e per tutto, quelle di un uomo di ventisei anni, giovanissime, elasticissime. Tutte le funzioni, tutti gli organi sono perfetti in ogni stagione. Non la più lieve anomalia anatomica nè fisiologica! Dopo un anno di studi attentissimi, nell'ordine fisico ci è dato riscontrare un solo fenomeno strano. Le unghie del nostro uomo mutano colore col mutar delle stagioni. Durante il lungo letargo invernale, le unghie di Fulvio hanno un vago color di foglia secca, poi, a poco a poco, in primavera, ridiventano verdi come fogliette pur mo' nate, e verso il maggio si fan rosee, e tornan gialle con le prime nebbie. Si tratta di colori vaghi, d'una specie di iridescenza, ma il fenomeno è innegabile e, ne converrete, abbastanza singolare.

La vita è breve, mio giovane amico, e l'arte è lunga. Le poche vie che s'aprono alla nostra indagine, non possono neppure essere tutte tentate, ma a questo punto ci sovvien un mito antichissimo: quello di Dafne mutata in albero per mancanza d'amore. Ecco forse l'origine di ogni legnosità mentale e d'ogni annuo sfiorir di ricordi. Quel lavoro appassionato che gli Stoici facevano per trasformare gli antichi miti in allegorie morali, noi rifacciamo qui, innanzi al nostro misterioso uomo vegetale, per trarre dal mito di Dafne una lezione di psicologia delicata. Gli antichi si erano forse già trovati innanzi a casi di amnesia totale ritmica e avevano appunto raffigurato in Dafne che si trasforma in alberella, una mente depressa, priva di "tono," che si lascia irrigidire da una vegetale pigrizia. Questo è dunque il problema: ravvivare nell'uomo vegetale la memoria per farlo uscire dalla sua legnosa prigione e ravvivare la memoria per via indiretta, accrescendo lo "slancio vitale" che, come il Bergson ci ha ben dimostrato, è l'impulso che spinge, attraverso la materia, memorie passate verso memorie future. Per tentare d'accrescere lo slancio vitale nel nostro poderoso Fulvio, non ci rimane che un mezzo: l'amore.

Facciamo venire dalla campagna parmense una florida ragazza, una certa Bianca; le spieghiamo di che si tratti e infine, in un bel pomeriggio d'aprile, la portiamo innanzi a Fulvio che folleggia nell'orto come un monello, e le diciamo: "Ecco il tuo Fulvio! come vedi, è un bel ragazzo. Se lo guarisci, te lo sposi."

Non passan due giorni che Bianca s'è già appassionata al gioco. In aprile, Fulvio balbetta ancora e ruzza come un bimbo di due anni. Bisogna dirgli i nomi di tutte le cose

GLI AMORI DEGLI ALBERI

NOVELLA

Di E. GIOVANNETTI

(Author of "Sirene in Vacanza")

CHE c'è di vero in questa scoperta dell'uomo vegetale? — ho chiesto all'illustre professore Pio Spallanzani, che ha dato sì vasta fama all'Osservatorio biologico di Reggio Emilia. Pio Spallanzani non ha bisogno di essere presentato: è il più famoso dei biologi viventi, il diretto erede scientifico del suo grande avo Lazzaro che fu il più celebre fisico e fisiologo del secolo decimottavo e fu quasi venerato come un taumaturgo.

Non ci sono oggi due Spallanzani; come in letteratura c'è un solo "Nipote di Rameau," così in biologia c'è un solo "nipote di Spallanzani."

— L'uomo vegetale era già stato intraveduto dal mio insigne avo — mi spiega con molta amabilità il chiaro nipote, mentre mi guida attraverso le sale dell'Osservatorio. — Chi ha ben meditate le sue *Dissertazioni di fisica animale e vegetale*, sa quel che voglio dire. Il mio avo infaticabile aveva già scrutato con occhio sicuro quei singolari fenomeni in cui la vita vegetale e la vita animale apparivano confuse. Egli aveva già capito che "confusione" non era possibile, ma che, in uno stesso organismo, la vita animale e la vegetale potevano coesistere, purché l'una delle due si piegasse alle leggi dell'altra. Non "confusione" adunque, ma "subordinazione." Per questa via, e solo per questa via, noi siamo giunti alla scoperta dell'uomo vegetale.

Ci ha aiutati non la fisiologia, come si potrebbe credere dapprima, ma la psicopatologia. Un giorno, mandatomi da un neurologo bolognese,

si presenta qui un certo Fulvio Drei, un giovanottone ben piantato, snello come un pioppo. Che gli accade? Una cosa terribilmente semplice: ogni anno, in autunno, a poco a poco egli perde completamente la memoria e vive per tre mesi di pura vita vegetativa come un albero che abbia perduto ogni sua fronda. A primavera, la psiche comincia a rinverdire, ma è una psiche tutta nuova, senza ricordi. Nei cinque mesi che vanno dal marzo al settembre, la nuova coscienza pargoletta si sviluppa, diventa florida, matura, esuberante, ma, con le prime brume dell'autunno, eccola di nuovo impigrirsi, imporsirsi, irrigidirsi in una specie di opaca legnosità. Tutti i ricordi, nati dalle fugaci esperienze vitali di cinque mesi, muoiono inesorabilmente col morir dell'estate. Invano si tenta traforare, con qualche ricordo sottile, la opaca legnosità invernale e ricongiungere l'autunno con la primavera. Ogni anno, in questo misterioso fusto umano, si innesta un "io" nuovo, annuale. Ora voi sapete che il nostro "io" è invece una indissolubile unità di ricordi, una selva di ricordi, che verdeggia perenne sin che dura la vita e si sfronda tutta insieme nell'attimo della morte. La nostra vita psichica è unitaria, rettilinea; la vita psichica di Fulvio Drei è ciclica, essenzialmente vegetale.

Fin qui siamo ancora in un mondo di metafore più o meno poetiche. Ci affrettiamo dunque a scrutare il fenomeno nella sua materialità, nella sua base-fisio-patologica. Poiché si

e d' tutte le persone che lo circondano, ed egli, a mano a mano che li apprende, fa osservazioni piene di giocosa ingenuità. Ma ecco che, nel volgere di poche settimane, il bimbo è già diventato un adolescente sensibile, un giovinetto pensoso. Non gioca più con la sua Bianchina, ma arrossisce e impallidisce quando la vede spuntare in capo al viale dei pioppi. Egli passa quasi tutta la giornata là, passeggiando e sognando tra quelle due file di alberi insigni e trepidanti. "Bianca — lo sentiamo dire un giorno — io ho sognato questa notte che noi eravamo rimasti tutti e due soli in un gran prato verde e che tu avevi, al posto delle pupille, due more di siepe e sulla testa, invece dei capelli, tutte foglie."

— E poi, che facesti? — chiede Bianchina appoggiandosi languida a lui.

— Non so, non so — mormora un po' triste l'uomo — lo sai, Bianchina, ch'io non ricordo mai niente.

— Ma di me, quando sarà l'autunno, te ne ricorderai?

— Sempre, sempre, di te, Bianchina!

Avanzando già a gran passi l'estate, l'adolescente vago si è già trasformato in un giovane intelligentissimo che vuol leggere trattati di geometria e grammatiche classiche.

Ma, in un giorno di vento, lo vediamo tender l'orecchio al sussurro dei pioppi e impallidire. Egli ci narra, stupefatto, che mentre Bianchina lo abbraccia, i pioppi gli susurrano: — *Phònos, phònos, phònos* (Delitto, delitto, delitto).

Apparenze? Allucinazioni? Se ne dovrebbe concludere che, come i vecchi dei di Epicuro, gli alberi parlino greco.

Bianchina, da braca campagnola, non bada a queste sottigliezze. Ella è ormai sicura, arcisicura d'aver guarito il suo Fulvio e dice che il suo Fulvio la sposerà e non la dimenticherà più, mai più. Ha già scritto a tutti i parenti: "Ci sposeremo a grano nuovo." E, qualche settimana dopo, non avendo io dato il permesso: "Ci sposeremo a granturco nuovo." E qualche settimana dopo: "Ci sposeremo a vino nuovo." Ma viene il settembre e vengono le prime nebbie. Una mattina, io vedo ingiallita un'unghia di Fulvio. Alla sera, il povero diavolo ha già dimenticato i nomi di quasi tutti i mobili della sua stanza e il suo nome. Ricorda solo

i nomi "comodino, sgabello, Bianchina." Alla sera del giorno dopo, una sera piovosa in cui si sente già l'autunno, il povero Fulvio non ricorda più che "Bianchina" e, sentendosi vicino a risommersersi nelle eterne brume, si aggrappa disperatamente a quest'ultimo nome. "Bianchina, Bianchina, Bianchina!" ripete per lunghe ore, disperatamente, come un bimbo disgraziato che non vuol morire.

L'inverno è terribile per Bianchina. Il suo nome non suona più sulle labbra irrigidite dell'amato. Per lunghe e lunghe settimane, ella spia gli occhi vitrei di Fulvio per sorprendere qualche luce fuggitiva nella squallida trasparenza verde. Nulla, nulla, nulla. Il silenzio di grandi stagni gelati, attraverso cui verdeggia languido il fondo!

La rinascita primaverile, è, per Bianchina, fonte di gioie e di tormenti ineffabili. Ella vede rinascere il suo amato ma come un nuovo bimbo pieno di tenero stupore, che non sa nulla di esistenze anteriori. Bisogna insegnargli di nuovo i nomi di tutte le cose e di tutte le persone, bisogna spiegargli il perchè di tutto.

— E tu perchè sei qui?

— Perchè io sono la tua Bianchina. Non ti ricordi? Non ti ricordi quando, un anno fa, per la prima volta, mi sono seduta qui, accanto a te, su questo sedile di marmo? Tu eri un folletto, come oggi, e hai voluto scompigliarmi i ricci su la fronte e poi ripetitarmi con le dita a modo tuo. Ti ricordi, è vero? Di di si alla tua Bianchina, se non vuoi vederla piangere.

L'uomo la guarda trasognato e sorride. Bianchina si fa taciturna. Ella non vuole assolutamente capire che l'uomo che le sta dinanzi, ha vissuto non una sola ma ben ventisei vite, incongiungibili fra loro. Ma quando, alla fine di maggio, l'intelligenza di Fulvio ritorna a farsi ricca, quando Fulvio ritorna amante tenero, la brava ragazza dimentica tutti i suoi dolori e comincia di nuovo a scrivere al suo paese: "Questa volta è la buona: ci sposiamo a grano nuovo." E poco dopo: "Questa volta è la buona: ci sposiamo a granturco nuovo." E poi "E' irrevocabilmente deciso: a vino nuovo." Si è già fatto l'abito da sposa e ha già fatto venire i parenti a vedere il suo abito e il suo Fulvio. Noi dobbiamo intervenire per farle intendere che è ancora troppo presto, che bisogna aspettare l'autunno. Io

le faccio notare ch'essa non è ancora mai riuscita a suscitare in Fulvio qualche ricordo che si riferisca alla Bianchina dell'anno precedente. "Questo, io le dico, basterebbe per poter considerare Fulvio come guarito ed io ti darei senz'altro il permesso di sposarlo." Ed essa mi risponde d'improvviso con una faccia buia che non le avevo mai vista:

— Lo fa apposta, sa. Io sono sicura che lui, in fondo in fondo, si ricorda benissimo di quello che è successo l'anno passato. E' dispettoso come una scimmia. Ma la vincerò io.

Un po' allarmato da questa risposta, io le ripeto ancora una volta che Fulvio sarà guarito sol quando un ricordo sottile riuscirà a traforare la parete legnosa che l'inverno crea in lui.

Questa volta pare che i fatti vogliano dare ragione a Bianchina. Son già venute le prime nebbie del Settembre, son già venuti i primi freddi dell'ottobre, e la memoria di Fulvio non dà ancora alcun segno di indebolimento. I due fidanzati passano dolcemente la sera nel viale dei pioppi che cominciano a sfrondarsi. Pare che Fulvio senta ancora gli alberi susurrargli talvolta tristemente "*phònos, phònos, phònos*" ma egli me lo dice ora quasi sorridendo. Bianchina è raggiante: ha già tutto il corredo pronto: nella prossima settimana si faran le pubblicazioni . . .

Improvvisamente, alla mattina del 3 di ottobre, Fulvio mi porge la mano ed io vedo ingiallito l'unghia del medio. Non dico nulla, ma il cuore mi trema.

Non potete immaginare ancora quello che sta per accadere. Noi stessi non abbiamo sentito maturar la tragedia. Io e l'assistente lasciamo che la disgraziata Bianchina, si disperdi accanto al suo Fulvio che ricade rapidamente nel torpore. Abbiamo l'imprudenza di lasciar Bianchina sola nella camera del fidanzato. Pare che sia sopraggiunta una gran quiete.

Ad un tratto, ecco apparir sulla soglia Bianchina, fosca, livida. Con una voce che non avevamo mai intesa, ella ci dice:

— Lui voleva fare anche quest'anno la commedia per mandare a monte il matrimonio. Ma l'ho traforato io! Se ne ricorderà per un pezzo.

Corremmo nella stanza. L'aveva ucciso traforandogli la gola col suo spillone. L'uomo vegetale è rientrato per sempre nell'infinita ombra verde.

LA RASSEGNA ITALIANA

Politica, Letteraria, Artistica - Mensile

Condizioni di abbonamento per gli Stati Uniti: Lire 90 annue

Amm.: PIAZZA MIGNANELLI 25
ROME, ITALY

"'La Rassegna Italiana' the most important Italian periodical of today, is an acknowledged leader in the highest European literary circles."

(From *Current History*, N. Y., May 2, 1927)

- EARN EXTRA MONEY -

You can establish a well paying business in your community and make \$1.00 or more an hour in your spare time! Think of what that would mean at the end of the week! As a representative of ATLANTICA you can easily obtain subscriptions from people you know. You need no experience, no capital. We furnish everything necessary. There is no obligation in asking us for full details.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

ATLANTICA, 33 W. 70th St., New York City
Please tell me how I can earn extra money.

Name

Address

City State

BOOKS ABROAD

An International Quarterly of Comment on Foreign Books Issued by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE AND
KENNETH C. KAUFMAN, EDITORS

In the January 1934 issue:

Contemporary Spain: Legends & Reality E. Allison Peers
A Crisis in German Publishing? . . . Herbert Scheffler
Puerto Rican Women Writers . . . Muna Lee
Hungary's Laureate . . . Alice Stone Blackwell
Julien Benda, Independent . . . Wilbur Frohock
Le Souvenir De Rene Boylesve . . . Aaron Schaffer
Yiddish Writing in America . . . A. A. Roback
Roumanian Literature, 1930-1933 . . . Joseph S. Roucek
Prophets of Despair (1st Instalment) . Gustave Mueller

and reviews by such prominent critics as Rudolph Schevill, Samuel Putnam, Albert Guérard, Z. Osiecki, Edward Larocque Tinker, Sidney B. Fay, Marion T. Whitney, Guy Endore, etc.

BOOKS ABROAD is an effective advertising medium. For rates apply to the Business Manager, Todd Downing, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

\$2.00 PER YEAR 50 CENTS PER COPY

—SPECIAL OFFER—

EVERY CULTURED ITALIAN IN THE UNITED STATES

Should Have a Copy of
Dr. JAMES J. WALSH'S BOOK

AT **33%** OFF

"What Civilization Owes to Italy"

Dr. Walsh's book deals comprehensively with every phase of Italy's contribution to Civilization. Among the topics discussed are the following:

Painting	Philosophy
Sculpture	Science and Law
Architecture	Men of World Influence
Music	Great Women of Italy
Arts and Crafts	Italian Cities
Literature	Discoverers and Explorers
Education	Italian Artists in the United States
Italian Scholarship	States Capitol

Regular Price: \$3 Our Price: \$2

Add 15c. to check to cover mailing costs

Send check with order to:

ATLANTICA BOOK SERVICE
33 West 70th Street
New York City

Bring the University To Your Home

There is no doubt that you too want to keep informed of the latest findings in biology, mental hygiene, medicine, anthropology, current events in art, literature, history, politics. But only few have the time, opportunity, or money to continue the instruction they have obtained at institutions of higher learning.

KNOWLEDGE

will bring this information directly to you. A staff of highly trained and specialized writers is offering its knowledge and experience to you through KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE may be obtained for 25c at the better newsstands, or you may obtain

5 ISSUES FOR \$1

KNOWLEDGE
111 East 15th Street, New York

Name

Address

City

State

Whose Birthday or Anniversary Is This Month?

Give them gift subscriptions to ATLANTICA

Nothing will please your friends and relatives more than a gift subscription to Atlantica! It makes a unique birthday or anniversary gift since it brings them a monthly remembrance of your thoughtfulness.

Atlantica will keep them abreast of the more important Italo-American activities and affairs of the day. We will send copies for one year (12 monthly issues) to any address in the U. S. for only \$3, for two years (24 monthly issues) for only \$5. The coupon below provides space for ordering one gift subscription. List additional names on a separate sheet.

Fill out coupon and mail with remittance

ATLANTICA, 33 W. 70th St., New York City

.....1 year } gift subscription to Atlantica. Send to:
.....2 years }

Name

Address

City

Gift of

To the recipient of each gift subscription we send a note announcing the gift in your name.

BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA

TRUST COMPANY

62-64 William Street, New York City

116th St. at 2nd Avenue

339 Sixth Avenue (at 4th St.)

114 Mulberry Street

212 Columbia St., Brooklyn

50th Avenue, Corner of Vernon Avenue, Long Island City

COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS

STEAMSHIP TICKETS

CHECKING ACCOUNTS

TRAVELLERS' CHECKS

THRIFT ACCOUNTS — REMITTANCES — TRUST SERVICE

ALL BANKING TRANSACTIONS

When you think
of buying books
think of the

ATLANTICA BOOK
SERVICE

Through this service, which we offer free to

our readers, we will undertake to supply

ANY BOOK YOU WANT

whether we advertise it or not, at

a SAVING of 15%

Address ATLANTICA BOOK SERVICE

33 West 70th Street

New York City

Bank of Sicily Trust Co.

Filiazione del

BANCO DI SICILIA - PALERMO

MAIN OFFICE

487 Broadway, New York City

Succursali

590 East 187th St. Bronx, N. Y.
2118 Second Ave. New York City
196 First Avenue New York City
2059 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tutte le Operazioni di Banca

*Conti commerciali e conti speciali in
dollari ed in lire*

Rimesse per posta e per telegrafo

*Biglietti di viaggio per tutte le
Compagnie di Navigazione*