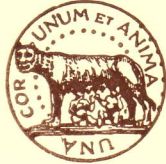


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Members of the Italian Aerial Armada, with General Balbo in the center, at Orbetello prior to their take-off

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingargiola

THE INDUSTRIAL RECOVERY BILL AND THE ALIENS

ONE of the last acts of the late Congress was the passage of the Industrial Recovery Bill—an admirable measure, of far-reaching import, designed to reduce unemployment considerably.

The Bill, however, contained one bad feature. I refer to the clause giving preference in employment on public works to be undertaken only to citizens of the United States. This provision, because of public demand, was later changed by extending the preference so as to include aliens who have declared their intention of becoming United States citizens.

The preference clause was fought on the ground that it was an act of discrimination against the aliens in this country. In most cases, the alien has a wife and children dependent on him. Moreover, the children of the alien laborer are native born. In many cases, the alien has declared his intention to become a citizen—a process which frequently can not be completed because of the high naturalization fees required.

The alien, furthermore, is subject to the same taxes as the citizen. He needs employment as badly as the citizen. Why, then, this discrimination against him and his native born children?

The argument in favor of the alien met with some consideration from Congress. The result was the modification of the preference clause—a sensible gesture on the part of our legislators which is highly to be commended.

Personally, I rather welcome these restrictions against the alien, for they bring home to him the absolute necessity of obtaining final naturalization papers. In most cases, the alien has come to this country to stay. The sooner he becomes an American the better for all concerned.

From the viewpoint of the Italian-American, I venture to say that within a few years the aliens of our race will become American

citizens. When this happens, they will become a political factor the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

MR. CHESTERTON ON DICTATORSHIPS

MR. G. K. Chesterton, the distinguished English writer and publicist, has recently contributed a very illuminating paper on Dictators and Democracy—Democracy spelled with a big D. Coming from one who has always been a staunch advocate of liberalism and democratic philosophy, his conclusions ought to prove of considerable interest to all students of the turbulent times in which we live.

At the outset, Mr. Chesterton makes a sort of confession of faith. Stubbornly, tenaciously, he states his old idealistic adherence to the democratic concept: if he were to choose between democracy and dictatorship his choice would be "simply, solely and entirely for democracy." It is hard, of course, to divorce oneself from ideas which one has loved all one's life. New ideas are always accepted with a great deal of reluctance, even by the philosophers.

But Mr. Chesterton, in his cold and logical analysis, is inevitably

led to irresistible conclusions. Dictatorships, he finds, are springing up everywhere, not because the party systems have established democracy, but precisely because they have not established democracy. He then goes on to say: "If every Italian really had governed himself I do not think he would ever have wanted Mussolini to govern him. But, as a fact, he found that his parliament only meant that a bunch of secret societies, full of Communists and and cosmopolitan financiers, was actually in a position to govern him."

That's hitting the nail on the head. Mussolini's rise and the advent of Fascism must be attributed chiefly to the collapse of the democratic conception of Government. The same situation made possible Hitler's sweep in Germany and precisely the same situation made necessary the extraordinary grant of power to the President of the United States by the late Congress, thus making Mr. Roosevelt a sort of Dictator by the will of the people.

No one, naturally, is for dictatorships. No one would like them. But the difficulty, as Mr. Chesterton concludes, is to make democratic institutions truly democratic. That being impossible, the only sane way to govern is to have a capable, strong, efficient man do the governing for the masses.

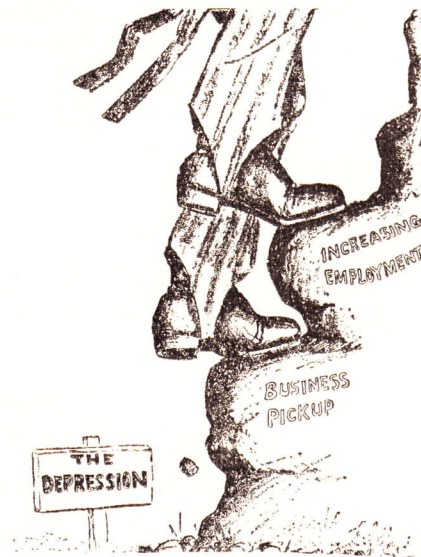
JOHN S. SUMNER: A REFORMER REBUKED

AS everyone knows, John S. Sumner is the head of the Society for the Prevention of Vice. As such, he is the leading reformer in the field of literature and morals. He is the obscenity hunter par excellence—a sort of national censor of American letters. His motive is no doubt good, but very frequently he overreaches his object and thus makes a mess of things.

Recently he brought a criminal charge of obscenity against a book written by Erskine Caldwell. The charge was dismissed by the Court with a stinging rebuke to Mr. Sumner.

No doubt reformers and censors mean well. But there is just one thing that is the matter with them: they have a keen nose for filth. They read a book, pick out

(Continued on Page 144)



On the way up
—From the Philadelphia Public Ledger

The Four-Power Pact

In the Words of Premier Mussolini

On June 7th in Rome, following two months of diplomatic activity, the Four-Power Pact drawn up and sponsored by Premier Mussolini was initiated by representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, presaging a new era of active collaboration among the four great European powers. Premier Mussolini, following the initialing, spoke on the Pact before the Italian Senate, and the following is our translation of the text of the major portions of his address.

THE idea for the Pact of collaboration and understanding among the four Western Powers became crystallized in my mind after the closing, last summer, of the first phase of the Disarmament conference; a closing that was a negative, or almost negative, one. I referred to the idea in October at Turin, that memorable manifestation before an immense multitude. The idea seemed even more urgent to me early in March, when the panorama of European politics seemed very gloomy for various reasons, not the least of which was the lack of progress on the part of the second phase of the Disarmament Conference.

This was the personal genesis of the proposal, and as such it is of absolutely secondary importance. Its objective genesis was a different one.

As was made clear on the occasion of its presentation, and following that as a result of its text, the Pact reiterates and aims at the continuation and the development of the preceding international pacts (among them first and foremost that of Locarno) which more completely express the spirit of understanding and collaboration among States, to the exclusion of any idea of counter-opposed groupings or of antagonistic political finalities.

The Four-Power Pact is the logical and necessary development of the Locarno Pact of October 1925, representing a milestone in European adjustment, since it tends to satisfy, according to the words of the text, "the desire for security and protection which animates the nations which have had to undergo the scourge of war between 1914 and 1918."

In the Locarno Pact the position of the four Powers was clearly defined, establishing a premise based on which, in time, certain consequences might arise.



Mussolini subduing the specter of war

—From the New York Evening Post

In the years following this agreement, European policy often, too often, drew away from it. It was high time that the four Western Powers, returning to the principles that marked the accord of 1925, should bind themselves solemnly to collaborate, agree, and understand each other on the questions that effect them all; bind themselves to bend every effort to realize a policy of effective collaboration, not only among themselves, but also with other Powers. It is precisely this obligation which the new Pact solemnly consecrates.

Its first article constitutes its fundamental point, on which the succeeding articles depend, and with which they are bound.

The original outline of the Pact is that published by the newspapers. I hasten to add that it was a matter of an outline which admitted, even imposed, a later and more complete elaboration, which would nevertheless not be shaken from the fundamental principles set by me as a base for the Pact itself, to render it closer to reality and more concrete in its clauses and its duration in relation to other pacts with more generic and more universal objectives.

The first elaboration of the outline occurred during the welcome visit of Prime Minister MacDonald and Foreign Minister Simon of Great Britain. The two British Ministers accepted from the beginning its political provisions. A further elaboration took place at Paris, and, later, it was on the French version that negotiations took place to conciliate the definitive text with the points of view, not always coinciding, of the Four Powers interested.

Much of the opposition aroused by the Pact constitutes reaction of a sentimental nature rather

than a thoughtful examination of the reality. It is a question of protocolling and consecrating the definitive and immutable hierarchy of the States. This hierarchy, as regards the four Powers of Western Europe, objectively and historically exists; but by hierarchy is not meant supremacy or a directorate to impose its own will upon others.

IN the League of Nations itself, an organism inspired by orthodox democratic and equalitarian conceptions, the hierarchy among the States was established by the covenant, by which some States had permanent seats in the League Council, others semi-permanent ones, and others, instead, seats by turn.

The States with permanent seats in the League are Great Britain, France and Italy, who thus have, according to the status of the League, the possibility for constant direct action, and therefore greater responsibility to themselves and to the world. On the more or less normal and cordial state of their relations depends also, and especially, the tranquility and the peaceful development of the other States.

* * * * *

The Pact, mentioning Article 19 of the League Covenant, seeks to re-establish equilibrium among all the Articles of the Covenant, which is indispensable if constructive and enduring work is to be done.

There is now taking place in some countries a clamorous anti-revisionist campaign; but the admissions contained in a recent speech by Benes at Prague are forgotten. The Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovakian Republic in that speech opened a revisionist hole in the wall of dogmatic negation of any beginning at revision. In his speech, which I have read attentively, as the importance of the subject matter and the political position of the speaker requires, Benes did not declare himself anti-revisionist "sub specie aeternitatis," but he subordinated any attempt at revision to the pre-existence of certain conditions; that is, a period of general tranquility, the inclusion in the negotiations of counter-discussions, and the effective importance of the revision.

Not in my original outline, and still less in the succeeding ones, was there ever a question of imposing by force, on the part of the Four Powers, any revision of the Treaties.

Since the end of the War, as was also the case with all preceding ones, there has been going on a process of adaptation to the Treaties of Peace. It would be useless and even dangerous to hide from ourselves the fact that this process exists and that it has proceeded often in spite of difficulties much more serious than those which in an atmosphere of greater reciprocal trust and understanding would have existed.

In the years following 1919 rigid positions were maintained, which created an atmosphere of tension: and the adaptation to revision came rather suddenly, under the pressure of situations sometimes disquieting for the stability of Europe, and without that organic improvement of the relations among the States and in the general situation which was necessary and which it was intended to reach.

* * * * *

Concerning disarmament, agreement is harder to reach. According to the agreed formula, the four

Governments re-affirm in Article 3 their desire to make every effort to have the Disarmament Conference arrive at favorable results. Now, according to the statement of Dec. 11, 1932, the principle of armament equality for Germany and the other disarmed States must have an effective meaning.

It is clear that if the Conference does not succeed it would bring about a very serious and insupportable situation; and, since notwithstanding all this, that eventuality might occur, the Pact considers it, providing that, for the questions which the Conference may not resolve, the four Powers will undertake an examination among themselves, naturally with due respect to the other States, using the Pact to assure the solution of these questions in appropriate manner.

Through the standard of consultation and collaboration, the Four-Power Pact thus offers many guarantees of peace for all the European States. The same may be said for the solution of the whole problem of disarmament.

The pact is to last a decade, and it is renewable without time limit. In this concept of non-limitation of its duration there necessarily enters that of a progressive adaptation of the treaties to the exigencies of the new political and economic realities.

* * * * *

IT must be said once more that the Pact is not directed against anyone. It does not mean the imposition of will over anyone. It affirms principles, establishes procedures, confirms and develops old obligations, establishes new ones, draws away from every idea of counter-opposed groupings or antagonistic political finalities, and aims at safeguarding and conciliating the interests of the individual states with the supreme and common interest of all: that is, it aims at the consolidation of peace and the possibility of reconstruction.

* * * * *

Not long ago there issued from the London Foreign Office the invitation to accelerate the negotiations in order to conclude them if possible before June 12th, the date fixed for the opening of the World Economic Conference.

The position of equilibrium which, because of their situation and the natural factors that characterize them, England and Italy are called upon to represent in Europe and because of which the Locarno Pact assigns them a special function, finds in the Four-Power Pact a new expression and new possibilities for fecund and constructive development.

Subversive and contradictory voices have been raised concerning the attitude of France toward the Four-Power Pact.

The truth is different. Mr. Daladier does not at all oppose a "fin de non recevoir" to the Italian Government's project. There certainly is nothing to marvel at if the French Government has wanted to weigh accurately the pros and the cons of the plan.

The fact remains that the French Government added a formal and precise dress to the principles contained in the Pact and that she recognized the suitability of assuring for a fairly long period of years the peace and tranquility of Europe.

France, because of her geographical position, her ideals, and the interests that she represents in Europe and in the world, cannot follow a policy of

isolation. Together with England, Germany and Italy, she constitutes the fundamental element of progress and peace. By adhering to the principle of collaboration, she not only serves her own interests, but also brings an active and precious contribution to the reconstruction of European life.

We must in all sincerity realize that the French Government has strenuously fought against currents, that is to say, interests, sentiments and worries existing in the French spirit, and has overcome all this because she is convinced of the fundamental principles of the pact. She has furnished an example of collaboration in the concert of Europe to which recognition must be made.

In this improved atmosphere, the Four-Power Pact tends to facilitate the liquidation of some special questions that separate Italy and France. This liquidation has already been augured by M. Herriot and others. With the signing of the Four-Power Pact there arises a new situation of trust and reciprocal collaboration. The questions pending between Italy and France now assume, in the new picture of European politics, a character different from that prevailing formerly, and the possibilities of solution become more practicable.

Inspired by an equally strong desire to collaborate is the attitude of Germany. There was a time when a biased campaign, conducted by the defeated elements in the National-Socialist Revolution, raised the spectre of war. But the great speech of Chancellor Hitler on May 17th immediately cleared the situation. The address was morally courageous and politically tranquilizing.

Germany wants peace, not war, and peace that is reconstructive both domestically and abroad. This was the central point of Hitler's speech, which also contained explicit adherence to the Four-Power Pact, adherence followed by far-sighted collaboration in the elaboration of the Pact and authorizing, but an hour ago, the German Ambassador to initial it.

CHANCELLOR Hitler has given concrete and tangible proof of the intentions animating his Government. Minister Goering and other members of the German Cabinet have also delivered speeches embodying the same principles, declaring that Germany will be a bulwark of peace. The same statements were made by Chancellor Hitler on the occasion of the Danzig elections.

Germany's will to peace is everywhere and solemnly re-affirmed. We must take account of the fact that what is now going on in Germany is a profound revolution, not only national but also social, and that to judge it by pre-war criteria is hazardous, to say the least. It is a revolution of a people made by men who emerged from the war and from the people themselves; it is not a coup from above, but an affirmation that arises from millions of Germans.

In the international field, I repeat what I have already said on another occasion, in this same chamber. Germany finds herself in the heart of Europe with her imposing 65 millions of inhabitants, with her history and with her culture.

A policy truly European and directed at the maintenance of the peace cannot be followed without Germany, and worse still, against Germany. All the more can this policy of peace be followed in

proportion to the extent to which Germany orients her international action according to the essential points of the program outlined in Hitler's address.

I will not dwell very long on the part played by Italy. The Italian initiative was dictated by the reasons outlined earlier in my talk. It is a categorical and indisputable affirmation of our will to collaborate toward peace.

During the conversations our Foreign Ministry has held and coordinated the various threads, and has helped, from time to time, to overcome the difficulties that arose. In this connection, and before this Assembly, I wish to take this occasion to thank the three Ambassadors of France, England and Germany for the really assiduous efforts they have made during the course of the negotiations. I also do not wish to pass on without mentioning the significant support given by Belgium.

This Pact directly interests the States with whom we have been following for many years a policy of clear and sound friendship: Austria, Hungary, Greece and Turkey. It also interests that other great state, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, with whom we have recently concluded a commercial treaty.

There are those who have professed to see in Article 4 of the Pact a tendency, at least a potential one, toward the constitution of a united front. I wish to declare formally that such an idea has never been in the mind of the Italian Government, nor of the other States subscribing to the Four-Power Pact. I repeat that in the Pact there is inherent the idea of collaboration with all the other States, large and small, European and non-European, and especially the United States, without whose worthy and practical contribution a stable and constructive work of political pacification and world economic restoration is impossible.

THE Italian Government aims at creating a new political atmosphere in which the individual questions of a political and economic nature, as they present themselves in the natural course of events, may be examined without bias and their solutions found according to intrinsic substance and the interests of all.

The Fascist Government is conscious of the difficulties now existing in the European political and economical field. It recognizes the value of a sincere policy of collaboration, not only for the results promised by such a policy, but also because of the inevitable progressive growth of the difficulties wherever this policy of collaboration is not practiced.

It is evident that the consequences of the Four-Power Pact will be more or less immediately fruitful in relation to its effective functioning. We must not believe that there will no longer be differences, or that differences will be magically healed.

As I have already said, the Pact has been created especially to solve the questions which, from time to time, the situation brings up. It must operate without delay, complementing the normal diplomatic relationships. Meetings, more or less periodical and frequent according to necessity, must be held among those directly responsible for the foreign policies of the four signatory States. The League of Nations will derive benefit, not harm, from this

(Continued on Page 108)

The Theatre in Italy

From Goldoni to the Glorious Theatre

Being the Second of a Series of Three Articles

By Franco Ciarlantini

CARLO Goldoni, both as man and as epoch-making dramatist, has been the subject of deep study and has had widely varying interpretations, none of which is perhaps more just and final than that of Chatfield-Taylor:

"Although he lived in a dissolute age, the heart of this great Venetian was untainted. In his comedies, fathers are taught kindness and sons respect; wives are told to love their husbands and their children; husbands, to be agreeable and well behaved; moreover, vice is punished and virtue rewarded in a way now deemed old fashioned, yet none the less wholesome. To the fleetness of his observation is due the teeming product of his fancy. He did not meditate himself, therefore he does not make us meditate; yet his characters are vivid portrayals, and his comedies of Venetian life minute and comprehensive pictures of the society of an epoch. 'Lovable painter of nature,' as Voltaire affectionately called him, this faithful portrayer of a bygone age remains the most wholesome example of good humor in the realm of comedy."

Goldoni began as a writer of those scenarios of the *Commedia dell'Arte* upon which the comedians were expected to embroider as inspiration moved them. He soon found that they never gave the shades of meaning and touches of character he had in mind, so he began to write out in full their speeches. The result was a real drama with all the indigenous qualities of the *Commedia dell'Arte* plus the artistry that only a great creative writer could give. The Italian comedy that thus Goldoni created at a stroke amused Europe for two centuries. And when the glory of the Renaissance began to decline, Italy, through him, continued to set the fashion in the art of the theatre for all Europe.

WHEN Goldoni began writing his true comedy of manners, the defects of the *Commedia dell'Arte* had grown into such proportions as to distort the whole; into the *imbrogli*, which had by then become traditional, were introduced ambiguous tirades and stereotyped dialogues. As he himself said: "What were called plays consisted in reality of but indecent buffoonery, obscure love-making and raillery, stories stupidly conceived and worse acted."

Into all this Goldoni infused truth where there had been artificiality, and the direction of art where there had been but caprice. Into the "masks" that had

become fixed in set forms of meaningless buffoonery, he injected life and soul and warm humanity.

And thus was the modern Italian Theatre born.

THE place held by Goldoni in comedy is held by Alfieri in tragedy. There had been tragedies in verse form before his, but none written with his overmastering talent, while he may with justice be criticized for certain obscurities and roughness of form, he must always remain the greatest figure of Italian tragedy.

Alfieri saw in poetry, not an end in itself but a means to an end. In the noble rigid characters of his plays, man is made master of his will; the tragedy involved is that of character rather than of fatal events; *l'uomo volitivo* is the central figure of his tragedies.

The soul of the Italians of his day, embittered, disabused, and dominated by an overpowering need of a rebirth, heard the cry of its own voice in that of Alfieri. In him Italy had its own tragic poet to set over against Racine.

The poets who followed Alfieri, even when they were original and great artists, could not escape his influence. Foscolo in his tragedies *Tieste* and *Ajace*, and Vincenzo Monti in *Caio Gracco* and *Aristodemo* are outstanding examples of his domination. The latter, however, tempered with Virgilian music certain harsh notes that grated on the ear in Alfieri, and thus prepared the way for the modulated tones of the romantics. But when that rebellion broke, with its determination to dash to pieces all that had gone before it, and to reconstruct all anew, not

even the tragedies of Alfieri could withstand the onslaught. They fell, and Manzoni arose with new models, *Il Conte di Carmaguola* and *Adechi*, the most significant, profound, and poetic works of the Italian theatre during the Romantic Period. In them both framework and substance, both form and spirit were changed. The action in Manzoni's plays was based on historical truth carefully worked out; abstract man became a complete and living being; even the denouement became wholly changed—rigid civil virtue was forced to make way for charitable human kindness.

Through Manzoni, Pellico, Carlo, Tedaldi-Fores, Carlo Marengo, and Giambattista Niccolini (of the real Roman-



Carlo Goldoni
—From a woodcut by Piazzetta

tic theatre that owed much to Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller) the neo-Romanticism and realism of Pietro Cossa was reached.

THE theatre in Italy has often been used as a political instrument. From the time of the early popular farces, the people that had groaned under foreign domination had found satisfaction in political satires that, in the form of improvisations, could be indulged in with impunity. The historical settings of much of the Romantic theatre of this period made it possible to hide under stories of the past ardent patriotic feelings and intentions.

To the tragedies played before the Italian people at this time is due much of the rebirth of a national consciousness, of the determined desire to win their right to liberty and their own existence, of their pride in the past and their shame for their political situation then, of their hatred of the dominating foreigner, of all those sentiments that went to make up the hidden heaven of their rebirth.

But with liberation of their country and the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, these elements on the stage became of less interest, the Italian theatre, as such, began to decline, and a period of French imitation set in.

Paola Ferrari, after his masterpiece, *Goldoni e le sue sedici commedie nuove*, began to imitate Dumas fils and Augier in sentimental comedies that are no longer considered worthy of production.

Even the great heroes became dull and bourgeois. In Cossa's plays—*Nerone*, *Messalina*, *Giuliano*, *L'Apostata*, *Cola di Rienzo*—even the outstanding central figures seem caught in shirt sleeves and slippers. In his hands history became simple facts in chronological order seen through modern eyes.

OTHERS, meantime, brought forth dramas called historical but actually so only in costume, in the time in which the action took place, and in other purely exterior qualities. Among these writers three must be mentioned: Leopoldo Marengo who set the fashion of the *dramma medievale*; Felice Cavallotti who followed with his famous *I Pezzenti*, in which as he himself said, he placed an "episodio intimo" in an historical setting; and Giuseppe Giacosa who gave excellent "theatre" in *Tristi amori*, *Come le foglie* and *Il più forte*, and whose work links together in a most interesting way the old and new manners in Italian drama.

To the realistic theatre—offspring of Zola's "naturalism," nourished in Antoine's Theatre Libre in Paris—Luigi Capuana, and especially Giovanni Verga, contributed work of high value, and Achille Torelli, in *I mariti*, wrote a delightful comedy which some critics call the first Italian play with modern technic, that is, with something of the "slice of life" theory to which we are now accustomed. Then Marco Prago, pessimistic and ironical, with impassibility as the first canon of his creed, gave subtle analyses of souls in *La moglie ideale*, *La Crisi*, *Alleluja*, and *L'eredità*, and set the fashion of paradoxical situations which other writers followed.

Meanwhile Giannino Antona-Traversi came on the scene as *commediografo* of contemporary aristocracy, satirizing in biting pictures the vices and weaknesses of that class, and Gerolamo Rovetta wrote ironic, pessimistic but well constructed realistic dramas of which *La trilogia di Dorina*, *I dissonesti*

and *La realta'* are the best. He also tried his hand at historical plays in *Romanticismo* and *La moglie di Moliere*.

To these dramatists must be added the Tuscan Sabatino Lopez, who writes with a light hand and in an amiable manner. In *La buona figliola* he has given us a stout honest comedy veined with good-natured pessimism. Carlo Bertolazzi, Alfredo Testoni, Alessandro Varaldo, and a number of other good dramatists belong to this group.

IN the "theatre of ideas" (the *pièce à thèse*) two figures stand out: Roberto Bracco and Enrico Annibale Butti. The former has a rich and varied production to his score: realistic dramas such as *Don Pietro Caruso* and *Gli occhi consacrati*; light comedies, *L'infedele*, *Il frutto acerbo*, *Il perfetto amore*; tragedies of love, *La piccola fonte*, *Sperduti nel buio*. Except in his gay comedies, Bracco gives a dark and tragic vision of life. His plays are filled with the unfortunate, with pitiable failures. The most gripping is *Il piccolo santo*, a strange tragedy with flashes of mysticism and an undercurrent of deep bitterness.

With Gabriele D'Annunzio heroics enter the theatre. Man is a god in chains who longs for liberty, who reaches up to grasp a life beyond bonds, wild, savage, like that of the half-gods in ancient Mediterranean religions. But to merit the great joy of liberation, man must conquer the instincts within him, tear himself from what he holds most dear, realize himself heroically.

From this philosophy is born an abstract heroism which can look at life as a thing of little value to be risked on any venture. But instincts and vices are there ready to fall upon this hero—man. Appetites and desires shake and overthrow him. In D'Annunzio the old struggle between body and soul, between vice and virtue, is renewed as it exists in the ancient allegories, but "virtue" in his vocabulary becomes superhuman daring.

In this sense, the whole of the D'Annunzian theatre portrays a struggle which ends either in the victory of man or in his defeat.

D'Annunzio would have won his place among the immortals if he had written nothing else than *La Figlia di Jorio*, the most significant work in modern literature. This tragedy is in a way a pastoral drama (it was intended as the first of a great trilogy on the poet's native Abruzzi) somewhat in the manner of Tasso's *Aminta* and Quarini's *Pastor Fido*, but with a lyrical power that is essentially D'Annunzio's, combined with a realism that gives actual life to the violent primitive types that he so well knows how to create.

THE soul of our time is tormented by a confused sense of tragedy, by an immense fatigue, by a disillusionment without a parallel; it is no longer possible for us to even conceive of the voluptuous peace, or the atmosphere of love and forgetfulness of time of Tasso's century.

We still see the landscape, as we do in *Aminta* and *Il Pastor Fido*, but the background in D'Annunzio's "pastorals" has become dark and streaked with tragic flashes; no longer are there woods filled with flowers, brooks, and singing birds; instead, roaring torrents dash down bare, rough "fatal"

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Mussolini and World Problems

By Fredericka Blankner

I shall tell you something of my various conversations with Premier Mussolini, including those that took place during my recent visit to Italy, giving you his answers to certain of my questions, among them, how he would solve the world problems; what has been wrong with capital, and what changes should be made in the capitalistic system; what part he thinks government should play in business; what should be done with bankers; what Mussolini wants for Italy in the future and what he thinks about the future of the world and the possibility of world peace, especially in relation to the Mussolini Four Power Peace Pact. His answers to some of these questions I shall give now for the first time.

The various statements made to me by Mussolini are becoming more interesting each day in the light of world developments, for many of the points that *Il Duce* insisted upon are precisely those that we now hear advocated all about us. The three principles which the Italian Premier defined in these conversations as being necessary for the solution of world problems are: cooperation, coordination and the direction of energy, principles which have become the theme of all international discussions. Mussolini laid the greatest emphasis on cooperation.

When I asked him what he believed would be the chief characteristic of the new era, his answer was: "Cooperation! Cooperation within each nation and between all nations. That is the next stage of evolutionary development that the world is entering, that it must enter in order to survive. Cooperation is the secret of man's well being on earth."

I cannot take the time to go into details as to how Mussolini would solve world problems, but I can give you his general statement:

"We must consider the world as a unit and its problems must be met with a sense of world unity, world cooperation and management not heretofore sufficiently present in international parleys. The world problems must be solved with simplicity, honesty and decision—with spirituality instead of materialism. And these problems must be met with the viewpoint of tomorrow."

Not very long ago the author of the following article, whose writings have appeared before in ATLANTICA, was awarded a medal by King Victor Emmanuel III for her work in the field of Italian language and letters in this country, a work for which she is well known both here and abroad.

Miss Blankner, a prolific writer, also lectures extensively and is a member of the Vassar College faculty. Her book of poems, mostly about Italy, "All My Youth," was one of the successes of last year, and she has contributed to many of the leading American periodicals, including "The Forum," "The North American Review," "The Golden Book," "Theatre Arts Monthly," "The Yale Review," "School and Society," "The Saturday Review of Literature," and many others.

A few months ago Miss Blankner interviewed Premier Mussolini, and on May 30th last, on the occasion of the Memorial Day Program of the Women's Radio Review, her talk on "Mussolini and World Problems" was broadcast on a national hook-up by the National Broadcasting Company. The following article contains the text of her discourse on that occasion.

This last sentence is characteristic of Mussolini, for he has said that he is always more homesick for the future than he is for the past. Characteristic too, is his emphasis on spirituality. For modern Italy, handicapped as always by the lack of material resources, has conserved and cultivated her spiritual resources and out of the spirit is building an industrial system adequate to modern needs.

ONE would expect Mussolini to insist upon cooperation, since cooperation is the principle for which he led the march on Rome ten years ago, and the principle on which he, as the leader of the Italian

people, has based the reorganization of the Italian state. His government gives witness to the principle in its very name, for it is called the Corporative State. It is a government both of cooperation and corporation. Indeed it may be defined as a government of cooperating corporations. Today the Italian corporations comprise employees as well as employers, and they take in every branch of productive activity including the intellectuals. It is no longer the territorial divisions of Italy that send representatives to the Italian Congress but instead these industrial and intellectual corporations. Thus the great currents of industry find direct representation in the government. In the Italian Congress, as in the national life, these separate corporations are coordinated into one great corporation which is Italy, acting never for the welfare of any one class, but always for the welfare of the entire body of its producing citizens, who are really its share-holders.

One of these corporations is that of banking. You may be interested in Mussolini's answer to my question, "What should be done with bankers?" He said, "I can only answer by telling you what we have done in Italy. Here we have incorporated them into the state along with the farmers, the industrialists, the merchants and the professors, and we have provided by law that their activities, like those of all other citizens, should never be detrimental to the welfare of the state. That is,



Fredericka Blankner



A striking portrait of Mussolini

This photograph of the portrait by the well-known Guido Greganti, painter of Italian notables, is rare. It was autographed and presented to Miss Blankner by the painter, ceptis not being for sale. Done from life, the painting dominates the Salon of the Circolo della Stampa (the Italian press association) in Rome. Its extraordinarily life-like effect (especially in the eyes) comes from the fact that it was finished in Mussolini's study while he was attending to his work, that is, mentally in action. Mussolini himself complimented the painter on the vitality of his work.

they should be free to act along any lines they see fit as long as their activities are not damaging to the public welfare."

Banking activities and all other activities, Mussolini feels, should be under the guardianship of the government, but never to a degree to hamper private initiative. In other words it is his idea that government must remain aloof from private industry as long as private industry is able to take care of itself. If, however, the management of some industries is incompetent and imperils the welfare of the people, then the state must intervene. Mussolini holds that in their own interest bankers and other citizens must think first of the welfare of the entire nation as a prerequisite of their own prosperity.

AND now let us consider the Mussolini Four Power Peace Pact and the Italian leader's feeling about world peace. Here we find that same principle of cooperation, which means also conciliation. Mussolini's policy in Europe as in Italy conciliates instead of separates. The Pact unites France, Britain, Germany and Italy in a peace treaty for the common interest of all before they can be divided for the destruction of all. Again it is the idea of hanging together, so that they may not hang separately. The Pact aims to be a treaty signed before war instead of after it.

Because of the widely varying opinions on the subject, I wanted to hear from the Italian leader himself what he thought about peace and what in his view was the possibility of world peace and how to attain it. Being an Italian and therefore a realist, Mussolini is skeptical about a permanent world peace, but this is what he said to me: "As far as peace depends on me, it is secure. It will never be Italy that will disturb the peace of the world, never. We want peace; for we have plenty to do in Italy. We are concentrated in a great constructive labor to improve the living conditions, both material and spiritual, of the Italian people. Our militarism is purely of self defense and we will never fire the first shot." Knowing that I would publish some of our interviews he added for emphasis, "You may write that on every wall if you like! As a man of politics I shall work for the longest period of peace possible."

I asked, "How shall we obtain it?"

Here is Mussolini's answer:

"The way to get peace is to disarm. The disarmament conferences must avoid leading to armament. If, for example—the coming conference decides to allow Germany to arm equally with other nations instead of insisting that other nations disarm down to Germany's level, the conference will have led to armament instead of to disarmament."

Turning to another major question that is troubling world peace, I asked "What is wrong with capital to-day? How must it transform itself?"

Mussolini's answer came as usual without hesitation: "Capital must be made an instrument—not a divinity. It must return to human proportions. The difficulty has been that capitalism has become in these times too colossal for the control of man. In capitalism, as in an Arabian Night's Tale, man has evoked a phantasm that he has been unable to get back into its bottle."

AT the end of one of our conversations I asked the Premier questions about himself. First, whether or not he planned to come to America. His answer did not surprise me, for he had told me years ago of his enthusiasm for America. "I do not exclude the possibility of a visit to America," he said, but he added in perfect sincerity, "I would like to go absolutely unofficially, as a private observer." In answer to my question, what was the result on him as a human being of his unique experience of ten years of leadership, he said: "A great fellowship, affection, for the individual man and for humanity. The stronger a man becomes the more human he must be, the more he must temper his strength with generosity." This answer could hardly have been more in accord with his concept of the state, for is not cooperation our twentieth century interpretation of the Christian command of "Love one another?"

The gentler side of *Il Duce* is very little known outside of Italy, but there it is revealed in countless ways . . . always in his attention to children, in his establishment of institutions for the care of mothers, in his devotion to his own mother and his own family.

The love of his country has been the inspiration of his life as a statesman. His dream for the happiness of Italy is the air Mussolini breathes. It is more than that—it is the man himself. One feels

that his personal thoughts have been entirely absorbed in thoughts for his country as rivers lose themselves in the sea. His unity with the thought of the Italian people is the main secret of his success as a leader. Their thoughts are his thoughts... this is one of the reasons for his ability to inspire and weld into a spiritual unity a people that has been striving for just such a unity since the Middle Ages. It is because Mussolini through his great gifts, among them his intuition, his complete per-

sonal dedication, can lead Italy towards a spiritual unity that he has remained for over ten years *Il Duce*, the leader of a nation spiritually awakened and still today as yesterday on the march.

I hope I have been able to suggest to you in brief some idea of why I consider Mussolini to be one of the greatest figures in history. It will be interesting to see, in the light of events of the coming ten years, to what degree *Il Duce* has pointed the way to a solution of the world problems.

THE FOUR-POWER PACT

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methodical collaboration among the permanent members of the League Council itself.

The Pact is not yet perfected, for after its initialing, it must be signed, next must come the approval of the various Parliaments concerned, and then the exchange of ratifications. Following this, it will become executive. I say executive, not only as to its clauses, but also especially as to the spirit that animates it; a spirit that writes finis to a chapter in post-war history and begins another chapter which is to guarantee to Europe a decade of peace, during which the tormenting and complex problems of domestic and international policy will be solved.

It has been manifested that in all countries the negotiations for the Pact have been followed with

deep interest, and at certain moments with real anxiety. Its conclusion will arouse more or less interesting discussions in professional political circles, but it will be welcomed with great satisfaction by the multitudes who, further away from artifices and closer to life, feel and know intuitively the moral significance of events that may really be called historical.

This is the hope that arises everywhere. Men of all Governments, you must see to it that, through the illumined passage that has been opened while the clouds were thickening on the horizons, there pass, not only the hopes, but also the assurances of the peoples.

THE THEATRE IN ITALY

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mountains, and a flaming sun burns up the harvests and drives men mad. The daughter of Jorio is not a sister of Silvia, Amarilla and Dorinda, but a tragic creature like Antigone and Fedra. Mila does not weep the easy tears of the sylvan nymphs of pastoral comedies; she is seared by a devastating grief that breaks her body in terrible sobs far removed from the sweet relief of gentle tears. She breathes no love sighs, for besides the beauty of love stands the enemy and danger; the harvesters in their brutish lust hunt her down like beasts of prey. Yet she can recall to Aligi her heroic purity:

*"Non ti sovrien che mai
ci contaminammo, che monda
Presso il tuo giaciglio rimasi."*

Nor is her life near the man she loves finally crowned with the seal of the Church of Christ; instead her marriage is with the blazing fire of a pyre; she throws herself into the flames crying:

"La fiamma e' bella, la fiamma e' bella!"

And only the voice of Aligi's sister, Ornella, cries out to comfort her in human justice and pity.

In the realm of drama in verse in Italy, one might begin and end with D'Annunzio; but we must in fairness mention also Sem Benelli, whose penetrating amusing comedy *La Tingola* had a great vogue, and whose verse drama, *La Cena delle beffe*, shows him a consummate artist in the portrayal of a tragic atmosphere of dark passion by the most natural and simple means, though, we must add, sometimes lacking in lyrical beauty.

Domenico Tumiati has devoted himself to bringing to life the great figures of the *Risorgimento*, from Cavour to Garibaldi; Nino Berrini has gathered the crumbs which fell from Benelli's table and owes his success to the frankness with which he used purely theatrical means in his *Beffardo*; Gioacchino Farezano returns to the annals of Sardou and also caters to the taste of the populace for spectacular settings.

The actual present-day Italian theatre is, however, now headed in quite another direction and showing quite other tendencies.

The Italian Flight to the World's Fair

By Michael Di Liberto

ITALY has a two-fold stake in the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, that is, two tangible stakes which are being coordinated. One is the mass flight to Chicago's shores of the squadron led by Minister of Aeronautics Italo Balbo, and the other the beautiful Italian Pavilion, an architectural masterpiece. Behind these tangible evidences of Fascist progress within the past decade there is that finer spirit which Italy has always manifested of extending a hand across the sea not only to America, but also to the nations of the world who have joined in making the World's Fair one of the wonders of this fast age.

The volatile national spirit of the Italian is never more expressive than on festive occasions, and in the holiday atmosphere of the World's Fair the Italian finds himself in his natural element. Therefore we find Italians flocking from the ends of the earth to this center of gayety.

However, in this instance, it is not only for the pleasure to be derived, but also because of the feeling of natural pride which the Italian and the Italo-American has for Italy's lovely and significant contribution to this Mecca of voyagers. Thousands have also been drawn by the hope of seeing the inspiring sight of Italo Balbo's squadron of giant hydroplanes which, it is expected, by the time this article appears, will be floating on the purling waters of Lake Michigan, and of meeting the bronzed, crack aces that flew them on their perilous course.

When General Italo Balbo, the black-bearded and dynamic Ferrarese, who placed Italy's flying power on a par with the world's best, commander of the Rome-Chicago flight, gives the brusque command, 25 Savoia-Marchetti S-55 hydroplanes are to taxi from their base at the Orbetello Airport, Italy take off over the sparkling waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and then go wheeling upward in a great arc into the blue heavens. The roaring squadron, in mass formation, is to wing its way to Labrador, where the yacht *Alicia*, main American connecting link of the elaborate network of men and equipment placed at strategic points in the pathway of the aerial armada, rides gracefully at anchor; then on to Chicago and the World's Fair, and another glorious page in the history of Italian aviation.

THE cream of Italy's crack aces, veterans of the long flight of twelve hydroplanes across the South Atlantic Ocean to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, are writing another romance of the skies; and with them in spirit, in the vanguard, figuratively speaking, are the phantom planes of the five Italian heroes who lost their lives at Bolama, Africa.

There have been single plane European flights to the North American Continent; never in such nu-

merical strength. General Aldo Pellegrini, in technical direction of the flight, has rigorously drilled the airmen for this historical aerial adventure at the Orbetello Airport in blind flying and navigation in all types of heavy weather, and the Savoia Marchetti S-55 hydroplanes, fitted with two powerful 880 h.p. Isotta-Fraschini motors, are deemed adequate to sustain the hazards of the trans-Atlantic voyage.

A thrilling spectacle this—an aerial armada with two pilots, a wireless operator, and a mechanic to every hydroplane, riding the winds to their distant goal over six thousand miles away; speeding en masse with intermediate stops at Amsterdam, Londonderry, Reykjavik, Labrador, and Montreal, at an average rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour — surmounting the most dangerous leg of the entire journey: the rigorous hop from Iceland to Labrador; winging over France, Holland, Ireland, Iceland and Canada, and coming to rest in the water basin at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

The glamorous World's Fair in Chicago, where the most cosmopolitan throng from the four quarters of the globe have foregathered! After four days of activity, of festivity, of being feted and regaled by the Italy-America Society and elite of Chicago's Mayfair, the squadron, it is believed, will roar on to Floyd Bennett Airport, Long Island, spend a day there, fly onward to Washington, D. C., be received by President Roosevelt, Ambassador Augusto Rosso and the Italian Diplomatic Corps, then return to New York and three days of honors and receptions; then the long hop back to Italy by way of the Southern Route: Bermuda, the Azores, Gibraltar, Orbetello—and the Italian people.

It was on the occasion of the inauguration of the Italian Pavilion that Rufus C. Dawes, President of the World's Fair, in the presence of the Consul-General Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio and a distinguished gathering, received from Prince Varalli Spada-Potenziani, in the name of the King of Italy, the insignia of the *Commenda* of the Crown of Italy.

OF the Italian Pavilion, which Prince Varalli Spada-Potenziani, as representative of the government at Rome, is directing, and which was officially opened to the public June 3, it is said that it is a most inspiring architectural work. The Chicago correspondent of the *Progresso Italo-Americano* has described its external appearance as that of an enormous hydroplane, an exact reproduction of the Savoia-Marchetti plane being used by General Italo Balbo in his flight over the North Atlantic:

"At night it is illuminated by the tri-color, Italy's national colors. In its spiritual effect it symbolizes

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The American-Italian Woman in Politics

by Theresa F. Bucchieri

THE sky seems to be the limit for feminine gains under the Roosevelt regime, thanks to our new President's appreciation of woman's political capabilities.

Already four women have been appointed to important Federal posts and according to Postmaster General Farley there undoubtedly will be an additional number of women placed in such positions, which they can fill just as acceptably as the men now holding them.

What a feather in woman's hat! With the full recognition of woman's executive power and the shattering of precedents on her behalf some of our most able and intelligent feminine leaders have been launched into offices of vital importance.

This is truly a psychological and propitious period in favor of woman and she is taking due advantage of it by becoming more interested and active, politically. And what is more surprising in our march of political events is the awakening of the American-Italian woman to the realization that she too has a vote to exercise and an opportunity for political activity. Slowly but surely she is creeping out of her shell of scrupulous traditions that has isolated her from public life and from an opportunity to help, guide and shape the destinies of a civilization of which she is part creator. It took this psychological moment to come about for her to realize that she is endowed with as much brain matter as her brother and that she has just as much right to exercise her vote and to voice her views on any national or community reform that concerns her family and country.

Philadelphia presents us with a splendid example of what the Italo-American woman is doing along political channels. Under the inspiring guidance of Representative Anna Brancato, the only woman Democratic Representative in the Legislature, the Italo-American woman has been encouraged to join a political party. As a result of the recent Democratic triumph the majority have turned Democrats and are now desirous of uniting themselves into a potent political group.

REPRESENTATIVE Brancato, who is giving the State Legislature a remarkable display of dynamic energy and initiative in introducing bills that will benefit her people, is earnestly trying to bring about a happy amalgamation of the Italian women and already she has done wonders as president of the Philadelphia Women's Democratic Club, an organization made up of professional and

The question of the part that should be played in public and political life by American women of Italian origin was discussed in our June issue by Mr. Lovatelli in his article, "Women of Foreign Birth, — Vote!," which aroused considerable discussion. The Italian woman's angle on this subject is herein presented by a young Italian-American journalist of Philadelphia, based on a number of interviews.

business young women of Italian extraction.

"With so many of us born and reared in Philadelphia," comments the young legislatrix, "we Italian women as a group have almost no representation in political or civic life. Individually we

have been immensely successful in various spheres of human endeavor and every day our women are mounting in increasing numbers to many of the most honored positions in American life, but collectively, especially in political form, we have not made any progress of significance. Our women are intelligent and wise. We have potentialities and can represent a potent force for good if we only buckle down to organizing ourselves into a substantial and tangible group."

While Representative Brancato is a typical party woman who wishes to see women politically active under the banner of one party or another, Mrs. Lena Fusco Hurlong, the enterprising attorney and feminist who is now a candidate for the Judgeship in the Philadelphia Municipal Court, is a non-partisan leader and is of the opinion that the woman, particularly the Italian woman, should first know the full significance of her vote before affiliating herself with any political party.

Mrs. Hurlong, who has given much time to the study of law and social and domestic relations and has been active in many civic movements and welfare work here and abroad, is now busy forming a Voter's League among the American-Italian women.

"If we all exercised our privilege of voting, conditions would be different and better," declares the judiciary candidate. "For instance in Argentina, where I have spent considerable time observing and studying social life and family relations, if a voter does not exercise his right to vote he is liable to a fine and imprisonment. It would not be a bad idea for America to impose some form of penalty upon citizens who neglect their important duty to vote."

ACCORDING to Mrs. Hurlong the American-Italian woman should first of all learn to vote and vote wisely, and then, if she has any executive ability, she should enter politics not for the glory of any particular party but for the sake of principles, her people and country.

"The American-Italian woman is equipped to do other things than bear children and be a home body. She has intelligence and ability and she should use these faculties in all movements, political, industrial, civic, social or otherwise, which concern her children, and family. When reforms are initiated

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Our House

A Short Story

By Corrado Alvaro

AS Guido approached the first few houses of the town he got down from his mule, for he seemed to feel too high up. Women stuck their heads out of windows like turtles; a few children were following along in a procession behind the new arrival, who dispersed them with a wave of his stick; his father, with his little old suit of two years ago and boots dating back to the young man's childhood, came to meet him as though he were an honored guest and allowed his hand to be kissed humbly.

Since the son was already heading toward the house, supporting his father on his arm, the latter asked him: "And Massimo, haven't you seen him?"

There, in fact, was a child on the ground, with blond hair, and with hands and face upturned waiting to be taken up in arms. So white was the child, so tender his flesh, that it was evident he was born about the time when the father's hair had begun to grow gray.

His brother took him up in his arms and looked at him, a little joyfully and with a little fear that he might resemble him altogether.

Then the father made the presentation.

"This is Guido. Don't you remember him? He doesn't know you. Every evening he calls for you from the balcony, but he doesn't wait for you and goes to bed. He looks at a picture of you when you were little; one day he brought it flowers, made you smell them, then smelled them himself, with delight."

The child listened as though it were a fairy tale. The father, in his fifties, seemed to be younger near that young sprout of a child.

They walked toward the house. It was summer, and Guido was wearing a handsome suit of a hazel-nut color with white shoes; but among the plain little houses and streets he felt so useless he could hardly walk straight.

His brother stayed in his arms like a bird in its nest, without speaking, without touching him, and the boy suffered from it so much that he had to come down. He was barefoot, and he began walking along with great steps, rocking his head that seemed too big for a stalk so tender. Now he paid no more attention to his older brother, who suffered at the thought of it.

Corrado Alvaro, the author of the following short story, is best known for having received, in 1931, the Premio Stampa for his literary achievements, given by the Italian daily "La Stampa" of Turin. The prize was based on his three books published the previous year: "Misteri e avventure," "Gente in Aspromonte" and "Vent'anni," of which the latter is a novel and the others collections of short stories.

It is on short stories that Alvaro's fame rests. Such volumes of short stories, in addition to the above, as "La siepe a l'orto" (from which the following story is translated), "L'amata alla finestra" and "La signora dell'isola" overshadow his two novels, "Vent'anni" and "L'uomo nel labirinto," and his volume of poetry, "Poesie grigioverdi," which, published in 1917 as his first volume, reflected his life in the war.

Born in a little town near Reggio Calabria in 1897, Alvaro developed slowly. Up to the time of winning the Stampa prize he was a working newspaperman, but now, after a period of travel in Asia Minor, he devotes all his time to writing. His stories, delicate psychological studies, do not depend for their effect on plot or story, but rather on style, and for this reason their translation is difficult.

His mother came down the steps and met her son, while her husband smiled on the scene with affectionate joy.

ENTERING the house, they found themselves in the large room on the top floor. The ceiling seemed low enough to touch with the hand, the balcony frail, the mountains, in front, so near that they seemed to have grown in the son's absence. Everything round about was as it had been many years ago: the sieve hung there, the portraits of the King and Queen, side by side in gala dress, a picture from an illustrated newspaper that covered a tear in the wallpaper, the vases of basil in the window: everything was the same.

"And haven't you seen

Laura?"

Guido saw in a corner his brother and his little sister, who were looking at him and smiling, their heads resting on their closed hands.

The little girl, barefoot, came up slowly, with that coy swaying of the body of a woman who wants to be coaxed. Her brother set her on his knee and began bouncing her up and down. Then, when Massimo looked on in disappointment, he was placed on the other knee, in front of his sister, and the two children laughed to find themselves facing each other; their father and mother, nearby as in a family photograph, looked on: the father calm and happy, the mother attentively, as though to discover the difference between her son now and that same son who had left her many years ago, and who had become vague in her mind.

The little girl in a sudden burst of confidence, spoke out the thought she had been nursing for some time.

"What have you brought me, brother Guido?"

"I've brought you a big doll, with shoes of kid; and for Massimo a donkey on wheels, and shoes, and chocolate."

"And what else?"

"And the doll."

"And what else?"

"And the shoes."

THEY amused themselves enumerating the items, as though by so doing they were increased. The gifts were brought out and the children withdrew with

them, put them on a chair, then on the floor, then they stretched out near them, with their hands around their particular possessions, looking at them and spying on each other.

"Why don't you eat the chocolate?"

"He doesn't like it," replied the mother.

"Oh. Why?"

"Because we used to give him chocolate containing laxatives."

Guido felt a tightening at his heart as he thought of his own childhood.

"Which is your brother Guido?" asked the father.

The children pointed to the portrait on the wall, in which their brother Guido was still a child.

"Mamma," said Guido, "I've brought you some material for blouses."

"Beautiful," said the father as he observed the material, almost as though to reserve the greatest praise for his own gifts.

"And for you, father, the writing paper you need."

His father took it and put it down without looking at it.

The little boy had fallen asleep clutching his shoes in his little hands, and his little sister was earnestly rocking the doll, still inside its box, with the voice and eyes of a mother tired of the vigil.

II

Father and son were walking. It was morning. They walked along the road through the fields, in silence, their bodies casting long shadows. Even the stones and blades of grass cast shadows, but no longer as they had when he was a child, when a thistle seemed to throw out the shadow of a pine and the stones seemed to be full of mysterious caves.

The father broke the silence, motioning with his hand, finger extended.

"Good God! You come from the city, after so many years, and for these poor old parents of yours you have no present to show how much you care for us."

His son did not reply, although he was about to say, "I didn't have enough money."

BUT he remembered having said to his father, to make him feel proud, that he was earning quite a lot in the city, that he had a beautiful house, and that he was happy in the job, to obtain which his father had made such sacrifices.

There came to the young man's mind once again the train ride on his return home: a day of enforced fasting (although he had eaten a few bitter fruits left in the train by someone less poor than he); that water he had drunk at a station and which had penetrated his body like an icy sword; the fear of missing his train and not having enough money to return, a fear which impelled him to ask everybody if this really was the Naples train. Toys are costly, and he had wanted to bring some pretty ones for his brother and sister. Then his money had not lasted, so he began looking at the shop windows. There he had seen the shoes and the hat for his father.

The latter had adjusted himself to these things so that he looked like a dandy. But what of the family, what of its good name in the town!

"How long will you be with us?"

"A week."

"After so long, seven days? Ah, my son, my son!"

Without believing even his own words, Guido said:

"In a few years we may be able to live together, when they pay me more."

"No, my son, for us there is already our plot in the cemetery."

After a pause he continued: "But do you think, in the city, I too would not be able to earn money? I would draw steadily about a hundred lire and another two hundred I could put together working at something, anything."

"No, father, you mustn't work any more, not you. You've done enough. It's time to rest. I will work more."



"Guido felt a tightening at his heart as he thought of his own childhood."

"But here, son, we just vegetate. In the city there are all the attractions. Here we're like living corpses. I'm tired of the round of relatives. Couldn't you use me in your office?"

"I don't think so, dad. You know how it is in the city. They would think I was trying to take advantage of them."

"Are you afraid I won't do, that I would dishonor you? And with your recommendation? You can do a lot in Rome."

They were silent.

"Then too, here, after a while," added the father, "one dies, and at the cemetery there is not even a tablet to remember one by."

GUIDO saw his two dear old parents in the streets of Rome, the hot streets, stopping in front of the

show windows where the beautiful fruit has its price, his poor old parents, unseen and unnoticed.

"We would sell the house and garden. It would bring ten thousand lire, I think..."

Ten thousand lire, one of those gems in the show-window.

"I still have two children to educate. It's not fair that you should have a job in the city, and not they. They will reproach me for that when they grow up."

III

When Guido left, his father accompanied him to the hill, near the waterfall. Then he stood watching him like the setting sun. He said to him when he turned: "Arrivederci" in a dubious tone. The children were already playing on the ground around a little anthill.

Guido passed near his vegetable-garden, a small one, yes, but full of trees and vines: so weighted down were the branches with fruit that they drooped.

There came to him the desire to rest, and he remembered that he had returned to the country to ask his father to let him stay with him always.

The town was hidden from his eyes by the hill, where his father was waving a handkerchief, like a signal to a lost ship.

Down there the train was passing noisily over the bridge along the shore, its arches outlined like the porticoes of a country loggia.

A few shepherds greeted the passerby as they shaded their eyes, calling him by name, a dear name that was full of significance.

He thought of the office where he went every evening, when sunset induced people out of their homes; while in his country the women gossip with each other and the peasants sit close to their earth, with their elbows on their knees, their hands in front of them like lifeless machines, as the crickets begin their vain questioning.

THE ITALIAN FLIGHT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

(Continued from Page 109)

Italy gallantly poised for greater achievements.

"The central salon is dedicated to the tourist — there is a profusion of diagrams and illustrations descriptive of every Italian air line. A central bas-relief of Il Duce and the Fascist emblem is a striking contribution to the mural decorations. Every Italian railroad and steamship line is also represented in this salon by suitable display and documentary material. Picturesque Italian panoramas are lavishly displayed here; photographic reproductions of monuments, cities, ships, volcanoes, castles; miniature reproductions of the Colosseo, the Foro Romano, the Campidoglio, the Foro Mussolini, the Via Imperiale, Via del Mare, Ostia,

Littoria."

The Italian Pavilion, in short, for this unique occasion, has been made the repository of a modicum of the cream of Italy's artistic and technical wealth, and is illustrative of the giant strides Fascism has made within the past decade.

General Italo Balbo — the Italian Squadron — the Italian Pavilion — the World's Fair — it gives one pause. Will World's Fairs of the future not only be a means of displaying the artistic, industrial, and technological progress of a nation, but also a happy social outlet for the surplus energies of the nations of the world — a warm, informal medium for friendly rapprochement and peaceful communion?

THE AMERICAN-ITALIAN WOMAN IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 110)

which are beneficial to the welfare of the people in general she should fight in their favor regardless of the party introducing them.

"If the welfare of her family and community is dear to her the American-Italian woman should consider her participation in suffrage as a duty to herself and her country. And it goes without saying that she should advocate only those reforms that have the possibility of being genuinely constructive in the long run.

"If we are living in a period of political, industrial and social chaos it is due to our inability to exercise our power and influence. Parties should not mean much, for they eventually forget all about matters of principles. It is up to us, the masses, and especially the women, to bear in mind the principles and to fight for such important reforms that are acceptable today as the following:

1) Outlawing war. Warfare should be proclaimed illegal. Why shouldn't the Italian woman have her say, politically, which would help to prevent the disastrous results of war and thus save her dear ones from the bloody battlefield?

2) Child Labor laws. If she is a mother with responsibility for the happiness and welfare of her

children why shouldn't she her foot down on the unscrupulous tactics of greedy employers who make children slaves of industry, stunting their physical and mental growth, impairing their vitality and depriving them of their right to relaxation?

3) Minimum Wage Laws. How many homes with children have been visited by dire need due to the mere pittance that family heads bring home every week? In this case why shouldn't the Italian woman give her vote to the candidate who will increase the wages of her husband or children?

"There are many reforms which the Italian woman can champion if she exercises her right to vote, but they are too numerous to mention. However, she should not be misguided or deceived by fine phrases. If she does not understand certain policies or reforms she should call on someone who will honestly analyze the situation for her, thus helping her to vote wisely and constructively."

Both Representative Brancato and Mrs. Hurlong believe that the American-Italian woman has remarkable possibilities in politics and that she should be encouraged to help guide our Ship of State into better and happier channels. It is her duty as a woman and in many cases as a wife and mother.

Memories of Home

By Frances Forte

IN COMMON with thousands of other children born of Italian parents, my early years were filled with reminiscent tales of the joys and beauties of Italian life in Italy. The grandeur that once was Rome's, the literary, scientific and artistic achievements of Italy are heritages of student days; but when, in more mature years, my more fortunate friends continued to extoll the charm of Italian skies and sunshine to a listener now grown envious, I determined to strain every effort to realize the cherished dream of all wanderers in history—that of visiting the land of my fathers at least once before I died. A mere accident kindled the flames of my desire, but, be that as it may be, last year I went to Italy.

How can I faithfully describe the impatient urge of an impatient soul to speed on its way, despite the entrancing wonders of Gibraltar, Algiers, Cannes? Naples was one of my goals, and when one misty morning our boat leisurely wound its way into the bay of that great city, who can explain the emotions which gripped me as we passed the clustering towns and approached the heights of Santa Lucia? Tears welled in my eyes, but my joy knew no bounds, as through the shadowy smoke of Mt. Vesuvius, I seemed to see an endless stream of relatives and friends who, for one reason or another, had passed through this quay perhaps never to return. Half-forgotten snatches of conversations, uncertain longings, and regrets—beautiful memories of my mother—came to me. I wanted to be alone; this was my moment, and I didn't want to hear the excited outcries of my fellow passengers, helpful though they might be.

THE deserted air of Pompei, ancient city now humbled to dust and ruin, the unforgettable witchery of Capri, the breath-taking loveliness of Sorrento have been exaggerated not in the least. How dare I, in my limited capacity, adequately describe them? One must see in order to believe.

But all too soon, our journey must continue, and a well calculated sea schedule leads our boat through the Straits of Messina, to Ragusa, along the gorgeous sea lanes of the Dalmatian Coast, and, last but not least, into that most enchanting of all enchanting island cities, Venice. A city of dreams and fantastic realities is Venice—its canals filled with ocean liners, motor boats and ferries now crowding the more leisurely and romantic gondolas; yet the medieval splendor of St. Marks, the Campanile, and the Ducal Palace still re-

mains. Rythmic life still flows along the Lido, the Excelsior, through the narrow cobbled streets, across the Rialto to Santa Maria della Saluta and back again. Venice, majestic queen of the Adriatic, who can deny your charm?

From Venice by train and motor bus up and down the innumerable hill towns of Umbria: Assisi, Padua, Spoleto, Arezzo, Siena, and Perugia, loveliest of them all. Who can visit them and not glory in the richness of their medieval lore, in the seemingly unlimited beauty of their isolation, and not thereby imbibe a little of that peace and contentment which passeth all understanding?

Then on to Florence where all the world meets, and where Brunelleschi's massive dome and Giotto's beautiful Campanile soar into a cloudless blue sky—proud and lofty monuments of a glorious past. A seething mass of humanity still throngs its memorable streets, its intriguing shops, its numerous galleries and churches, and still gazes with wondrous awe at Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise", at Cellini's exquisite "Perseus", and at Michelangelo's incomparable "David" on the heights of San Miniato. But one must see Florence at night from the heights of Fiesole to appreciate the fairy-like quality of its bright lights, the balmy sweetness of its night air, the crescent moon, and the myriad pattern of a million stars overhead—while a Radio-Marelli softly wafts the mellow tones of a Gigli not so far away. Beauty indefinable—enchantment—a reverie of dreams—many years may pass before the ecstasy of those never-to-be-forgotten moments may be recaptured.

And then Rome, worthy city of a worthy nation—with its architectural splendors, its beautiful fountains, its glorious sunsets, and its ancient monuments, too well known to bear repetition.

Then northward by train, on the last lap of our journey, through the many quaint towns of the Italian Riviera where the sky is as blue as the sea and the sea as clear as the sky; and thereon to Genoa, still the proud boast of a maritime inheritance. Quite a modern city is Genoa despite its antiquity, with ships from every port in its harbor, with its spacious squares, its beautiful buildings, its bustle and its confusion, its air of a happy and busy life.

And then reluctantly back to New York to the world of reality and bitter strife; and not even the friendly beacon of the Statue of Liberty, or the Empire building, nor the welcoming friends on the pier could dispel that indefinable longing that does and will continue to grip me—that desire to go back, to go back to where I feel I belong, to go back HOME.

The Boy

A Short Story

By Eurialo De Michelis

(Translated by Anna Munno)

WHEN Ugo returned home after having smoked for the first time, his father didn't have to take pains to guess it; more so because father and son were still in the habit of kissing each other each time they met, as Ugo had been motherless since infancy. Ugo had washed his hands thoroughly, but he had not thought of his mouth.

"You have smoked, haven't you?"

Ugo denied it, but then he had to admit it, and because he was doubly at fault, for the cigarette and the lie, he became huffy, and raising his voice, said things that were harsh and unpleasant, especially for the spirit in which they were said.

"All my friends smoke, and I have as much right as they."

"But do I smoke?" repeated the father, who, if the truth were told, was only slightly disappointed about the matter, on which he thought, however, he could not compromise. Nonetheless he was afraid of one thing: the frictions that would arise, and would end in their drifting apart. Indeed, it is thus that discords arise that afterwards become irremediable, and he made an effort to be sweet and persuasive, without being aware that what he wanted to avoid was already started.

"But do I smoke?"

"Not now, because you are old. At my age you smoked too."

They ate in silence, each nursing his wrath. Once Ugo, to show that he did not feel guilty, asked for the salt in a loud voice, perhaps also with the intention of speaking without bitterness; not because his father was right, however, but because being angry at each other was not pleasant. Passing him the salt, his father said, "Here it is," seeking to give his voice the usual inflection as if to show there was no reason to make peace; but since they both continued eating in silence, they knew that each continued to brood over the fault of the other.

It was not exactly so on the father's part. The thing in itself was too trifling to bother going into its right and wrong; but yet his real anger lay in his feeling that the child's spirit was fleeing from him, filling itself with alien things—things that he himself had made every effort to keep from him. Whatever he was interested in from time to time, his son had related to

Eurialo De Michelis is one of the youngest Italian writers. Unknown until but a few years ago, he was recognized by the public after the publication of a very original novel, "Adam", which received very good reviews. (P. Pancrazi, in the "Corriere della Sera," did not hesitate to say that it compared favorably with the finest examples of modern Italian analytical literature.) The following year De Michelis published a volume of short stories: "Lies" (Bugie), to which "L'Italia Letteraria", the literary critical review, gave the Umberto Fracchia Prize. The following story ("Ragazzo" in the Italian) is translated from this volume, and illustrates the author's deep psychological analysis, which he achieves without forcing his hand, even when, as in this short story, the material lends itself to too-pronounced treatment.

him as to a friend; but since the father could not interest himself in the same manner nor consent on everything, the son, insensibly, little by little, had drawn his little self away. At each unforeseen argument that arose for a different cause, this fact became more apparent.

But the last words of Ugo, uttered in a loud voice, in order to overpower him with the absolute sense of being in the right against one who is in the wrong, and the obstinacy for proving it that

is peculiar to children, had this evening offended and wounded him as never before.

"Not now, because you are old. At my age you smoked too."

Had he become offended at hearing thrust at him such a simple truth? Not this, because it would have been childish, but unconsciously in the boy's words there was a profound truth, to which he referred, tormenting himself for recognizing it true. And he repeated the reasons he had given himself at the time so as not to recover the small vice interrupted by an illness: the desire to become well, the intimate joy of being so; he remembered with bitterness his paternal role, a thousand times meditated on while he held in his strong grip the soft hand of the infant: that he understood the duty of removing from the path of the little man the cause of doing wrong now and suffering later. Simple in the early years, when his duty did not exist outside of his love and his imagination, now he saw it fail more each day; and not only did it fail but also the moral principles on which it had been based.

"Did you give up smoking to do away with the shadow of a vice from your soul? It's not true, you have lied. These beautiful things of the spirit are born when the opposite impulse has exhausted itself naturally and has diminished."

Here his son, his other self, was unconsciously returning to the path that he himself had once taken, and no experience would do him any good except the experience of making inevitable mistakes.

Not even the next day was anything said between father and son, when returning home Ugo purposely forgot to give the habitual kiss. He had not smoked that day; but for some time he had thought the uninterrupted habit childish on his part and ridiculous for

both of them, and now he was profiting by the occasion to free himself of it. It seemed to him that the day before his father, paying attention to his breath more than to the kiss, had taken away for the first time its every affectionate significance; and if the kiss had become but a mechanical repetition of a gesture, better to eliminate it. The logic of children is frequently cruel, but Ugo was not unaware of the advantage that would come of it: to do as he pleased without bringing about the annoyance of another argument.



".....but thinking of his friends with whom he had been....."

His father noticed—how could he help not noticing—the affected manner in which he stopped before a book whistling with his hands in his pocket, instead of coming near him, and if it were really negligence he would have wanted to tell him, so as not to have another shadow rise between them.

"What are you doing?"

"I am studying."

And because the thing was not noticed, Ugo's thoughts, which he had obeyed, were confirmed. There were other thoughts, contrary, perhaps with a taste of pain or perhaps of remorse, that he had silenced and he attributed the fault of not having heard them to his father.

The critical age: the boy who is becoming a man. That he would continue smoking his father was certain; besides, he pretended not to be aware of it for fear of losing him entirely without attaining his purpose: other things, other vices more grave were to begin now: other desires to be born in him; he blushed each time a woman's name came up in a conversation. A wave of tenderness, as of an unreasonable pain, filled his father's heart when without being seen he was induced to look at him: a face as yet undeveloped, with puffed jaws under the strong and jut-

ting cheek bones, with the small mouth of a child that seemed always about to pucker into a cry or open into hilarious laughter, and which knew how to shut so relentlessly into obstinate silence.

So one night after supper (they spent every night together at home) Ugo said with indifference, but it was not an unimportant thing, ever if he had kept still about it till now.

"Father, I must go out."

Ugo never asked leave to do a thing, because he disliked admitting his dependence on his father: in his statement the question was implicit, but in a more dignified way. His father understood the trend of his thoughts; and that Ugo should introduce into their relations questions of dignity and punctiliousness, hurt him.

"Have you done your homework?"

"Yes."

"Don't come home late."

He would have liked to detain him at home, stop him from going out, because he thought he knew where he would go, what he was going to do; but if it was just what he feared, he felt helpless to stop him; if not today, tomorrow; if not by night, by day, because it is not possible to stop that which in the natural order of things comes with time.

How many thought-out conversations he would have had to have with his son, on this question, according to the old program! But he felt the answer would invariably be the same as last time:

"Not now, because you are old. At my age you did it too."

It seemed to him that he had placed his spiritual peace, arrived at after much toil, on a castle of paper that now was crumbling entirely; he felt his happy thoughts scatter like running water. All that he had experienced in his turbulent adolescence, but repented of later, he experienced again more acutely for his son, with the feeling of being near him even now; ah, his torment, for not having said an effective word to him, as if there were between them, transparent but impenetrable, a wall of glass.

When, not late, the son returned, it was enough for his father to look at him to know the truth. He had shifty eyes, flushed face, and his suit was untidy, as if he had dressed hastily without care.

"Where have you been?"

He became more flushed and waited a little before answering:

"For a walk in the gardens."

The father wished to insist, but he did not, to prevent his continuing to lie, because this sort of thing is not confided to a father; it is not talked of at home.

Only a little later, when they were in bed with the lights out, having heard him breathing heavily, he called him, hesitatingly, to ask if he slept. From so many words of love that lingered in his heart came that sweet voice that called in the shadow:

"Ugo . . . Are you sleeping?"

Ugo was not sleeping; but if he had talked he would have cried, perhaps he would have asked forgiveness, and he would not know for what. To ask forgiveness would be to promise for tomorrow; but thinking of his friends with whom he had been in the street filled with people and with glaring lights, he felt comforted that on the morrow all would become simple and without remorse, as before.

His father listened to his movements in bed till late and said nothing more.

The Educational Horizon

By Peter Sammartino and Sylvia Scaramelli

MEANINGLESS POLITICS

A New England town which boasts an Italo-American voting power of at least sixty percent of its population has achieved, as a result, the election of a Mayor of Italian extraction. Handclapping and congratulations! At last, results were being achieved! What a pitiful delusion!

Achievement of political power, in itself, is of no consequence except that it gives to an individual or two a little greater share of earthly glory. In this particular town, political victory has meant just that and nothing more. The Mayor was elected and that was that.

How much more meaningful to the enrichment of American life if these same people who had elected this Mayor would have at once started on a well-planned program of interpreting Italian culture to the community! Can you imagine a town of this sort not having the Italian language taught in its schools? Other languages are taught which, in most cases, probably fall on deaf ears since there is no direct liaison between the language taught and the daily life of the student. Lost is the golden opportunity to develop in the students a sound basic appreciation of Italian language and culture. How potent an influence such a group could, in turn, have in enriching American life!

Emphatically, political power is simply a means to an end. Its main purpose is to lend courage to a movement; to stand as a symbol of power towards worthwhile ends! A leader elected by Italo-American votes owes a debt to his constituency. At the same time, the payment of the debt must be consonant with the highest ideals of Americanism. And, when you seek to integrate into the present status of American culture, the richness and the grandeur of Italian civilization, then the payment is made in the most valuable specie indeed.

—Peter Sammartino

VACATIONS

ASUMMER in Italy! The phrase breathes of excitement, romance, glorious new cultural horizons. Many have left our shores for the delights of traveling in Italy. Others, and it is on this group that we cast envious glances, are now pursuing the more serious though none the less delightful experience of studying at an Italian University. Unfortunately, some of us must stay at home, but the student of Italian has less reason to be chagrined than the tourist. Two years ago we would have viewed his plight with dismay and bemoaned the fact that in these United States we had no adequate substitute for a summer of study in Italy. Now, however, conditions are changed. We point with pride to the Casa Italiana founded in 1932 at Middlebury College, Vermont.

Here we have something more than a substitute for a summer at a University in Italy. We go so far as to recommend it in preference to study abroad, especially for the teacher of Italian, because the Casa offers courses better suited to the needs of American teachers and gives an uninterrupted and intensive training which is not found in foreign institutions. The fact that it is also more economical is not a slight consideration in these days.

While the Casa Italiana at Middlebury is only a year old, the language schools of German, French and Spanish were organized in 1915, 1916 and 1917 respectively. From the inception of these Romance Language Schools the dominant factor has been the "Middlebury Idea," namely, the segregation of students from contact with other foreign languages or English, the con-

centration of the work of each student upon the language, and the careful supervision and coordination of courses to meet the different needs of all students. Each school has its separate residence and dining halls and a faculty of native instructors.

The Casa Italiana, under the direction of Dr. Gabriella Bosano, Professor of Italian and Chairman of the Italian Department at Wellesley College, adheres strictly to the "Middlebury Idea." On registering, the students are pledged to speak Italian only, during classes, recreation hours and even on picnics. All newspapers and periodicals must be in Italian. Even the waiters and waitresses in the dining room must be able to speak Italian and in order to secure such a staff opportunity is offered to a limited number of students to earn their board in return for such services. It is no empty phrase to say that the student in this environment lives in Italy. Within two weeks the student begins to find his linguistic bearings. His first difficulties in expressing ideas adequately in Italian soon vanish and are replaced by facility in speaking coupled with a discerning use of the Italian vocabulary. One professor firmly believes that his students not only think in Italian but before the summer is over they dream in Italian.

Because of the high scholastic standards maintained at the Casa, the Director is able to choose her collaborators from among the best teachers in the various colleges and universities. With a ratio of students to teachers held to approximately one to nine, individual attention is assured. The course of study includes Intermediate and Advanced Composition, Conversation and a seminar course on "Dante and his Time." This year a course on the "History of Italian Art from the Thirteenth Century to the End of the Renaissance" has been added and will be given by Professor Averardi, and also a course for beginners will be given by Professor



Dr. Gabriella Bosano

Cantarella of Smith College. This latter course is not open to students of the Casa and has been included for the benefit of those in the French and Spanish Schools who wish to begin the study of Italian. "The History of Italian Literature and Civilization" given by Dr. Bosano was enthusiastically received by the students last summer. Its success was largely due to the manner of presentation. Mimeographed sheets containing an outline of the lesson, a list of readings and exercises were distributed daily, thus avoiding the danger of misunderstandings that arise when such material is given orally.

Do not let us give you the impression that the seven weeks of the summer session are monopolized by classes and study. With a surrounding scenery of mountains, meadows, forests, fields, and rivers it would be a pity if no time were left for swimming, golfing, hiking and tennis. Only the mornings are given over to class work, leaving the afternoons free for recreation. In the evenings there are plays and lectures and the purely social gatherings where Italian games, songs and music are enjoyed. Once a week the students of all the schools join in a dance at the gymnasium.

The popularity of the Casa is evidenced by the fact that the building used last year is now too small and this summer it will be housed in larger quarters. The Casa has already become a center for the training of teachers and students of Italian and all those fortunate enough to be enrolled

have a truly inspirational summer awaiting them.

Italy Honors Colligan

THE Silver Medal of Merit, conferred by the Italian Government for distinguished educational accomplishment, was presented last month to Dr. Eugene A. Colligan, Associate Superintendent of Schools in New York and president-elect of Hunter College. The ceremony took place on board the S.S. Rex where Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul-General, presented the medal to Dr. Colligan. Speakers included Dr. Colligan, Comm. Grossardi, President George J. Ryan of the Board of Education, Superintendent of Schools William J. O'Shea, Mark Eisner, President of the Board of Higher Education, George M. Weily, Assistant Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, the Right Rev. Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, Supreme Court Justice Albert Conway and Joseph Miller Jr., secretary of the Board of Education.

Modern Language Meeting

THE New England Modern Language Association, of which Alfonso De Salvo is president, held its thirtieth annual meeting on May 12th and 13th at Brown University. The meeting was opened with a dinner at

which the Hon. Antonio Capotosto, Judge of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, was one of the speakers.

At the sectional meetings of the French, Italian, German and Spanish groups held on the following day an excellent opportunity was afforded for an interchange of ideas. The Italian section, under the chairmanship of Prof. Lipari of Yale University, heard Dr. Mario Cosenza, Dean of Brooklyn College, speak on the teaching of Italian in this country. General discussion followed, with suggestions for needed changes and improvements in this field. It was heartening to hear the Superintendent of the Schools announce that Italian is now a second language in Providence. Among those attending were Prof. Geddes, Mr. Chiavello and Dr. Sammartino.

Italian Teachers Association

THE Italian Teachers Association brought the year's activities to a close with three events of interest. On June 10th they held "Circolo Day" at the Textile High School in New York and in spite of the unseasonable weather the attendance was large and the program well carried out. Six clubs contributed to the entertainment, which included music, poetry, folk songs and drama, and it was evident that a great deal of time had gone into its prepar-



A group of students with Dr. Bosano at Middlebury's Casa Italiana

ation. Dr. W. Dooley, principal of Textile High School, in his talk emphasized the growing importance of Italian in America, both culturally and commercially, and expressed the wish that it be introduced into the curriculum of every high school. On the following day the Association held a theatre party at the Little Theatre, where Comm. Giuseppe Sterni and his able company presented a three act play with their usual brilliancy. The final affair of the year was a luncheon at Number One Fifth Avenue on June 17th. Miss Marie Concistre was chairman and responsible for its success.

Alpha Phi Delta

FROM Domenic Macedonia, Consul of XI Chapter of Alpha Phi Delta Fraternity, we have a report of the District Convention held at Columbus, Ohio on May 5, 6 and 7. It marked the first Alpha Phi Delta Convention in Columbus and called forth an official visit from Grand Consul Paul Salvatore and Grand Tribune Quaestor Anthony Pagano. Delegates were present from the Kappa Chapter of Western Reserve and Case University, from Omicron of Michigan University and from the Alumni Clubs of Cleveland, Youngstown and Columbus. Kappa Chapter had a 100% attendance and received the proper congratulations. The Fraternity business was interrupted for a short time to allow the degree team to sojourn to Ohio University where they installed Beta Zeta, the thirtieth chapter of Alpha Phi Delta. At the Founder's Day Banquet Consul Macedonia was presented with a gavel from the Cleveland Alumni Club and an Alpha Phi Delta Pennant from Kappa Chapter in honor of the tenth anniversary of XI Chapter. The Convention was such a success that the Brothers are now looking forward to the National Convention to be held in September at Cleveland, Ohio, when the Brothers from the Chapters in the East and West will again join hands in good fellowship.

IN THE COLLEGES

THE Italian Club of Notre Dame University, founded in 1928, under the guidance of Mr.

Pasquale M. Pirchio, instructor of Italian at the University, holds weekly meetings during the year for the purpose of study and appreciation of Italian culture. The Club's activities were brought to a close by the Annual Banquet on May 17th, one of the leading social events held at the University during the year. Cav. Dr. Vincenzo Lapenta, Royal Italian

Italian cities and Italian art in conjunction with lectures given to the Italian classes at the University has been very successful and will probably be extended next year.

The Circolo Italiano of Flora Stone Mather College of Western Reserve, with the cooperation of male students of Adelbert College



Members of the Circolo Italiano of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia

Consular Agent at Indianapolis, was the guest of honor. Among other notables who attended were Reverend Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, Professors Clarence E. Manion, Pasquale M. Pirchio, James A. Sullivan and Francis E. McMahon, all of the University. The banquet was preceded in the afternoon by a five-reel motion picture, "Anno Nono," filmed by the Italian government and depicting the economic development of Italy during the nine years of the Fascist Regime. The picture was obtained through Giovanni Rossi, Chancellor of the Italian Consulate-General at Chicago, and Judge Louis Senese Jr. of Melrose Park, Ill. Club offices for the coming scholastic year are to be conducted by Emilio Gervasio, Morristown, N. J., President; Joseph A. Bucci, Amsterdam, N.Y., Vice-President; Joseph L. Costa, Metuchen, N. J., Secretary; and Andrew Maffei, Yonkers, N. Y., Treasurer.

Prof. John Van Horne, of the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, has just been appointed editor of "Italica", the quarterly published by the American Association of Teachers of Italian. Prof. Van Horne writes that the plan of using stereopticon views of

of Western Reserve University, produced the comedy "Corallina da Frascoli" on May 11th. Last year, the same group presented a play with tremendous success and it is now planned to make the plays a yearly event. The Cenacolo Italiano, founded by Prof. Borgerhoff for the purpose of securing Italian lecturers, has had lectures once a month on Italian cultural subjects and the meetings have been well attended.

Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, offered Italian for the first time this year. Only an elementary course was given, but so responsive have the students been to this new opportunity that a second year course will be added next year. Dean T. Kratt of the School of Fine Arts considers Italian so essential for music students that he has made Italian a requirement. Although the Italian Department is very young it nevertheless gave "An Italian Musical Program" before the whole student body, and also presented a one-act play. Prof. Joseph Russo is at present the instructor in Italian.

Notre Dame College of South Euclid, Ohio, has an Italian Club of unusual enterprise. During the

college year they have had a series of lectures, among which was one given by Dr. Olin Moore of Ohio State University on "What Modern Culture Owes to the Italian Renaissance." The social affairs included a wiener roast, card parties and dances and a farewell theatre and dinner party. The officers for the coming year are Philomena Renillo, President; Marie Lanese, Vice-President; Helen McCafferty, Secretary and Helen Montagano, Treasurer.

The Italian Club of the University of Pennsylvania held a celebration early in June in honor of the Italian Consul General Pio Margotti. Professors Pasquale Seneca, Domenico Vittorini, who was recently presented with a medal by the King of Italy, and L. Mason, all spoke on various phases of Italian culture and civilization. So progressive has the work of the Italian Club been under the guidance of Nicola Luongo, president, that the Italian Foreign Ministry presented the Circolo with a bronze plaque in bas-relief of the Goddess of Roma.

Prof. H. N. McCracken, President of Vassar College, received the decoration of Grande Ufficiale della Corona d'Italia for distinguished service in promoting Italian culture at Vassar. The decoration was conferred by the Italian Consul General in New York, Comm. Antonio Grossardi, assisted by the Consular Agent of Yonkers, Giuseppe Brancucci. On the same day, Miss Fredericka Blankner, Professor of Italian at Vassar, was presented with a silver medal in recognition of her untiring efforts in spreading Italian Culture.

Prof. H. D. Austin of the University of Southern California, president of the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast, will spend his second sabbatical leave in Italy during 1933-1934. Prof. Austin will collate the manuscripts of Ristoro d'Arezzo's "Composizione del Mondo," of which work he plans to establish a critical text.

The Circolo Italiano of the Evening Session of Brooklyn College gave an evening of music and drama recently at the Roman Forum in Brooklyn. "Il Barbiere

di Siviglia" was delightfully given and was followed with a violin and piano concerto by Salvatore d'Amico and Guy La Rosa. The president of the club, Mr. Gerard Cuomo, gave a brief talk on the history and purpose of the organization.

Gaetana F. D'Alelio of Boston has been elected president of the Charles Carrol Club of Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. Mr. D'Alelio is engaged in research work in chemistry at the University as holder of the Charles J. O'Malley Fellowship, which he earned by a brilliant scholastic record while an undergraduate at Boston College.

IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

From Rochester, New York, we have some interesting news about the Benjamin Franklin High School and the East High School. Although the study of Italian was introduced only four years ago, there are now close to 400 students studying it in the two high schools. Several of the students have won recognition for their exceptional work, among them Miss Jenny Jafferson, of Benjamin High School, who was recently awarded the Dante Medal by the "Sons of Italy Grand Lodge," and Roger Cecconi of East High School and Carlo Arcarese, Benjamin High School, who were the winners in an essay contest, "Perseverando, Arrivi," commemorating the birth of Rome. Mr. Domenico de Francesco, head of the Modern Language Department of Benjamin High School, has been honored for the third consecutive time with the chairmanship of the Modern Language Association of the Central District of the New York State Teachers Association. On his inspection tour of American Schools, Prof. Torquato Giannini included the Benjamin High School, where he spoke to the Renaissance Society.

The Horace Mann Junior High School, of San Francisco, has one of the largest Italian departments among the Junior High Schools of the city, with an enrollment of over 150 students. On June 1st the Department gave an Italian Assembly and Program at the close of which prizes were awarded to the students winning the most points in grammar, vocabulary

and high grades in tests. The department is under the direction of Prof. De Luca, who has been commended by the "Coltura Popolare," a monthly periodical published in Italy, for the excellent work being done at Horace Mann. At the close of the Spring Term, Prof. De Luca will go to Italy to enroll his son at the Collegio Internazionale, Monte Mario, in Rome, for the study of Latin and Music. Prof. De Luca will tour Italy and France before returning to San Francisco.

The Italian Club, "Il Circolo Petrarca," of Central High School, Providence, presented two plays on May 31st under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Durfee and Mr. Hugo Levander, instructor in the Italian Department. One of the plays, "Spiriti di Nuova Generazione," was written by a student of Central High School who received his early training in Italy. "Il Circolo Petrarca" was originally organized by Dr. Franklin T. Walsh, president of the Central High School.

A new Italian Club, "Dopolavoro," has been formed at the Barringer Evening High School in Newark, N. J. An active Literature Committee composed of Anita Bernaducci, Elsie Malare, John Caruso, Marianne Ceceri, Antoinette Cafuto and Rosario Spera, has already presented several of Luigi Pirandello's plays and read some of his essays at the regular Wednesday evening meetings. Vincent De Meo is president of the club and Miss Vera Sturchio is faculty advisor.

The Circolo Italiano of Port Chester Senior High School, Port Chester, N. Y., heard Father John Focacci speak in Italian at the last meeting. Several skits were given, among which was "Chi Non Prova Non Crede" by Tebaldo Checchi.

A small but active "Circolo Italiano" of Passaic High School, Passaic, N. J., has recently begun the publication of an Italian newspaper, "Il Messaggio," with Damiano Noto as editor. Prof. Prezzolini and Prof. Covello have commended the young journalists on their efforts. At the presentation of the comedy, "Le Scarpe Strette" by Tebaldo Checchi, the Italian Consul, Col. Matteo Ricco,

gave each member of the cast an Italian book.

At the Memorial High School of West New York, the Circolo Italiano gave a dance to raise a fund for prizes to be awarded to the best Italian scholars. Last year the winner of the \$100 prize was Frank Bondino. Miss Elvira Chiricosta, teacher of Italian, founded the club several years ago and it is due to her efforts that the students now have at their disposal an excellent Italian Library.

A scholarship which would enable an Italian-American student to attend an Italian University will be awarded in the near future by the New Jersey Grand Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy. Cav. Uff. Francesco Palleria, Grand Venerable, made the announcement to the brothers of the lodges early in May.

Miss Louis Zacchia, after attaining an enviable record through four years of high school, has been chosen Salutatorian of the graduating class of Harding High School, Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Zacchia is co-editor of the school paper, "Spectator" and has been the recipient of many prizes.

COMMENCEMENT HONORS

Hector A. Mattia of Newark was presented with the Donald Leslie Coursen memorial trophy for scholarship, leadership and character at the Rutgers University commencement exercises. Mr. Mattia is president of the Student Council, a member of the varsity football, lacrosse and wrestling teams and of "Cap and Skull,"

honorary senior society. At the same university Lucas V. Banta received honors in electrical engineering and Victor J. Di Filippo won honors in physical education. The Joseph P. Bradley Prize in Roman law was awarded to Joseph Montagna.

Anthony P. Grasso was graduated *magna cum laude* from the College of Science, University of Notre Dame, and Arthur Tutela, *cum laude* in the same school. Alphonse V. Alvino was graduated *cum laude* in the department of electrical engineering.

Among the prizes given at Columbia University we note the Speranza Prize for excellence in Italian, received by Maria Luisa Cottone of Brooklyn. Giacomo Leonard Migliore, of Buffalo, was awarded the Class of 1892 Residence Halls Scholarship.

Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown of New York University conferred degrees upon the largest graduating Class in the history of the university. Numerous prizes and honors were awarded, among which we list the following: Alpha Phi Delta Gold Medal and the Charles E. Sprague Prize, to James A. Lembo; the prize of the American Institute of Architects, to Frank Montana; and a bronze medal to Oscar Pavesi in the College of Fine Arts.

Margaret M. Catalane of West Orange spoke for the graduating class of the Woman's Art School of Cooper Union, N. Y. She won honorable mention for Fashion Illustration. Other honorable mentions in various departments of the Art School went to Miriam Airio, Margaret Alico, Jean Ami-

carelli, Rita de la Osa and Helen Granata. At the Night Art School honorable mentions were received by Anna Marie Conzani, Leo Menghini, A. de Benedetto, Stephen A. Raffo, J. Valenta, S. Virzera, S. Di Tore and Joseph Stella. Joseph A. Palumbo won second prize in Architectural Drawing. Scholarships of \$100 each were received by John S. Sottosanti, Nicholas Stefano and Michael P. Elia.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the Library Prize was received by Dante E. Cullati while F. P. Laserna of New York City received a Bachelor of Science degree.

Nunzio F. Basso has been graduated from Providence College, *magna cum laude*. Mr. Basso studied at Piacenza from 1926 to 1928 and prepared at La Salle Academy before going to college. He was class orator at the commencement exercises and took for his theme "Moral Stability."

The New Jersey College of Pharmacy, Newark, N. J. held its forty-first annual commencement last month at which prizes were received by the following graduating pharmacists; George De Sesso, Paul Cotrone and Ralph Ferrace.

Rose F. Paterno was graduated *magna cum laude* from Long Island University and received highest honors in Romance Languages.

Maria Fiala received the Elizabeth Skinner Hubbard Fellowship from Vassar College for study at the University of Chicago.

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(From Current History, N. Y., May 2, 1927)

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The Art World

By Maurice J. Valency

THE HORSE LATITUDES

IT HAD stopped raining, but the streets were wet, and it was not a happy morning. The rain hung in the air, as if too bored to fall, too weary to take itself off to pastures new. The streets were sultry, but wet; the sun through the fine mist of water gave heat, but no radiance. In such weather, not without misgivings, but fortified with the hope that the galleries might already be closed for the summer, I set out to investigate the art situation in the horse latitudes.

I remembered, alas, as I made little splashes westward along Fourteenth Street, the dismal day when as a disconsolate sophomore I cut the afternoon classes to go to the Hispanic Museum, to the new Sorolla room; how, dripping miserably, hat in hand, I walked into the great room, into that blaze of brilliant Spanish sunshine, and caught my breath with a feeling of more than wonder. At Sixth avenue, as I dodged from the wheels of a maddened taxicab, I almost felt it once more, that never quite to be repeated thrill, and I remembered how an hour after, I had come out into the rain, hatless, and whistling joyously like a bird, or peanut whistle. And as I entered Thirteenth Street, I remembered with a sinking heart the sight of those same murals some rainy years after—for much water weareth away the stone—and thus remembering, I walked into the Downtown Gallery, the door of which has caused me untold difficulty.

There was a very pleasant show on the walls, involving a number of the

painters who show at this gallery, and the catalogue said that anything in the exhibition could be bought for a hundred dollars. There was a fine landscape of Ganso (including church-steeple), a pretty sketch of Fiene's called, rather ineptly, "Venice No. 2", a little inane still-life of Weber's, a stodgy oil of Coleman's called "Old Court Inn." There was an interesting canvas by Ben Shahn involving Walker Evans in repose, a rare sight; and an imaginative small head by Brook. So I went out, after a brief but decisive tussle with the door, into the

misty morning, and noticed for the first time in months the peculiar beauties of West Thirteenth Street. This street has distinction. It is not a wealthy street; it is in fact a somewhat shabby street, but it is wide, and there is an effect of green trees in a peculiarly felicitous arrangement, and red brick, and if there had been sun, there would have been sunshine on the street, and that would have been fine. For West Thirteenth has the precious gift of not being difficult. It is a good-humored street, and requires little to make it gracious—a bit of sun perhaps—a white cloud—and there you are. It is not like West Eleventh, self-conscious. It makes no parade of intellect like Waverly Place: of bourgeois splendor, like Sheridan Square; or of devil-may-care scotch and soda boisterousness, like Fourth Street. It is, in short, a street of streets, and if a man possesses the secret of happiness, he can be happy on this street, provided his neighbors are not unduly happy.



"Tamiris" by Moses Soyer

—Courtesy Gallery 144 West 13th Street

WITH these reflections, I walked up the high stoop into Gallery 144 West Thirteenth Street, and saw an exhibition of drawings. The uncolored room was cool and quiet, and it suddenly seemed to me a fine idea to show drawings at this time of year. There were some very good drawings, among which I enjoyed particularly looking at Moses Soyer's "Sleep," a delicate, and even ephemeral, pencil-sketch, touched, so gently, with wistfulness. I saw also two very strange sketches out of the rubbish heap in which Eilshemius has so ably concealed his genius, a pair of bold caricatures by Birn-

baum; a couple of patient pencil drawings by Rosella Hartman. Avery had a fine sketch, of domestic tenor, simple, sweet, and strong; and on the way out, I saw a drawing by Chaim Gross, modelled as if in wood.

It was a nice show, but the contrast was marked pleasantly as I left the gallery, for we do not draw awfully well in America, we lack subtlety and technique,—and outside, the houses were still soft and mellow in the mist, the morning was wearing on to gray-blue, the streets were smoky, and along them I made my way down Sixth Avenue towards the Whitney Museum. On Eighth Street, I paused at the door of the Eighth Street Gallery. It looked neither inviting nor uninviting, but I knew how it would be. At that time of a morning, the lights would be out. I would walk in and the nice lady would come out of the mysterious door and light the room, and give me a catalogue if there were any left. I would say thank you, or perhaps, thank you ma'am, and she would smile and go out by that same door where in she came. Then I should look around, and shortly take myself off somewhat wiser than when I came in. The whole thing seemed quite plausible, and I took the quiet knob in my fist. It did not yield an inch. The gallery was apparently closed. Summer had come to Eighth Street.

OPPOSITE the Whitney Museum, I paused where two cab drivers were taking their pleasure at the curb. I knew how it would be in there too. It would be pretty warm in there, and without a catalogue, it would be difficult to identify the pictures unless one happened to know them in advance. In any case, I had probably already seen the show. I stood a long time on the curb, not really thinking at all, until one of the cab drivers glanced at me curiously, then asked



"Girl in Red Hat" by Milton Avery
—Courtesy Gallery 144 West 13th Street

me for a match. That seemed to settle something. Pocketing the matches, I walked briskly across the street, and with the slightly nervous feeling I usually associate with going into a bank, I stepped through the heavy doors, and there I was. I had been mistaken about almost everything. It was cool. On the walls, hung an exhibition of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, and someone had obviously taken the trouble to adorn each painting with a neat gold tag bearing the title of the work and the name of the artist, so that one could tell a Judson Smith from a Reginald Marsh with the greatest ease, in fact without even the necessity of looking up at the paintings. I was struck once more by the excellence of Bellows' "Dempsey and Firpo." At the other end of the *salle*—putting lamentably into the shade a certain *je ne sais quoi* on the one side, and a brilliant *coup de pinceau* on the other—hung in still majesty Walt Kuhn's "Blue Clown," easily the finest thing in the room. I was

staring in an abstracted manner at a triumph of surrealisme, and thinking to myself technically in French, *Vogue la galere!*—when I felt suddenly that I was being subjected to surveillance, in fact that someone was breathing on my shoulder. It was about this time that my friend F. . . brought himself vocally to my attention: we used to be bosom friends in Paris; with the aid of some Pernods at the *Coupoles*, there had been between us any amount of conviviality, but I have unhappily forgotten his name.

"Hello," he said, "What you doing here?"

"Hullo," I replied, and added brightly, "well, just looking around sort of."

"Oh," he said, and turned full upon me a glance full of suspicion, "was it you that was snoring just now?"

I looked at him in utter amazement.

"When?" I asked.

I was about to deny it vehemently, when he looked around and added in a tone of utter finality, "There's no one else in the room."

It was quite true. There was no one else in the room, and when I looked about again, there was no one at all in the room—not even myself. I was in fact ambling gently along Fifth Avenue toward the Square, and for an instant I felt rather like the absent-minded professor who dreamt that he was giving a lecture, and woke up to find that it was true. There was about everything a queer sense of unreality. The sun had come out. The mist had lifted. Bright and blue were the sidewalks; and the brick of the Wanamaker house, magenta beyond belief. And beyond and above everything, the tower of the Judson, blunt and square as a New England conscience, raised aloft the cross.

The Theatre

By John A. Donato

UNLESS some lively revue rescues the theatre during the summer, we will probably see a "summer of discontent" as well as the famed "winter" lately lamented by Broadway. In that case, the movie houses, with their super de-luxe stage presentations, will walk off with top honors. At this juncture when good stage fare is at a premium professional playgoers take up willing but heavy pens to look in retrospect at the season of 1932-1933.

In accordance with his annual custom of picking the cream of the entertainment crop, Mr. Burns Mantle, enjoying as he said this "harmless diversion, inspiring a modicum of sound and fury and signifying nothing much," managed to stir up his fellow reviewers into something approaching a lather. The first six or seven were common preferences; but the remainder of the list provoked more or less hearty disagreement. Here is his list:

"Both Your Houses," the Pulitzer Prize play by Maxwell Anderson

"Dinner at Eight," by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber

"When Ladies Meet," by Rachel Crothers

"Design for Living," by Noel Coward

"Biography," by S. N. Behrman

"Alien Corn," by Sidney Howard

"We, the People," by Elmer Rice

"One Sunday Afternoon," by James Hagen

"The Late Christopher Bean," by Sidney Howard

"Pigeons and People," by George M. Cohan

We mention Mr. Mantle's list, though there have been others, because it is a representative one which enjoys the further distinction of appearing in the annual theatre year book in reading form for students of the drama.

* * *



Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Noel Coward in the latter's "Design for Living"

Alas! of what comfort are ten-best lists when we notice the look of concern about the faces of theatre managers. "Variety," that venerable Bible of the Theatrical Profession, found no dissenters regarding the extremely sour appearance of theatre business for the dead season just interred. The results would make handsome material for a play entitled "The Box Offices' Wince." Only 26 of 117 produced showed as much as an even break. Among the failures we were saddened to notice "We the People," one of Burns Mantle's ten-best, "American Dream," which remains dearly remembered by the Theatre Guild, and "Foolscap," the portrayal of Shaw and Pirandello. The only ray of sunshine in the season's gloomy annals, inevitably, was the motion picture rights sideline. A thankful Broadway acknowledged three hundred thousand dollars restored to it by Hollywood, among which were fifty thousand dollars each for "Design for Living" and "Dinner at Eight."

* * *

Laying aside doubtful best-tens and lugubrious business reports,

there was the matter of individual "bests." Indulging in a few provocative afterthoughts, "The Stage," a theatrical journal, subjected each element of the theatre to a keen interpretation.

For the best single performance, "The Stage", a theatrical journal, snubbed its nose at the gratifying technique of Ina Claire, and the ardent eloquence of Katherine Cornell, and placed the wreath upon the already, as we imagined, too bewildered Lynn Fontanne of "Design for Living."

Among other "bests" we found: For the most tragic performances, Fay Bainter in "For Services Rendered," Lillian Gish in "Nine Pine Street," and Katherine Cornell in "Lucrece," for the most comic performances, Noel Coward in his own "Design for Living," with Osgood Perkins of "Goodbye Again" closely in pursuit; for excellence in character acting, Walter Kelly's Congressman in "Both Your Houses;" Lynn Fontanne for the "most copied actress;" "The Late Christopher Bean" for providing "the most untroubled, amusing evening in the theatre;" "Pigeons and People" for being

"the curiousest dramatic offering;" and finally, "for not lasting as long as they should," among others, "Both Your Houses" and "For Services Rendered." Well, who will argue with "The Stage," which cannot possibly be as misguided as it might have been.

* * *

We were privileged to sit in on the Guild's waning season, marvelling that the 52nd Street temple of the drama had chosen "The Mask and the Face" to bring up the rear of a rather noteworthy season that had seen "American Dream" and "Biography" among its presentations. As it happened, Somerset Maugham's adaption of the play by Luigi Chiarelli certainly did not attain the heights of the Guild's predecessors. Perhaps it was our sluggish system, but this grisly farce which poked fun in Stygian and sardonic manner at the grave almost lulled us to sleep.

Judith Anderson, giving a reminiscently Fontannesque performance, tried hard to brighten a not overbright comedy. We cannot for the life of us see why the Guild brought back something that eight or ten years ago enjoyed indifferent success. Perhaps the play is not the thing, here, at least—the audience duly considered.

The story, such as it is, takes place in the Villa Grazia on the Lake of Como. Count Paolo Gra-

zia (Mr. Stanley Ridges) asserts that he would kill his wife Savina (Miss Anderson) if he found her deceitful. There is a house party in progress and before the night is over the Count gets a chance to prove his assertion. Feeling compunction while trying to kill her, and unable to, the Count sends her into exile and confesses to throwing her dead body in the lake. Submitting to a mock trial, the Count is acquitted, a hero on the country side. There is a burlesque burial, presumably that of Savina, while she, having slipped back from her exile, unknown to her friends, proceeds to gather her decidedly conventional and unmasked husband to her bosom.

There was an air of Maugham's bitter humor throughout, with such things as false tears coupled with proposed carnal appointments between the men and women after the return from the cemetery.

The thing, all in all, was hardly adequate, not to say surprisingly weak theatre with due respects to the managing prowess of the Theatre Guild.

* * *

More interesting than its final play of the 1932-1933 season was the Theatre Guild's list of six proposed plays for the 1933-1934 season.

The Guild announced options on Eugene O'Neill's new play, expected shortly and as yet un-

named, and on plays by Sidney Howard and Maxwell (Pulitzer Prize) Anderson. Other plays on the list from which the six will be chosen included: "Sarah Simple," a comedy by A. A. Milne; "Winesburg, Ohio," a play by Sherwood Anderson and Arthur Barton, based on Mr. Anderson's novel of the same name; "The School for Husbands," by Moliere, an adaption in rhyme by Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner; "Versailles," by Emil Ludwig, the noted biographer; "The Purple Testament," a play by John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence; "Native Ground," by Virgil Geddes; "This Side Idolatry," by Talbot Jennings, and "Something to Live For," by George O'Neil, whose "American Dream" appeared during the 1932-1933 Theatre Guild season.

* * *

In passing we noted with regret some weeks ago the frustration of John Golden's attempt to put "When Ladies Meet," the comedy by Rachel Crothers, on a dollar top basis. The union that controls the destinies of stage hands decreed Mr. Golden's attempt "no go" unless the regulation number of workmen were employed. The show closed a fortnight later. We merely mention this to stress the popularity that might have been enjoyed by a similarly enterprising policy during the hot months of comparative inactivity in legitimate theatricals.

Judas Sheep

Sinister dupe, so pitifully beguiled
 By flattering voices, this poor mockery
 Of freedom is not freedom. Draw your mild
 Comrades into their stockyard tragedy—
 Under the seeming triumph of your crime,
 A stealthy justice, tireless and profound,
 Knots even now into the stuff of Time
 The day your masters will sell you by the pound.
 More tainted than you, more treacherous by far,
 Is man; your interlude of service done,
 One morning you will fail to find the bar
 Lifted — and to your horror you will run
 Helplessly with your comrades toward the knife.
 Death long postponed but by no means evaded,
 Will take you by the throat at last, while life
 Is promised your successor. Poor degraded
 Sheep, you were born to folly and disgrace,
 As worms are born to crawl, as larks to sing.
 To the end be like your namesake; turn your face
 On the blood you've sold, when it's your hour to swing.

—Helene Mullins

Travel Notes

Pecora's Sicilian Home Agog Over Morgan Inquiry

BECAUSE of its enthusiastic interest in the Morgan inquiry conducted by Ferdinand Pecora, born there 51 years ago, the authorities have had to speed up communications between Nicosia, a small town in Sicily, and the coast cable stations. Nicosia, where the great lawyer spent his childhood, is on one of Sicily's quaintest and least visited by-roads. Centuries before Christ its neighborhood was one of the best known to tourists in the entire then-known world, for it was reputed the birthplace of the goddess Ceres. A few miles from Nicosia is the lake from which the ancient Greeks believed Pluto carried off Proserpine to be queen of Hades. Americans following the present Morgan inquiry are not surprised to hear that the modern feature of Pecora's home town is the exporting of rock salt and sulphur. To encourage exploring such byroads, the railways of Sicily are offering a fifty percent cut in fares.

Mussolini Greets 300 Italo-American Students

THREE hundred students, Americans of Italian parentage, who had taken advantage of this summer's reductions in return tickets on some lines, such as the Lloyd Triestino, were recently received by Premier Mussolini.

"I am always delighted," Il Duce told them, "when Americans of Italian descent recognize how the land of their forefathers can contribute to their new fatherland through studies in our universities."

There is a famous summer course for foreigners at Perugia, one of the most beautiful of the Italian Hill Towns, a cool resort and home of Raphael's teacher. To students going there and to other summer schools the Italian government is offering free museum entrance and a 30 percent cut on railway tariffs. This applies to the music courses at Siena



Ponte Sant'Angelo, Rome

—From a Drawing by Henry Rushmore

and to the courses at Venice, Florence, Pisa and Rome.

Wines of Italy

VISITORS who go to the Hill Towns during August will be attracted to Siena not only for the Palio that takes place on August 16th, but also for a unique show of typical Italian wines, to be held between the 3rd and 18th of that month. The exhibition will include all the best wines made throughout Italy, from Piedmont down to Sicily. It will be held in the old Medici Fortress, one of the best examples of early Italian architecture. The object of this show is to bring together wine growers and buyers. American travelers wishing to brush up on their wine knowledge, in view of the more liberal situation at home, will find this the perfect opportunity.

Italian Nobles Open Hill Town Villas to Visitors.

THE gardens of the world-famed villas and private palaces in the neighborhood of Florence are to be opened to American visitors this summer, according to the Tuscan Federation of Tourism. From June 10th, groups organized under the Federation will go by automobile into the hills of Tuscany, starting from the centre of Florence, and will study the planning of gard-

ens that made "the Italian garden" and Italy's gardeners famous throughout the world three and four centuries ago. These gardens so familiar to Americans through the widespread colored reproductions of Florentine paintings of centuries ago, are already very influential in guiding American suburban flower gardens and are likely to be even more so, thanks to this new opportunity to see the best of the original gardens. Numerous Americans have changed their plans for the summer so as to take in Tuscany under these more intimate conditions.

Exhibit of Fascist Revolution Draws Crowds to Rome

"RECENT history is just as interesting to this season's American visitors to Italy's capital as is ancient Rome," according to the head of one of the great tourist agencies, just back from a study of conditions in Italy. "Official statistics show that eight special trains have already been organized in other lands of the Continent to the Exhibit of the Fascist Revolution, being held until next October in the capital."

During April over 5,000 foreigners came in special trains alone, to visit these up-to-date exhibits of what changes Fascism has achieved at home and in Italy's colonies. Several times that number came independently

by small groups, encouraged by the 70% cut in railway fares offered by the government to the visitors to this exhibit. "The latest tourist tip," the noted travel organizer added, "is about the special excursion trains run nowadays to Vienna, by the Italian Railways. Thanks to these round trip arrangements, Americans are hopping off during their summer at Rome for a glimpse of Central Europe, the museums and parks of Vienna and Schoenbrunn, at a fraction of the cost of independent travel."

The "Rome Express" Comes Back

SERVICE of the famous train between Rome, Paris and Calais, the "Rome-Express," has been resumed this summer, largely thanks to the demand for rapid travel brought about by the Holy Year ceremonies in Rome. The train will now make the trip from Paris to Rome in three hours less time than it did last year, - in 22 hours instead of the former 25. Many Americans who are visiting Italy for pleasure and who are not in a hurry, still reserve staterooms on the "Rome-Express" because of its unique comfort.

Italian Painters Take to Climbing Alps

TO make mountain-climbing athletes of Italy's best artists is the aim of the exhibit of mountain paintings to be shown this summer at Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Italian mountains near the Austrian frontier. Mountains have in the past been given too little attention in art, in the opinion of the Italian Alpine Club. At the same time as the exhibit, the fourth reunion of the International Congress of Alpinists is being held in the famous Italian summer resort of Cortina d'Ampezzo.

Air Lines Carry Tourists To Rhodes From Italy

THE island of Rhodes, far from the beaten tracks of wandering tourists, has at last been made accessible, thanks to Italian airplanes that hop off from Brindisi, southern Italy's Adriatic port, and reach Rhodes in a few hours. So as to encourage this new trend among tourists, the air line is

offering a 20% reduction in the price of return tickets during the summer season. The company reports that more Americans are going to Rhodes this year than ever before, thanks to this improved means of travel and to the news of the island's fine golf course and health springs. A group of Americans are reported to have come this month specially to photograph the island's Mohammedan inhabitants and Crusader castles.

Daylight Airline Paris-Rome is Opened

THE Italian Airways have opened for the summer season a daily route which takes you, during daylight, between Rome and Paris. The Italian plane leaves Paris at 5:20 in the morning, reaches Venice at 3:25 P. M. and Rome at 6:25 P. M. The plane passes over the Alps, an unrivalled spectacle, for those who understand and love Nature. Before Venice, you pass over the vast fertile Po valley, then lofty Apennines and the hills of Tuscany, with the famous "hill towns" at their feet. Finally the austere expanse of Latium, forerunner of the majesty and beauty of Rome.

Naples Holds Wine and Farming Show

AN exposition giving a practical summary of present-day agriculture and wine production in the various regions of Italy is now being held in Naples. A number of American groups who had already visited Rome's Fascist Revolution Exhibition, encouraged by the 70 percent cut given tourists by the Italian Railways for this purpose, are continuing to Naples, so as to see in a nutshell the agricultural side of the Mussolini movement. The railways of Italy are giving a 50% cut to visitors of the Naples show. Owing to the Fascist exhibit and the Holy Year, 740,000 people visited Rome during April.

Italy Opens New Sea Route For "Bumming"

THE Cosulich steamship line is to open a new route for two of its oil burning ships this summer. The ships will carry a limited number of passengers, giving American victims of the Depression a cheap sugar-tramp

means of indulging the sport of exploring unfrequented nooks along the Mediterranean. The ships start out from Trieste in the northern tip of the Adriatic Sea and stop at Spalato, one of the "discovered" beauty spots on the Dalmatian coast. Then they go to Naples, Marseilles, Barcelona, Cadiz, from which Columbus sailed on one of his voyages, and the Canary Islands. On the way home, the ships stop at Lisbon.

Sardinian Women Launch Cookery Exhibit

THE women of the capital of the Italian island of Sardinia have opened a "learn by eating" exhibit where foreigners can appreciate by practise the new and old styles of cooking macaroni, suckling pig, new-born kid, wild duck and hare, for which Sardinia is famed in Europe.

The many cheeses and wines of the rugged island are offered to the taster and sold to the eater.

The cooking show is a part of the "Springtime in Sardinia" festivities, for which Italian steamship lines between Sardinia and Italian ports are offering 50% reductions on fares. Auto tours lead into remote mountains of the island where a dialect more closely related to ancient Latin than any on the Continent is even now spoken by the rugged peasants.

Rome's Appian Way Completed After 22 Centuries

THE most famous of the roads that lead to Rome, the Appian Way, also called, by the ancient equivalent to the present-day rubber-necker, the "Queen of Roads," has at last, for the first time, been made a unit, thanks to the spanning of the Garigliano River by the Fascist government.

The bridge, one of the finest of modern Italian constructions, is of concrete, steel and limestone. It has been erected by the best engineers of Italy at a cost of \$120,000. Visitors to Rome are thus afforded a fresh route of exploration. In the past, attempts to span the river have always failed because of the 100-foot deposit of soft clay in the riverbed. Architectural journals consider the three-span, 100-yard-long bridge one of the most important technical triumphs of the last decade.

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from Page 98)

are there of him? One, none and a hundred thousand?

Thus Pirandello reduces his own theory of the relativity of personality, known to the public through his various plays, to the absurd.

But there is more than this. Vitangelo Moscarda will attempt to prove to his friends, to his wife, to the vile little world in which he lives that he is none of the people they believe him to be. Accordingly, on a rainy day, he will cruelly evict two of his tenants from an ugly shack only to present them immediately thereafter with a beautiful home and a handsome sum of money. Quite definitely in the eyes of all Moscarda will be one affected by insanity. And he will be quite happy to be insane if the small, ugly, petty world he has known constitutes sanity.

The "reductio ad absurdum" of the relativity of personality need not surprise us because in his contempt for a motionless, lifeless, fossilized world of men, Pirandello brings to a logical outcome his early Bergsonian leanings.

—Anthony M. Gisolfi

SELF-ACTIVITY ITALIAN REVIEW. By Peter Sammartino and Catherine R. Santelli. 32 pages. Woodside, N. Y.: The Modern Language Press.

This attractive and concise little pamphlet, though it does not profess to teach Italian, leaving that larger and more difficult field to more suitable books, nevertheless has a distinct value in itself. All too familiar, even among Italo-Americans, are those who have studied Italian for a short period in the schools, but later, through non-use, have let their knowledge of the language grow cold. While this booklet is meant for use in classes for orthodox review purposes (and in fact in their foreword the authors disclaim any other motive) it seems to the present reviewer that the very fact of its elementary nature will make it valuable as a method for reviving interest in the language, on the part of those outside of cloistered halls.

Perhaps, from the strictly peda-

gogical viewpoint, a few dozen pages are not enough for the purpose, and this is recognized by Dr. Sammartino and Miss Santelli. To quote from the foreword: "Because of the physical limitations of the book each exercise had to be limited to one technique. The list of topics is not complete. The choice had to be limited to the most common elements and to those requiring special drill." Believing in brevity, the authors, both of whom have been teaching for a number of years in New York City high schools, here use simplicity and shortness as indispensables.

An incidental value of the booklet is that it adds one more to the growing number of texts on the Italian language, for which the need is yearly growing more apparent.

—D. Lamonica

BEATRICE CENCI. By Corrado Ricci. New York: Liveright. 1933. \$3.50.

Delvers into things historical seem to take such pains upsetting the widely accepted intimacies of our more notorious fellow-humans, that we are inadvertently moved to wonder why and wherefore. In most cases, and this is not an entirely original speculation, it were better to leave the unbeautiful truth hidden away in campfire.

Corrado Ricci, one of those souls blest with a restless skepticism, has taken the beautiful lies we professed to believe of the infamous Cenci and dispelled some of their glorious redolence. He takes issue with the equivocal reports of Beatrice's trial and punishment which resulted in her apotheosis directly her beautiful, headless body had fallen to the scaffold.

To judge by the lengthy and rather exhaustive bibliography, our chronicler has literally waded through masses of pamphlets and records bearing on the paricide and trial.

The story of the Cenci is widely known, how Beatrice, the lovely Roman virgin, had her father murdered because of his attack on her honor. It was the portrait of this girl with the turban, we remember, that inspired Shelley to write "The Cenci." To begin with, Mr. Ricci seriously doubts that the picture was authentically that of Beatrice, believing that it was really that of the Samian Sybil. Furthermore, asserts our informer, who should know better than any-

one, although Beatrice's father, Francesco, was a beast, he never attacked his daughter who was not a virgin at all.

Signor Ricci went into all the available documents of this sixteenth century trial and published, ten years ago, a full two-volume record of the proceedings, including background and comment on the law and customs of the time. This is now reissued in one volume, a translation by Morris Bishop and Henry Longan Stuart.

The writer contends that the sympathy for Beatrice was the result of several circumstances. Francesco was a coarse and vulgar character whose deeds made a sordid story, "a vagrant litany of violence and turpitude." He was "furious, lustful, fierce, hospitable to every evil." Besides, to add to the growing antipathy toward Francesco, there was the antagonism to Pope Clement VIII, under whose authority the trial was held. Anti-papal sentiment, according to Shelley, prevailed even in that day, since the traditional story would have it that the Pope prosecuted the case because Francesco Cenci was one of his rich supporters.

The murder of Beatrice's father is a tale of horror as told convincingly by the author. It rivals in bloody ferocity some of our more complete modern "removals." No detail or phase of the whole affair has been overlooked in this deeply interesting, exciting portrayal. We are even told that Beatrice left an illegitimate son to whom she referred as a "poor boy" in her will, and who she left in the care of another woman.

Beatrice remains, we are informed, celebrated even in our own day. Hence, Signor Ricci's admirable efforts to bring truth and light out of the confusion and the lavish sentimentality surrounding a case of this kind, we venture to predict, will detract no whit from Beatrice's continued martyrdom.

—John A. Donato.

THE STORY OF THE BORGHIAS. By L. Collison-Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.95.

"My object in this book," begins Mr. Collison-Morley's preface, "has been to tell the story of the Borgias with sufficient historical background

to make it intelligible and to endeavor above all to bring out their characteristics as human beings. I have stuck closely to facts throughout."

It is this extremely cautious adherence to fact which distinguishes this book from others on the Borgias and brings a subject so closely associated by the general reader with sensationalism, under the head of research and scholarship. Under Mr. Collison-Morley's dispassionate scrutiny, the rumor of incest remains rumor and the exaggerated reports of the family penchant for poisoning remain exaggerated.

What is not legend is that Rodrigo Borgia, a cardinal with four children by Giovannozza dei Catanei, became Pope Alexander VI through outrageous simony and thereafter shied from no treachery in making use of his absolute power to further the fortunes of his most beloved children; that Cesare, jealous of the preference shown his brother, Duke of Gandia, almost certainly murdered him so that his father might turn his attention to him, a plan that worked so well that not only were Gandia's lands turned over to Cesare, but the Pope claimed the right of the Church to all wealth of Cardinals at their last breath, and handed it over to Cesare for his campaigns in the Romagna; that, because of the immediate political needs of her father and brother, after two marriage contracts had been cancelled, Lucrezia's first marriage was annulled through false testimony, her second husband was murdered, probably by Cesare, and her third husband, the Duke of Ferrara, was obtained in exchange for a remission of tribute to the Church and a Cardinalship for his relatives.

The assiduity, however, with which Mr. Collison-Morley has tracked down evidence concerning the Borgias has overridden his faculty of selection, so that a great many trivial scraps are included. To be told, for example, that at Pesaro, during Lucrezia's journey to Ferrara, "she herself spent the day she passed there in absolute seclusion, taking the opportunity of washing her head... At Imola she again washed her head, which she had not done for a week, as she was beginning to have headaches," is of no value beyond the wonder that such a trifle has been preserved for four hundred years. Again, in the presentation of the historical background, the mass of detail concern-

ing political intrigue, religious strategy, and military campaigns, betrays the author's tendency toward an all-inclusiveness of whatever he knows is authentic.

The abundance of historical detail allows for no character portrayal, but by just this cautious method and by his insistence upon understanding the Borgias only as one other phenomenon of the corrupt times in which they lived, Mr. Collison-Morley has accomplished the admirable service of drawing the Borgias out of the limelight and assigning to them their proper, if less imposing, place in the Renaissance background.

—Edith Witt

THE PARADISO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. 332 pages. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.75.

The present translation, though entirely without notes or explanation other than a concise table of arrangement of Paradise and a brief introduction, amply pleads its own case with all English-speaking admirers of Dante and all who would seek a better understanding of the great Florentine's verse form, a subject which, as the author points out in his introduction—in contrast to the poet's style—has been neglected in the discussions of English critics and scholars. It may be because of the very obstacles to rendering any great poetical work exactly in any but the language of its conception that this subject of the verse-form of the *Commedia*, particularly that of the lesser read and studied *Cantica del Paradiso*, has been considered so difficult of approach for the average English reader. The significant feature of Mr. Bickersteth's translation is the fact that it offers a faithful, though not in all cases a literal transcription into the English, done in the meter and the rhyme scheme employed by Dante himself, despite the heavier difficulties which the rhymed triplet presents when expressed in English. The purpose as mentioned by the author "has been twofold: at once to render the verbal meaning of Italian with fidelity... and to write to Dante's melody..." In like manner the resulting English version, which by the way, should be considered

in no wise as a substitute, but rather as a reflection and interpretation of the original, is twofold in its intent. Two classes of readers seem to have been uppermost in the translator's mind, first those "with whom the third and greatest cantica of the Divine Comedy counts (outside the Bible) as the supreme expression in literature of the Christian faith, and who uses it as such for study and meditation—*contento ne' pensier contemplativi*," and secondly those who are drawn to the *Paradiso* by the purity of its literary perfection.

More than the great body of comment which has been growing year by year and century by century, this translation has given to English readers everywhere the nearest approach, it seems to me, to the real *Paradiso* as intended by the immortal *sesto tra cotanto senno*.

—Richard F. Mezzotero

MASTER BUILDERS OF OPERA. By George C. Jell. 257 pages. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The recent financial difficulties of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the successful invasion of the New York field by low-priced opera on the part of the Chicago Opera Company and others, lends unlooked-for timeliness to a volume which would ordinarily command but little attention. Briefly stated, the book is a series of short and informative biographical sketches of the careers and achievements of about thirty important musical composers, whose history is more or less the history of grand opera. It is interesting to note that almost half of those here treated are or were Italian, the list including Cherubini, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Ponchielli, Boito, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Giordano, Montemezzi and Wolf-Ferrari.

A sense of continuity is given to these separate treatments by the Introduction, which combines and synthesizes, thereby lending the book some useful unity, without which it might be little more than a reference book. At the back of the book is an 18-page appendix listing the operatic works of the composers treated.

Things Italian in American Periodicals

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An exhaustive article on the Balbo flight, written before the take-off. It is written in "Time's" customarily entertaining, if somewhat flippant, style, bolstered by considerable data on distances, equipment, men and leaders.

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FASCISM AND THE SOCIALIST FAILURE—By G. D. H. Cole—Current History, June 1933.

The author, a British economist, writes that "there is no doubt that the prospects of socialism have become much worse since the years immediately after the war."

MUSSOLINI'S REAL GAME—By P. Dominique—The Living Age, June, 1933.

IMMIGRATION—By Herbert C. Pell—The Commonweal, May 26, 1933.

That some curb on immigration is necessary seems undeniable, says the author, who then adds that the present Quota Bill "is about the most nonsensical method ever adopted by any country to achieve a worthy object." Mr. Pell, who was formerly chairman of the New York

State Democratic Committee and also served in the United States Congress, supports his assertion with evidence, and then suggests a theory of his own for proper immigration control.

MAN vs. MACHINE—Time, May 22, 1933.

An article on Francesco de Pinedo, Italian air hero, who is to attempt to hop off from Floyd Bennett Airport in New York for "some point in Asia," for the non-stop distance record. His elaborate preparations are described, including a water tank above the cockpit and a siren, to be used to wake him automatically after ten minutes. "For weeks," ends the article, "General de Pinedo has broken each night's sleep into 15-minute intervals, steeling himself for competition against the flying machine."

LA TOSCA—Etude, June, 1933.

A criticism of Giacomo Puccini's famous opera by that name.

"PEACE DECLARED!"—Time, June 19, 1933.

A summary, in typical "Time" style, of the signing of Mussolini's four-power pact, which it thinks is now "emasculated beyond recognition." Yet the article concludes: "Even cynics realized that Franco-Italian relations, long tense, had been eased by an agreement, no matter how flimsy, to 'collaborate'."

NEW PROBLEMS IN CITIZENSHIP TRAINING—By C. H. Judd—Elementary School Journal, May 1933.

AN ITALIAN LETTER—By Harold Franklin—Opinion, June 1933.

An article in the American "Journal of Jewish Life and Letters" on the conditions of the Jews in Italy. Says the author (who, incidentally, states that the lot of Jewry in Italy can compare favorably with that of any other Jewry anywhere in the world):

"The Nuova Legge sulle Comunità Israelitiche Italiane, the recent Fascist legislation regulating the twenty-six Comunità into which it divided Italian Jewry, has generally been looked upon as the solution of all Italian Jewish problems. Its operation has been watched with the greatest interest, because of one unique aspect. It stated categorically that should a Jew refuse to contribute to the support of the Comunità he had but one alternative: publicly to declare that he no longer wishes to be considered a Jew. The Italian Government—incidentally the legislation was requested by

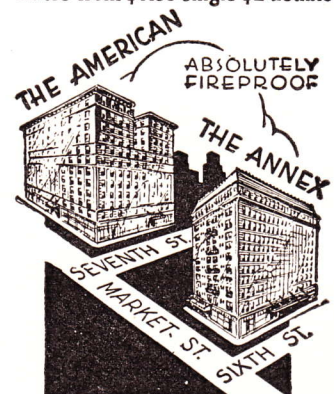
Italian Jewry—is the authority guaranteeing the law's enforcement."

DANTE'S "IMAGE" IN THE SUN—By Jefferson B. Fletcher—The Romanic Review, April-June, 1933.



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in ST. LOUIS

L'IDIOMA GENTILE: A PLEA FOR LANGUAGE—By Rudolph Altrochi—*The Modern Language Forum Yearbook*, April, 1933.

ITALIAN COURSES IN AMERICAN SUMMER SESSIONS—*Italica* June, 1933.

Listing the Italian courses being given during the summer at ten American universities.

ITALIAN LITERARY QUARTERLY —By O. A. Bontempo—*The Romanic Review*, April-June, 1933. *of the past few months.*

DEMOCRACY STILL STANDS FIRM—By Simeon Strunsky—*The New York Times Magazine*, May 21, 1933.

The sub-title of this article by a well-known American writer is "Though the

Dictators Have Added Germany to Their List, the Principle of Self-Government Cherished in America Holds Its Ground in a Vast Area on Both Sides of the Atlantic." Throughout there is a noticeable toning down whenever Italy or Mussolini is mentioned. Implied is the opinion that the Italian dictatorship is a good one; the Russian and German ones bad. Mussolini, to the writer, seems to have all the good dictatorial qualities; Stalin and Hitler many bad ones.

COMMENT FROM READERS

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

While not unexpected, the figures given in "What Are We Doing in Politics?" are certainly revealing and should prove an active incentive to our younger generation to raise the number of office holders to a level with other nationalities. However, when Mr. Mazzola speaks of organizing I believe he should have gone a bit into details. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me that Mr. Mazzola is an exponent of the same type of politics which means voting a straight party ticket. Otherwise Mr. Mazzola should have explained that in the last election a large number of Italians were on the Republican ticket for high offices while the only Italian Democrat was Lanzetta and without question the only reason the Irish leaders chose him was because only another Italian could have defeated La Guardia. Had the Italians in New York voted Democratic in every instance except where a Republican Italian opposed a Democratic non-Italian Mr. Mazzola's figures would not have presented such a sorry picture.

While I do not believe in the active participation of women in politics, I am in hearty accordance with James Lovatelli's article in that women of foreign birth should make full use of the ballot. As long as the law permits women to vote it would indeed be ridiculous to have American women vote while our Italians remained at home. Since there is little doubt but that women vote the same as the men of the family (or put it the other way around) it would mean that the vote of an Italian whose wife stayed at home would be worth just one half the vote of an American whose wife went with him to the polls.

The article concerning the "Inferiority of Italian Youth" is interesting but altogether too brief for the subject. In regard to the last paragraph I would suggest that it would be well to emphasize the contribution of Italians to America in addition to the contribution of Italy to the world. I would like to see more articles on this subject.

Very truly yours,
Edoardo Marolla
Iron Belt, Wis.

Dear Mr. Mazzola:-

I want to congratulate you on your splendid article entitled "What Are We Doing in Politics?", which appeared in the June edition of "Atlantica."

The comprehensive manner in which you detailed the lack of interest taken by the Italian Americans in politics, applies not only to your State and City, but also to other localities. Here in

Baltimore we are confronted with the same problems mentioned by you in your article, as a result of which we do not get the representation to which we are rightfully entitled. Too often do the Italians dismiss the question of the ballot with the statement that they are too busy to vote on Election Day, and when someone of Italian descent is proposed for office, it is often that petty jealousies crop up to hinder the candidate. The spirit of unity apparent in other nationalities is to be admired, and as your article so aptly states, it is about time that the Italian-Americans follow the example of some of the other nationalities, with the view of obtaining the recognition to which they are justly entitled.

I assure you that I thoroughly enjoyed your article, and feel that much has been accomplished by you in calling the situation as it now exists, to the attention of the public.

Very truly yours,
Hector J. Ciotti
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

There appears in the June issue of your publication an article entitled "What Are We Doing In Politics" written by Samuel Mazzola. I want to correct an error in that article.

It is stated on page 59 that there is not a single Assemblyman of Italian ex-

traction who represents New York County (Manhattan). Although one may not believe so from the name, I may state that I am of Italian extraction. Both my father and mother were born in Italy, emigrated to this country and were married, on the East Side of New York. I was born in the District, namely, Second New York, which I represent and have represented for the last four years in the State Assembly.

I am confident that Italian-Americans will make sufficiently rapid strides in the near future to entitle them to political honors greater than those which they have been receiving.

Very truly yours,
Millard E. Theodore
New York City

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

I am very much interested in the activities of men of our race in America and the progress of the Italians in these United States, and I have delivered a number of lectures dealing with our contribution to the civilization of the world and of America and our present position in civic and political life in America.

Your efforts in promoting such policies and the efforts of those individuals who have contributed such important articles are deserving of the highest praise.

Very truly yours,
Peter C. Giambalvo
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PROUD ANNOUNCEMENT

ATLANTICA takes a pardonable pride in boasting to its readers that the best travel article published on Italy during the year 1932 appeared in its pages. At least, so thought the Italian tourist organization, ENIT (Ente Nazionale Industrie Turistiche) of Rome, when it recently awarded the 2000-lire first prize in its International Literary Competition to Dr. Fredericka Blankner of the Vassar College faculty for her article on Pisa, "The City of the Ivory Tower," which appeared in ATLANTICA'S December 1932 issue. Articles published in four languages, French, English, German and Spanish, were submitted to the committee of five judges, and the winning article was broadcast in Italy by the Enit Radio News.

To Miss Blankner, a contributor who is by no means new to our readers, go our congratulations for her triumph, and, in a smaller sense, ours. Author of a book of poems, "All My Youth," published last year by Brentano's, and a contributor to many of the leading American periodicals, she is also a lec-

turer of note on Italian cultural subjects. She won the Dante Fellowship at Harvard and the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship at Wellesley and she holds, in addition to the Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago, that of Doctor of Letters from the Royal University of Rome.

In order that new readers of this magazine will be enabled to read Miss Blankner's prize-winning article, and to anticipate requests that will be made for copies of it, ATLANTICA will reprint "The City of the Ivory Tower," together with its original illustrations, in its next issue.

Another article published in ATLANTICA that has achieved notice is "A Vision Fulfilled" by Lucille Arnold Harrington, which has to do with the Royal Italian University for Foreigners in Perugia. The article has been reprinted in the *Bollettino* of the University. Miss Harrington, who is engaged in lecturing and teaching in Boston, is returning to Perugia this summer.

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FASCISM AND THE SOCIALIST FAILURE—By G. D. H. Cole—*Cur- rent History*, June 1933.

The author, a British economist, writes that "there is no doubt that the prospects of socialism have become much worse since the years immediately after the war."

MUSSOLINI'S REAL GAME—By P. Dominique—*The Living Age*, June, 1933.

IMMIGRATION—By Herbert C. Pell —*The Commonwealth*, May 26, 1933.

That some curb on immigration is necessary seems undeniable, says the author, who then adds that the present Quota Bill "is about the most nonsensical method ever adopted by any country to achieve a worthy object." Mr. Pell, who was formerly chairman of the New York

State Democratic Committee and also served in the United States Congress, supports his assertion with evidence, and then suggests a theory of his own for proper immigration control.

MAN vs. MACHINE—*Time*, May 22, 1933.

An article on Francesco de Pinedo, Italian air hero, who is to attempt to hop off from Floyd Bennett Airport in New York for "some point in Asia," for the non-stop distance record. His elaborate preparations are described, including a water tank above the cockpit and a siren, to be used to wake him automatically after ten minutes. "For weeks," ends the article, "General de Pinedo has broken each night's sleep into 15-minute intervals, steeling himself for competition against the flying machine."

LA TOSCA—*Etude*, June, 1933.

A criticism of Giacomo Puccini's famous opera by that name.

"PEACE DECLARED!"—*Time*, June 19, 1933.

A summary, in typical "Time" style, of the signing of Mussolini's four-power pact, which it thinks is now "emasculated beyond recognition." Yet the article concludes: "Even cynics realized that Franco-Italian relations, long tense, had been eased by an agreement, no matter how flimsy, to 'collaborate.'"

NEW PROBLEMS IN CITIZEN- SHIP TRAINING—By C. H. Judd —*Elementary School Journal*, May 1933.

AN ITALIAN LETTER—By Harold Franklin—*Opinion*, June 1933.

An article in the American "Journal of Jewish Life and Letters" on the conditions of the Jews in Italy. Says the author (who, incidentally, states that the lot of Jewry in Italy can compare favorably with that of any other Jewry anywhere in the world):

"The Nuova Legge sulle Comunità Israelitiche Italiane, the recent Fascist legislation regulating the twenty-six Comunità into which it divided Italian Jewry, has generally been looked upon as the solution of all Italian Jewish problems. Its operation has been watched with the greatest interest, because of one unique aspect. It stated categorically that should a Jew refuse to contribute to the support of the Comunità he had but one alternative: publicly to declare that he no longer wishes to be considered a Jew. The Italian Government—incidentally the legislation was requested by

Italian Jewry—is the authority guaranteeing the law's enforcement."

DANTE'S "IMAGE" IN THE SUN— By Jefferson B. Fletcher—*The Romanic Review*, April-June, 1933.



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L'IDIOMA GENTILE: A PLEA FOR LANGUAGE—By Rudolph Altrocchi—*The Modern Language Forum Yearbook, April, 1933.*

ITALIAN COURSES IN AMERICAN SUMMER SESSIONS—*Italica June, 1933.*

Listing the Italian courses being given during the summer at ten American universities.

ITALIAN LITERARY QUARTERLY —By O. A. Bontempo—*The Romanic Review, April-June, 1933.* of the past few months.

DEMOCRACY STILL STANDS FIRM—By Simeon Strunsky—*The New York Times Magazine, May 21, 1933.* The sub-title of this article by a well-known American writer is "Though the

Dictators Have Added Germany to Their List, the Principle of Self-Government Cherished in America Holds Its Ground in a Vast Area on Both Sides of the Atlantic." Throughout there is a noticeable toning down whenever Italy or Mussolini is mentioned. Implied is the opinion that the Italian dictatorship is a good one; the Russian and German ones bad. Mussolini, to the writer, seems to have all the good dictatorial qualities; Stalin and Hitler many bad ones.

COMMENT FROM READERS

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

While not unexpected, the figures given in "What Are We Doing in Politics?" are certainly revealing and should prove an active incentive to our younger generation to raise the number of office holders to a level with other nationalities. However, when Mr. Mazzola speaks of organizing I believe he should have gone a bit into details. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me that Mr. Mazzola is an exponent of the same type of politics which means voting a straight party ticket. Otherwise Mr. Mazzola should have explained that in the last election a large number of Italians were on the Republican ticket for high offices while the only Italian Democrat was Lanzetta and without question the only reason the Irish leaders chose him was because only another Italian could have defeated La Guardia. Had the Italians in New York voted Democratic in every instance except where a Republican Italian opposed a Democratic non-Italian Mr. Mazzola's figures would not have presented such a sorry picture.

While I do not believe in the active participation of women in politics, I am in hearty accord with James Lovatelli's article in that women of foreign birth should make full use of the ballot. As long as the law permits women to vote it would indeed be ridiculous to have American women vote while our Italians remained at home. Since there is little doubt but that women vote the same as the men of the family (or put it the other way around) it would mean that the vote of an Italian whose wife stayed at home would be worth just one half the vote of an American whose wife went with him to the polls.

The article concerning the "Inferiority of Italian Youth" is interesting but altogether too brief for the subject. In regard to the last paragraph I would suggest that it would be well to emphasize the contribution of Italians to America in addition to the contribution of Italy to the world. I would like to see more articles on this subject.

Very truly yours,
Edoardo Marolla
Iron Belt, Wis.

Dear Mr. Mazzola:-

I want to congratulate you on your splendid article entitled "What Are We Doing in Politics?", which appeared in the June edition of "*Atlantica*."

The comprehensive manner in which you detailed the lack of interest taken by the Italian Americans in politics, applies not only to your State and City, but also to other localities. Here in

Baltimore we are confronted with the same problems mentioned by you in your article, as a result of which we do not get the representation to which we are rightfully entitled. Too often do the Italians dismiss the question of the ballot with the statement that they are too busy to vote on Election Day, and when someone of Italian descent is proposed for office, it is often that petty jealousies crop up to hinder the candidate. The spirit of unity apparent in other nationalities is to be admired, and as your article so aptly states, it is about time that the Italian-Americans follow the example of some of the other nationalities, with the view of obtaining the recognition to which they are justly entitled.

I assure you that I thoroughly enjoyed your article, and feel that much has been accomplished by you in calling the situation as it now exists, to the attention of the public.

Very truly yours,
Hector J. Ciotti
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

There appears in the June issue of your publication an article entitled "What Are We Doing in Politics" written by Samuel Mazzola. I want to correct an error in that article.

It is stated on page 59 that there is not a single Assemblyman of Italian ex-

traction who represents New York County (Manhattan). Although one may not believe so from the name, I may state that I am of Italian extraction. Both my father and mother were born in Italy, emigrated to this country and were married, on the East Side of New York. I was born in the District, namely, Second New York, which I represent and have represented for the last four years in the State Assembly.

I am confident that Italian-Americans will make sufficiently rapid strides in the near future to entitle them to political honors greater than those which they have been receiving.

Very truly yours,
Millard E. Theodore
New York City

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

I am very much interested in the activities of men of our race in America and the progress of the Italians in these United States, and I have delivered a number of lectures dealing with our contribution to the civilization of the world and of America and our present position in civic and political life in America.

Your efforts in promoting such policies and the efforts of those individuals who have contributed such important articles are deserving of the highest praise.

Very truly yours,
Peter C. Giambalvo
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PROUD ANNOUNCEMENT

ATLANTICA takes a pardonable pride in boasting to its readers that the best travel article published on Italy during the year 1932 appeared in its pages. At least, so thought the Italian tourist organization, ENIT (Ente Nazionale Industrie Turistiche) of Rome, when it recently awarded the 2000-lire first prize in its International Literary Competition to Dr. Fredericka Blankner of the Vassar College faculty for her article on Pisa, "The City of the Ivory Tower," which appeared in ATLANTICA'S December 1932 issue. Articles published in four languages, French, English, German and Spanish, were submitted to the committee of five judges, and the winning article was broadcast in Italy by the Enit Radio News.

To Miss Blankner, a contributor who is by no means new to our readers, go our congratulations for her triumph, and, in a smaller sense, ours. Author of a book of poems, "All My Youth," published last year by Brentano's, and a contributor to many of the leading American periodicals, she is also a lec-

turer of note on Italian cultural subjects. She won the Dante Fellowship at Harvard and the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship at Wellesley and she holds, in addition to the Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago, that of Doctor of Letters from the Royal University of Rome.

In order that new readers of this magazine will be enabled to read Miss Blankner's prize-winning article, and to anticipate requests that will be made for copies of it, ATLANTICA will reprint "The City of the Ivory Tower," together with its original illustrations, in its next issue.

Another article published in ATLANTICA that has achieved notice is "A Vision Fulfilled" by Lucille Arnold Harrington, which has to do with the Royal Italian University for Foreigners in Perugia. The article has been reprinted in the *Bollettino* of the University. Miss Harrington, who is engaged in lecturing and teaching in Boston, is returning to Perugia this summer.

The Italians in North America

THE PRESS

The 11th Primavera festival sponsored by *Il Nuovo Vessillo* of New York took place at the Central Opera House in New York on June 4th. It was under the patronage of the Order Sons of Italy, New York State Grand Lodge, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, and the Barbers' Benevolent Society.

Among the newspapers advocating a greater degree of Italian study for children of Italian parentage is the *Corriere Italiano* of Buffalo, which is running a weekly article on its advantages, together with a blank to be filled in by parents desiring that their children register for courses in Italian in the local schools.

A reprinted article that has been going the rounds of many Italian weeklies in this country is called "Look Out for Italians in Sports" by Robert Edgren, famous sports writer, in which he points out that recent achievements of Italians and Italian-Americans in the sports world bode ill for their competitors in future events.

Writing in his weekly column, "Italo-Americana" in *La Voce del Popolo* of Detroit recently, Edoardo Marolla discusses the assumption that Giovanni da Verrazzano was not only the famous discoverer that he is known to be, but that also the name of Rhode Island is attributed to him. He it was, it seems, who, on seeing the land that is now the smallest of the 48 States, said that it was "as beautiful as the Island of Rhodes."

Notice is taken, at about this time of the year, of the large numbers of Italians in the lists of graduates from colleges and high schools, many of them with honors, as can be seen from consulting *Atlantica's* "Educational Horizon" on another page. Apropos of this subject, the *Corriere d'America*, Italian daily of New York, recently ran the following editorial, under the title "Italian Growth in America:"

"During the last few days thousands and thousands of boys and girls of Italian extraction received their diplomas in American Schools, Colleges and Universities.

"It is the annual amazing increment of youth, vigor and fortitude to the older ranks. It is also an indication of the value of manpower on which the race may count for its development in this land of our adoption.

"Individual ambition and individual advancement have been powerful motives spurring Italian boys and girls to great accomplishment. We are proud of them and we wish that our new generation will follow their example.

"Those accomplishments, however, must be always regulated and controlled by the great principle of the common good.

"It is true that the strength of a race lies in the strength of its families, but it is also true that the strength of its

families lies in the loyalty of each member to the common interest of all.

"Fortunately we have now many possibilities, which our elder generations had not, and we must take advantage of those possibilities and pull together to our final success."

A great play was naturally made during the last two months over Ferdinand Pecora's able handling of the sensational investigation of Morgan & Company and its related activities. Among the comments is the following excerpt from an editorial in *The Italian News* of Boston.

"Nothing can so dramatically portray the difference between the various standards that constitute Americanism as the contrast between the groups represented on one side by Giannini, Pecora and La Guardia, and that represented by the pseudo American Morgan and his 'preferred list.' That list is a cross-section of the privileged, selfish, self-seeking aristocratic class which hogs everything in America.

"The outstanding thing is that, just as in the World war, America finds her surest loyalty among the immigrant groups."

SOCIETIES

Many distinguished Italians and Americans were present last month at the festival held aboard the Rex of the Italian Line by Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope for the benefit of St. Joseph's Summer Home for poor Italian children. They included Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General; Mayor John P. O'Brien; John F. Curry; John McCooley; Comm. Romolo Angelone, Italian Commercial Attache; Thomas A. Aurelio; Police Commissioner James S. Bolan; Hon. Salvatore Cotillo; Hon. Louis Caponigri; Hon. George B. De Luca; Hon. Michael Ditore; James A. Farley, U.S. Postmaster General; Edward Flynn, State Secretary and Bronx leader; Hon. Gaspar Liota; Hon. Sylvester Sabbatino; Ferdinand Pecora; Hon. Louis Valente, and many others. The entertainment included dances by the famous team of Venice and Yolanda, the Chester Hall girls and songs by Santa Bionda, Metropolitan Opera star, and Comm. Cosentino, radio tenor.

The third annual pilgrimage to Italy sponsored by the Independent Order Sons of Italy will begin on July 22, when the delegation leaves on the S.S. Rex of the Italian Line. The tour permits a stay in Italy of nine days or so, the full trip taking less than a month. Especially noteworthy this year is the opportunity of participating in the many events occasioned by the Holy Year in Rome.

The shipboard party aboard the S.S. Rex of the Italian Line; held on June 1st by the Junior Auxiliary of Columbus Hospital, was a distinctive suc-

cess. The Misses Madeline Repetti and Mildred Poggi were chairman and vice-chairman, respectively, of the affair. A handsome souvenir booklet was admired by the guests, who read of the many activities of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart in addition to their Columbus Hospitals in New York.

The Connecticut Grand Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy held their annual Field Day on July 2nd, with many lodges throughout the State represented in the various events.

The Italian Young Folks League of America presented on May 27th at the Brooklyn Central Y.M.C.A. the two-act comedy "The Greatest Man Who Ever Lived," written and directed by one of its members, Lawrence P. Arcuri of the New York *Daily Mirror*. Charles Sorace is president of the League.

Under the patronage of the Italian Consul General, Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, the Italian Women's Club of Chicago, under the leadership of Mrs. Joseph Soravia, recently held a concert at the Auditorium Theatre for their charity fund.

In the salons of the Royal Italian Embassy at Washington, through the courtesy of H.E. Ambassador Augusto Rosso, the Italy America Society of Washington not long ago held its last Spring meeting, at which, following a program of music by the Ferrara Quartet, the sculptor S.C. Scarpitta presented the Embassy with a bust in bronze of Mussolini. In accepting the bust, Ambassador Rosso spoke briefly, thanking the sculptor.

Out on the Pacific Coast recently, the Circolo Vittoria Colonna of San Francisco, composed of Italian women, held its annual luncheon and festival at the Fairmount Hotel in that city. The affair was featured by recitations by the noted Italian actress Mimi Aguglia, and by the debut of the choral group organized for the Circolo by Maestro Arturo Casiglia. Among the guests were Mrs. Manzini, wife of the Italian Consul General, and Mrs. Angelo Rossi, wife of San Francisco's Mayor. Dr. Marianna Bertola, founder of the club, was in Richmond, Va. at the time at a convention of the National Council of Child Welfare of the Federated Women's Clubs, and could not be present. President of the society is Mrs. Ida Olivi.

The Charles G. Buono Democratic Club of South Brooklyn will hold an outing to Rye Beach, N. Y. on July 23rd, the proceeds of which, as well as those of its second annual ball to be held at Prospect Hall in Brooklyn on November 4th, will be devoted to the fund used for the needy Italian families of the neighborhood. Recently organ-

ized in the 8th Assembly District (the club is situated at 299 Court Street), the population of which is 40% Italian and which has an electoral strength of 15,000 of which only about 3000 vote, it can be seen that the club's work is cut out for it. Incorporated on Dec. 8th, 1931, the club already numbers more than 500 members, and its ladies auxiliary comprises another hundred or so.

Executive Member of the organization is Charles G. Buono, active in the district's political life and for the past seven years a member of the Kings County Speakers Bureau. Honorary executive members are Hon. John H. Mc Cooley, Brooklyn Democratic leader, and Hon. Michael J. Reilly, Democratic leader of the 8th Assembly District and Commissioner of Public Buildings in Brooklyn. The officers of the organization are John D'Agostino, pres.; Frank Pepe, Dr. P. R. Crane, Dr. Wm. Schlein and Valentino Marcelllo, vice-presidents; Thomas D'Agostino, sec.; Charles C. Buono, treas. In the ladies auxiliary, Mae Pepe is co-executive member and Sally F. Minor is president.

The Independent Order Sons of Italy, New York State Grand Lodge, held its annual convention on May 28, 29 and 30 at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. with a full delegation present from all parts of the State. The only election held was that of Giocondo Salmaggi as Grand Curator. Before an audience including the Supreme Venerable of the Order, Prof. Vincenzo Titolo, Grand Venerable Rosario Ingargiola made his annual report, which included the fact that the Order's junior lodges now number more than 1000 members. Another feature of the convention was the banquet held at the Nelson House, which included at the table of honor, in addition to the Supreme and Grand Venerables, Mayor Caven of Poughkeepsie, Dr. Guido Ferrante, professor of Italian at Vassar College; Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken and Hon. Thomas J. Todarelli, former Assistant United States Attorney.

Featured speakers at a recent meeting of the Ribera Society of New York held at the Central Opera House were Commissioner of Immigration Edward Corsi and Prof. Leonardo Covello, head of the Italian Department of De Witt Clinton High School. They were introduced by the president of the society, Mr. Melchiorre Truncali. The Junior chapter of the society attended in a body, headed by Atty. Vincent Mandese.

A plea for a more human application of the immigration laws was voiced recently by Atty. Adrian Bonelli of Philadelphia at a banquet given in his honor by the Circolo Italiano of Camden, New Jersey, presided over by Mr. Rocco Palese.

The Italian Athletic Club of Chicago held a benefit dance recently in its clubhouse at 1405 Larrabee St. N. Stefani is president of the club.

"American Colonizers of Yesterday and Italian Immigrants of Today" was the topic of a recent address by Atty. Peter C. Giambalvo of Brooklyn before the Fior di Marsala Society of Brooklyn.

RELIGION

Upon his arrival in this country last month, His Excellency the Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, new Apostolic Delegate to the United States, received a cordial and enthusiastic welcome in Catholic and other circles wherever he went. In New York the flower of the Catholic archdiocese gathered in St. Patrick's Cathedral to welcome him amid medieval costumes, banners and emblems, for more than an hour, and some 6000 persons worshipped at the pontifical benediction that followed the reception.



Rev. Dominic Cirigliano

(See Column 3, this page)

In Washington, later, His Excellency, responding to the formal welcome accorded him in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the campus of the Catholic University of America, spoke to a nation-wide audience the message committed to him by His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

Three thousand members of the Brooklyn and Queens Holy Name Society of the Department of Sanitation attended three masses, one Sunday morning last month at the Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, 500 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, and later marched to the Hotel St. George, where the annual communion breakfast was held.

Among the speakers were Patrick F. Scanlan, managing editor of "The Brooklyn Tablet"; the Very Rev. Raymond A. Kearney, chancellor of the diocese; the Rev. Leopold Arcese, spiritual director of the society and pastor of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady Roman Catholic Church, 101-41 Ninety-first Street, Ozone Park, Queens, and Michael S. Nicholson, president of the society. Alderman Thomas G. Ryan was toastmaster.

The masses were celebrated by Monsignor Alfonso Arcese, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the Rev. Dominic Pescopagano and the Rev. Leopold Arcese.

A surprise banquet in honor of Rev. E. Dominici was given last month by

the Chamber of Commerce of Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

Following the death not long ago of Mons. Ernesto D'Aquila, Monsignor Thomas J. Walsh, Bishop of Newark, N. J., has appointed as rector of the important parish of the Madonna del Carmine of that city, Rev. Dr. Gaetano Ruggiero.

Rev. Dominic Cirigliano, S.J., Pastor of the Church of the Nativity, 44 Second Avenue, New York City, was recently called to take care of a parish newly established by the Holy See and entrusted to the Society of Jesus. Father Dominic has been working among the Italians of the lower East Side for the past 16 years, 10 as an assistant and 6 as pastor, and during his stay at the Church of the Nativity the parish has progressed remarkably.

Born in Laurenzana, Italy, in 1883, he came to this country as a child, studied at the school of Our Lady of Loreto in Elizabeth Street under its founder, Dr. Nicholas Russo, S. J., then went to the College of St. Francis Xavier in West 16th Street, and after six years there he entered the Society of Jesus in 1903. He was ordained a priest at Woodstock College in 1917, and was immediately afterward assigned to Nativity Church, where he has been ever since. Father Dominic is leaving shortly to take up his duties in the new parish of St. Robert Bellarmine in Rome.

BUSINESS, PROFESSIONAL, OCCUPATIONAL

A complete success was the recent visit to this country, at the invitation of the Columbus Hospitals of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart in New York, of Prof. Roberto Alessandri, one of the most distinguished of Italy's surgeons and Director of the Surgical Clinic of the University of Rome. The eminent surgeon was sought after and feted by many American medical associations and luminaries.

During his short travels in the Eastern States, Prof. Alessandri spoke at various cities, including Newark, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Rochester, Minn., and Cleveland. Returning to New York on June 17, he returned to Italy on June 24th aboard the S.S. Rex.

In Newark he spoke before the Association of Italian Physicians of New Jersey. In Philadelphia he not only spoke before a gathering of Italian physicians, but, later, received the official welcome from Mayor Moore of that city. In Boston a dinner was held in his honor by the Italian Medical Society. At all the affairs held in his honor, and throughout his travels, he renewed many friendships with eminent American medical men whom he had met on his previous trip to America in 1926, when he came to receive the diploma of Honorary Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

Previous to his departure from Italy for his American trip, Prof. Alessandri had been given a banquet in Rome on the occasion of his 30th year as instructor of surgery at the University of Rome.

Arnaldo Palanca, assistant general manager of the Cosulich Line at Trieste, has been appointed head of the Italian

Line in the United States, with headquarters at 1 State Street, New York City.

Ever since the Italian Line was formed in September, 1931, as a result of the merger of the Cosulich, Lloyd Sabaudo and Navigazione Generale Italiana lines, its affairs in the United States have been directed by Giuseppe Cosulich, Colonel M. Serrati and Captain Angelo Ruspini, former American heads of the respective companies that were combined.

Mr. Palanca is no stranger to the United States, as he was a member of the Italian Debt Commission that visited this country during the World War. During his stay in Washington and other cities here he made many friends. He is described as a man of pleasing personality, is about fifty-two years old and speaks English well. He became associated with the Cosulich Line about four years ago and soon distinguished himself for his grasp of shipping.

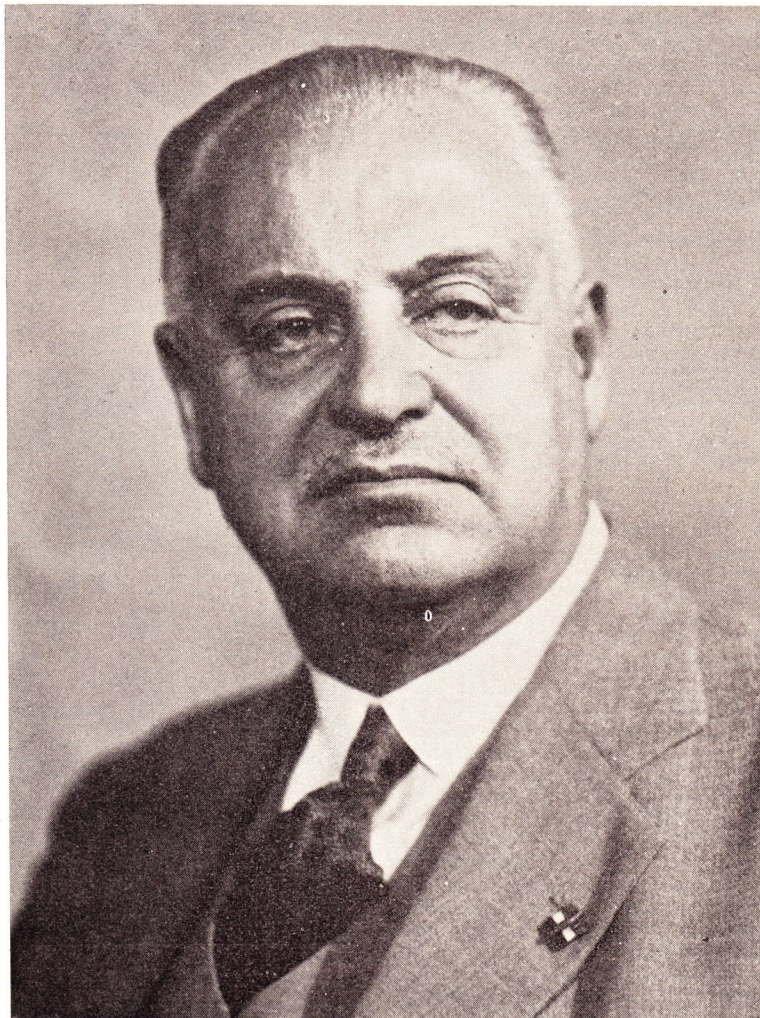
The new head of the Italian Line's organization in the United States will have one of the most important fleets in the trans-Atlantic trade under his control. The vessels include the new luxury liners Rex and Conte di Savoia and the well known Augustus, Roma, Saturnia, Vulcania and Conte Grande.

The Conte di Savoia, the newest sea giant of the Italian Line, set two records recently, one for the number of passengers departing from the Port of New York aboard a liner this year, when, on June 14th, it carried 1,603 passengers; and another for the passage from the Mediterranean to the Port of New York, when, on May 22nd, it arrived from Genoa via Villefranche and Gibraltar in the official time of five days and 22 hours, at an average speed of 27.57 knots. From Gibraltar to Ambrose Lightship in lower New York harbor she averaged 27.63 knots, covering 695 miles on her fastest day's run. Commander of the ship is Captain Antonio Lena.

The fourth national convention of the National Unico Clubs was held at the Stratfield Hotel in Bridgeport, Conn. on June 17 and 18, terminating in a banquet attended by more than 200 guests. Cities in the Unico Club movement represented were Waterbury, Conn.; Torrington, Conn.; Providence, R.I.; Passaic, N. J.; Boston, Mass.; Trenton, N. J.; Bridgeport, Conn.; and Newark, N. J. Composed of Italian-American business and professional men, the National Unico Club was the guest of the Bridgeport Unico Club, which arranged for an official reception by Mayor Buckingham of that city. Featured speakers were Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General in New York, and Dr. Vincenzo Comito of the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, New York Italian daily. Toastmaster was Prof. P. V. Zampiere.

Officers were elected for the coming year as follows: President, Fred Palomba of Waterbury, Conn.; Vice-President, Angelo Antignani, Bridgeport, Conn.; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. Joseph Pantaleone of Trenton, N. J. New York City was selected as the scene of next year's convention.

The Unico Club idea was born 11 years ago when the first Unico Club was founded in Waterbury, Conn. by



Prof. Roberto Alessandri

(A portrait study by Renato Toppo)

(See Page 133, Column 3)

Dr. A. P. Vastola and Fred Palomba, although its spreading is due to Dr. Pantaleone. The purpose of the club is to form a chain of service clubs modelled on the idea of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, etc. but composed exclusively of Italo-Americans.

During a recent visit of Royal Italian Naval officers to the Charlestown Navy Yard in Massachusetts, a luncheon was held at which Mayor Curley of Boston officially welcomed the men. The following night a farewell banquet for them was held, attended by more than 200 guests. Among the speakers were Mayor Curley, Cav. Joseph A. Tomasello, Judge Frank Leveroni, toastmaster, Comm. Saverio R. Romano and Capt. Count Valerio Della Campana, head of the delegation.

The Delta chapter of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity of Italian-American young men held a dinner dance at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn early last month, with Joseph Indelicato as chairman.

Through the *Morgagni News-Letter*, the Fraternity publication, we learn that a new chapter of the organization has been formed in Rome, headed by Franco E. Pope, which is the Fraternity's first chapter outside of the United States. Permission to organize was requested and graciously given by Premier Benito Mussolini, who also

donated, without expense, a meeting house for the group, which now numbers seventeen.

Peter T. Campon, who has spoken widely and still continues to speak, on the role of Italy in world civilization, has been elected Grand Knight of Binghamton Council 206, Knights of Columbus. This is the highest honor the local council can give, and no doubt was largely based on his indefatigable lecturing efforts. Recently he spoke before the Exchange Club of his town on "Immigrant Contributions to America," taking as his theme Franklin K. Lane's sentence, "And they came bearing gifts and laid them at the altar of America." On June 28th he addressed the Rotary Club of York, Pa.; on June 7th the Harmony Club of Binghamton; on May 28th he broadcast over the Binghamton radio station on "Italy's Gifts to Humanity." The Governor of 46th district of Rotary International, Prof. Giuseppe Belluzzo, with headquarters at Milan, Italy, recently congratulated him on his achievements.

Dr. Edward Chiera, professor of Assyriology at the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, died last month of pneumonia at the age of 48. One of the leading Orientalists in this country, he came here in 1910 from Italy, where he was born. One of his chief accomplishments was the supervision of the excava-

tigris of the palace of Sargon II in the Tigris Valley near Bagdad, on an Assyrian expedition in 1929. On that trip Dr. Chiera discovered the great stone winged bull which guarded the palace gate, and he brought the forty-ton statue back to the University of Chicago museum.

Dr. Leopold Vaccaro of Philadelphia recently delivered a lecture on Galileo before the American Association for the History of Medicine in Washington, D. C.

Among the foreign scientists attending the summer session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and its forty affiliated societies is **Dr. Enrico Fermi** of the University of Rome.

A banquet was held last month for **Miss Rosetta Valenti**, who intends to make a non-stop flight from New York to Rome with the noted transatlantic flier, **Russell Boardman**.

"Italy of Yesterday and Today" was the subject of an address recently delivered by **Mrs. Carla Orlando**, Secretary of the Italy America Society of New York and daughter of the former Italian Prime Minister, before the Italian Motherhood Club of Hartford, Conn. on June 3rd. **Mrs. L. Guzzo** is president of the club.

The Arcolian Dental Arts Society of Chicago, Ill., made up entirely of Italian-American dentists, elected a few days ago the following officers for the coming year: **Michele De Rose**, president; **A. F. Lendino**, vice president; **J. E. De Larco**, secretary, and **J. F. Porto**, treasurer.

The members of the new Board of Directors are: **R. P. Tufo**, ex-officio; **L. Postillion**, **V. J. Grisetto**, **C. J. Madda** and **Frank La Pata**.

Rosario Candela, architect, of 578 Madison Avenue, New York, was one of the speakers recently at a conference of architects, real estate men, educational and welfare groups to discuss problems of slum clearance and proper apartment housing.

Lieutenant Tito Falcone, acrobatic star of the Italian air force, arrived in New York recently on his way to the national air races taking place in Los Angeles during the first four days in July. He was selected to represent his country following a series of elimination tryouts during which the best Italian pilots vied for the honor. He is bringing his own **Caproni** pursuit plane with him, and at the races he will demonstrate combat maneuvers and particularly inverted flying.

The Italian Chamber of Commerce of Queens recently held its annual dinner-dance in Astoria, L. I., with **Michele Iorio** acting as toastmaster. He introduced as speakers **Leonardo Genovese**, president of the organization, **Francesco Pallante**, a former president, and others. The officers, in addition to the president are **Anthony Oliva**, **Michele Iorio** and **Ernesto Salvi**, vice presidents; **Peter A. Bagnasco**, treasurer; and **Luigi Vagnini**, secretary.

According to the *Gazzetta Italiana* of Seattle, Washington, the Transamerica

Corporation, giant holding company for the Giannini interests, is to be represented on the board of directors of the National City Bank in the near future.

Just now, it is uncertain whether **A. P. Giannini**, veteran chairman of Transamerica, or some other officer of the organization will be elected to the directorship.

It is known, however, that **Mr. Giannini** is desirous of taking the post personally and that National City officers also wish to see him elected, but an element of opposition to the move is reported in some quarters.

Dr. Pellegrino D'Acerno of Union City, N. J. was last month elected president of the Italian Medical Society of New Jersey. Other officers elected were: **Dr. Angelo R. Bianchi** of Newark and **Dr. M. F. Tomaiuoli** of Bayonne, vice-presidents; **Dr. Frank W. Sena**, secretary; and **Dr. J. Notaro**, treasurer.

Joseph Campana of Everett, Mass. has been elected president of the Credit Union League of Massachusetts.

Guido Giacometti, pharmacist, of Philadelphia, has been decorated with the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

PUBLIC LIFE

Justice **Salvatore A. Cotillo** of the Supreme Court of New York has accepted the invitation of **Count Volpi Di Misurata**, former Italian Finance Minister and president of the Italy America Society of Rome, to deliver the principal oration at a Fourth of July celebration to be held by the society in Rome. Justice Cotillo and his family sailed for Italy on June 24 and will be abroad until September.

Ferdinando Pecora, whose examination of **J. P. Morgan** and other noted financiers before the Senate Committee investigating banking practices, of which he is counsel, has brought him into national prominence, is being considered by leading Republicans and anti-Democrats as fusion nominee for Mayor if **Samuel Seabury** persists in his determination not to be a candidate.

Although a member of Tammany Hall, **Mr. Pecora** has always been regarded by his friends as an independent Democrat.

There was talk among Tammany men of nominating **Mr. Pecora** for District Attorney to help the ticket. But a close friend of **Mr. Pecora** said that he was confident that he would not accept the nomination even if **John F. Curry** asked him to take it.

It was recalled by an associate of **Mr. Pecora** that three years ago, when **Mr. Pecora** sought the Tammany nomination for District Attorney which he felt was due him after twelve years of service in the office, most of the time as First Assistant District Attorney, **Mr. Curry** turned him down. Since then **Mr. Pecora** has not felt any too kindly toward the **Wigwam**.

Following his recent appointment as Judge of the Municipal Court in Waterbury, Conn., constituting the first instance of an Italian being named to this office in that city, **Judge Edward Mascocolo** has been the guest of honor at many banquets, including affairs given by the **Unico Club**, the **Union Club**, and other organized by friends.

Some 200 persons attended the testimonial banquet given recently for **Atty. Vincent J. Ferreri** by the Columbian League of Kings Country at the Hotel St. George. Among those present were **Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope**, **Mons. Rev. Alfonso Arcese**, Borough President **Henry Hesterberg**, **Judges Sylvester Sabbatino** and **Gaspar Liota**, and **William C. Rindone**, who acted as toastmaster.

Representative Anna M. Brancato, who represents a South Philadelphia industrial district and is the first woman Democrat ever elected to the State Assembly in Pennsylvania, during a recent visit to Pittsburgh, spoke at half-a-dozen meetings.

She addressed the Women's Democratic Club of Wilkensburg, the Allegheny County Firemen's Association, Italian Progressive Society of Braddock, and a group of Italian women of Turtle Creek Valley.

In addition she was guest of an Italian group at a reception in St. Mary's Mt. Carmel Catholic church in Braddock.

Gr. Uff. Dr. William F. Verdi of the faculty at Yale University, New Haven, was a delegate at-large to the convention recently held in that State for the repeal of Prohibition.

Hon Benjamin Cianciarulo was the guest of honor at a banquet held recently at the Narragansett Hotel in Providence, R. I. Many noted political figures were present among the more than 600 guests.

At a recent meeting of the Civic Pride Association of Detroit, an organization of more than 2000 women, the Italian Consul in that city, **Cav. Ugo Berni Canani**, spoke at their invitation on the new Italy under Fascism. **Cav. Canani** was the guest of honor, on another occasion, at a tea given by **Mr. & Mrs. Maiullo**, at which consuls of other nations were also present.

A banquet was held in honor of **Judge Ralph A. Villani** in the Elks Building in Newark last month, arranged by **Dr. J. V. Leonardis**, **J. Leonardis** and **P. Galante**. It was on the occasion of his having been appointed as Police Court Judge by Commissioner **Anthony F. Minisi**, who recently scored a victory in the New Jersey elections. In addition to appointer and appointee, other speakers were **Tax Commissioner Olindo Marzulli**, **Corporation Counsel J. E. Tupper**, and others. The new Judge holds the distinction of being the youngest jurist to hold office in the history of Newark. He was born 31 years ago in Elizabeth and resides at 279 New York Avenue, Newark.

The Atlantic Non-Fiction Prize of \$5,000 for "the most interesting work of non-fiction" submitted in the contest jointly sponsored by The Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Co. has been awarded to **Frances Winwar** (**Francesca Vinciguerra**), of 136 E. 16th Street, New York City. The prize-winning manuscript, "Poor, Splendid Wings," is a biographical narrative which tells the splendid and tragic story of that most famous group of young revolutionary poets and artists of Victorian England—the **Rossetts**, **Ruskin**, **Swinburne**, **Millaïs** and **Holman Hunt**. The author, **Frances Winwar** (**Mrs. Bernard D. N. Greban-**

ier), is a Sicilian by birth. Born 33 years ago, she came to this country in her eighth year, studied in the New York public schools, at the College of the City of New York and at Columbia. She is the author of three historical novels, "The Ardent Flame," "The Golden Round" and "Pagan Interval." Mrs. Grebanier, who became an American citizen in 1928, speaks seven languages, and her translation of the "Decameron" from the original Italian was published in a limited edition. "Poor, Splendid Wings" will be published in September by Little, Brown & Co. as an Atlantic Monthly Press publication.

One of the happy surprises of the recent musical season is the success that has attended the stay of the new Chicago Opera Company under the direction of Alfredo Salmaggi at the New York Hippodrome Theatre. It played for five weeks, beginning June 3rd, at the lowest prices in the history of grand opera (25, 35 and 50 cents). Opening with an impressive performance of Verdi's "Aida" and closing with Bizet's "Carmen," the company presented about a dozen of the standard grand operas, all very creditably staged and performed. It is interesting to note that proprietors of Times Square movie theatres have been observing the popularity of low-priced opera at the Hippodrome and have contemplated substituting operatic presentations for feature pictures in the near future.

The company is to return to the Hippodrome in the second week of September for a season scheduled to continue until the middle of December.

Nino Martini, Italian tenor, received the Columbia Medal "for distinguished contribution to the radio art" during a special broadcast over radio-station WABC on June 13th. Concerning this young Italian, who has acquired tremendous popularity over the radio of recent months, "The New York Times" in its radio section recently had the following item:

"Nino Martini, Italian tenor, steps from the radio studio to the Metropolitan Opera, thereby reversing the path of the majority who up to now have traveled from the opera, concert or theatrical stage to the domain of the microphone. He is the first tenor to be selected by the Metropolitan from the ranks of regular broadcasting talent. And the broadcasters hail this as 'opening a new avenue of possibilities to radio artists.' Heretofore established fame in operatic circles has brought artists of distinction to the microphone.

"Martini's rise to the coveted position comes after less than five months of bi-weekly recitals over WABC's network. Although radio takes the credit for transforming him from a little-known but promising singer to an artist familiar to countless American listeners, Martini is not entirely new to opera. His repertory includes some fifteen Italian and French operas, and he has sung leading roles with the Philadelphia Grand Opera and two of the smaller Italian opera companies.

When he made his debut with the Philadelphia company two years ago in the role of the Duke in 'Rigoletto', he received so thunderous an ovation that he was forced to break a precedent of many years' standing and interrupt the performance with several encores.

"Martini's phenomenal voice range covers more than two and a half octaves, extending up to F above high C. Several weeks ago he established another record for radio when he sang the exacting aria, 'Credea si Misera' from Bellini's opera, 'I Puritani,' for the first time on the air, hitting the high F's in full voice. He will therefore be able to bring to the Metropolitan repertory such works as 'I Puritani,' which has not been produced according to the original score since the time of Rubini more than fifty years ago.

Martini is 28 years old, slender, romantic in appearance, dark-haired and brown-eyed. He has had more than a year's experience in the movies and is an accomplished actor."

Armando Catenare and Vincent Campanella were awarded first prizes of \$25 each for paintings from life last month at the commencement exercises of the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School, 149 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York. The exercises marked the close of the annual art exhibition, which included more than 200 paintings, charcoals and landscapes.

Fiorello H. La Guardia, former Representative from New York, delivered the address. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General at New York, presented the prizes.

Following is the list of prizes awarded:

Painting from Life—Second prize, \$15, Louis Marotta; third prize, \$10, Boris Pienkovic.
 Still Life Painting—Prizes, \$5 each, Ignatius Coppola, Frank Rossetti and Sadie Engelman.
 Composition—\$10 to Lola Ulsh, \$5 to Aldo Santi.
 Costume Designing—\$10 to Inez Scott, \$5 to Hortense Harris.
 Charcoal from Life—First prizes, \$10 each, Anthony Scarfi and Alex Andrzejewski; second prizes, \$5 each, Natafe Lisi, John Bendinelli, John Bertolini and Geard Della Passione.
 Sculpture—First prize, \$15, Vivian Lusch; second prize, \$10, Alex Giampietro; third prize, \$5 each to John Bendinelli, Joseph Gironde and Louis Broxmeyer.
 Antique—\$5 each to Nino Polimeni and Peter Beskenis.

The prize money was donated by the Grazzi Foundation fund, Mr. La Guardia and Howard Eric, a trustee.

In cooperation with the Italian dailies of New York City, the original Roxy Theatre at 7th Avenue and 50th Street held an Italian Night on June 4th, a Sunday. Present as official representatives of New York's Italians were Comm. Antonio Grossardi, Italian Consul General, his wife and daughter, Judge J. J. Freschi, who delivered an address from the stage of the theatre during an intermission, Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, publisher of the Italian dailies in New

York, and Santa Bionda, Metropolitan Opera star, who sang a selection from "La Forza del Destino."

Bruno Zirato, Jr., the son of Bruno Zirato, assistant manager of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, and of Nina Morgana, Metropolitan Opera soprano, was assigned a gold medal last month, his second in the past year, during the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the Collegiate School.

After many years of waiting, recognition has come to Rodolfo Pucelli from his native land, Italy, for his work as a poet. News has just been received of his appointment as a Corresponding Member of the "Associazione di Cultura Letteraria e Scientifica," of Genoa, Italy, to which many of Italy's writers and poets belong.

Pucelli was born in Aquileia, Italy, near Trieste, and lived in the latter city for many years while it was still under Austrian domination. He belonged to the Irredentist group of Italians in Austria and saw the efforts of that group rewarded by annexation of Trieste to Italy. Pucelli received recognition for his patriotic efforts from the Italian Government after the Armistice by being appointed an attache to General de Marinis, High Commissioner of the Interallied Commission for the Plebiscite in Upper Silesia. He came to the United States in 1928, and resides with his wife and daughter in New York. He is the first of the Italian-American poets to receive the honor which has now come to him. Other Americans who hold honors from the Society are Dr. Leo Rowe, Hamilton Holt, Walter Littlefield, Prof. John L. Gerig and Rudolph Guenther.

The Massachusetts Grand Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy presented a beautiful theatrical show on May 25th at the Boston Opera House, with a program conceived and directed by Atty. Benedict V. De Bellis, aided by Mrs. A. Ricci, Miss T. D'Amato, Miss U. Ricci, Mrs. M. Bellone, A. Ragozzino, U. Guidi, P. Amato, J. Magaldi and Hon. Vincent Brogna, Grand Venerable of the Order.

Venice and Yolanda, the graceful artists who recently entertained a distinguished gathering aboard the S.S. Conte Grande with their brilliant interpretative dancing, repeated their performance before an equally appreciative and distinguished audience aboard the S.S. Rex, the evening of June 21.

Yolanda, who dances professionally at the De Revuelta Studio, 68 East 80th Street, is a member of a prominent Florentine family, related to one of Italy's better known sculptors, Prof. Comm. Francesco Petroni, and has studied interpretative dancing at the Conservatory of Barga, Italy. Yolanda's forte in the modern dance is the tango.

Yolanda's dancing partner, Venice, is a product of Helga Huld of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. He has danced in several cities in the United States rendering his interpretation of the ballet and character dancing.

ATLANTICA

IN ITALIANO

Rassegna della vita contemporanea

A cura di Salvatore Viola

CASA NOSTRA

Novella

di Corrado Alvaro

Corrado Alvaro è nato a S. Luca, in provincia di Reggio Calabria, 38 anni fa. "Poesie grigioverdi," stampate nel 1917 e "Vent'anni," romanzo, uscito nel 30, riflettono le sue esperienze di guerra. Fra i suoi non molti libri va segnalato in modo particolare "L'Uomo nel Labirinto," romanzo, scritto nel 1926 che prima richiamò l'attenzione della critica, se non del pubblico, su questo singolare scrittore. Gli altri volumi di Alvaro, "L'Amata alla finestra," "Misteri e avventure," "Gente in Aspromonte," "La Signora dell'Isola," sono quattro succose raccolte di novelle di ambiente provinciale e, più specialmente, calabrese che hanno fruttato all'autore, due anni fa, il Premio Letterario del quotidiano, "La Stampa" di Torino, di 50 mila Lire. La novella che ristampiamo qui sotto è tolta dal volume, "La siepe e l'orto" pubblicato più di dieci anni fa.

GUIDO, quando arrivò alle prime case del paese scese dal mulo perchè gli parve d'essere troppo in alto. Le donne misero la testa fuori dalle finestrelle come le tartarughe; alcuni ragazzi andarono in processione dietro il nuovo venuto che li disperse con un gesto della mazza; suo padre, col vestituccio di due anni fa e con gli stivali di quando s'era ragazzi, gli andò incontro come ad un ospite di riguardo e si lasciò baciare la mano con umiltà.

Siccome il figlio si avviava verso casa sostenendo col braccio il padre, questi gli disse: — E Massimo non lo hai veduto?

Infatti c'era un bimbo in terra, coi capelli biondi, col visucchio sollevato e le manine in alto per farsi prendere in braccio. Era così bianco quel bimbo, nella carne tenera, che si capiva nato quando i capelli del padre cominciavano a impallidire.

Il fratello lo prese in braccio e si guardò bambino con un pò di gioia e con un pò di paura che gli rassomigliasse in tutto.

Allora il padre fece la presentazione.

—Questo è Guido. Non lo riconosci? Non ti sa. Tutte le sere ti chiama al balcone, ma non ti aspetta e se ne va a letto. Guarda il tuo ritratto di quando eri bimbo; un giorno gli portò i fiori, glieli fece odorare, poi li odorò lui, deliziando.

Il bimbo ascoltava come se quella fosse una fiaba. Il padre, sulla cinquan-

tina, sembrava più giovane vicino a quel germoglio.

Camminarono verso casa. Era l'estate, e Guido portava un bel vestito color nocciola e le scarpe bianche; ma tra le casucce e le straducce si sembrò vano da non riuscire a camminar dritto.

Il fratello gli stava in braccio come un passerotto nidiaico, senza parlare, senza toccarlo, e ne soffriva tanto che volle scendere. Era scalzo; si mise a camminare a grandi passi dondolando la testa che sembrava un frutto troppo grande per un picciolo così tenero. Ormai non curava più il fratello grande, che ne soffrì al pensiero.

La mamma scese sulle scale e si fece incontro al figlio, mentre il marito sorrideva con commossa allegria. Salirono in casa e si trovarono nella grande stanza all'ultimo piano. Il soffitto sembrava basso da toccarsi con la mano, il balcone fragile, le montagne, di fronte, vicine come se fossero cresciute nell'assenza del figlio. Tutto era come molti anni fa, intorno: lo staccio appeso là, i ritratti del Re e della Regina uno accanto all'altro, vestiti da festa, una figura di giornale illustrato che copriva uno strappo della carta da parati, i vasi di basilico alla finestra: tutto lo stesso.

—E non hai visto la Laura?

Guido vide in un angolo il fratello e la sorellina che lo guardavano sorridendo, tenendosi coi pugni i ciuffi dei capelli.

La piccola avanzò scalza, lentamente,

con un dondolio di tutto il corpo, da donna che si fa pregare. Il fratello la posò sul ginocchio e cominciò a farla danzare. Massimo guardava contrariato. Fu fatto salire sull'altro ginocchio, di fronte alla sorella, e i due bimbi si misero a ridere di trovarsi così uno di fronte all'altro; il padre e la madre, vicini come in una fotografia di famiglia, guardavano: il padre tranquillo e lieto, la madre attenta, come per trovare la differenza tra il figlio di adesso e quello che l'aveva lasciata molti anni fa, e che le si era addormentato nel pensiero.

La bimba, con un'improvvisa confidenza, disse il suo pensiero cullato da tempo.

—Che cosa mi avete portato, fratello Guido?

—T'ho portato una bambola grande, le scarpette di caprettina; e a Massimo un ciuco con le ruote, e le scarpe, e la cioccolata.

—E poi?

—E poi la bambola.

—E poi?

—E poi le scarpette.

Si divertivano all'enumerazione come se le cose ne uscissero accresciute. Furono messi fuori i doni e i figlioli si allontanarono, li misero su una seggiola, poi li posarono in terra, vi si sdraiarono vicino, circondarono con le mani ognuno la propria roba e stettero a guardarla e a spiarsi.

—Perchè non mangiate la cioccolata?

—Non gli piace — rispose la mamma.

—O perchè?

—Perchè gliela davano con dentro la purga.

Guido ebbe una stretta al cuore e pensò alla sua fanciullezza.

—Chi è il fratello Guido? — chiese il padre.

I bimbi indicarono il ritratto sulla parete, dove il fratello Guido era ancora un bimbo.

—Mamma, disse Guido, vi ho portato della stoffa per bluse.

—Bella, disse il padre osservando la stoffa, quasi riservandosi le maggiori lodi per i suoi doni.

—E a voi, padre, la carta da lettere che vi serve.

Il padre la prese e la posò senza guardarla.

Il bimbo s'era addormentato stringendo nelle manine le sue scarpette, la piccola cullava appassionatamente la bambola ancora chiusa nella scatola, con una voce, con occhi di mamma stanca della veglia.

II

PADRE e figlio passeggiavano. Era la mattina. Camminavano per la strada dei campi, in silenzio, con le loro ombre grandi. Anche i sassi e i fili d'erba gittavano la loro ombra, ma non più come nel tempo in cui s'era ragazzi, quando un cardo sembra far l'ombra di un pino e i sassi sembrano pieni di grotte misteriose.

Il padre ruppe il silenzio, gestendo con la mano, col dito teso.

—Dio Mio! Sei venuto dalla città, dopo tanti anni, e a questi poveri vecchi dei tuoi genitori non hai portato un dono che mostrasse quanto li hai cari.

Il figlio non rispose, ma stava per dire: "Non avevo soldi abbastanza."

Ma si ricordò d'aver detto, per farlo inorgoglire, che lui in città guadagnava assai, che aveva una bella casa, che era contento dell'impiego che per raggiungerlo il padre aveva fatti tanti sacrifici.

Allora gli tornò in mente il viaggio in treno per tornare a casa, una giornata di giugno, aveva mangiato alcune frutta acerbe lasciate nel carrozzone da qualcuno meno povero di lui, e quell'acqua bevuta a una stazione, che gli era entrata come una spada fredda nella vita, e la paura di sbagliare treno e non avere soldi per tornare, tanto che domandava a tutti se quello andava per

la linea di Napoli. I giocattoli costano cari, e lui voleva portarne di belli ai fratelli. Poi i soldi non gli bastarono, e si mise a guardare le vetrine. Le aveva viste le scarpe e il cappello pel babbo.

Lui s'era accomodato che sembrava uno zerbinotto. Ma per la famiglia, per il buon nome in paese.

—Quanto tempo resterai con noi?

—Una settimana.

—Dopo tanto? Sette giorni. Ah figliolo, figliolo!

Non credendo nemmeno a se stesso, Guido disse:

—Tra qualche anno speriamo di vivere insieme, quando mi pagheranno di più'.

—No, figliolo, per noi c'è già il nostro metro di terra al cimitero.

Ma credi forse che in città non saprei guadagnare anch'io? Liquiderei una pensione di cento lire, altre duecento le metterei insieme lavorando a qualunque cosa.

—No, voi non dovrete lavorare voi. Avete fatto abbastanza, è tempo di riposare. Lavorerò di più io.

—Qui, vedi, figlio, qui si vegeta. In città si hanno tutte le soddisfazioni. Qui siamo dei sepolti vivi. La parentela annoia. Tu non potresti impiegarmi nel tuo stesso ufficio?

—Non credo, babbo. Sapete come sono nelle città. Penserebbero che io volessi approfittare di loro.

—Hai paura che io sia un inetto, che ti faccia disonore? E con la tua raccomandazione. Tu puoi molto a Roma.

Tacquero.

—Poi, qui, aggiunse il padre, si muore, e al cimitero non c'è nemmeno una lapide che ti ricordi.

Guido vide i suoi due cari vecchi per le strade di Roma, per le strade arse, fermi davanti alle vetrine dove le belle frutta hanno il loro prezzo, i suoi poveri vecchi non visti e non guardati.

—Noi venderemmo la casa e l'orto. Si farebbero diecimila lire, credo.

Diecimila lire, un brillante di quelli che stanno in vetrina.

—Io ho ancora due figli da educare. E' ingiusto che tu abbia un impiego, in città, e loro no. Me lo rinfacceranno quando saranno cresciuti.

III

Quando Guido partì, suo padre lo accompagnò sino al colle, presso il torrente. Poi lo stette a guardare come il sole che tramonta. Gli disse quando si voltò: "Arrivederci" con voce incredula. I fratellini già ruzzavano in terra intorno ad una stradicciola di formiche.

Guido passò accanto al suo orto, piccolo sì, ma pieno d'alberi e di viti: le frutta a cavalcioni sui rami erano tante da schiantarle.

Gli venne il desiderio di riposarsi, e si ricordò che era tornato in paese per pregare il padre di tenerlo con lui per sempre.

Il paese era stato coperto ai suoi occhi dal colle, dove il padre sventolava un fazzoletto, come un segnale ad una barca smarrita.

Laggiù il treno passava fragorosamente sul ponte lungo la marina che profilava le sue spalliere come un verone paesano.

Certi pastori salutarono il passante facendosi solecchio, chiamandolo per nome, un caro nome che era pieno di significato.

Pensò all'ufficio dove andava tutte le sere, mentre il tramonto invitava le gente fuori di casa: mentre al suo paese le donne discorrono del damo e i contadini stanno seduti presso la loro terra, con i gomiti sulle ginocchia, le mani avanti come macchine inerti, mentre i grilli cominciano le loro domande vane.

UNA CITTA' AMERICANA IN SICILIA: MESSINA

di Ulderigo Tegani

CHI la conobbe prima del terremoto non può riveder Messina senza che lo turbi un senso di commozione. Questo per lo meno accade a me, ogni qualvolta vi ritorno. Appena essa mi appare da Villa San Giovanni, un non so che mi stringe il cuore, e, mentre il *ferryboat* s'inoltra nello Stretto, i miei occhi non possono più staccarsi da quella riva luminosa, in cui, su l'azzurro del mare e a piè dei monti verdegrigi, spicca la distesa bianca della città. Guardo, rievoco, ricostruisco, e dentro mi tremano nostalgie e rimpianti. Ventiquattro anni son trascorsi e si è fatto di tutto per cancellare ogni traccia della catastrofe; eppure essa è sempre viva e presente nel ricordo che non può estinguersi. Messina è rinata, come rifiorendo dalle rovine, più grande e più bella, ma la città nuova non riesce ancora a farci dimenticare la vecchia Messina. Io almeno non la dimentico, e forse ho torto ad ostinarmi in questa sterile contemplazione del passato che non è neanche un modo di ringiovanire, poichè esso si allontana rapido, e la distanza s'ingigantisce e il tempo si accu-

mula, accrescendo la consapevolezza della vita che fugge. Che volete: non è che una malinconia sentimentale, e il pensiero di ciò che più non torna è d'una mestizia struggente, sì, ma ha pure una dolcezza grande in questo riaffiorare delle memorie, in questo persistere di una simpatia che non vuol morire, in questo disperato afferrarsi a ciò che fu, quasi opponendo un'assurda resistenza al fatale volgere dell'ora. Ecco perchè ricerco, e invano, le linee della Messina di venticinque anni fa; i lucernari del vecchio Mercato e della Pescheria, la maestosa Palazzata, il piazzale aperto e ardente su cui sorrideva l'Arena Peloro, la bordura floreale del giardino pubblico e lo schieramento delle baracche da bagni, e le tre grandi strade parallele intitolate a Vittorio Emanuele, a Garibaldi e a Cavour, e le stradette che scendevano come correndo dalle pendici, e, insomma, tutto quello che componeva la Messina d'allora. Ma non c'è più nulla.

Cioè, no. C'è tutt'altra cosa. C'è questa nuovissima Messina, che non somiglia affatto alla Messina morta e se-

polta, che ha un'aria, un volto, un colore tutto diverso; questa Messina fresca e lieta, fiammante e intrepida, che si è liberata dalle macerie, che ha deposto le gramaglie e si è rimessa in piedi, risoluta a vivere, decisa a farsi la sua parte al sole; la sua parte d'affanno e di gioia, di fatica e di godimento. Ebbene, quando si è offerto l'irresistibile tributo di ricordanza alla Messina scomparsa, non si può non sentire una schietta ammirazione per quella che ne ha preso il posto.

E' una città lucente e gaia, tutta aperta al bacio di fuoco del rovente sole siciliano, ma anche al respiro e alla carezza di questo bel mare turchino che cinge l'isola nel suo molle e regale amplesso. La mancanza — almeno per ora — della famosa Palazzata, fa più immediato il contatto con questo che è un elemento dominatore del quadro. C'è come il senso d'una libertà più sconfinata: quello stesso che si avverte nelle nuove strade, più ampie e chiare; meglio che tagliate, spalancate. La via Garibaldi è diventata davvero un'arteria maestra, lunga e larga come un'ave-

nida, e così la via a Cannizzaro che la interseca, mentre tutte le altre che incidono con la loro vasta scacchiera l'area dell'antico nucleo urbano, hanno pure una generosa ricchezza di proporzioni. E là, dove la città si è spostata per meglio collocarsi sullo Stretto fronteggiando Reggio, là, cioè, dove dalla allegra piazza Cairoli si stacca verso il sud il viale San Martino, la metamorfosi assume un'evidenza festosa, adunando nei segni diversi l'impronta d'una modernità sorprendente: una modernità, vorrei dire, giovanile, un pò insolita tra noi, un pò intonata a un gusto che non è frequente nelle nostre città più antiche, le quali conservano spesso l'aspetto del medioevo: bello, pittoresco, suggestivo senza dubbio, ma chiuso e severo, intinto di grigiore.

Qui no; qui tutto s'illumina, canta ed esplode, senza mezzi toni, senza chiaroscuri, senza penombre, tranne quelle verdi che vi mettono gli alberi. Tutto è sole e candore, tutto è luce abbagliante. Vi manca la patina del tempo, il velo dell'età. Questa è veramente una città appena uscita dalla fabbrica, una città americana. Queste strade larghe, questi vialoni alberati, questo reticolato di linee rette che s'incrociano, salvo qualche diagonale (come appunto la via Cannizzaro) e tutte queste case bianche e basse, ricordano un pò certe città

dell'America del Sud, dell'Argentina specialmente: la Buenos Aires, d'una volta, o anche quella d'oggi nelle zone eccentriche; oppure Rosario, o meglio ancora La Plata che è più giovane di tutte e non è priva d'una vistosa monumentalità. Così Messina, che sfoggia templi come il Duomo, palazzi come il Tribunale e l'Università, luoghi di ritrovo come il nuovo teatro e la Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, passeggiate e belvedere come il porto e la Circonvallazione.

Passeggiate? Adagio. A Messina la passeggiata d'obbligo è quella del Viale San Martino, l'arteria del movimento, dello sfarzo e del gaudio, delle vetrine sgargianti e dei caffè chiassosi, dei saloni eleganti e dei lustrascarpe in poltrona; l'arteria dei veicoli e dei pedoni; dei tranvai, delle carrozzelle, delle automobili e delle signore e signorine; dei cittadini che se ne vanno a piedi, su, giù, per chilometri e per ore. Orchestre e folla, voci e strepiti, animazioni, spettacolo, in cui tutto fa da scena e tutti sono attori: qui si è orientata e concentrata con tutti i suoi fattori, con tutti i suoi esponenti, la vita garrula e sonora di Messina.

* * *

E' il settore strategico, ove è facile conciliare una comoda equidistanza dal porto, dalla Stazione dei *ferry-boats*,

dalla Stazione centrale, come dai centri degli studi e degli affari e dalle oasi del riposo e dello svago. Ed è naturale che, seguendo la corrente, si siano spostati da questa parte anche gli asili di transito e di sosta, quelle stazioni di soggiorno, quei cardini dell'ospitalità che sono gli alberghi.

Una volta, come il fulcro cittadino era altrove, erano altrove anche gli alberghi.

Prima del terremoto il vero centro di Messina era il Municipio con la sua piazza, e nell'orbita di quel faro come pianeti gravitavano gli alberghi: il *Venezia* nella piazza medesima, il *Belvedere* in quella del Duomo, il *Trinacria* e il *Vittoria* sul corso Garibaldi: alberghi di vario calibro, abbastanza decorosi, un pò antiquati, quali li comportava o li tollerava quel tempo ch'è tanto vicino e pur sembra così remoto. Alcuni, come il *Trinacria* e il *Vittoria*, non si son più risollecati dalle macerie in cui li ridusse il cataclisma: sono spariti per sempre. Altri, come appunto il *Venezia* e il *Belvedere*, sono risorti, con lo stesso nome, ma non con la stessa faccia e non nello stesso luogo, bensì nella zona in cui anche altri li seguirono e col volto che tutti hanno voluto assumere per adeguarsi alla nuova città e al tempo nuovo.

RAGAZZO

Novella

Di Eurialo De Michelis

Eurialo De Michelis è uno dei più giovani scrittori nostri. Sconosciuto fino a pochi anni fa si rivelò al pubblico con un romanzo assai originale: ADAMO, il quale ricevette una critica assai buona. (P. Pancrazi nel CORRIERE non esitò ad annunciare che L'ADAMO avrebbe preso posto tra i migliori esempi della letteratura analitica odierna.) L'anno scorso il De Michelis stampò un volume di novelle: BUGIE (da cui è tolta la presente) al quale fu assegnato il premio Umberto Fracchia dell'Italia Letteraria. I lettori osserveranno da questo RAGAZZO come il De Michelis sappia approfondire l'analisi psicologica senza mai forzare la mano, anche quando, come in questa novella, la materia si prestava, pericolosamente, a ricevere tinte alquanto forti.

Quando Ugo tornò a casa dopo avere fumato la prima volta, suo padre non dovette pensare molto per indovinarlo: anche perchè non era ancora smessa fra loro, dall'infanzia senza mamma di Ugo, l'abitudine di scambiarsi un bacio ogni volta che si vedevano. Ugo si era lavato bene le mani, ma alla bocca non ci aveva pensato.

—Hai fumato, e vero?

Ugo negò, poi dovette convenire di sì; e poichè era doppiamente in colpa per la sigaretta e per la bugia, si arrabbiò molto e disse alzando la voce cose spiacevoli e cattive specialmente per il tono con cui erano dette.

—Tutti i miei compagni fumano, e io ho diritto come loro.

—Ma fumo, io?—continuava a ripetere suo padre che dentro di sé era soltanto un pò dispiaciuto della cosa, sulla quale tuttavia riteneva di non poter transigere; ma con tutto il suo essere aveva paura di una questione, per le cattiverie che ne vengono fuori col solo risultato di allontanare gli animi. Davvero, incominciarono così

i dissapori che poi diventano irrimediabili; ed egli si sforzava di essere dolce e persuasivo, senza accorgersi che la questione che egli voleva evitare era ormai in atto.

—Ma fumo, io?

—Adesso, perchè sei vecchio. Alla mia età fumavi anche tu.

Mangiarono senza parlarsi, chiusi ognuno nel suo proprio cruccio. A un certo punto Ugo, per far vedere che non si sentiva affatto colpevole, chiese ad alta voce il sale, forse anche con l'intenzione di mettere primo fra loro una parola senza sprezza; non perchè suo padre avesse comunque ragione, ma insomma non era piacevole restare col muso. Passandogli il sale, suo padre disse "eccolo" cercando di dare alla voce l'inflessione solita come se non ci fosse bisogno di fare la pace per nessuna cosa; ma poichè continuarono a mangiare in silenzio, seppero entrambi che ognuno continuava a rimuginare il torto dell'altro.

Non precisamente questo da parte del padre. La cosa in sé era troppo pic-

cola perchè importasse a lui rivedere la ragione e il torto; ma anche stavolta il suo vero cruccio era di sentire sfuggirgli l'animo del ragazzo, empirsi di cose che da lui non erano venute, che egli anzi si era sforzato di tenergli lontane. A qualunque cosa avesse preso interesse un tempo, il suo bambino gli raccontava tutto, come a un compagno; ma poi nè a quelle il padre poteva interessarsi nello stesso modo nè acconsentire su tutte, e allora il figlio insensibilmente, a poco a poco, gli aveva sottratto la piccola anima. A ogni nuovo bisticcio, che nasceva impreveduto da una causa sempre diversa, questo diventava più chiaro.

Ma le ultime parole di Ugo, dette a voce alta per sopraffarlo, con il senso assoluto di avere ragione contro uno che ha torto e l'ostinata volontà di dimostrarlo propria dei ragazzi, quelle parole stasera l'avevano offeso e ferito come non mai.

—Perchè adesso sei vecchio. Alla mia età fumavi anche tu.

S'era dunque offeso di sentirsi rinfacciata una verità così semplice? Non questo, che sarebbe stato puerile; ma incoscia nelle parole del ragazzo c'era una verità più profonda, a cui egli le aveva riferite subito per tormentarsi di riconoscerla vera. E si ripeteva le ragioni che s'era dato un tempo per non riprendere il piccolo vizio interrotto da una malattia: il desiderio di farsi migliore, l'intima gioia di diventarlo; ricordava con amarezza il suo programma paterno, mille volte meditato tenendo nella salda mano la soffice manina del bimbo, che comprendeva il

dovere di eliminare dalla strada del piccolo uomo le cause di fare male adesso, di soffrirne più tardi. Facile nei primi anni, quando questo dovere non esisteva fuori del suo amore e della sua immaginazione, adesso lo sentiva fallire ogni giorno di più; e non soltanto fallire quello ma anche i principii morali onde se l'era creato.

—Hai dunque rinunciato a fumare per togliere l'ombra di un vizio dall'anima tua? Non è vero, hai mentito. Queste belle cose dell'anima nascono quando l'impulso contrario si è esaurito naturalmente o si è fatto minore.

Eccolo lì, suo figlio, quest'altro se stesso, che rifaceva inconscio la strada che inconscio egli aveva fatto, e nessuna esperienza, gli poteva giovare se non quella che si sarebbe formato da sé attraverso l'inevitabile errore: ma, se inevitabile era, errore non più.

Neanche il giorno dopo niente fu detto fra padre e figlio, quando tornando a casa Ugo si dimenticò volutamente di dargli il solito bacio. Non aveva fumato, quel giorno; ma da qualche tempo considerava fanciullesca per sé e ridicolo per entrambi l'abitudine non mai interrotta, e adesso approfittava dell'occasione per liberarsene. Gli pareva che ieri suo padre, badando all'odore dell'alito anziché al bacio, ne avesse tolto per primo ogni significato affettuoso: e se ormai quel bacio si era ridotto alla ripetizione meccanica di un gesto, tanto valeva eliminarlo. La logica dei ragazzi è spesso volte crudele; ma Ugo non si nascondeva il vantaggio che gliene sarebbe anche venuto di fare il suo comodo senza dare a entrambi la noia di un'altra questione.

Suo padre notò—e come non avrebbe notato?—l'affettata disinvoltura con cui egli si fermava davanti a un libro fischiano con le mani in tasca, invece di venirgli vicino, e se era davvero una dimenticanza gliel'avrebbe voluto dire per non mettere fra loro anche quest'ombra. Disse soltanto:

—Che cosa fai?

—Studio.

E perchè la cosa non era stata notata, Ugo ne trasse nuova conferma ai pensieri a cui aveva obbedito. Ce n'erano altri, contrarii, forse con sapore di

pena e forse di rimorso, che aveva messo in tacere; e gettò a suo padre, dentro di sé, la colpa di non averli ascoltati.

L'età critica: il ragazzo che diventa uomo. Che continuasse a fumare, suo padre ne era certo, anche se mostrava di non accorgersene per paura di perderlo di più senza ottenere lo scopo: altre cose, altri vizii più gravi dovevano incominciare adesso, altri desiderii nascere in lui che arrossiva tutto ogni volta che un nome di donna passava nel discorso, anche se non era detto apposta per farlo arrossire. Un'onda di tenerezza, come una pena senza perchè, empiva il cuore paterno quando non visto si indugiava a guardarlo: un volto non anche formato, con le guance paffute sotto gli zigomi forti e sporgenti, con la piccola bocca di bambino che sembrava dover ancora imbronciarsi a uno scoppio di piano o aprirsi a squillanti risa, e sapeva chiudersi così dura negli ostinati silenzi.

Ed ecco una sera dopo cena (tutte le sere le passavano insieme in casa) disse Ugo con indifferenza, ma non era una cosa indifferente se l'aveva taciuta finora:

—Babbo, devo uscire.

Ugo non domandava mai il permesso di fare una cosa, perchè gli rincresceva ammettere la sua dipendenza dal padre: nella notizia di ciò che avrebbe fatto la domanda era implicata, ma in forma più dignitosa. Suo padre capiva il giro di questi pensieri; e che Ugo mettesse nei loro rapporti questioni di dignità e di puntiglio, ne aveva dolore.

—Hai fatto il compito?

—Ma sì.

—Non tornare tardi.

Avrebbe voluto trattenerlo a casa, impedirgli di uscire, perchè gli pareva di sapere dove sarebbe andato, che cosa sarebbe andato a farsi; ma se era proprio quello che temeva, si sentiva impotente a impedirlo, se non oggi, domani, se non di sera, di giorno, perchè non si può impedire ciò che è nell'ordine naturale delle cose che avvenga a suo tempo.

Quanti meditati discorsi avrebbe dovuto tenere a suo figlio, su questo argomento, secondo l'antico programma!

Ma sentiva quale sarebbe stata la risposta immancabile, la stessa dell'altra volta:

—Adesso, perchè sei vecchio. Alla mia età, l'hai fatto anche tu.

Gli pareva di avere appoggiato la sua pace interiore, raggiunta dopo lungo travaglio, sopra un castello di carte che ora si sfasciasse intero; sentiva i cari pensieri dileguarsi come corre l'acqua. Tutto ciò che aveva provato nella torbida adolescenza, ma attraverso il pentimento di dopo, lo provava un'altra volta acutamente per il suo figliuolo, con l'impressione di essergli vicino anche adesso: ah, per tormentare sé, non per dire a lui una parola efficace, come se fosse fra loro, trasparente ma impenetrabile, una parete di vetro.

Quando, non tardi, fu tornato, bastò a suo padre guardarlo per sapere la verità. Aveva gli occhi sfuggenti, il volto accaldato, e qualche cosa di scomposto nell'abito come di chi s'è rivestito in fretta senza badarci.

—Dove sei stato?

Divenne ancora più rosso e aspettò un poco prima di rispondere.

—A passeggio, ai giardini.

Voleva insistere, suo padre; ma non lo fece per evitargli di continuare a mentire, perchè di questo genere di cose non ci si confida al babbo, non si parla in casa.

Soltanto più tardi, quando già erano a letto e con la luce spenta, avendolo sentito sospirare forte, lo chiamò esitando per chiedere se dormisse. Da tante parole amoroze rimaste in cuore veniva quella dolce voce che chiamava nell'ombra.

—Ugo.... Dormi?

Ugo non dormiva; ma se avesse parlato forse avrebbe pianto, forse avrebbe chiesto perdono e non sapeva di che. Chiedere perdono significava promettere per domani; ma ripensando ai compagni con i quali era stato, alla strada piena di gente, alle luci accese, sentiva di riconfortarsi e che domani tutto sarebbe tornato semplice e senza rimorsi, come prima.

Suo padre lo ascoltò fino a tardi muoversi nel letto, ma non gli disse più niente.

AL LAVORO

O buon gigante dalle industri mani,
Che il foco asservi e il metal domi e foggi,
E al tuo carro aggiogàti i mostri immani
Della terra e del mare agli astri or poggi;

Mago debellator d'orridi arcani
Che in mille guise al dì l'opre tue sfoggi,
E con l'occhio al domani, il piè su l'oggi,
In fraterna armonia stringi gli umani;

Provvido agitator, cui di monarchi
Violenza selvaggia, o lega astuta
Di gnomi avari invan contende il volo,

Te di popoli padre onesti e parchi,
Moderator d'altre energie, te solo
Signor del mondo l'avvenir saluta.

—Mario Rapisardi

Dalle Pagine della Letteratura Italiana

SETTE FACEZIE DI POGGIO BRACCIOLINI

Poggio Gian Francesco Bracciolini, 1380-1459, fu uno dei maggiori umanisti del Rinascimento. A lui, instancabile e fortunato ricercatore di antichi manoscritti, si devono la scoperta di varie opere originali tra cui una di Cicerone e altre di Quintiliano. Segretario Apostolico di più papi compagno al concilio di Costanza Giovanni XXIII. Oltre a dialoghi di vario argomento, a Epistolae ed ad una Storia di Firenze, l'opera che forse gli ha dato maggior fama è la famosa raccolta di Facezie (moltissime delle quali licenziosissime) che è stata ristampata e tradotta in tutte le lingue e in tutti i paesi. Abbiamo scelte sette delle più castigate facezie e le ristampiamo qui appresso.

DI UN PRELATO A CAVALLO

Andavo io un giorno al palazzo del papa, e vidi passare a cavallo uno de' nostri prelati, forse assorto ne' suoi pensieri, perchè non s'accorse di uno che lo salutava scoprendosi il capo; e questi credendo che ciò provenisse o da superbia o da arroganza: "Ecco là," disse, "uno che non ha lasciato a casa la metà del suo asino, ma che lo porta tutto con sè." Volendo dire che è da asino non rispondere agli atti di riverenza.

RISPOSTA DI MINACCIO

Minaccio, che era assai povero, avendo un giorno al giuoco dei dadi perduto qualche moneta e la veste, si era seduto piangendo alla porta di non so qual taverna. E un amico che lo vide in lacrime: "Che cosa hai, tu che piangi?" gli chiese. E Minaccio: "Niente" rispo-

se. "Perchè dunque piangi, se non hai niente?" "Per questo soltanto, che non ho niente." E l'altro meravigliato: "Ma perchè, se non hai niente, piangi?" Appunto per questa ragione," rispose, "che io niente possiedo." Quello credeva che egli piangesse per una causa da niente; questo piangeva perchè niente gli era rimasto dal giuoco.

DI COLUI CHE PORTAVA L'ARATRO SULLE SPALLE

Un altro villano, che aveva nome Pietro, uomo molto rozzo, dopo aver arato fino a mezzogiorno, stancati i buoi, stanco egli stesso per la fatica, ritornava al borgo; legò l'aratro sull'asino, mandò innanzi i bovi ed egli stesso montò sull'asino. Ma questo, carico di troppo peso, stava per cadervi sotto. Allora il villano discese, prese su le spalle l'aratro, poi rimontò sull'asino, dicendo: "Ora potrai camminare perchè non tu, ma io porto l'aratro."

DI UN UOMO CHE CERCAVA SUA MOGLIE ANNEGATA NEL FIUME

Un altr'uomo, cui era morta la moglie nel fiume, andava contr'acqua a ricercarne il cadavere. Uno che lo vide rimase di ciò meravigliato e lo consigliò di andar secondo la corrente: "In questo modo," rispose l'uomo, "Non potrebbe trovarsi, perchè quando visse fu tanto contraddicente, e difficile, e contraria alle abitudini degli altri, che anche dopo morta essa andrà contro la corrente del fiume."

DI UNO STOLTO CHE, UDENDO UNO CHE IMITAVA LA SUA VOCE, CREDETTE D'ESSER LUI STESSO CHE PARLAVA

Il padre d'un amico mio aveva relazione con la moglie di un uomo sciocco e

balbuziente. Una volta ch'egli andava alla casa di lei, credendo che il marito fosse fuori, picchiò forte alla porta; e, simulando la voce del marito, chiamò la donna ad aprirgli. E quell'uomo sciocco, che era in casa, udita quella voce, prese a dire "Va dunque, apri, Giovanna; fallo entrare, Giovanna; perchè mi par d'esser io che batto."

DI "MESSER PERDE IL PIATO"

Enrico da Monteleone era procuratore delle cause nella Curia Romana, ed era assai vecchio, e assai ignorante nell'arte sua; e per questo aveva il soprannome di *Messer perde il piato*. Una volta che gli chiesero per qual ragione perdesse sempre le sue cause: "Perchè," rispose, "tutti quelli che chiedono il mio patrocinio vogliono le cose ingiuste, e per questo in qualunque causa son inferiore." E questa fu una graziosa risposta di quell'uomo ignorante.

DI UNA CANZONE CHE PIACE AGLI OSTI

Un viaggiatore affamato si fermò ad una taverna e riempì il ventre di cibo e di vino; e quando l'oste gli chiese il denaro, rispose che non aveva un soldo, ma che gli avrebbe cantato delle canzoni. E il taverniere soggiunse che non ci volevano canzoni, ma denari. E l'altro: "Se ti dirò una canzone che ti piaccia, la prenderai tu pe' il denaro?" E l'oste acconsentì, e il viandante ne cantò una. Chiese all'oste se gli piacesse, e questi scosse il capo; e il viaggiatore ne disse un'altra ed un'altra ancora; e l'oste disse che non gli piaceva: "Ora," disse l'altro "te ne dirò una che ti piacerà." E cavata la borsa, come se la volesse aprire, intonò la canzone dei viaggiatori: "Metti mano alla borsa e paga l'oste." E quando ebbe finito, chiese se gli piacesse: "Questa mi piace," rispose. E il viandante: "Per il patto che abbiamo fatto, tu se' pagato; perchè questa canzone ti è piaciuta." E se ne andò senza pagare.

GIOVINEZZA

Tutte le vaghe forme
che il verno irto copria,
la vita che dormia
al monte, al piano, al mar,

Ecco (risveglio enorme)
un brivido fecondo
scuote. Sorride il mondo
e torna a palpitar.

O lieti alberi in fiore
pe' l' molle aere fragranti,
o prati verdeggianti,
un'altra gioventù

Dunque, col nuovo amore,
vi scalda e v'accarezza,
un'altra giovinezza,
che a noi non torna più?

Enrico Panzacchi

TRE LIRICHE

SPERANZE E MEMORIE

Paranzelle in alto mare
bianche bianche,
io vedeva palpitar
come stanche:
o speranze, ale di sogni
per il mare!

Volgo gli occhi; e credo in cielo
rivedere
paranzelle sotto un velo,
nere nere:
o memorie, ombre di sogni
per il cielo!

Giovanni Pascoli

REFRIGERIO

Pioggia di primavera,
tu che benigna scendi,
bagna le biade, e splendi
dal latteo fior leggera:

Te sotto il gran sereno
le siepi polverose,
te dal riarso seno
invocano le rose.

Tu pur vuoi refrigerio
riarsa anima mia:
L'ardor del desiderio,
l'alta melanconia,

Ti fan dolente e vana;
ti rifarà vivace,
qual pura acqua montana,
lo Spirito di pace.

Giulio Salvadori

Libri Italiani del Mese

C. Cassola - "Scritti di economia e di finanza." Raccolti da A. Graziani.

Napoli: Ricciardi Lire 20
E' una raccolta postuma di scritti dell'economista Carlo Cassola, spentosi immaturamente nel 1931. In gran parte sono monografie di carattere tecnico; ve n'è una però, ed è la più ampia, che può offrire materia di riflessione anche al lettore non specializzato. Esso s'intitola: "L'associazione economica e la distribuzione delle ricchezze" e tratta uno dei problemi più vivi dell'odierna vita sociale e politica.

Nel coro quasi unanime di elogi dei sindacati, il Cassola porta una nota critica, pacata ma stringente. Egli non nega — e sarebbe stato un negare l'evidenza — i vantaggi che l'associazione arreca a talune frazioni della classe padronale e di quella proletaria; nega però che essa possa pareggiare la situazione iniziale dei deboli e dei forti e assidere su nuove basi la distribuzione della ricchezza. Documenti storici del passato e materiali offerti dalla presente struttura industriale mostrano che l'associazione è frutto di condizioni economiche già progredite. "Si ricorre ad essa, quando si sia potuto accumulare un *minimum* di forza e di ricchezza. L'associazione di resistenza, ad esempio, si estende nella classe operaia, non già nella fase iniziale della grande industria moderna, contrassegnata da una miseria e da una depressione estrema del ceto operaio, ma in un periodo più vicino a noi, quando la produzione concede al lavoratore un salario più elevato, un'occupazione più stabile, giornate di lavoro più umane. Ed anche oggi, è ben noto, il nerbo dell'organizzazione operaia è costituito non già dagli infimi strati del proletariato, ancora sottoposto allo sfruttamento più esoso, ma dagli operai di fabbrica, che hanno tratto sensibili benefici dal nuovo ordinamento sociale." E non solo l'associazione esclude i più deboli, ma ritorce anche contro di essi le proprie forze. L'intensificarsi dell'azione sindacale accresce infatti il numero degli operai che la tirannide dei salari legali priva d'impiego o indirettamente costringe a un lavoro gravoso e non protetto. E' materia d'esperienza quotidiana la lotta sempre più aspra che l'aristocrazia operaia, costituitasi nei sindacati, nelle cooperative, nelle leghe, muove alla mano d'opera inferiore, debole e disorganizzata.

La conclusione che il Cassola trae dalla sua attenta disamina è che l'associazione attua, in seno a ciascuna classe economica, una selezione non meno efficace di quella che si svolge sotto la pressione della concorrenza, e sanziona egualmente la disparità iniziale delle forze in conflitto.

Queste considerazioni sono molto giuste; sono almeno un necessario correttivo della tesi opposta, che dava al fatto dell'associazione il carattere miracoloso di una moltiplicazione dei pani. E opportuni mi sembrano anche i temperamenti che, in dipendenza della esposta veduta, il Cassola porta nella valutazione dell'altra tesi, connessa alla precedente: che cioè i sindacati operai, nel corso del secolo XIX, siano stati l'unico fattore del progresso economico del proletariato. Certo, essi hanno dato spinta

efficace, e magari decisiva, per vincere l'inerzia padronale, che si adagiava in una situazione di comodo privilegio; ma le vere ragioni determinanti sono costituite dall'accresciuta produttività dell'industria e dall'incremento del reddito nazionale. E una conferma ci è data dal fatto che, anche indipendentemente da quella spinta, una politica di alti salari può essere, ed è stata, intrapresa per iniziativa spontanea dello stesso ceto padronale, quando le condizioni dell'industria la comportano.

Lo studio del Cassola si arresta alla dimostrazione dell'enunciato elemento negativo dell'azione sindacale. La sua importanza sta principalmente in ciò, che esso lascia intuire un nuovo problema, dove prima pareva che esistesse una soluzione bell'e pronta. Poiché il fatto dell'associazione come tale non appaga l'esigenza di una migliore distribuzione delle ricchezze; e poiché, da una parte, quel fatto assume proporzioni sempre più imponenti, non più limitabili ad arbitrio, e dall'altra quell'esigenza è un'espressione profonda del nostro sentimento di giustizia e delle nostre preoccupazioni per la pace sociale; si tratta di vedere in quali modi l'uno possa, nella sua evoluzione, piegarsi all'altra. Qui è questione non più del brutto fatto, ma dello spirito che presiede ad esso, cioè dell'educazione meno particolarista e più largamente sociale da imprimere all'associazione, e dell'ambiente politico da creare, nel quale si dovranno svolgere le lotte dei gruppi. Alla trattazione di questo ulteriore problema il Cassola era segnatamente chiamato. Egli aveva ampiezza di sguardo, ingegno vigile, ma scevro d'impazienza, serenità di mente e dirittura di carattere: condizioni che raramente s'incontrano in una stessa personalità, e che pur son necessarie tutt'insieme per poter affrontare senza prevenzioni e senza angustie partigiane un problema sociale di tanta importanza. La sua fine prematura aggiunge una nuova ragione di tristezza, quella degli studiosi per la scomparsa dell'uomo di studi, e quella degli amici per la perdita dell'amico.

Guido De Ruggiero (Dalla Critica)

Ettore Ferrari - "La medicina in rivoluzione?." Milano: Editoriale Scientifica Lire 5.50

Il volume riunisce una serie di articoli pubblicati su riviste sanitarie, nei quali l'Autore si occupa del naturismo, dell'asueroterapia, del cancro, della tubercolosi e di molti altri argomenti medici di vivo interesse. L'Autore combatte l'apparente esattezza e la concezione meccanica della medicina del secolo scorso, che, ingolfata nel dato e nell'esperienza, difficilmente riusciva ad accostarsi alle ragioni profonde di ogni fenomeno patologico.

Francesco Giannini - "Crisi." Milano: T.T.T. Lire 15

Della crisi, argomento di così viva e dolorosa attualità, il Giannini fa in questo libro la storia, illustrandone gli studi e gli sviluppi. A questa s'intreccia contemporaneamente anche la storia di vari rimedi tentati e si giunge così alla situazione attuale, che è esposta con am-

piezza e con particolari anche di cifre. Infine l'A. rivolge lo sguardo al futuro e, basandosi sui dati offerti dal presente, si mostra incline a previsioni ottimistiche, secondo le quali il corrente anno 1933 dovrebbe essere ricco di eventi importanti e d'esperienze decisive.

Salvatore Rosati

Salvatore Gotta - "I Figli degli amanti."

Milano: Baldini e Castoldi. Lire 12
La primavera ci ha portato, con le rondini e i fiori, il nuovo romanzo di Salvatore Gotta, pur com'è d'uso... Dite quello che volete; ma una così puntuale fecondità è invidiabile. Tanto più, che, dato e concesso che questo scrittore non ci offra, da gran tempo, qualcosa, che stia alla stessa altezza del "Figlio inquieto" e de "L'amante provinciale;" è innegabile che ogni sua nuova opera, anche la mano felice, anche la più trita, presenta almeno qualche carattere, acutamente osservato, almeno qualche pagina ardente, commovente, da narratore di grande ala.

Il romanzo appare costruito abilmente: forse, anche troppo. Giacchè quella Malvina e quell'inglese, entrambi senza figli e così generosi, sono tanto comodi e opportuni al romanziere, da parere meno verosimili; e Malvina in particolare, è così servizievole, da morire improvvisamente, proprio in punto per rendere possibili certe scene, che lo scrittore si riprometteva. Ma bisogna anche dire che proprio queste scene sono tra le più belle del libro; e certamente, tra tante altre, che sviluppano situazioni notissime e quasi viete, sono le più nuove.

Qui lo scrittore si appare più che narratore, poeta; e, mentre umanamente ci commuove (c'è bisogno di dire che noi non ci vergogniamo di commuoverci, magari sino alle lagrime?) raggiunge una levità stilistica, una sfumatura cromatica, veramente notevoli.

Luigi Tonelli

Maria Luisa Fiumi - "Ginestre." Firenze: Bemporad Lire 8

Maria Luisa Fiumi è nella piena maturità del suo ingegno: ne è testimonianza questa raccolta di novelle, dove si trovano alcune cose, tra le più belle ch'ella abbia scritte.

Ambiente preferito: la provincia, la campagna umbra. Personaggi più vivi: quelli umili e paesani. Storie più schiette e sincere: quelle di passione, di gloria, di vendetta, oppure di sacrifici, di rinuncia, d'umile eroismo. Stile: generalmente coloritissimo, ma per null'affatto cincischiato, nè ricercato.

Si riconoscono i maestri: il Verga, la Deledda, il Pirandello paesano. Ma bisogna dire che, novelle come "Palombe," "Quel poretto," "Il figlio," "La gobba," testimoniano un'assoluta sincerità di sentimento, e una vera perfezione d'originalità stilistica. E anche quelle meno riuscite, quelle cioè, dove la violenza dei viluppi drammatici e delle loro soluzioni appare eccessiva, o dove la ricerca degli effetti è patente, riescono infine a non dispiacere, per una loro grazia selvaggia, ed un loro sapore asprigno.

Luigi Tonelli

Avvenimenti e Discussioni del Mese in Italia

IL PATTO MUSSOLINI firmato a Roma da quattro delle più grandi potenze europee per la garanzia di almeno dieci anni di pace ha fatto sì che anche i più ciechi nemici del Fascismo sono stati finalmente costretti ad ammettere la forza che si irradia da Roma. Leggiamo nell' *Illustrazione Italiana*: "Ancora una volta la voce di Roma si è identificata con quella dell'umanità... L'uomo insigne che fu il più ardente fautore dell'intervento italiano, l'intransigente difensore dello spirito della guerra, il combattente valoroso, il censore inesorabile delle debolezze e delle rinunce durante le penose trattative seguite all'indomani dell'armistizio, si rivelava ancora una volta, nell'alta coscienza del momento storico e del dovere di capo di un grande popolo, il più equilibrato, il più paziente, il più giusto dei diplomatici."

L'articolista continua, spiegando la natura del Patto, "tre sono i capisaldi ai quali si ispira il Patto: impegno a non ricorrere per dieci anni all'uso dei mezzi violenti per la soluzione di qualsiasi problema; impegno ad affrontare l'esame e la soluzione dei problemi sul piano diplomatico, di comune accordo, con l'esclusione di qualsiasi iniziativa unilaterale, e nello spirito e nel quadro della Società delle Nazioni; impegno a promuovere una più sollecita conclusione dei lavori della Conferenza del disarmo con particolare riguardo alla posizione della Germania. Si comprende, quindi, che il Capo del Governo abbia escluso nel modo più categorico la supremazia di un qualsiasi gruppo di Potenze e la formazione di quel "direttorio" dei maggiori Stati, di cui si era tanto favoleggiato. Tali vedute hanno un senso per chi ama attardarsi nei modi della vecchia diplomazia; ma perdono qualsiasi ragione di essere non appena si aderisca ad un sistema organico fondato sul bene comune e sulla reciproca fiducia."

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, di cui il 6 giugno scorso si è celebrato il quarto centenario della morte, è oggetto in questi mesi di molti articoli e conferenze. Ci piace di riprodurre, tra l'altro, un periodo di un magistrale articolo di Arturo Pompeati apparso nell'ultimo numero di *Emporium* dove si rievoca con pochi tratti la vita amorosa dell'Ariosto:

"Figlio di un gentiluomo e soldato che in uffici importanti aveva lasciato fama di rapacità e di prepotenza (del che s'erano vendicati i satirici anonimi in feroci sonetti affissi, secondo l'uso, per le strade,) nel 1500, a ventisei anni, era rimasto orfano e capo, quale primogenito, della famiglia numerosa.

"Il padre era stato il primo a sacrificare il genio di lui (né certo in Ludovico ragazzo questo era avvertibile) costringendolo a studiare legge: ma era stato uno studio figurativo e senza frutto. Ludovico si era rifatto di tanta muffa con un bagno di filologia e di poesia latina sotto la guida di Gregorio da Spoieto: e intanto gli si erano aperti gli occhi sul mondo, nella compagnia del cugino Pandolfo, di Ercole Strozzi, di Alberto Pio, cavaliere e letterato di ingegno stupendo. Fiore di quel suo mondo era proprio la corte, gioiosa, lussuosa, amorosa, piena di belle e care donne. Ma nell'articolo donne l'Ariosto fu sempre eclettico, dedicandosi con pari trasporto a dame e a pedine, a cortigiane e contadine e perfino (ahimè!) a una domestica: finché venne Alessandra Benucci a disciplinare degnamente codesta sua facile esuberanza. E alla corte aveva sfarfallato, sì, da cavaliere, ma aveva anche militato da artista, figurando tra gli attori di quelle rappresentazioni in cui — vanto classicismo ferrarese — erano riapparse alla luce della scena, per volontà di Ercole I, le commedie di Plauto e di Terenzio, debitamente tradotte."

LA CONVERSIONE DI PAPINI è riesaminata con acume critico da Pietro Mignosi in un'articolo dell' *Italia che Scrive*, pubblicato ultimamente in occasione del nuovo libro dello scrittore fiorentino: "Dante Vivo."

"La sua conversione intellettuale non è in fondo che l'epilogo di un suo istinto dell'oggettività e di una profonda esigenza di uscire dal dominio tirannico dell'io in cerca di affinità più varie e più ricche. Nè domani potrà costruirsi una storia del nuovo istinto narrativo della letteratura italiana se non rendendoci conto del contributo esemplare di questo scrittore che, col Verga, documenta ancora una volta la vocazione dello spirito italiano all'oggettività e al romanzo. L'eredità di Manzoni."

VENEZIA è stata finalmente congiunta con la terra ferma pochi mesi fa con la completazione del nuovissimo Ponte del Littorio. Per quelli che rimpiangono la perdita indipendenza topografica della regina dell'Adriatico, Elio Zorzi ha scritto un interessantissimo articolo nella *Nuova Antologia*:

"Il mito dell'isolamento di Venezia è stato sacrificato all'imperativo categorico della civiltà automobilistica; ad una realtà, cioè, nuova, insopprimibile, immanente, che l'antica città non poteva più a lungo ignorare, ed alla quale ha finito coll'adattarsi, così come, in tutto lo svolgimento della sua storia, si è, di secolo in secolo, successivamente adat-

tata alle esigenze delle realtà nuove.

"Attraverso i quindici secoli della sua storia Venezia non ha solamente subito quelle trasformazioni, alle quali tutte le città vive vanno necessariamente soggette, per adeguare la propria struttura alle esigenze della vita, che mutano con il mutar dei tempi, ma, per lo spirito dinamico dei suoi abitanti e dei suoi reggitori, essa ha continuamente allargato la propria cerchia, aperto nuove strade nautiche e pedonali ai traffici sempre crescenti, inquadrata in organici piani monumentali la tumultuosa fioritura dei nuovi edifici e dei nuovi aspetti, che le dava la rigogliosa linfa vitale del suo popolo."

L'ITALIA IN MOSTRA. "Questa primavera sarà veramente stata l'esposizione dell'Italia nuova, davanti agli stranieri e davanti agli Italiani; un'esposizione il cui buon successo è stato riconosciuto e proclamato dai più indifferenti e anche dai più sospettosi. Congressi internazionali d'ogni professione, dai giuristi ai musicisti, dai chimici agli antiquari; mostre di pittura, di scultura, d'architettura, di arti d'ogni paese, più o meno decorative; fiere campionarie, da Milano a Bari; stagioni di musica come quella del Maggio Fiorentino dichiarata da francesi, tedeschi ed inglesi la più originale e inappuntabile, dall'orchestra alle voci, dagli scenari alle danze, oggi in Europa; mostre di pitture antiche come quella raccolta a Firenze nel convento di San Marco. E per indicare dieci fatti ne dimentico cento. Ma non dimentico le opere nuove, prima quella dell'Agro Pontino bonificato, ad ammirare il quale agricoltori, sociologi e politici si partono fin dall'America; e a Roma, il taglio della vita dell'Impero e della via del Mare, la nuova Ostia, la pineta di Castel Fusano aperta al popolo. Alle quali visioni s'ha da aggiungere l'esposizione di noi stessi, voglio dire della nostra serenità e alacrità che fa sgranare di meraviglia gli occhi dei viaggiatori giunti d'oltralpe e d'oltremare. — S'è cominciato benissimo con la Mostra della Rivoluzione Fascista, chiara, viva, originale e commovente; un modello di quello che deve essere una mostra, la quale per convincere lo spettatore deve prima di tutto farlo meravigliare, deve cioè essere non un catalogo ma uno spettacolo. Treni colmi, per mesi, visitatori a centinaia di migliaia: essa ha dato il tono a tutte le altre mostre, raduni, fiere e congressi, un tono virile e affermativo che in questi anni d'ansie e di dubbi suona conforto agli uomini d'ogni paese, ed è il tono con cui, per la bocca di Cesare o per la bocca di Pietro, sempre ha parlato Roma."

(U. Ojetti — Pegaso)

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 100)

an isolated passage and brand the whole volume as obscene, forgetting that, judged by this standard, even the Bible might be considered an obscene book.

Furthermore, as the Court pointed out, if we are to suppress books "merely because they might excite lust in disordered minds, our entire literature would very likely be reduced to a relatively small number of uninteresting and barren books. The greater part of the classics would certainly be excluded."

The other day I read an article by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the man who, forty years ago, made the Tammany Tiger run to its den. His observations about reformers generally come very much apropos here and I shall quote them for the edification of Mr. Sumner and his ilk.

"I do not believe in moral reform applied externally. They have a genuine itch to make the world better, all the reformers I have met; but they irritate more souls than they heal and purify. They try to relieve a moral itch under their own skins by scratching their neighbors. They work on the principle that you can pump goodness into a man if you will first pump out the badness to make room for it. A saint, according to them, is a deflated sinner. For such a doctrine I cannot pump up any enthusiasm."

Victor Hugo, many years ago, said practically the same thing when he wrote that "to reform a man, you must begin with his grandmother."

JUDGE COTILLO POINTS THE WAY

JUDGE Salvatore A. Cotillo, a young and able member of the Supreme Court of the State of

New York and a man who is a credit to the Italian Community in this country, recently made a report to the Appellate Division of the First Department which has elicited wide discussion and much favorable comment. The report is the result of long and careful study on the part of Judge Cotillo in connection with matters involving matrimonial disputes—a study which last year took him to Europe for the purpose of examining the way these vital problems are treated and solved on the other side of the Atlantic.

Judge Cotillo's analysis and conclusions are interesting not only to Judges and lawyers, but also to all those concerned with the sociological aspects of our matrimonial laws. Because of their human and social interest we shall here summarize some of his recommendations, hoping that the discussion may enable other jurisdictions to benefit from Judge Cotillo's clear-sighted observations.

Generally speaking, the trouble with these matters is the lack of a unified and co-ordinated system of procedure. Divorces, annulments and separations are tried in the Supreme Court. Problems of family support are aired in the Domestic Relations Court. Adoptions are handled in the Surrogate's Court. Delinquencies of minors are referred to the Children's Court. Questions of illegitimacy are heard in the Court of Special Sessions.

Such a system of procedure precludes an intelligent and scientific handling of the matters which are so closely related to one another, springing as they do from same basic source: the family. In the opinion of Judge Cotillo, "all legal questions relating to the family, from juvenile delinquency to divorce, should be treated in one consolidated Court." That this would result in more efficiency needs no argument.

To bring about these judicial reforms it may be necessary to have legislative enactments or constitutional amendments. If so, we suggest that some public-spirited legislator make a thorough study of Judge Cotillo's suggestions and embody them in appropriate legislative measures.

CAN THE FOREIGN-BORN BE GOOD AMERICANS?

THE question is often asked whether a person born in another country can be as good an American as one born here. Unfortunately, there are people who must still be reminded that the question can and ought to be answered in the affirmative.

But because our words may seem suspicious, I shall here quote the answer which Dr. Parkes Cadman gave the other day to a reader of the column which the eminent clergyman conducts in *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*:

Yes, if he devotes himself to the nation's best interests and faithfully observes its laws. Alexander Hamilton was foreign born, yet he wrote our Constitution, established our system of national credit, organized the Federal party of the Republic and was a brave soldier, trusted and employed by Washington himself during the Revolutionary War.

Ericsson, who was a Swede, came to this country, gave his talents to its service and turned the tide of naval warfare when that little "cheese box" the *Monitor*, which he invented, defeated the *Merrimac* in Chesapeake Bay. Jacob Riis was born in Denmark and loved the old town where he first saw the light. Yet he served the poor so conspicuously that Theodore Roosevelt described him as New York's most useful citizen. Carl Schurz, of fine German descent, came here in 1852, obtained a freedom denied him by his native land, and extended that freedom in peace and war.

To the illustrious names mentioned by Dr. Cadman many others could be added. But I shall only give two more to prove his point. One is that of Dr. Cadman himself who, though foreign-born, is justly regarded as a great American; the other is that of Ferdinand Pecora, the little Sicilian immigrant, who, in the words of Mr. Ray Tucker, is "the ablest investigator and examiner Washington has seen in years—not barring Owen J. Roberts, the late Thomas J. Walsh or James A. Reed, of Missouri."

Can the foreign-born be good Americans? To put the question is surely to answer it.