

ATLANTICA

FOR AMERICAN ITALIANS

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EMERGE OR SUBMERGE?

A Message for American Italians

IF what you want is a short story magazine, or a so-called popular magazine, or a magazine of love and adventure, of Broadway life or Hollywood activities, then ATLANTICA IS NOT for you.

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

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

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

the magazine for American Italians, IS for you.

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

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

IF, in other words, you want to EMERGE, then you should have ATLANTICA, even as eminent Italians and Americans, whose opinions of this publication we will reproduce next month, all have.

COMING ISSUES OF ATLANTICA WILL CONTAIN MANY ARTICLES AND FEATURES WHICH YOU MUST NOT MISS

H. E. VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO, former Premier of Italy, and one of the Big Four at the Versailles Peace Conference, will write on the Depression as observed during his recent visit to New York.

PROF. WALTER BULLOCK writes on the influence of feminine literary groups during the Renaissance in Italy.

EDOARDO MAROLLA reveals the accomplishments of Father Maraschi, who founded the University of San Francisco almost a century ago.

DINO FERRARI of the New York Times discusses the absorbing question of the Italian-Americans in the modern field of literature.

ANN FOX has an interesting account of an Italian marionette performance, called "The Dummy Show."

J. R. SCOPPA, principal of P. S. 92 in the Bronx, expresses a few "Remarks on Americanization" that are very apropos.

FRANCO BRUNO AVERARDI, already familiar to our readers, describes "Two Great Sieneese Revelations" in art and culture.

These are but a few of the treats in store for ATLANTICA readers, in addition to the many regular features and sections.

ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

FREE-BORN vs. "SERF-BORN"

MR. BRUCE BLIVEN, managing editor of the New Republic, liberal weekly, said at a lecture at Yale recently that "we have very much less freedom (of speech and press) than we complacently and ignorantly suppose" and that "free speech is on its way out... that year by year it is dwindling and that a century hence it will probably again have been reduced almost to the vanishing point."

Whereupon Editor and Publisher, guardian of the American press, in a fine frenzy of spluttering indignation, comments thus: "What nonsense! Nobody believes in free press or free speech any more, eh? Well, just let some misguided stuff-shirt start to take those civil rights away from the American people, and Mr. Bliven will see an important demonstration of the intrinsic difference between the free-born and the serf-born Russian or Italian."

"The intrinsic difference between the free-born American and the serf-born Russian or Italian!" Is it possible to equal this assertion for its provincial narrow-mindedness, deplorable egotism, and ignorance of the realities of the case? Leaving aside for the moment the question of whether free speech and press is declining or not, or whether, for that matter, it ever really exists, is there any justification for describing as serfdom the conditions in Italy and Russia today?

Is it, for that matter, a "serfdom" thrust upon an unwilling but powerless people, or is it not rather an openly accepted and timely welding of a race emerging from a long and devastating war depleted in men and materials and despoiled of its rightful due at the peace settlement?

Consider what happens without this "serfdom," as pointed out by Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton in his column "The Background of Foreign Affairs" in the New York Herald-Tribune of Sunday, Jan. 31st:

"Democracy is facing a most critical test. When Mr. Hoover tells Europe that it must settle reparations before we will talk debts, he is taking the only course which is politically open to him. When

Premier Laval assures his country he will 'sacrifice nothing owing to us without a correlative remission of our own debts,' he takes the only course by which he can remain in office. Chancellor Bruening does likewise when he says that Germany can pay no more on political account.



Going Down for the Third Time?

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Men of good will, unhampered, could settle this thing—probably to the advantage of all concerned. But the spokesmen of democracy can only follow the dictates of the demos. The problem is not altered if, with supreme courage, they defy an unthinking public sentiment. They are simply brushed aside to give place to those leaders who will lead in the direction the demos wishes to go.

"Democracy appears to have many highly desirable qualities as a basis of national political organization. Unless it can devise a spirit of give and take in international affairs, however, the world cannot be made safe for democracy. For democracy itself becomes an element of danger."

To call the disciplined orderliness and concentrated effectiveness of an Italian people united, massed and brought into line as a whole in one tremendous effort to assert themselves, as a condition even remotely akin to serfdom, is stigma indeed.

America rightfully vaunts its traditions of freedom and independ-

ence. The sturdy pioneer folk who roved westward, displacing the savage Indians from their homeland, mowing down forests to make way for their fields, shooting game for their food, and expecting no help other than from their own resourcefulness, ruggedness and strong arms, were proud, free-born and independent, no doubt of that. Their daily life far out on the frontier made them self-reliant and intolerant of (as well as immune to) the yoke of others.

But that glorious, romantic tradition belongs to a bygone day. Vestiges of it may still exist, but certainly the American of today who tolerates such impositions on his liberty of action as prohibition, such barbarism as the spectacle of crime that is one of the chief causes of comment in other countries, and such passiveness as his indifference before the lurid revelations of graft that permeates many municipal governments, is hardly the same American as his colonial ancestor.

Granted that Americans have somewhat more freedom in the expression of their opinions. But does it follow that the civilizations of other countries that have contributed immeasurably to the progress and the culture of the world should thereby, ipso facto, be termed "serf-born"? Really, Editor and Publisher, this is carrying prejudice too far!

JUSTICE COTILLO ON NATURALIZATION

IN SWEARING in 124 new citizens recently Justice Salvatore A. Cotillo, in the Supreme Court in the Bronx, took issue with the alien registration bill before Congress, at the same time adding that the requirements for naturalization were unnecessarily stringent. Particularly did he criticize two points in the proposed registration law: fingerprinting of applicants, and the requirement of the equivalent of a public school education from each prospective citizen.

Furthermore, he said, the fee of \$20 for naturalization was exorbitant in these times of depression, since to get a job easily the alien was compelled to become a citizen because industry closes three of every five jobs to aliens.

In the eight years that he has been on the bench, Justice Cotillo has sworn in some 25,000 new citizens, and his opinions on the matter therefore bear weight.

ITALY LOOKS AT 1931

WHILE the year 1931 was a disastrous one in most respects for the world, in Italy spirits are higher concerning 1932 than they have been for a number of years, according to an Associated Press report last month. As Italy goes into her tenth year of the Fascist regime, she can look back at three storms successfully weathered and three definite steps forward.

The three major storms, according to the press agency's Rome office, which Italy met and overcame, are:

1. The collapse of her disarmament agreement with France last March.

2. The unfortunate controversy with the Vatican, which began in July and was settled to the satisfaction of all parties in September.

3. The attack on the lira's position which followed England's withdrawal from the gold standard. The lira was kept stable by strict regulations laid down by Premier Mussolini to prevent speculation.

As for the bright side of the year, the three definite forward-looking moves were:

1. Italy's arrival at a favorable trade balance toward the close of the year, after years of constant striving. Exports finally exceeded imports in the ratio of \$42,000,000 to \$40,000,000 monthly.

2. The foundation of a credit institute (the Istituto Mobiliare Italiano) with a capital of \$26,000,000, plus the merging of the three great Italian steamship lines, the Lloyd Sabauda, the Navigazione Generale Italiana and the Cosulich.

3. Dino Grandi's official visit to America, which stirred such enthusiasm and which showed that the United States and Italy held the same views on such matters of world importance as disarmament, the gold standard, international debts and reparations.

"So Italy," concludes the AP dispatch, "looks forward to the new year with optimism. With a stability of currency equaled by no other large country in Europe except France, with a population of about 42,000,000, with her budget balancing and her trade balance improving,

she is ready for a spirited forward spurt."

The Italian viewpoint on the present depression is that the chief factors working against early recovery are the many high tariff barriers, the restrictions on many money markets, lack of adequate national agreements favoring commercial exchanges, the heavy burdens inherited from the World War and the uncertain situation of Germany and a few other countries in Europe.

Another bright note in Italian economy is the fact that last month savings deposits in Italian banks and postal savings institutions exceeded the huge total of 45,000,000,000 lire (approximately two and a quarter billion dollars), an increase of 2,000,000,000 lire during the past year.

DECORATIONS IN ITALY

AS THOUGH one of Italy's greatest men had not already been sufficiently honored (but how could he be sufficiently honored?), the King of Italy last month conferred upon Senator Guglielmo Marconi, President of the Italian Academy, the Grand Cross of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, a distinction second only to the Order of the Annunziata. Premier Mussolini sent a personal message to Senator Marconi announcing the decoration.

A few days previously, the highest decoration that can be bestowed by the Pope was presented by His Holiness Pope Pius XI to King Victor Emmanuel. The collar and cross of the Supreme Order of Christ, instituted in 1319 and usually reserved only for ruling sovereigns, was bestowed at a brief ceremony at the Quirinal Palace. It was the first decoration presented by the Papacy to an Italian King in 61 years and served further to confirm the recent Lateran treaties and the good relations now existing between the Vatican and the House of Savoy.

OCEAN FLIERS TO MEET IN ROME

INVITATIONS have been extended by the Italian Aero Club to all pilots who have made transoceanic flights to take part in a general congress to discuss the possibility of linking the continents by air. The congress will be held in Rome on May 22-30.

The interesting thing about this forthcoming congress is that the discussion will be carried on by fliers who have themselves linked continents by flights over water, and thus they will all speak from experience.

General Italo Balbo, the Italian Minister of Aeronautics, will preside, and all the pilots attending will be the guests of the Italian Aero Club while they are in Italy. Many important aerial shows are already being organized for their benefit. It is understood that invitations apply only to those who have made transoceanic flights in heavier-than-air machines, airships being excluded.

According to the Aero Club's records, the world's oceans have been successfully flown fifty-three times by sixty-four machines. The United States, with a total of seventeen flights of this nature, heads the list. But who knows? Perhaps by that time the number of eligibles will be greater still.

"CHALLENGES CRITICISM"

SAID the New York Times recently in an article in its magazine supplement on "Ten Men Who Stand as Symbols":

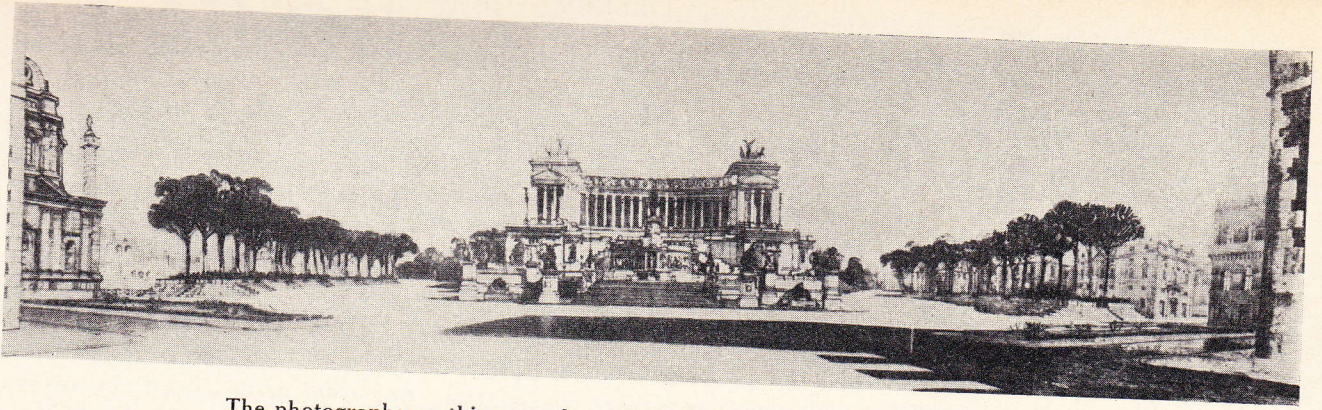
"Mussolini—what of him? What is it in this prince after the order of Machiavelli that has caught the imagination?"

"In Il Duce the world has had a glimpse of the grandeur that was Rome. The only man in Mussolini's street—other than himself and personal friends like Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte—is Julius Caesar, conqueror of Gaul, now France, and of Britannia, now England.

"No wonder that Italy exults in such a dictatorship! Once more to cross Rubicons and march on Rome, once more to bear aloft the fasces as rods in pickle for dissentient Nittis and other mere Ciceros, once more to hurl Mark Antony into exile and to salute triumphant Imperators with rigid right arms up-lifted to heaven—it is to be transported into the Augustinian era. Every foot tramps with the legions and every D'Annunzio is firmly convinced that his verses are as good as Virgil's.

"As a dictator, Mussolini challenges criticism. But his critics agree with his followers that, in his case, gesture is the servant of ability, not a substitute for it. Parliament may be in effect, suppressed. Politicians may be exiled. But at

(Continued on Page 30)



The photographs on this page show the design proposed for the Piazza Venezia and the Victor Emmanuel Monument.

Courtesy Italian Tourist Information Office

TRAVEL NOTES

ARCHITECTURAL CHANGES IN PIAZZA VENEZIA

The committee for the study of the execution of Rome's town planning scheme held a session not long ago with H. E. Premier Benito Mussolini in the chair. Senator Corrado Ricci's proposal concerning architectural changes in the immediate neighborhood of the Victor Emmanuel Monument was brought up and discussed, with the Senator illustrating his project before the others. The plan consists in isolating Sacco's national monument from all the surrounding edifices by means of a semi-circle of trees open only for the passage of the two streets leading east and west of the Capitoline Hill to the Theatre of Marcellus and the Coliseum. This semi-circular park of cypresses and umbrella pines would rise on terraces supported by three ample flights of steps with seats and pillars, constituting still another restful and beautiful spot in the Eternal City of Rome

AMERICAN VISITORS IN ITALY

It is interesting to American visitors to Rome to know that the English Players have been giving a series of performances there this winter with Mr. Edward Stirling and Mr. Frank Reynolds, whose company arrived, after many vicissitudes, from the Balkans. Also the Guitrys, who are stopping in Rome at the Excelsior Hotel, are scheduled to give a few performances before their return to Paris.

American visitors at the Excelsior includes Mrs. Fairbanks, the mother of Douglas Fairbanks who has returned from St. Moritz with her two granddaughters, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred I. du Pont and their family, Mr. John Fry, Mr. H. C. Webster, Mrs. Helen F. Arnold, Mr. Charles S. Ward, Mrs. Lora J. Knight, Mrs. Jermine Jussen, Mr. and Mrs. M. Walker, Mrs. Eleanor B. Sprague, Mr. James Grant Forbes, Mrs. Ruth Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Peer, Mrs. Ruth Newhouse and daughter, Mr. Jonathan Johnson, Mr. B. Mark, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffman, Mrs. A. Bradley-Dyne, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Harding, Mr. A. J. Cook, Mr. H. Fisher and daughter, Mr. S. W. Roger, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Taylor, Mrs. E. D. Hawkins, Mr. James Peters, Mr. James P. Osborne, Mr. Richard Cooper, Miss Ann Sharer, Mr. Julius Smith, Mr. H. John Phil-

lips, Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert, Mr. Eric Alford and his mother, Miss Natalie M. Coe, Mrs. M. K. McGargel, Mr. Allen J. Palmer, Mrs. E. F. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lorndale and their child, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Escher, Mr. Henry Hartman and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Finley Morgan, Mr. John Russell, Mr. and Mrs. William Price, Mr. Jerome Fox, Mr. Joseph Sloane, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. John Willet and family.

The usual tea-dances have started at the Excelsior in Rome and will be held regularly in the Winter Garden every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday.

Guests at the Grand Hotel in Venice include Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Updike, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Morris J. M. Daniels, Mrs. I. M. Carter, Miss Frances Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Levinson, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Levinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Koenig.



MT. ETNA'S NEW ROAD

A new road up famous Mt. Etna, which had been projected for some time, has now been started, according to the United Press. It will be twelve miles long, rising in curves of about a mile and a quarter. The road passes the vineyards of Nicolosi, two lava zones, winds its way and issues at the Alpine Club station. With a width of 30 feet, it is expected that the road will be finished within two years.

ATLANTICA

Founded in 1923

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1932

In inaugurating a number of innovations and improvements in this March number, making necessary the omission of February issue, "Atlantica" hereby assures its readers that their subscriptions will accordingly be extended by one month.

Atlantica begins, with this issue, a new section, "Atlantica in Italiano," wherein the articles marked below with an asterisk appear also in Italian.

In "Atlantica in Italiano" sono pubblicati tutti gli articoli segnati con un asterisco. Questa nuova sezione, che inauguriamo in questo numero, speriamo avrà l'approvazione di quelli tra i nostri lettori che preferiscono leggere gli articoli anche in lingua italiana.

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The Cover This Month

THE initial photograph in our cover series shows a view of the Convent of St. Francis on Mt. Subasio, adjacent to the famous Basilica.

According to Vasari, the architect was "Maestro Jacopo Tedesco, who designed the structure of the Church and of the beautiful Convent" two years before the death of St. Francis, that is, in 1224.

It was reconstructed by Baccio Pontellini in 1476 under the Pontificate of Sixtus IV.

Among the most notable works contained in the Convent there are a large fresco attributed to Stefano, Giotto's nephew, in the Sala Capitolare, two pulpits, and the Marriage of Cana, by Fra Solimene (18th century) in the large refectory, and a Last Supper of Dono Doni in the small refectory.

The ancient Convent is now occupied by the "Collegio Convitto Principe di Napoli" for the sons of the elementary instructors.

La Nostra Copertina

VEDUTA del Convento di San Francesco sul Monte Subasio, adiacente alla famosa Basilica.

Secondo il Vasari l'architetto fu "Maestro Jacopo Tedesco il quale disegno' un corpo di Chiesa ed un Convento bellissimo" due anni prima della morte di San Francesco, cioè nel 1224.

Fu ricostruito da Baccio Pontellini nel 1476, sotto il pontificato di Sixtus IV.

Fra le maggiori opere contenute nel Convento sono un grande affresco attribuito a Stefano, nipote di Giotto, nella Sala Capitolare, due pulpiti e le Nozze di Cana, di Fr. Solimene (sec. XVIII) nel refettorio grande, e un'Ultima Cena di Dono Doni nel refettorio piccolo.

L'antico Convento e' ora occupato dal "Collegio Convitto Principe di Napoli" per i figli degli insegnanti elementari.



TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Rosario Ingarjola

PROHIBITION: THE AMERICAN TRAGEDY

WHETHER it is due to Finland's wet Referendum or to the approaching Presidential campaign, one thing is today engaging the attention of all thinking people as it has never before. Thirteen years have gone by and the riddle of Prohibition is still with us, as inexplicable as ever.

Everybody, even the most rabid prohibitionist, recognizes the futility of a law which is heartily disapproved by the majority of the nation and gladly violated even by people who have the utmost regard for law and order. It is elementary that virtue, honor or brains cannot be legislated into the minds of human beings—and sobriety does not escape this rule.

Yet, the American people stand by passively, while a little country like Finland teaches them a lesson in civic Government. Twelve years after its enactment, Finland repeals its Prohibition Statute because it has proved a complete failure. Finland holds a Referendum and lets her people decide: we enlightened Americans let our politicians do the talking. Why? It is perhaps due to one of those curious characteristics which

go to make up the American individual—but that's another story.

It is high time, however, that the American people sit up and take notice when we see a man like Maurice Campbell, former Prohibition Administrator of New York, giving utterance to the following sentiments:

"The enactment of two additional amendments are necessary—the Twentieth, which will definitely and conclusively repeal the Eighteenth—and the Twenty-First, which will provide for further amendments only with the consent of all the people of every State, expressed separately, through direct vote, or through separate State conventions."

Yes, by all means, let's have a Referendum on Prohibition and thus end a farce which is becoming a real tragedy!

COUNT SFORZA DOESN'T LIKE DICTATORSHIPS

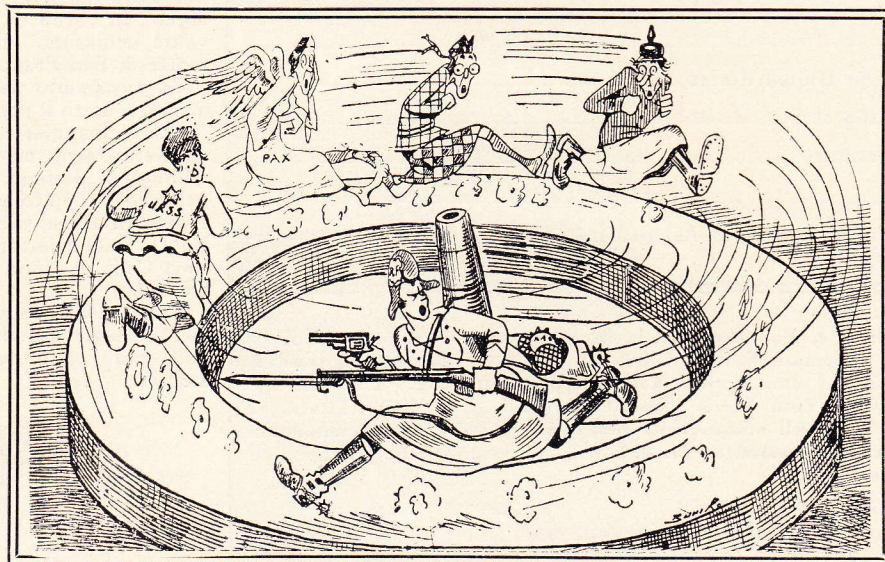
THE recent publication by Brentano's of Count Carlo Sforza's book on "European Dictatorships" brings to one's mind an incident in the public life of the author which throws a very illuminating light on the personality and temperament of the man.

When, in 1922 Mussolini led his youthful legions on to Rome, Count Sforza was Foreign Minister. At the particular time of the "Marcia su Roma" he was in Paris on a diplomatic mission. The sudden turn of events apparently had displeased the Count. So, no sooner had the King appointed Mussolini as the head of the Italian Government, than Count Sforza wired his resignation, to take effect forthwith. Mussolini's quick reply was: You are ordered to remain at your post until relieved.

Very few people will deny that Mussolini's action was proper. The Count's haste had but one real object: to embarrass the new Government. But unfortunately for the Count, his futile gesture revealed his lack of restraint, as well as his irreconcilable hatred of the Fascist Regime.

Ten years of Fascism have meant nothing to Count Sforza. He finds nothing in Fascism's long list of achievements which meets with

(Con't on P. 31)



The Vicious Circle of Armaments

From 11 420, Florence

We Must Decide!

With the countries of Europe and the United States manifesting a deplorable adhesion to positions, on the problems of war debts and reparations, that are incompatible with one another, "Il Popolo d'Italia" of Milan, which is considered Premier Mussolini's personal newspaper, came out with a leading editorial on Jan. 12th on the matter which was widely reproduced in Italy and which can be safely said to sum up the Italian attitude on the question. The editorial, if not inspired by the government or actually written by Mussolini himself, was certainly printed with the government's permission, and it made a deep impression in Italy and abroad, forcefully urging the nations as it did to wipe the slate clean of the whole tangle in order to save western civilization. Atlantica herewith publishes an English translation of the article, the original Italian of which is reproduced in the back pages of this issue.

THE peoples who are laboriously and amid unprecedented misery struggling out of one of the most arduous winters ever recorded by history—hardly even comparable to the last winter of the War in the trenches—now that the date of the Lausanne Conference has been officially fixed (Editor's note: following publication of this article, the Conference was indefinitely postponed at the request of Great Britain.) are asking themselves: What will happen? Will we have a definition of the debts-reparations problems, or will it be postponed once again?

Will we have a radical solution or a compromise solution which, by putting off the difficulties, will only complicate them infinitely? Will the European Governments give once again an example of that abulia which seems to paralyze them whenever they face a problem, and which leads them to dissipate it in the efforts of commissions and in the lugubrious labors of "experts"? Those ministers who will go to Lausanne amid the anxious and aggrieved expectations of the multitudes, will they limit themselves to the



What the Lausanne Conference should do, according to "Il Legionario" of Rome.

technical examination of the problem—a perfectly useless examination since it is already understood in all its aspects—or will they arrive at decisions on the only basis that is both inevitable and necessary, that is to say, a political basis?

THESE and other questions are pressing upon our spirit. And now we reply categorically that if the Lausanne Conference does not untie the knot, it were better not to hold it at all and take steps to put an end to this mania for conferences—a costly and extremely dangerous mania—by deciding on a moratorium of conferences, which a-

rouse intermittent and recurrent hopes, only to be followed by deep and bitter disillusionment.

The Lausanne Conference must now reach the point of erasing: it must end up with the cancellation of the figures on both the credit and debit sides of that which Mussolini, in his speech at Naples, called "the tragic book-keeping of the War."

The facts—not theories or sympathies—which demand this radical solution and which peremptorily leave out of the question provis-

ional solutions, are the following. Above all, the conclusions in the report of the Consultative Committee at Basle. This clearly demonstrates the untenable financial and economic position of Germany. It may be that Germany has never manifested excessive "good will" in paying the war "tribute" imposed on her at Versailles; nevertheless she has made payments, and to a considerable degree. In any event, today, it is impossible for her to pay. To believe that this may change is illusory, especially since in the meanwhile Germany's crisis has widened till it has become that of the world.

This crisis—the second factor that must be decided—no longer spares anyone, not even those who thought they could save themselves by the accumulation of gold: we mean France. Moreover, the crisis shows no signs of betterment, in spite of the optimistic news that reaches us from time to time from across the ocean. Thus there have

A proof of this anxiety that is seizing all thinking men over the fate not of any special country, but of all that network of institutions, customs, faiths and interests that imprint their character on the civilization of the Western world, is a speech delivered by the English Member of Parliament Alexander Shaw at Liverpool. It might be

projectile was fired by an American artilleryman with an American cannon, the United States did not require the Allies to pay for either the man or the projectile, but when the American projectile was fired by Allied soldiers for the same purpose, for the common cause, it created a debt, to be paid in gold to the United States. Never



The Difficult Problem

Italy: "Does it seem so hard to you? Here is the way to solve it!"

From the "Guerin Meschino" of Milan

been sharpened those typical denunciatory phenomena of the crisis, which Mussolini listed and illustrated, thirteen months ago, in his speech before the Senate.

WE MUST keep in mind that it is absolutely necessary that the world's economic situation shall be well on its way toward improvement in 1932.

We must not think that men will support without disorders of tremendous significance a winter of of 1932-33 that may be still crueler than that through which we are now passing. A question mark is suspended before the conscience of the governments and that of the peoples.

added that Shaw is not only a political figure but also the administrative delegate of the Peninsular and Eastern Company and a director of the Bank of England. A personage, therefore, of the first rank.

"It is not at all an exaggeration to assert," said Mr. Shaw, "that the economic and social structure of Europe is more closely approaching the precipice day by day; the raw truth is that if things keep on going the way they are now, the choice is simply between repudiation of debts or chaos. Instead of a free participation with men and means to the one cause, the Allies during the War made the strangest, most illogical and anti-historical distinction. When an American

before in history had such an unjust commercialism been so badly and inappropriately applied. The salutary message which all the world is waiting for is: "Remit our debts, as we remit those of our debtors."

THIS according to the English Member of Parliament. It is natural for us to think that this is also the opinion of Premier MacDonald, to whom we owe the Lausanne Conference. There are two other great reasons for applying—no later than the current January—the evangelic precept contained in the simplest and most universal of Christian prayers. The war debts were born in this wise. The British and American governments ad-

(Continued on Page 32)

George Washington

By H. E. Vittorio Emanuele Orlando

The following article by His Excellency V. E. Orlando, former Premier of Italy, and one of the "Big Four" at the Paris Peace Conference, is occasioned by the various commemorations being held throughout this country with reference to the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, "Father of His Country".

IN a previous article, which appeared in this same magazine, I tried to sum up those features, which, according to my opinion, characterize the Genius of the Superman. A creative power intuitive in its origin and universal in its capacity—this is the synthetic expression of those features. The history of mankind has produced some geniuses which have exercised their creative power upon a people. They are, in a certain way, the fathers from whom a people derives its origin, like a unity which acquires a collective conscience of its own and thereby transforms itself into a spiritual and political personality.

The ancient Greeks gave a name of their own to such superior and privileged men: they called them heroes. The primitive intellect cannot conceive that unitarian description of a human group which we call "people." In the so-called protohistory—which is intermediate between prehistory and history—the life, the misfortunes and glories of a people are represented as the life and vicissitudes of a man who sums up and somehow incarnates that people. The hero descended from God, sometimes as a blending of human and divine life, sometimes as a direct emanation of divinity. Such heroes were Moses

for the Jews, Hercules for the Greeks, Theseus for the Athenians in particular, Aeneas for the Latins, Romulus for the Romans in particular.

It seems impossible that the sense of distinction between a people and a man could be lost in a clearly historical age even in the case of a deeply representative man. When, however, in the decisive moments of its history, a people finds its personality expressed by the action of a man, it inclines to surround such a man with legendary splendour, if not to divinize him. Thus the idea of heroism survives although transformed. This is the case of Mahomet for the Arabs, Joan of Arc for the French, and in our day, of Lenin with the Bolsheviks. Dante himself is described by Gabriele d'Annunzio, for us Italians, as an ever-present myth, as a heroic creator of the Italian people.

THE American people, the youngest in the history of mankind, has likewise its creative genius. But here every trace of myth has disappeared: the figure of George Washington is not superhuman, but human, and this is its particular beauty and greatness—for, in its kind, that figure remains heroic.

This planter of Bridge-creek

does not present to history the characteristics of the Hellenic hero. Neither his father nor his mother were considered to be of divine descent. He did not impress his people with solemn attitudes, no "sun of Austerlitz" illumined his military victories, the clang of Napoleonic bulletins did not accompany them. His image is not handed down to us with crown and scepter, clad with the royal mantle. He did not dictate the law to his people among the clouds and lightnings of Mount Sinai. On the contrary, he was plain, modest, proud of his humble condition and desirous to return to it; he does not strike us by powerful and solemn words, but by his sound judgment. He did not seek out Fate as an ally, nor did he defy it as an enemy. He did not even know Fate; he contented himself with believing in God, honoring him and trusting him. He faced events with a calm and serene patience, which was never shaken by the scepticism of some nor by the frenzy of others. He was patient with men and with things, patient in waiting and suffering. The saying cherished by the Roman people can well be applied to Washington: Never depressed in adversity, never proud in prosperity.

When the royal crown was

offered to him, he preferred to return to his plantations. Nevertheless, no mythical hero can vindicate for himself as much as Washington the almost divine glory of having created a people.

IN the first place, he fought a magnificent fight to free his people from its subjection to another people: in this phase he was the victorious general. If his victories lack the romantic halo of the victories of such famous captains as Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar or Napoleon, he has, on the other hand, compared to them, one merit which is exclusively his own. Those other generals could dispose of an instrument which had already been prepared by a long tradition, while George Washington had to construct that instrument himself. He had, in other words, to make an army, a strong disciplined organization, out of a crowd of courageous and resolute, but undisciplined and rebellious men. Those men engaged themselves to serve for one year only, they wished to obey officers whom they had themselves elected, they intended to remain in soldiership as free as they had been before, and to be governed by their civil law, and not by military law. Moreover, that civil law was not the same for all, but changed from place to place. There is really therefore something of a miracle in the transformation of such shapeless and chaotic human material into regular troops, troops able to fight against an army which had passed through a long glorious tradition, from the Hundred Years War to the Wars of the Succession—able not only to fight, but to vanquish the English army. There is nothing comparable to such

a success in the history of militarism.

AFTER those nine years of the war of Independence, another war, another struggle began, which lasted ten years. The aim of this second great struggle was that of giving a Constitution and a Government to that new-born people. Here again, the obstacle to be overcome consisted in a traditional, almost anarchic individualism, which opposed itself to every restriction of the liberty of the citizen as well as of the independence of the single States. The Congress could not definitely deliberate if its decisions were not ratified by the assemblies of each state. The result was an impotence resembling that of the present Council of the League of Nations. In the struggle between the Federalists and the democratic Republicans, who had, on their side, the authority of such names as Franklin and Jefferson, the good sound sense of Washington achieved another almost miraculous success. That assembly of men, who surely had not been trained in a high school of public law, created a Constitution which has survived, almost unaltered, for a century and a half, while the European nations, in the same period, have changed their constitutions as we change calendars, through unceasing political convulsions.

FRANCE changed her constitution eleven times in less than a century, from 1789 to 1875. Moreover, we must remember that the American Constitution did not merely create a new form of government, but a new form of state, which reconciled the sovereignty of the single

states with the sovereignty of the federal state: a form of state so arduous and complicated in its theory that, even now, it torments the mind of the best jurists and it is to them as difficult as the quadrature of the circle to the mathematicians. Such a miracle could never have been achieved by the presumptuous erudition of an Abbe Seyes; it required the plain clear intuition of a farmer—of a Genius. The American people can therefore consider George Washington, I repeat it, as its creative genius—a genius which clearly contrasts with mythical heroes and historical supermen. The contrast between some European philosophical doctrines and the American philosophical doctrine is certainly far from casual. The European doctrine culminate in two famous works, Nietzsche's "Jenseits von Gut und Bose" and Carlyle's "On Heroes"; the American doctrine culminates in Emerson's "Representative Men." The European philosophers consider the great man as endowed with an almost supernatural mission and thereby approach the heroic idea of the primitives, while the American philosopher conceives him as a model of perfect humanity whom other men must and therefore can imitate. This contrast repeats itself, solemn and magnificent, in the ethical field. While Voltaire's bitter verse: "Ce qui fait le heros degrade souvent l'homme" can be applied very often, unhappily, to the Hero and Superman, the human figure of Washington is, morally, the highest we can find in history—through the nobility of his intentions as well as through the integrity of his actions, and the splendor of his ideals.

The Renaissance of Science in Italy

Its Significance in European Civilization

By Prof. Arturo Castiglioni

(In two parts: Part one)

I.

IN THE history of natural science and medicine, as in mathematics, art and literature, the term "Renaissance," to indicate a particular period which marks a series of decisive historical facts, has been used by all the writers who, during the past century, have dedicated themselves to these studies. But so varied has been the sense attributed to this word, so different the characteristics attributed to the scientific Renaissance, in short, so uncertain has been the determination of the period, that it is necessary first to establish how this term is here to be used, and when it can justifiably be held that the scientific Renaissance in the biological studies begins. Some authors consider as the point of departure of the Renaissance in medicine the publication of the anatomical work of Andrea Vesalio, while others think it had its beginnings in the anatomical studies in the Italian universities in the 14th and 15th centuries; German writers attribute to Paracelsus the impulse to the Renaissance of the medical sciences; many Italians pick Leonardo as the one who, in biology as in mechanics, in anatomy as in physiology, shows in clearest and most eloquent form the new direction of profound observation and of criti-

cal, independent examination; and finally there are those who date the scientific Renaissance from Bacone da Verulamio, from Galileo or from Newton, judging the rebirth in the biological sciences to be contemporaneous with the rise of the experimental method of the physical researches.

The Renaissance begins, and in this all historians are agreed, in Italy; in the Italy of the republics and duchies, in the Italy lacerated by the wars of the princes and the Communes and the secular struggle between the Papacy and the Empire, continually menaced by France and the Germans to the north, by Spain to the west, and the Turks to the East: in the Italy which in the 15th century presents the picture of a country in which there is being formed under infinite difficulties the political concept of the state and of the individual, a concept that is cosmic because it is concerned with the relations between the individual and the state and their reciprocal duties on the one hand, and on the other, the position of the individual and of the state in the universe.

These, in their fundamental lines, are the factors that prepare the atmosphere in which are manifested the three phenomena that are characteristic of

the Renaissance: 1) the formation of individuality; 2) the return to the classic, esthetic and historical conception of beauty and glory, prepared by the humanistic studies of the Quattrocento, and 3) the formation of the national conception of the feeling of solidarity among the Italians, a concept that derives from two preceding facts: the evolution of personality and knowledge of classic antiquity.

ON THE way determined by these facts the Renaissance proceeds, and in its development there takes a more and more precise form the problem of the cosmos, which the ancient Greek philosophers had placed at the basis of their studies. Burckhardt writes that the Italians of the Renaissance proceed contemporaneously to the discovery of the world and of man. It is at the end of the Quattrocento that there occur the great voyages of exploration and the beginnings of geographical studies; astronomical studies flourish in the early Cinquecento, animal collections are begun, and the desire is asserted to penetrate all the problems of nature, all the secrets of earth and sky.

From this orientation of the Renaissance toward the discovery of the universe there is

horn, necessarily, the study of the individual, historically in the work of the great Tuscans of the Cinquecento, biographically in the example of Vasari, autobiographically in the Lives of Cellini, Ghiberti, Cardan, Piccolomini, and esthetically in the persons of the great painters, poets and novelists of the century. Thus the Renaissance presents itself in Italy under the triple action of the political situation, the evolution of the individual conscience, and the return to the study of the ancients.

If these are the facts that determine and characterize the Renaissance in the arts and studies in Italy, then the rebirth of the biological sciences is contemporaneous with it, for it is determined by the same factors and its characteristics are identical. The formation of the individual conscience and personality has as a direct consequence the study of the individual, research into the ultimate mystery of life and death independently of faith and scholastic doctrine, and, therefore, examination of the human body in its forms and functions.

The return to the Hellenistic concept of the cosmos determines a change in the conception of sickness and death, now considered with quiet philosophy as phenomena of nature and no longer with resignation or horror. The human body is considered as a marvelous manifestation of life and beauty, and the veils of mystery of scholastic dogma are taken away. The return to the ancient and historical concept of law as ordering and dominating the universe, the law which Galileo will call "mathematical" and which the Italian school of Pythagorean philosophers had already perceived as "arithmetical", determines a new and

powerful impulse toward the discovery of proofs and bases of this law in the life of the individual. Finally, contact with other peoples, consciousness of a flora and fauna hitherto ignored, and renewed love of nature, widen and deepen the desire to understand plants and animals, to clarify the causes and manifestations of their life and to study the relations among all living organisms.

TO THIS Renaissance of the natural sciences and medicine a new and powerful impulse is given by the work of the great sculptors and painters, who devote themselves to anatomical studies, perhaps at first no less deeply than the physicians themselves, for they understand the necessity of knowing perfectly the human body before attempting to depict it. This eminently esthetic characteristic of the Italian Renaissance shows itself also in the beginnings of the scientific Renaissance. Thus Leonardo is the most perfect example of the Renaissance because he has the character of "homo universalis", an historical and critical esthete who poses all problems and seeks to solve them all, who desires not only to see and not only to know, but "to know how to see," and in these words that contain the program of his life are also to be found the program of the scientific rebirth in Italy. The originality of the critical spirit of the first Italian biologist of the Renaissance and the profundity of his biological conception in the Aristotelian sense are manifested in a continuous search for the causes determining facts, in comparing the phenomena of the life of plants with those of the animals and of man, and in delving into researches over problems of evolution.

The Renaissance in the natural sciences and in medicine begins thus, in the Italy of the Cinquecento. It is prepared in the vision of the artists, in the conscience of the thinkers, in the criticism of the historians, and it is asserted in the study of corpses. It begins with men like Berengario da Carpi, anatomist, and Gerolamo Fracastoro, botanist, astronomer, physician and pathologist; with Marcantonio Delle Torre, who foresees the necessity of teaching anatomy from examples; with Andrea Vesalio, beginner of anatomical teaching; with Gabriele Falloppio, "Indessus magnus inventor," as Haller called him; with Pietro Mattioli Andrea, noted student of botany and pharmaceuticals; and with Ulisse Aldrovandi, zoologist, physician and founder of the botanical garden and the museum of natural history at Bologna, to mention only a few of the most noted ones.

The scientific Renaissance in Italy takes place without a revolutionary character, as was the case in Germany, manifested, for example, in the work of Paracelsus; it was essentially esthetic and historical.

THE scientific revival has, aside from those already mentioned, another characteristic note of extreme importance. While the rebirth of architecture, sculpture and painting has a clearly national character, and the action of the Italian Renaissance shows itself much later and only in individual countries, as in France, with the formation of schools that copy from Italian schools their guiding lines and subsequently change their forms according to the tastes and atmosphere of the country, the scientific Renaissance in Italy has immediately an internation-

al character. I will go so far as to say that it marks the beginning of the universal scientific movement. The reasons for this are to be found in various factors: especially in the political and economic movement by which at that time the Mediterranean was the center and the theatre of all the most important matters, and Italy, aspired to anxiously by foreigners, had seen flourish with great rapidity due to her maritime republics, Venice, Genoa, Pisa and her great southern ports, her trade across the Alps and across the sea, and Florence was the center of the banking business of Europe, and her bankers lent money to the Kings of England and France. Thus the movement of foreigners to Italy was constant and continuous, and no less intense were the relations of Italian merchants with the East and with Egypt, with France, and with Spain, with Germany and with England. Colonies of Ligurian tradesmen and Venetian merchants had a foothold in all the important cities of Europe; the ambassadors of Genoa and Venice, the apostolic delegates and the observers of the various Italian States followed with diligent attention and frequently with great penetration political and economic activities, and practically enclosed them in a net spread from one end of Europe to the other. International political and economic relations thus were centered in Italy and were kept alive by a great number of diplomatic agents and merchants, students and ecclesiastics, soldiers and artists, who came from everywhere to the Peninsula and concentrated in Rome, the center of the dominant Christianity. This, therefore, was the first premise for a rapid extension of international relations: the pre-existence of vast economic and political re-

lations, of vital reciprocal interests, and the formation of a greater understanding of foreign countries in Italy, and of Italy in foreign countries.

A second factor of the highest importance was the maintenance of the Latin language as the scientific language in Italy, in the universities and in texts, throughout the Cinquecento. All the works on medicine and the natural sciences, on biology and anatomy, are written in Latin: scientists correspond among themselves in Latin and teach, in the universities, in Latin. Latin is the international scientific language of the Renaissance and this naturally makes easier the spread of scientific knowledge.

THE return of Italy to classic studies exercises a great fascination on all the cultured men of Europe of the time. Italy appears to be, as she really is, the center of humanistic studies, and the feverish activity of the great Italian shops which publish in great number and in magnificent editions the classics and at the same time the first treatise on anatomy and medicine, the first books illustrated with beautiful pictures, contribute toward giving this central importance to Italy.

But the most important factor, that which most determines this intense exchange of cultural relationships between Italy and the other countries of Europe, is provided by the eminent position held in the history of the Italian civilization of the Renaissance by the great universities of the Peninsula, particularly Padua and to a lesser degree Bologna and Rome. Paris, throughout the Cinquecento and later, remains closely bound to the ties of scholasticism and dogmatic teaching, and, as Portal writes in his "History of Anatomy" (Vol. 1, page 341):

"In the Cinquecento the medical sciences languished in France while they were valiantly carried on in Italy. . . . Italy alone possessed the sciences, and the learned ones who cultivated them lived in this part of Europe; the others took refuge in Italy to learn and teach them. Francis I, that great king worthy of eternal memory, understood the necessity of introducing in his kingdom learned foreigners in order to profit by their knowledge." Thus, while the French schools are still essentially conservative, and religious controversies are beginning to manifest themselves in those of Germany, Padua, wisely governed by the republic, asserts and sustains the principle of freedom of instruction. It also protects the students of all countries and religions through the intelligent judgment of those who are conducting the affairs of the State, and who, by the same standards, have opened to foreigners the doors of the city and bestowed on them the greatest privileges. Venice, jealous custodian of her rights, guarantees in the University of Padua the freedom of study, there flourish in the Renaissance all those "nations" which receive in their folds the students of different regions, most important among them being the Germans, but also the Dutch, the Flemish and the Poles.

GERMANY, for example, had at Padua between 1555 and 1559 no less than 977 enrolled in the Faculty of artists. In 1580 the Republic defended the students against the Bishop of Padua, who had offended the nation. Long disputes took place between the government and the ecclesiastic authorities, who tolerated badly the Protestant students; frequently there intervened in favor of the

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Three Nocturnal Festas

By Ernest de Weerth

Fervent lover of Italy and contributor to "Spur"
and "Town and Country"

I. EVENSONG

THE sun had set in a glory. Great rays like a nimbus had spread across the sky behind black ominous storm clouds. Our car was speeding into the night. On the left we were skirting a vast lake which like a sheet of silver held the last remaining glow of day. A few lights twinkled lazily along the shore.

One more curve in the road and we passed under the arch of an ancient walled town. The street was dark and deserted. Our head lamps brought out the houses in bold relief resembling the stage set for some mighty drama. The scene might have been made of cardboard. Was this a city of the dead? For a moment, the eyes of a cat sparkled like two tiny mirrors in our path. It too disappeared. Not a sound. Not a lighted window.

An aged bent shadow crept along a wall. We stopped and asked whether everyone else in his community had died! "Nella chiesa, nella chiesa," he answered feebly, pointing with his stick up a narrow side alley of steps. From far above there sounded the voices as of singing angels. Old tottering Jacob led the way. We would have liked to rush ahead, but feared to offend our guide, so kindly in our interest. Like the Engulfed Cathedral, the church rose incredibly out of the gloom. Nothing seemed real. The tall stained glass windows loomed phosphorescent in the shadows.

We entered. The sight of a complete population gathered within, crowded to the doors,



"The silver statue of the patron saint..."

Photo by Douglas Robbins

each holding a lighted candle, unaware of any outsider observing them, seemed so unbelievable, so much of another world, so tremendous in its awe and faith, that we too sank on our knees in reverence to such piety. There are few religious services in any land today as transcendent as the Messa di Bolsena.

Every child, every woman, every man and boy was singing with all his heart and soul. The enthusiasm, love and fervor as they chanted the vespers made the very walls resound. The high altar was a blaze with lights. The old priest might have been a patriarch from the Scriptures. Clouds of incense shrouded the masses in an ethereal vision. How unconcerned seemed, by contrast, the exquisite little figure of Santa

Cristina moulded by the hands of Giovanni Della Robbia. The infinitely young maiden who gave her name to the Church, the legend goes, had been drowned in the lake nearby, a martyred saint of sixteen hundred years ago!

She alone, however, is not the reason for the astounding devoutness of these people. Bolsena, in the middle ages, was the scene of a miracle which came to pass when a sceptic was consecrating the altar. Drops of blood were seen to appear on the host. The news traveled rapidly. The Pope, then Urban IV, wished to commemorate the wonder and thus instituted one of the greatest festivals in the Roman Catholic Church: Corpus Christi. At the same time he ordered the erection of the Cathedral at Orvieto, only a few miles further on, which has forever been the Umbrian Mecca of every lover of art.

We were standing spellbound, as our sweet old friend was trying to whisper to us all this information above the roar and shouting of the congregation. The pavement by this time was itself a lake of wax and candle grease!

THE function was over. A procession formed. We were pressed against a pilaster. The canopy was brought in. Again we fell to our knees as the host was carried by, sparkling with precious stones and jewels. Somehow, the unwavering faith of the crowd seemed to intensify their brilliance. The upturned faces smiling and glowing in the reflection from the thou-

sands of candles formed a background worthy of golden Fra Angelico saints. We waited for them all to move. They started out. Each blew out his candle as he went. An acolyte snuffed out the ones on the altar. One by one. The church grew dark. One little lamp showed dimly above the image. Still no one noticed us. Even our guide had disappeared.

youthful escapades of Saint Francis.

We can well imagine what those gay parties were really like, when "the young Bernardone and his gang would rouse the neighborhood and dispel all sleep by their nightly brawls and outrages"! We can picture the irate populace leaning out the windows, gesticulating wildly, calling the noisy young men

ed the village square. Already the place was packed. The temple of Minerva stood as in the Giotto fresco, its Roman columns delicately chiselled in their slender grace.

THE CROWD was moving further up the hill on toward the castle. Every available spot, balconies, windows, doorways, was occupied. Youngsters



"The function was over. A procession formed."

Photograph by Harry F. Zwope, J.

A shaft of moonlight entered through the open door. Just the smell of incense and tallow remained as the cool night air drifted in, to remind us it was time to leave. . . .

II. SPRINGTIME

IN ASSISI there still persists a curious custom, ever so fascinating in its unconscious irony of misinterpretation. On a certain evening every year when Umbria glorifies the Miracle of Spring, the peaceful little town on the slopes of Mount Subasio celebrates the

all manners of names, probably throwing buckets of water down upon them as they passed below in those narrow mediaeval streets unchanged since olden times.

Prepared to witness a festive orgy, we sallied forth to the piazza after our hurried supper, stopping en route at a wayside Cafe' to strengthen ourselves with a bicchierino of cognac. The stars hung like a patterned dome above our heads. The valley, toward Perugia, lay bathed in a silvery mist below. Finally by the long ascent we reach-

had climbed on top of fountains or were perched on nearby roofs. Steps and balustrades were jammed. Carabinieri added their usual picturesque touch to the scene. We had now to gently but firmly push our way through to be sure of a point of vantage. Excitement was keen. Coloured lights, like fireflies, were clustered somewhere ahead of us. A mandolin was playing in a house nearby. Children of all ages, heights and walks of life were collecting in the centre of a roped off area. The tiny tots were dressed in



"Children garbed in lace-trimmed cassocks..."

lace-trimmed cassocks, varying in length, according to size of the wearer, from night shirts to jumpers. A leader was attempting to arrange the motley gathering in order. He raised his baton. The revel began!

THOSE of you who have read "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis" may have gathered some idea of the incredible charm that pervades the mystic atmosphere of every anecdote and tale concerning that most beloved of all saints. Imagine a chorus of cherubs singing madrigals beneath those ancient walls, in memory of

Francesco's youthful transgressions! The ones who were too little to sing stood beside their elder brothers, holding paper lanterns at the end of rods to illuminate the notes!

Their clear treble voices rang out into the night with the crystal freshness of bells. The music was 12th and 13th Century chants. There just never was such a concert! They would sing a couple of songs and then move on, the entire town following. The most characteristic points in the early days of the Saint were chosen there to sing another hymn. His home. A tavern. A shop. A corner. Finally, the now forsaken market place where once Francesco stripped before the people and the Bishop and delivered his luxuries back to his earthly father.

We left them there. The procession went further on late into the hours. Wearily we wandered homeward. The babes were still singing. As we reached the terrace by the Basilica, we could still hear them in the distance, songs carried on the wings of timeless air. . . .

III. MIDSUMMER

IT WAS hot. The atmosphere was heavy with thunder. The earth was dry. Fields were crumbling into crackling soil. Not even the end of day brought relief. No coolness to the scorched crust of southern lands. Many months had seen no rain.

Threatening clouds would pile up, raising the hopes of a million thirsty throats only to sink again, unspent, at sunset time beneath the far horizon. A crescent moon with upturned points had followed in the path of heat. Far distant rumblings attracted our attention to a mountain range rising to heights unusual in that part of the country. The summit was

wrapped in a thick blanket of opaque vapors. Suddenly the entire mass was lighted up with brilliant flashes varying in colours from a pale rose to the brown of tarnished metal. The lightning continued uninterrupted during the rest of the night. Everywhere else the sky was clear. A deep velvety blackness. God was abroad in all his Majesty.

AT the foot of a hill we came to a railway crossing. The gates were closed. People were standing with lanterns and held large empty cans and buckets. We had not long to wait. A shriek in the dark silence announced the approach of a train. The flaring lamps of the locomotive came round the bend. Slowly with grinding brakes, it came to a stop. No passengers. No freight. A tremendous tank was attached to the tender. Each person went up to get his share of water. So little! And yet perchance to keep a whole family alive for the next twelve hours. A "grazie... buona sera" and the engine with its precious burden moved on.

The barrier was raised. We crossed the track and sped on over the many miles of desert. Still the mountain was belching forth flames. Sometimes, the countryside as far as the eye could reach would be lit as bright as day by Vulcan's raging fireworks. It was a harrowing drive. Any moment we expected the earth to quake and crack an unforeseen chasm in our path. The breeze felt hot as it struck our faces.

At length our destination hove in sight. Welcome lights began to twinkle at the end of the road before us. At the entrance of the town we were stopped by a guard. He stood in the centre, legs apart, his arms uplifted. What's the matter, we asked.

An accident? The street, we saw, was black with people. Murmurs and groans rose intermittently from the crowd. Yet festive Japanese lanterns were strung in garlands along the thoroughfare. A strange celebration that! The guard most courteously informed us that we could not proceed. We would have to leave the motor where it now stood or return by the highway over which we had come for thirty miles and then take another circuitous route.

JUST then we heard the strains of a Gregorian chant. Flower petals began being showered down from above. Priests and monks came out from a small side street. They carried torches and lighted tapers. Children garbed in fancy dress with golden crowns and wee angel wings. The silver statue of the patron saint was brought out on the shoulders of the young men of the town. The populace fell to the ground. Old and young.

The procession started. They crawled forward on their bellies! Kissing the earth, as they dragged themselves along, muttering for help, imploring the Heavens for water, praying for rain... The whole way, along the main street, across the piazza, over the broad stairs of the Cathedral, through the wide open portals, up the aisle, midst the singing, organ playing, bands and trumpets slowly moved this mighty pilgrimage, face downward on the ground! The whole town itself, and peasants, farmers, other villagers, from all the surrounding provinces.

We stood motionless in the doorway of the duomo, not daring to venture within. No words could describe the impressiveness of that spectacle. It was the most terrifying and at the same time heart-rending sight I have ever witnessed. The stars,

outside, were shining with such brilliancy that they seemed to mock and jeer in the intensity of their power. Sometimes that scene haunts me still to-day. The picture of those wretched human beings as they passed us by. Old men with long gray beards, red tear-stained eyes, all water starved, pale and gaunt in the candle light, creeping along on their arms and knees, crying to the Holy Virgin for mercy. As each pitiful soul would reach the altar steps, the priest would make the sign of the Cross over him. He would kiss the hem of his robe and with the greatest difficulty, stiff and lame, struggle onto his feet. The masses then left by a side door so that the stream seemed to be continually flowing.

IT WAS midnight by the time, weak and shaky ourselves from watching this overwhelming expression of religious faith, we wandered in search of food and lodging. We did not bother much about the car. Judging from the dusty condition of the innkeeper's clothes even he had not forsaken his duty that night as a fellow citizen. He apologized to us most humbly, blessed man, and added that he only had one room left on the third floor and feared that would be too high for us to climb!

We did not realize until later that what he referred to was not his consideration on our behalf as much as the terror from which all those regions suffer on account of earthquakes. We noticed afterward that the modest little Albergo was the only building in the town with more than two stories. We slept well enough, probably from sheer exhaustion after the thrill of our experiences.

It was alone toward dawn, about four o'clock, when I was startled by a curious noise in

the room. First of all, it seemed like a whining sound. My companion awoke at the same instant. We sat up and struck a match. Our only light was a candle. Electricity in the town had been discontinued weeks before. The flame wavered and sputtered in the draught.

Look, he said, at the window! Water was pouring in over the sill and splashing onto the tiled floor. The rain was coming down in sheets...

It rained many days. We heard, when we reached Rome, that the drought had been the worst in the memory of man...



"...with golden crowns and angel wings."

Cavalleria Rusticana

A SHORT STORY

By Giovanni Verga

(1840 - 1922)

AFTER Turiddu Macca, Mistress Nunzia's son, came home from soldiering, he used to strut every Sunday, peacock-like, in the public square, wearing his rifleman's uniform, and his red cap that looked just like that of the fortune-teller waiting for custom behind the stand with the cage of canaries. The girls all rivalled each other in making eyes at him as they went their way to mass, with their noses down in the folds of their shawls; and the young lads buzzed about him like so many flies. Besides, he had brought back a pipe, with the king on horseback on the bowl, as natural as life; and he struck his matches on the back of his trousers, raising up one leg as if he were going to give a kick. But for all that, Master Angelo's daughter Lola had not once shown herself, either at mass or on her balcony, since her betrothal to a man from Licodia, who was a carter by trade, and had four Sortino mules in his stable. No sooner had Turiddu heard the news than, holy great devil! but he wanted to rip him inside out, that was what he wanted to do to him, that fellow from Licodia. However, he did nothing to him at all, but contented himself with going and singing every scornful song he knew beneath the fair one's window.

"Has Mistress Nunzia's Turiddu nothing at all to do," the neighbors asked, "but pass his nights in singing, like a lonely sparrow?"

At last he came face to face

with Lola, on her way back from praying to Our Lady of Peril: and at sight of him she turned neither white nor red, as

God that I should come home from so far away to hear such fine news, Mistress Lola!"

THE poor fellow still tried to make a show of indifference, but his voice had grown husky and he walked on ahead of the girl with a swagger that kept the tassel of his cap dancing back and forth upon his shoulders. It really hurt the girl to see him with such a long face, but she had not the heart to deceive him with fair words.

"Listen, friend Turiddu," she said at length, "you must let me go on to join the other girls. What would folks be saying if we were seen together?"

"That is true," replied Turiddu; "now that you are to marry Alfio, who has four mules in his stable, it won't do to set people talking. My mother, on the other hand, poor woman, had to sell our one bay mule, and that little bit of vineyard down yonder on the highroad, during the time that I was soldiering. The time is gone when the Lady Bertha span; and you no longer give a thought to the time when we used to talk together from window to courtyard, and when you gave me this handkerchief just before I went away, into which God knows how many tears I wept at going so far that the very name of our land seemed forgotten. But now good-bye, Mistress Lola, let us square accounts and put an end to our friendship."

Mistress Lola and the carter were married; and on the following Sunday she showed her-

The year 1932 marks the tenth anniversary of the death of Giovanni Verga, rated by many as the greatest figure in Italian fiction since Manzoni. Born in Catania, Sicily, Verga's most significant work is in his stories of Sicilian peasant life. Of these, probably the most celebrated is "Cavalleria Rusticana," which provided Mascagni with the libretto for his famous opera. Readers who desire the eloquent Italian of the original should turn to the back pages of this issue, where the story is reprinted in its original Italian.

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though he were no concern of hers.

"It is a blessing to have sight of you!" said he.

"Oh, friend Turiddu, I was told that you came back around the first of the month."

"And I too was told many other things besides!" he answered. "So it is true that you are going to marry Alfio the carter?"

"If such is the will of God!" answered Lola, drawing together beneath her chin the two corners of her kerchief.

"You do the will of God by taking or leaving as it pays you best! And it was the will of

self on the balcony, with her hands spread out upon her waist, to show off the big rings of gold that her husband had given her.

Turiddu kept passing and re-passing through the narrow little street, with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, pretending indifference and ogling the girls; but inwardly he was eating his heart out to think that Lola's husband had all that gold, and that she pretended not even to notice him as he passed by.

"I'd like to take her from under his very eyes, the dirty dog!" he muttered.

Across from Alfio's house lived Master Cola, the vine-grower, who was rich as a porker, so they said, and had an unmarried daughter. Turiddu said so much, and did so much, that Master Cola took him into his employ; then he began to haunt the house and make pretty speeches to the girl.

"Why don't you go and say all these fine things to Mistress Lola?" Santa answered him.

"Mistress Lola is a big lady! Mistress Lola is wife of one of the crowned heads now!"

"I suppose I am not good enough for the crowned heads."

"YOU are worth a hundred such as Lola; and I know one fellow who would never so much as look at Mistress Lola or her patron saint when you are around. For she isn't fit even to carry your shoes for you, indeed she isn't!"

"When the fox found that he couldn't reach the grapes..."

"He said, 'How lovely you are, you sweet little grape!'"

"Oh, come, hands off, friend Turiddu."

"Are you afraid I am going to eat you?"

"No, I am not afraid of you nor of him you serve."

"Ah! your mother was from

Licodia, we all know that. Your blood boils quickly! Oh! I could eat you up with my eyes!"

"Then eat me up with your eyes, and leave no crumbs; but meanwhile pick up that bundle of twigs for me."

"For your sake I would pick up the whole house, that I would!"

To hide her blushes, she threw at him the fagot she hap-



Santuzza

Elda Vettori of the Metropolitan in the opera role.

pened to have in her hands, but for a wonder missed him.

"Cut it short! Talking does not bind fagots."

"If I was rich, I should be looking for a wife just like you, Santa!"

"I shall not marry a crowned head, as Mistress Lola did; but I shall have my dower, as well as she, when the Lord sends me the right man."

"We know that you are rich, yes, we know that!"

"If you know so much, then stop talking, for my father will soon be here, and I don't care to have him catch me in the courtyard."

The father began to make a wry face, but the girl pretended not to notice, for the tassel of the rifleman's hat had set her heartstrings quivering and was forever dancing before her eyes.

After the father had put Turiddu out of the door, the daughter opened her window to him, and would stand chatting with him all the evening, until the whole neighborhood could talk of nothing else.

"I am crazy about you," Turiddu would say; "I am losing my sleep and my appetite."

"I don't believe it!"

"I wish I was the son of Victor Emmanuel, so that I could marry you!"

"I don't believe it!"

"By our Lady, I could eat you up, like a piece of cake!"

"I don't believe it!"

"On my honor!"

"Oh, mother mine!"

LOLA, listening night after night, hidden behind a pot of sweet basil, turning first pale and then red, one day called down to Turiddu: "How is it, friend Turiddu, that old friends no longer greet each other?"

"A l a s!" sighed Turiddu, "blessed is he who may greet you!"

"If you care to give me greeting, you know where my home is," answered Lola.

Turiddu came back to greet her so often that Santa took notice of it, and closed her window in his face. The neighbors pointed him out with a smile or a nod of the head when he passed by in his rifleman's uniform. Lola's husband was away, making a circuit of the village fairs with his mules.

"On Sunday I mean to go to confession, for last night I dreamt of black grapes," said Lola.

"Wait a while! wait a while!" begged Turiddu.

"No, now that Easter is so near, my husband would want to know why I have not been to confession."

"Ahah!" murmured Master Cola's Santa, waiting for her turn on her knees before the

confessional where Lola was washing herself clean of her sins. "On my soul, it is not to Rome I would send you to do penance!"

Friend Alfio came home with his mules and a pretty penny of profit, and brought his wife a present of a fine dress for the holidays.

"You do well to bring her presents," his neighbor Santa said to him, "For while you are away your wife has been trimming up the honor of your house!"

Master Alfio was one of those carters who wear the cap well down over one ear, and to hear his wife talked of in this fashion made him change color as though he had been stabbed. "Holy big devil!" he exclaimed, "If you have not seen aright, I won't leave you eyes to weep with, you and your whole family!"

"I have forgotten how to weep!" answered Santa; "I did not weep even when I saw with these very eyes Mistress Nunzia's son, Turiddu, go in at night to your wife's house."

"Then it is as well," replied Alfio; "many thanks to you."

NOW that the husband was home again, Turiddu no longer wasted his days in the little street, but drowned his sorrow at the tavern with his friends; and on Easter eve they had on the table a big dish of sausage. When Master Alfio came in, just from the way he fastened his eyes upon him, Turiddu understood what business he had come on, and laid his fork down upon his plate.

"How can I serve you, friend Alfio?" he asked.

"Nothing important; friend Turiddu, it is some time since I have seen you, and I wanted to talk with you of the matter that you know about."

Turiddu had at once offered him a glass, but Alfio put it a-

side with his hand. Then Turiddu arose and said to him: "Here I am, friend Alfio."

The carter threw an arm around his neck.

"If you will come to-morrow morning down among the prickly pears of Canziria, we can talk of this affair, friend Turiddu."

"Wait for me on the highroad at sunrise, and we will go together."

With these words they exchanged the kiss of challenge. Turiddu seized the carter's ear between his teeth, and thus solemnly bound himself not to fail him.

The friends had all silently withdrawn from the dish of sausage, and accompanied Turiddu all the way to his home. Mistress Nunzia, poor woman, was accustomed to wait for him late every night.

"Mother," said Turiddu, "do you remember when I went away to be a soldier, and you thought that I was never coming back! Give me a kiss, such as you gave me then, for tomorrow I am going on a long journey!"

Before daybreak he took his clasp-knife which he had hidden under the straw at the time he went away as a conscript, and started with it for the prickly pears of Canziria.

"Holy Mother, where are you going in such a rage?" sobbed Lola in terror as her husband started to leave the house.

"I am not going far," answered Alfio, "but it will be far better for you if I never come back."

LOLA, in her night-gown, prayed at the foot of her bed, and pressed to her lips the rosary which Fra Bernardino had brought her from the Holy Land, and recited all the Ave Marias that there were beads for.

"Friend Alfio," began Turid-

du after he had walked quite a bit of the way beside his companion, who remained silent, with his cap drawn over his eyes, "as true as God himself, I know that I am in the wrong, and I ought to let you kill me. But before I came here, I saw my old mother, who rose early to see me start, on the pretext that she had to tend the chickens; but her heart must have told her the truth. And as true as God himself, I am going to kill you like a dog, sooner than have the poor old woman weeping for me."

"So much the better," replied Master Alfio, stripping off his jacket, "strike your hardest, and so will I."

They were both worthy foes. Turiddu received the first thrust, and was quick enough to catch it on his arm. When he paid it back, he gave good measure, and aimed for the groin.

"Ah, friend Turiddu, you have really made up your mind to kill me?"

"Yes, I told you so; ever since I saw my old mother going out to feed the chickens, her face floats all the time before my eyes."

"Then open your eyes wide," Alfio called to him, "for I am going to square accounts with you."

And as he stood on guard, crouching over, so as to hold his left hand upon his wound, which was aching, and with his elbow almost touching the ground, he suddenly caught up a handful of dust and threw it into his opponent's eyes.

"Oh," howled Turiddu, "I am done for."

He sought to save himself by making desperate leaps backward; but Alfio overtook him with another blow in the stomach and a third in the throat.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Growth of Italian in America

By ALFREDO SALANITRO

SOME time ago Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, now of Columbia University, made a prediction that later was to be substantiated. Writing on Italian culture in the United States in 1924 in the "Rivista d'Italia e d'America" of Rome (which, as some readers may already know, was the direct precursor of ATLANTICA), he said: "The impression I received concerning actual conditions of the present over there (America), is that, if it is not, at first sight, alluring, it is nevertheless, full of possibilities for the future. It is up to us Italians of Italy and the United States to better our position in that country as to the school and culture."

Wise and sincere words, those!

During the past few years, the study of the Italian language has made considerable progress. Taking into consideration the growing number of schools teaching Italian and the growing number of students being taught the language, it is not too much to say that in the not-too-distant future the Italian language may well be studied with preference over other foreign languages.

From statistics published not long ago by Professor Mario Cosenza, president of the Italian Teachers' Association, we gather that while in 1924 Italian was taught in 21 schools with a total of 2,252 students taking it, in 1930 it was being taught in 86 schools to no less than 9,297 students!

These figures, of course, are not completely accurate because of the fact that many schools did not reply to Prof. Cosenza's questionnaire concerning their Italian courses and students. It is therefore evident that the actual number of schools teaching Italian, and the students studying it, is even greater than the statistics show.

Furthermore, there are 108 universities and colleges in the United States, where the enrollment in Italian courses amounts to several thousands. In 1924 the

number of such institutions teaching Italian was 17; in 1930 it had jumped to 108. It can hardly be doubted that this year the number is far greater, which indicates that the intellectual element among the Italian-Americans are awakening to the importance, if not the necessity, of knowing the mother tongue.

Whereas in the past, for obvious reasons, it was somewhat difficult to persuade Italian-American students to take up the study of the Italian language, today, instead, they themselves are seeking to enroll in such courses. The number of students taking Italian in the high schools is growing annually, and with the increase in the study of Italian, there is a comparable decrease in the study of Spanish.

THIS awakening among the Italians has come about partly because today, more so than in the past, they are anxious to know something, even if only a small part, of the great field of Italian literature. Then too, the young Italian-American student who expects to enter a profession realizes that if he ignores the study of Italian, he will lack something that will give him a feeling of inferiority to the other members of his profession. A knowledge of the Italian language, from any point of view, is essential to the Italian-American professional man. This applies to literature, but it also applies to many other fields, as music, architecture, medicine, law, painting, science, etc.

In learning Italian, the student becomes interested in knowing the literature of Italy: he becomes acquainted with the precious works of Dante, Petrarca, Parini, Foscolo, Manzoni, Carducci and a host of others down to D'Annunzio, Ferrero, Papini, Pirandello and their contemporaries, who have given Italy an invaluable literary treasure and heritage.

It follows that the student who knows the Italian literature and

naturally its language, can be said to be on a higher cultural and educational level than those who prefer a knowledge of Spanish, German or French.

The President of Oberlin College, Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, has said: "There is no foreign literature richer than that of Italy in elements that are worthwhile for our American life... If education is for the mind and heart, should we not open our hearts and minds to the literature that offers us treasures such as these?"

And to think that Dr. Wilkins is not an Italian!

If in the past, through indifference or inertia on the part of the more prominent Italian-Americans, it was not possible to succeed in establishing courses in Italian in our public schools, today, thanks to the progress of our race in the field of politics and to the interest manifested in the matter by the Italian Government, it is much easier.

The Italian communities throughout the United States, especially those that can guarantee a goodly number of students of Italian, should, through the strong weapon of their vote, bring pressure to bear on the local authorities and demand, where it is still lacking, the teaching in the schools of the Italian language. And if the milder method of persuasion fails to have any effect on those in authority, the only alternative, at the polls, is to use the vote against those responsible, and in favor of those who have a better recognition of the real strength of the Italian-American vote.

The parents of the Italian American students must also play their part. It behooves them to instill in their children a love for the mother tongue that will make them want to study and learn it of their own accord, because they are interested in it far more than in other foreign languages. It cannot be denied that if the parents do this, they will have caused their children to acquire an educational advantage of which they can rightfully feel proud and grateful.

Selections From

A GRAVE MOMENT

(From an article sent to "La Stampa" of Turin for December 30th by its New York correspondent, Amerigo Ruggiero)

NEVER before, not even during the War, has Congress had to face problems of such gravity as at the present time. The economic situation, perhaps from the Civil War on, has never been so full of worry and danger. The steps that will be taken by the House and the Senate will be of vital interest not only for the United States, but for the whole world. Much more threatening than the economic blind alley into which the nation has arrived is the absolute lack of leaders of recognized authority who can point the way out of the morass, which becomes deeper with every effort to become free of it. And together with a lack of leaders there is also a complete lack of ideas, programs and plans dictated by common sense and exempt from the spirit of egoism and partisanship.

America, at such a serious moment as the present, is politically in a chaos. The two traditionally major parties, scorned and deprived of prestige by the people, who tolerate them without knowing how to rid themselves of them, are both waiting for the other party to move first and make the greatest possible number of mistakes which will expose it to the ill will of the electorate. And this is the only way they have of responding to the needs of the moment, the only remedy decided upon to come to the aid of the unemployed.

To add to the confusion, with the elections of last November, the control of the House passed to the Democrats, while the Republicans, divided by internal dissension as they are, still dominate the Senate by a slight majority.

So long as the Democrats do not commit unconceived errors, or unforeseen circumstances do not rise to change the current of public opinion, the tidal wave hostile to the Administration, which began mounting about a

year ago, will probably submerge those now in office. The latter will have the small comfort of excusing themselves, as they have already begun doing, by saying that it is always the party in power which is blamed for hard times. This may be true, but just now it is a question of something deeper and more serious than simple discontent toward the highest representative of the dominant party. Not that President Hoover has not sought by various means to put into action remedies for the sad situation in which the country finds itself. But his action has been slow and not very clear, so as to annul whatever good effect might have been derived from it.

The public's resentment is not due only to the economic depression. President Hoover has been unfortunate enough to make himself unpopular above all for having remained loyal to his political and economic convictions: to have the Government serve the interests of big business. Now, the system based on this false philosophy is disintegrating under his eyes, and he is trying in vain to keep it on its feet by patchings and mendings.

With the head of an administration lacking in a following, it is idle to think of a constructive program. The Administration itself will be happy to seize the opportunity offered it, by the loss of control of the House to the Democrats, to unburden itself of any responsibility in case the first session of the new House should do nothing conclusive. And nothing conclusive can come of it. Congress has been convened at the height of the greatest economic disaster the country remembers, amid an unprecedented political chaos, in a sea of uncertainty, in a fearful void, in the absence of any guidance and any program. And as if this were not enough to make all attempts end

up in inaction, Congress, because of Hoover's obstinate refusal to convoke a special session previously, must face some of the gravest of domestic and foreign problems on the eve of the presidential campaign. It has only a few months to function before it adjourns to attend national conventions at which presidential candidates will be nominated.

From the Democrats there is nothing to be hoped for: they are more impotent than the Republicans and offer still less possibility for constructive action. If they had had initiative and statesmanship during the past few months, there was presented to them a marvelous opportunity to conquer the country, tired, as it is, of inanities, inconclusive disputes and the egoism of professional politicians. But the Democrats, instead of preparing a winter program; instead of assuming the principal role in the economic and financial recovery of the nation, instead of uniting to formulate constructive projects, have gone to Washington empty-handed, waiting first to see and hear what President Hoover will do and say. After which, pressed by the urgency of the moment, they will prepare some program or other not with the intention of benefiting the nation, but of drawing the greatest electoral advantages from the mistakes of their adversaries.

This is the two-party system, outside of which the American voters have no choice. It is not to be hoped or expected that either of the two parties, divided internally as they are, and lacking in intellectual leaders, will take clear positions on the principal problems facing the United States and the entire world: unemployment, agricultural aid, the moratorium, debts, reparations, disarmament, tariffs, and the World Court. The only glimmer of hope is offered by the little group of so-called Progressives, one of whose leaders is Congressman F. H. La Guardia. They have a program of constructive legislation to present to the two Houses. But because of their small number and the divisions that exist also a-

the Italian Press

mong them, it cannot be thought that, at least for the present, they can represent a real force in the political picture of the nation.

The United States is afflicted indeed, especially for a country that has always boasted of its superiority over the rest of the

world and almost of having possessed the secret of prosperity and social well-being.



"INEVITABLE DESTINY"

(From an editorial in "Il Tevere" of Rome for Dec. 20th.)

WHILE the commission appointed by the League of Nations to investigate the Manchurian situation is on its way to those far-off plains, shall we listen to the sentiment of the Japanese military party, which represents today the most influential part of the empire and acts powerfully on Nipponese public opinion? Here is an impressive article written by General Kiokatsu Sato of the Imperial Army. General Sato has been and still is a considerable personage in his country; it cannot be thought that he writes heedlessly or at random.

Yet his writings, for those who regard the Manchurian conflict with optimism, will arouse not a little shocked surprise because of its aggressive tone; evidently there exist in the Japanese soul sentiments which many in Europe are guilty of not appraising sufficiently.

"We have been insulted in every manner," writes the general, "by a nearby country. This nation has persecuted us; it has thrown us face down in the mud; it has tied us hand and foot; it has buried us; it has beaten us; it has flogged us; it has rained blows upon us." It is difficult to imagine that the nation so violently accused by the Japanese general is America, but so it is, for the general says that the Japanese ought to detest the United States.

The only hope of Japan is on the Asiatic continent, on which her future depends. But on this same Asiatic continent America is already "realizing vast projects." If, says the general, we do not thwart the ambition of this people, if we do not punish her injustice, our souls will never have peace, not even when they will have left the earth.



ANOTHER COMPROMISE

(From an article by Alberto De' Stefani, former Italian Minister of Finance, in the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan for Dec. 29th.)

THE EXPERTS at Basle released their report on Christmas Eve, but now, a few days later, the report is already old. As a matter of fact, it was old while it was being compiled. What could the experts of the consultative committee of the Young Plan say, if not to state solemnly what everybody knows in the simplicity of their daily lives? They proclaimed the

gravity of the world depression which has turned into a credit crisis. With a greater adherence to the facts, it might even have been said that credit especially, badly handled, brought on the depression. It is afflicting all countries, especially Germany, which has borrowed without stint, pledging herself to make good at the request of her creditors or on short terms.

And so "we are seeking at the present time to settle such questions through channels of diplomatic negotiation. Nevertheless, through the force of circumstances, we shall finally be forced to make war on the United States. A war between Japan and the United States is the inevitable destiny of our nation. The Japanese people should let this truth penetrate within them."

It cannot be said that this is equivocal language. There come to mind the words of Count Okuma, Japanese Prime Minister, who, in 1917, apropos of the World War, said that it was "the hour, the occasion awaited for a thousand years!" Then came the end of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and then came America to establish a Japanese naval inferiority. . . .

But today, those who think with General Kiokatsu Sato, find that the inevitable destiny of Japan is that of fighting for Asia. Will the League of Nations investigating commission change the course of that destiny?

Naturally the man in the street will ask why so many authorities in world finance became aware only afterward, when the harm was done, of the snares of inflation in credit. The fundamental statement that can be calmly made is that the experts have become discredited in world opinion, not as individuals, but as a class. This applies to bankers also, as consultants to the governments. Perhaps this was inevitable. For experts, bankers, captains of finance and industry have been and are actors in the drama of capitalistic degeneration, all the consequen-

ces of which they deplore and undergo together. An opinion that is not a compromise, not a rehash of platonic desires which no one, on his own account, thinks is worth anything, cannot spring from such sources. It will come from outside of the world of business, from those who are not experts.

What can be asked of them in a liberal economic regime is that their component parts go about their private business without disturbing others. We have all seen what happens when they penetrate into the State. Who wanted the stopping up of credit, high tariffs, monetary depreciation? Not the workers. Not the savers. Nor yet the small folk who have a small sphere of busi-

ness. It was willed by those who remain after this elimination, those in whom centers the governing of savings, credit, capital. This is what we must seek outside of their number.

Germany's incapacity to pay her war debts and her own private debts at the same time, recognized substantially by the Basle experts, is the particular example of a general situation. For no one today is it easy to pay debts, be he a private citizen or a State. It is not a discovery, it is a reality. As I said in a previous article ("The Doctors Around Germany," reproduced in ATLANTICA, August - September, 1931) our attention for a variety of reasons and circumstances is centered too much on Germany.



FRANCE IS PUT TO THE TEST

(From an editorial in the "Corriere d'America" of New York for Dec. 20th, written by Luigi Barzini, formerly its editor, and now editor of "Il Mattino" of Naples.)

THE GERMAN crisis lies in this elementary truth: that to pay something which one hasn't got, it is necessary to produce it, or obtain it by loan.

Germany must pay 570 million dollars annually for reparations until 1966. Not only has she not succeeded so far in producing this sum, but she has lost from 1924 to the present day something like two billion dollars because of the deficit in her trade balance (that is, selling abroad less than she buys). Thus she has paid two and a half billion dollars in reparations from 1924 to 1930 only with money received through foreign short-term loans for the same amount. This is clear.

But by doing this, Germany converted political debts into commercial ones. In order to pay governments, private creditors were created. She made a bad speculation, for political payments can be suspended without harm to the nation's credit, while the suspension of private payments constitutes bankruptcy. That is, it produces a paralysis of economic life.

This is the core of the present discussion over the priority of private payments over political

ones, or vice versa. Not only does France not renounce reparations, payments on which she demands resumed at the expiration of the Hoover moratorium, but, maintaining that the Young Plan is untouchable because it is the execution of a treaty, she claims that reparations payments shall have precedence over commercial debts.

France is juridically within her rights, but according to the realities of the situation she is sustaining the absurd. Her action, exclusively political, can have only two aims: either she desires the destruction of Germany, with consequent French reoccupation of the Ruhr, even by way of world ruin; or she is trying to create a situation so fearful as to force Germany to accept a huge French loan and concede in return serious political renunciations, such as to remain forever disarmed, to respect the mutilation of her eastern frontiers, to suspend naval construction, and to so bind herself in her foreign policy as to become a vassal of France.

The Young Plan authorizes the temporary suspension of reparations payments, after a formal German request and the favorable

It is explainable because she has so many creditors and her health is thus extremely interesting.

Some sardonic spirits may abject that the acceleration in the tempo of her industrial rebuilding has been imposed on Germany by the necessity of paying reparations. The credits that have been accorded her have this origin or at least this pretext, although the same creditor countries later gave a cold reception to the goods with which Germany sought to pay her private debts and war reparations. This is still another contradiction that has grown up in the climate of European and American capitalistic degeneration, which is the source of other ambiguities and compromises.

opinion of an international financial commission. Germany has now made use of this prerogative, asking an additional moratorium for reparations. She wants to show that, after paying the short-term loans that fall due in February, she is no longer in a position to pay reparations. The French maintain instead that, reparations having priority, Germany's duty is to transfer to reparations payments the funds, or a part of the funds, destined for meeting short term loan payments.

All this is linked up with the disarmament conference to open at Geneva in February. If France succeeds in winning over German reluctance to submit to the yoke and renounce her own political independence—the price demanded by Paris for financial salvaging—France would consent to a relative reduction of her armaments, considering as partially reached that "security" which she poses as a preliminary condition for disarmament. If not, France will block the conference, and the armament race, after the temporary respite brought about by Italian initiative, will go on with redoubled effort.

France won her point to seek a solution only through the mechanism of the Young Plan. All the world is now waiting. France is being put to the test: let her find a solution.

But to these great economic and financial complications there

must be added the no less serious ones of the domestic political situation in Germany which do not permit any German govern-

ment to adhere to a renunciation of independence without causing upheavals which might have fearful repercussions in other coun-

tries. The importance of this critical moment in the history of the world cannot be exaggerated.

—Rome, December



TO BE BETTER UNDERSTOOD

(From an editorial in the "Progresso Italo-Americano" of Jan. 3rd by its publisher, Generoso Pope, following the Easton bomb outrages.)

FROM every part of the United States and Italy there come to me telegrams and letters of congratulations on my "narrow escape," and to my friends near and far go my most cordial and affectionate thanks. My satisfaction at my "narrow escape", however, is darkened by two sharp pangs: the tragic death of the two innocent postal employees at Easton, Pa., and of the expert who tried to examine the explosive packages, victims of an infamous plot; and the sad accusation that these criminal acts are to be largely attributed to Italians in America: a great and distressing humiliation, this, for all our Italian brothers, and a new and sinister blow that is harmful to the campaign in defense of the good name of the Italians, which this past year met with such enthusiastic reception throughout the United States.

The guilt of a few cannot and should not cause us to forget the virtues of the great majority of our immigrant communities, which have given and are giving to this country exemplary citizens, workers and professional men among the best, worthy exponents of that race whom the world owes so much. Nevertheless my newspapers will continue with unshaken faith, to fight for the just cause of a more deserved respect, of a higher estimation of our great immigrant family.

This work will certainly be facilitated by a sounder and more loyal agreement in the matter of not vexing America with political battles that do not interest the United States and which disturb the peace of the country we are living in.

The Italians who remain Italians cannot hope to perpetuate

where their nationalistic differences: let them return to their homeland if they cannot live without battling for or against the Italian Government, or for or against any other reason for Italic dissension, be it political, economic or religious.

The Italians who have become American citizens, while they remain affectionate toward the Motherland and proud of their origin, have the duty of obeying the American laws and of showing by deeds that they are an integral part of the American family, which has neither the right nor the desire to mix itself in the domestic politics of other nations.

With my newspapers I will continue to sustain these principles, certain that only through their triumph can we obtain the complete peace and the full respect to which our immigrants have the right, and only through their triumph can we defend the good-will and friendship between Italy and America, which is so dear to our hearts.



LOOKING BACKWARD AT 1931

(From an article reviewing Italy's efforts toward world peace during the past year which appeared in "Il Legionario" of Rome on Jan. 2nd.)

THE YEAR 1931 does not close in a manner such as to permit hopes for a peaceful, ordered adjustment of Europe, afflicted by a serious economic crisis and by a no less serious political crisis. Everywhere and even besides the fact that the winter is being recognized as a particularly inclement one, difficulties are mounting up instead of being eliminated, rivalries are being accentuated, and rancors, sad heritage of the war, give no indication of being placated. And yet the force of things, in the long run, shall be stronger than the will of men.

Faced with the picture—a not

very comforting one, it must be admitted—presented to us by this year 1931 that has just expired, Italy has neither remorse nor regrets. She can proclaim proudly before the whole world that no State, no Government has done more than she has, especially by example, for peace on earth, and for unity amongst peoples.

Who does not remember the message broadcast on New Year's Day in 1931 by Mussolini to the American people? That document, which interpreted the conscience of the whole civilized world, was the breviary which inspired, throughout the whole of the year, the friends of peace, the

sincere promoters of the reconstruction of Europe on the firm foundations of justice and equity.

"Neither I nor my government nor the Italian people," he said on that occasion, "desire to bring about war. I fought in the war as a soldier in the ranks. I know what war means. *** Even if it were to arise between two countries only, a war nowadays inevitably would become a general war. Civilization itself would be endangered. New discoveries of science would make a future war even more dreadful than the last. The danger of death would not be reserved for the fighters, but whole populations would be imperilled without the possibility of effective protection.

"Italy—let me repeat it—never will take the initiative in starting a war. Italy needs peace. Fascism desires to secure for the It-

alian people, in co-operation with all other peoples of the world, a future of prosperity and peace. The training we give our youth

aims at making them strong and self-reliant, accustomed to self-control, with a sense of responsibility and discipline."



FORCED CONCLUSIONS

(From an editorial in "La Tribuna" of Rome for Dec. 27.)

THE importance of the report of the consulative committee of the Young Plan meeting at Basle to examine the financial condition of Germany, lies not at all in its statements and conclusions, which say nothing that was not already known, but in the impossibility of concluding otherwise.

Reality imposes itself over all one-sided and egoistic prejudices, over all limited and barren procedures. True, there are French

prejudices, tending to isolate German reparations and to deny the future insolvency of Germany and to defend, so long as the Treaty of Versailles is in force, also the hypotheses, now absurd, of sanctions. There are American prejudices, tending to isolate Allied debts and to deny the future insolvency of the debtors and to defend so long, for example, as debtor France continues the game of taking away gold from American vaults, the possibility of ex-

If only his words had been heeded the prospect for 1932 might have been far different!

acting the payments due from such an arrogant debtor. There are political and parliamentary counter-oppositions, in addition, such as that of the French Chamber for a rigid policy and that of the Congress at Washington for an amendment to the Hoover moratorium declaring opposition to any further cancellation or revision of the debts owing to the United States. But the reality of the matter is another thing, and it is that which has obliged the Basle committee to conclude by invoking responsible, decisive and comprehensive action on the part of the governments concerned with reference to the relations established by the war.

Books in Review

GIOVANNI VERGA. By Thomas Goddard Bergin. 135 pages. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.

ONLY two months ago, in December, the Royal Italian Academy met in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the publication of "I Malavoglia," the novel on which rests the fame of Giovanni Verga, the great Sicilian novelist. And the year 1932 marks the tenth anniversary of his death. This book, then, is particularly apropos.

Verga (the author calls him the greatest Italian novelist since Manzoni) in his novels dealt first with the upper classes, but later turned to the sunny pastures of his native Catania, and in such tales as "Nedda" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" he deals with peasants instead of nobles. An exponent of realism, his fame in Italy is at least as great as that of Flaubert and Zola in France. In fact, one of Professor Bergin's chapters: "An Italian Madame Bovary" is devoted to a comparison of that French classic with Verga's "Il Marito di Elena."

The author's justification for the

book "has been not so much to add to the known information on Verga's life or to discuss any particular phase of work as simply to state concisely what is known of the author and his books. . . . As a compilation of facts, as an organized study based on the books themselves, I hope the work will not be without some value to Italian scholars and admirers of Verga." And in fact, the former should find plenty of material in the bibliography, which seems to be one of the most comprehensive ever gathered for the study of Verga. But, aside from a short biographical sketch of the great Sicilian, the book is mainly concerned with his novels, plus a brief commentary on Verga's style.

Though Verga lived at a time that saw plenty of political and literary history in the making, his life was strangely tranquil. Professor Bergin attributes it to his character as primarily "an observer, an interested, courteous, yet somehow unmoved spectator." All his life he observed his fellow beings in all sorts of activity and in all ranks of society. "But it was always from the outside; his own ex-

periences, joys, and griefs were few, and what few there were he would not share. It was part of his aristocratic code to sink his personal concerns, to be unobtrusive, to act, to live as the rest, but never to let any experience really affect his personality or upset his poise."

It may be, as the author deplors, that Verga has not received the recognition fully due him in his own country, but "Giovanni Verga," after all, was written before the recent great commemoration in honor of the great Sicilian novelist, which disproves the author's contention.

CICERO. By Gaston Delaen. Translated from the French by Farrell Symons. Illustrated. 303 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.

CICERO was not only the greatest orator of ancient times with the exception of Demosthenes, but also an illustrious philosopher and statesman. He has been called the most consummate specimen of the Roman character formed under the influence of Hellenic culture. His voluminous writings gave permanent character

to the Latin language, and were beyond practically all others the means of transmitting ancient culture to modern times.

In this biography of the great Roman, one of the most brilliant lawyers of his day, the author, himself a brilliant French lawyer, we are assured, projects us back to another age, wherein we see every detail, and yet are far enough removed in time to have unprejudiced perspective. Against this background of the Rome of 106 to 45 B. C. we see Cicero beginning his career in the Forum, going up the ladder, engaging in oratorical warfare with such Romans as Hortensius, Catiline, and in general occupying the center of this stage.

Awarded the Montyon Prize of the French Academy in its original French, the biography, besides appreciation by M. Raymond Poincaré, former French President, contains many pages of notes and bibliography, appended at the end so as not to interfere with the uninterrupted reading of the book.

ROME AND THE ROMANS: A Survey and Interpretation. By Grant Showerman. 643 pages. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.

WE HEAR so much today about how great a debt modern culture and civilization owes to ancient Rome, which can be compared to the neck of a bottle, for, as Professor Showerman says: "Into Rome all the life of the ancient world was gathered, and out of it all the life of the modern world arose." It is impossible fully to understand our modern institutions without an understanding first of the civilization of old Rome, the ageless city.

Of the importance of such a study there can be no question, and it is for this reason that the author, professor of classics at Wisconsin, Summer Session Director of the American Academy in Rome, and a Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy, has set for himself the task of making known to the modern reader just how the average

Roman lived: how he looked, the houses he lived in, the training and education he received, what he ate and drank and how he spent the day, how the women were treated, how the various arts, professions and careers were pursued, how he amused himself, how he worshipped, how business was carried on, how the law worked, and the thousand and one details that fill in the outline and make the picture complete.

The outline, in this case, is furnished by a comprehensive yet not too detailed history of ancient Rome, within which is contained this extremely fascinating description of the life, character and environment of the average Roman. And a comparison of that Rome with the Rome of today serves to impress the Eternal City all the deeper on the reader's mind. Profusely illustrated with about 200 photographs, the book deserves reading by all who would call themselves cultured, especially Italians, for whom the heritage described is priceless.

SYMPHONIC BROADCASTS, by Olin Downes, 330 pages. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press, Inc. \$2.50.

IN AN interesting, not at all technical fashion, Olin Downes, the music critic of the *New York Times*, has in the present volume brought stately symphonic music down to the level of radio listeners, but he has done it so well that hardly anything is lost by its popularization. "Symphonic Broadcasts," which is a discussion of representative works of the orchestral repertory, consists of re-written versions of radio talks about Sunday programs of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the Curtis Institute of Music, given over the Columbia Broadcasting System last year under the direction of Messrs. Toscanini, Kleiber and Molinari.

Something like one hundred and fifty standard, representative works of the orchestral repertory are here discussed, among them (need it be added?) practically all of the great masters.

THE BEST AMERICAN MYSTERY STORIES OF THE YEAR: Vol. 2 (1932). Selected and with an Introduction by Carolyn Wells. 542 pages. New York: The John Day Co. \$2.50.

IT may be a matter of debate, but it seems to the present reviewer that one good mystery novel is better than several good mystery short stories, for the reason, probably, that the longer work has a better chance to "take," so to speak. However that may be, a compilation of 20 magazine mystery stories of the year picked as best by no less an authority than Carolyn Wells (and for the second time) is certainly worth reading nights.

"Death and Co." by Dashiell Hammett, recounts in laconic, short sentences the story of a man who, jealous of his wife's lover, murders her, has himself blackmailed purposely for the return of his wife, and then puts the blame for the whole thing on the lover—almost.

THE EMOTIONAL DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By Stuart P. Sherman. 276 pages. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. \$2.50.

SINCE the death of Stuart P. Sherman, literary critic and widely known for his able editorship of the *Herald-Tribune* "Books," there have been three posthumous volumes of his essays published, of which this is the third, and, we are told, the last. It consists of articles and speeches which are, to be sure, available elsewhere, but not very easily.

Most important of the essays, of course, is the first, which gives the volume its name, and which was an address delivered by him before the American Academy of Arts and Letters. America, he says, "as an emotional fact, never stays put: she is constantly being discovered and lost again," and he proceeds to trace this emotional exploration, particularly in the field of letters, through American history.

Other essays have to do with Henry James, Swinburne, Carlyle, Chesterton, Stevenson, Gosse, Cellini, and other figures in literature.

MUSIC

By Margherita Tirindelli

"SIMON BOCCANEGRA" AT THE METROPOLITAN

THE first performance of *Simon Boccanegra*, by Verdi, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on January 28th, necessarily brings to mind the question, "why has it taken these many years to bring this early work of the Master to American shores?"

This question may, perhaps, best be answered by refreshing our minds with a short historical resume of the work, its creation and its former productions. The opera dates originally from the composer's middle period of production, following *Trovatore* and *Traviata*. Some histories claim that Verdi based *Simon Boccanegra* on a work by Schiller known as *Fieschi*, while others lay the responsibility for its inspiration at the door of a play by the Spaniard Gutierrez, whose dramas it is said fascinated Verdi.

Piave, long a friend of Verdi, was the author of the first version of *Boccanegra*, and with his libretto the opera was first produced at La Fenice, Venice, on March 12th, 1857. The press seemed favorable but the public proved very cold and despite many attempts to keep the opera alive it was found necessary to lay it aside.

Twenty years later, Verdi had the urge to revise *Boccanegra* as, some say the result of seeing a performance of Schiller's *Fieschi*, and he decided his opera would fare better. Piave was then ill, so he turned to Arrigo Boito for help, and it might be said that this restoration of *Boccanegra* was the resuming of a valuable friendship for Verdi which had been severed some time before by unpleasant differences. It is of course remembered that Boito was Verdi's librettist for *Otello* and *Falstaff*, the scenario for *Otello* being practically written when the revision of *Boccanegra* began.

The altered and revised version of *Boccanegra* was heard first at La Scala on March 24, 1881, ten years after *Aida* and six before

Otello. It had a fair reception, with Victor Maurel in the title role. Two years later it had its first French presentation, when Maurel as restorer of *Le Theatre Italien*, in Paris, decided to produce it. Edouarde de Reszke as Fiesco and Tamagno as Adorno added to the impressiveness of the presentation. Verdi could hardly at this time lay the blame on inadequate artists for its lack of popularity, something he claimed for the first failure of *Traviata*.

IN THE process of revision the composer made many changes in the score while refusing to allow as many in the libretto, and while he may have realized that such a procedure would have possibly made for a disjointed creation in the score, yet the jumble and incoherency in the libretto may justly be blamed for the lack of success of the work. Briefly the story is: *Simon Boccanegra*, peasant and ex-pirate of fame, is about to be proclaimed Doge of Venice. This as a result of his bravery in ridding the seas of enemies, and for the necessity of breaking the power of the patricians headed by Fiesco. Paolo Albiani leads the popular faction.

Boccanegra's desire to marry Maria, daughter of Fiesco, spurs him on. He has loved her and had a child by her. However, Maria is killed and the child abducted; just at the moment when Fiesco cries for revenge on *Boccanegra* the populace proclaim him Doge. This is exposed in the prologue.

Twenty-five years later, which takes place in the first act, a certain young patrician, Gabriele, attempts to elope with a beautiful woman by the name of Amelia. During the process the identity of Amelia is made known to *Boccanegra* as being his abducted daughter. *Boccanegra* had, previous to this desired that Amelia marry his follower, Paolo, but on re-finding his lost child the Doge decides that Paolo shall not have her, and the latter plans revenge in the abduction of the young woman.

The second act, recognized as one of the strongest, is enacted in the council chamber at Genoa. *Boccanegra* implores the Genoese to be friendly toward the Venetians, reminding them that they have a common fatherland... Italy. A fight ensues between the patricians and the popular party, with the result that Gabriele is arrested and Paolo put in charge of him, the latter placing the blame on Gabriele for the attempted abduction. Believing this, *Boccanegra* curses him.

In the third act Paolo prepares a potion of poison for *Boccanegra* for thwarting him in his marriage with Amelia and offers freedom to Fiesco and Gabriele if they will join him. They refuse, but Gabriele is asked if he does not know that Amelia is *Boccanegra's* mistress. Gabriele swears vengeance and conceals himself in the room where Amelia asks *Boccanegra* for the hand of Gabriele, whom she loves. The attacking party comes on, but Gabriele, having heard *Boccanegra's* revelation of parenthood, declares his allegiance to the Doge, who in the meantime has drunk the poison.

IN THE last act Fiesco and Paolo are prisoners and Fiesco, hearing Paolo state that *Boccanegra* must die as a result of the poison he has drunk, reveals himself to *Boccanegra*. *Boccanegra* tells him that he may consider his vengeance complete since Amelia is his granddaughter. The Doge dies and the city grows dark.

Musically speaking there are some lofty and magnificent parts. Outstanding are the prologue and council chamber scenes, portions of which were greatly revised. The prologue is well conceived and the incidents leading up to the declaration of *Boccanegra* as Doge have beauty and continuity of style. Orchestrally it is Verdi of latter days. There is some fine music for Maria and the duet between her and Gabriele is noteworthy, but undoubtedly the council scene is the most potent and the finale of this scene is a masterpiece. The *Boccanegra* solo, the crowd's responses and the terrific curse of the orchestra is truly Verdi of unapproachable greatness. The third act fails in contrast and the fourth act is too long, though there are passages

of loftiness. Perhaps if the master had devoted more revision to the entire work it might have been classed as among his immortals. Certain it is that even in its present form it ranks among the unforgettable.

The performance as given at the Metropolitan on January 28 was brilliant. Costumes, scenery, ensembles were most impressive. Dramatically and vocally it may be said that the interpretation was brought to lofty heights by Lawrence Tibbett as Boccanegra, Pinza as Fiesco and Claudio Frigerio as Paolo. Mr. Tibbett has found in Boccanegra perhaps one of his best roles. Since his entry into the realm of films his histrionics have become notable.

Pinza was in admirable form and is excellently cast as the nobleman. Not merely does his voice carry the majestic quality essential to the part but his imagination of the character is stately. For Claudio Frigerio it was an occasion which the young artist will no doubt long remember; it offered him an opportunity to reveal not merely the excellent quality of his baritone but a very promising artistic talent.

Martinelli as the young Gabriele was convincing and always in keeping with the part. His voice had moments of real beauty and he too proved a favorite. Marie Mueller impersonated Maria and the conductor was the excellent Mr. Serafin, who fired the performance with the qualities of fervor and intensity. The orchestra outdid itself in sonority.

To say that the audience was enthusiastic is making an oft heard remark, but perhaps this time it is more genuinely meant since it is reported with great sincerity. The house was crowded to overflowing and many expressions of approval and delight could be heard in the midst of the ringing cheers. Mr. Gatti-Casazza is again to be thanked for a brilliant evening.

A MUSICAL CENTRE IN NEW YORK

THE beautiful city of Bologna has been known for many centuries as the City of the Hundred Towers, and because of these high land-marks this famous Italian city once bore a great resemblance to lower New York.

Owing to the rivalry which existed between the most distinguished Bolognese families, each prominent family built a tower and bestowed upon it the family name. Only a few of them still stand in their original splendor, and one of them is the "Gardini" tower.

Three Ambassadors, a Bishop (the one who commissioned Mi-



Mme. Gerster - Gardini
and Verna Carega

chel Angelo to build the "cornicione" of one of the San Petronio Church entrances), and many doctors of law or medicine have come from this old family. One of the latest was Dr. Carlo Gardini, a Doctor in law and medicine, who spoke six languages fluently and wrote books in four. During his adventurous career he was for many years one of the most daring impresarios of the eighties, but later, persuaded by his good friend, President McKinley of the United States, Dr. Gardini gave up most of his travels settled down in Bologna, his native town, and, as American Consular Agent, took care of the troubles of innumerable Americans for no less than 27 years.

Like one of those towers stands today his daughter, Berta Gerster-Gardini, in the field of vocal artistry. That in the art of singing she can teach every delicate shading as well as any robust outpouring of tone, that she knows every detail concerning the French and Italian concert and opera repertoire, is natural, considering the atmosphere she was

reared in, but that she, and Italian, is today an authority in the tradition and interpretation of the German "Lied" is considerably out of the ordinary.

Her mother, the eminent coloratura singer, Etelka Gertser-Gardini, after the close of her triumphant stage career, passed several years in Paris surrounded by the foremost French composers of the time. Later, dividing her time between Italy and Germany, she opened in Berlin the now famous Gerster School of Singing and brought to that city her great musicianship and exquisite musical taste. She not only discovered but actually brought to life many of the now celebrated German "Lieder." The elite of European musical circles recognize as untouchable tradition the phrasing which Mme. Gerster-Gardini gave to many of these beautiful songs.

Many famous exponent of the German "Lied" have come from the Gerster School of Singing. Besides Berta Gerster-Gardini, her daughter, there are Julia Culp, Sigrid Onegin, Clara Butt, Lula Mysz-Gmeiner, Therese Behr-Schnabel, Ilona Durigo, Madeleine Walther, Charlotte Huhn and many other distinguished singers, all products of this school.

Berta Gerster-Gardini absorbed all this knowledge from her earliest childhood, and she now conveys it to her many pupils in New York, where she has successfully transferred her school.

NOTES OF INTEREST IN ITALIAN MUSICAL CIRCLES

MARIA CARRERAS presented a Carnegie Hall recital on January 8 to an enthusiastic audience. The pianist played a program of taxing qualities. She again revealed her great musicianship, though the writer is frank to state that her interpretation of Beethoven was the most outstanding.

⊙

The debut of Armando Borgioli, baritone just come to the Metropolitan, proved the addition of a valuable artist to the opera house roster. His voice is ample and sonorous and dramatically he is poised and convincing. Being a person of intelligence, he will

develop a smoother line of delivery.

Rosa Ponselle, Mario Basiola, and Alberto Salvi were the artists for the 355th Bagby Musicale given in the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. Miss Ponselle gave a magnificent performance of Norma on January 25th. It was the soprano's birthday and she entertained at her home a host of friends who gathered about to cut the birthday cake after the opera.

On January 25th Antonio Scotti, favorite and great artist, also celebrated his birthday, it being his sixty-fifth. Hale and hearty, the baritone expressed the opinion that he is still singing because the public likes to hear him. Letters and telegrams of congratulation were sent him in numbers. The veteran artist now has been thirty-three years at the Metropolitan.

Two notable radio operatic performances were heard the past month, this being the first time that the Metropolitan has broadcast them: La Boheme and The Barber of Seville. In the former Gigli and Bori covered themselves with glory, while in the latter the singing of Pons and Pompilio Malatesta was the attraction.

The two-piano recital of Stell Andersen and Silvio Scionti on January 31st was an artistic

achievement. The artists recently returned from a tour of Europe which included Italy. Among their interesting contacts there was a visit with Castelnuovo-Tedesco, whose two-piano arrangements they often feature on their programs. The composer promised to write something especially for them based on a biblical subject.

The debut of Nino Martini, young tenor imported to this country by Maria Gay and her husband, Giovanni Zenatello, took place with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company in Rigoletto Jan. 28, and created quite a stir.

Louisa Tetrizzini, now in this country, has appeared only in Boston, and that was at the popular theatre there. Those who heard her claim that while the diva obviously has difficulty in producing tones, the voice still has flashes of its former glory.

Dusolina Giannini is now in this country and has appeared as soloist for several local concerts.

Gigli, who is now on tour, will give his second recital of the season at Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon, February 28.

The expiration of Verdi copyrights in Germany and Austria the first of the year seriously af-

ected the Verdi Home for the Aged in Milan, as the income from those copyrights was used in maintaining the institution.

Verna Carega's songs as presented for the lecture on the development of Italian music by Madame Gerster-Gardini before the Italy America Society on Jan. 27th listed selections by Galuppi, Pergolesi, Martini, Durante, Tosti, Denza, Tirindelli, Respighi, Malvasia, Casella and the aria, "O don Fatale" from Verdi's Don Carlos. The young mezzo-soprano interpreted the program with artistry, aided by Elmo Russ at the piano. Her development of both style and vocal control is a source of pleasure to those interested in her career. Her singing on this occasion was outstanding for its finesse and beautifully modulated tonal production, facts especially to be admired, for with Miss Carega's dramatic instinct it is easy to overstep the boundaries of good taste in singing the classics. Beautiful phrasing and a pleasing sonority united in the carrying out of ideas obviously based on excellent musicianship.

At the Casa Italiana on January 23 Alberto Sciaretti gave a piano program which listed works by Sgambati, Galileo (Respighi), Scarlatti, Martucci, Franco da Venezia, Castelnuovo - Tedesco. Listened to with attention, Mr. Sciaretti pleased and was warmly applauded.

ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

(Continued from Page 3)

every point, enthusiasm is backed by efficiency. The economics have been real. The Mafia in Sicily are crushed. The trains are punctual."

PRAISE FROM OTHERS

READERS of ATLANTICA are familiar with the ideals and character of this publication. But even for those who have been reading it constantly, it is a pleasure to come across, occasionally, an appreciative comment concerning it. The following, for example, appeared in the Jan. 8th issue of "La Trinacria," the excellent Italian-English weekly of Pittsburgh:

"Our young generation craves some magazine which, through the familiar English language, can give them some knowledge of Italian culture and affairs.

"We are glad to call their attention to ATLANTICA, the Italian Monthly Review, of New York. It is exclusively devoted to culture; eminent American and Italian writers contribute to it, but young Italo-American writers also are numerous.

"ATLANTICA should be in every home; Italian children, learning admiration for their land of origin, would respect to a greater degree the Italian traditions and customs still predominating in their families. We highly recommend it."

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

(Continued from Page 20)

"And the third is for the honor of my house, that you made free with. Now, perhaps, your mother will forget to feed her chickens."

Turiddu stumbled about for a moment here and there among the prickly pears, and then fell like a dog. The blood gurgled in a crimson foam out of his throat, and he had no chance even to gasp out, "Oh, mother mine."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 6)

his approval. His book, instead of being an impartial study of European Dictatorships, proves to be a bitter attack on Mussolini and his Government.

To other European Dictators Count Sforza forgives much; to Mussolini, nothing. Thus his critique of European Dictatorships degenerates into an acrimonious personal tirade. This is as it should be. For, ten years ago, by his puerile protest, Count Sforza proved that he does not possess those qualities of detachment and serenity which are so essential to the writer of history.

OUR MEDDLING PROFESSORS

PASCAL once said: "Most people want to know only in order to talk." How well this remark of the great philosopher applies to those Harvard professors who have requested the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations to intercede in favor of Italian Professors who are required to take an oath of allegiance.

These eminent Professors state that the "oath involves an intellectual coercion which is incompatible with the ideals of scholars." Yet these very gentlemen teach in our Colleges and Universities on the assumption that they shall be loyal to the institutions which employ them. They take no express oath; but let them expound doctrines hostile to our form of Government and see what happens to them. Wasn't Professor Scott Nearing dismissed from one of our colleges because of his radical teachings?

Every one knows that in Italy

the Colleges and Universities are State institutions. A Professor is considered a State employee. As such he is now required to swear fealty to the State. What's wrong with this? Here in the United States men in the Government service are required to take an oath of allegiance and no Harvard Professor has ever dreamed of protesting. But in Italy—ah, that's different!

It is strange that these champions of freedom should object to the oath when only the other day the Pope urged all Catholic Professors in Italy to comply with the Government's order. The Pope declared in no uncertain terms that it was perfectly proper for them to take the oath, for the Fascist Regime is no longer a party, but the Government itself.

We take the liberty to remind the learned Professors of an age-old principle of international law; namely, that a Sovereign State has the right to administer its affairs without any outside interference or criticism. This, in plain English, means that one should mind his own business.

GIOVANNI VERGA

ON JANUARY 27th of this year occurred the Tenth Anniversary of Giovanni Verga's death. The month previous had marked the Fiftieth Anniversary of the publication of his masterpiece, "I Malavoglia." Both events were fittingly celebrated throughout Italy, especially in Sicily, that fiery little Island where he was born and where some of his best scenes are laid.

But by far the most memor-

able celebration was held in the Palace of the Royal Academy of Italy in Rome where Luigi Pirandello, the greatest living Italian writer, also born in Sicily, delivered the commemoration address.

Like Pirandello, Giovanni Verga is widely known to American readers. It was William Dean Howells who first introduced Verga to the English-reading public with his excellent translation of "I Malavoglia." Then came the translation of his great stories, among them "Cavalleria Rusticana," by which he is best known in this country.

Verga's greatness as a writer consists in possessing a literary style which is not a style, but a reality. Every thought, every image, in his works, is a living reality expressed with the simplest and clearest words in the language. Words, by the magic of his art, become facts incarnate. Such close adherence to reality represents the secret of his success as one of the greatest novelists in the world. The only American writer who in a certain sense approaches Verga's conception of art is Sherwood Anderson whose simplicity and directness remind one of the great Sicilian.

To Verga the novel is "the most human of all the works of art: its success is achieved when every element composing it forms such a complete unity that even the process of creation shall remain a mystery, like the unfolding of all human passions." Such was his artistic credo. He remained loyal to it to the end. That is the reason perhaps why Giovanni Verga is more alive today than fifty years ago when all Italy was startled by the publication of his epoch-making masterpiece.

JUDGE HOLMES: GOLD TO THE SUNSET

THE retirement of Mr. Justice Holmes last month from the United States Supreme Court represented one of the most significant events in our American history. Great Judges as a rule do not fire the popular imagination. To a great many people a notorious prize-fighter means a hundred times more than even a John Marshall. But the tremendous wave of affection which swept the country when his resignation was announced clearly indicated that Judge Holmes was an exception to the rule.

The elements of such sincere manifestation of interest are easily traceable not only to his long years of service on the highest Tribunal in the land, but especially to his fearless idealism and his clear-sighted liberalism which, coupled with his remarkable gift of literary expression, have made him one of the greatest Judges of all times.

When a woman was denied

citizenship recently because she had refused to promise to bear arms in war, Judge Holmes wrote a dissenting opinion. Here is a characteristic sentence from that opinion which some day will be the Gospel of every true American: "Surely it cannot show lack of attachment to the principles of the Constitution that she thinks that it can be improved."

In reply to a letter of affection from his fellow associates on the Bench, after his retirement, the venerable philosopher wrote: "For such little time as may be left for me I shall treasure it as adding gold to the sunset." Yes, gold, indeed: gold and light and glory and the deathless affection of an entire Nation.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

THE New York Times recently put the following question to several well-known public men:

"What is an American?"

The question, of course, is not

capable of a definite answer. National characteristics, at best, escape classification. Moreover, in the case of America, the attempt is well-nigh impossible because we have not as yet achieved a national type.

At any rate, some of the answers given proved very interesting. Thus, Dr. Mayo finds that the typical American is "courageous and independent; but he has been irresponsible politically." Dr. Osborn sees in him an "Englishman of the Elizabethan age," while to William Allen White he is one who "catches the dollar only to flout it."

The diversity of opinion manifested by answers emphasizes the fact that the American is really a many-sided individual, more so perhaps than any other national type. The reason for this is quite obvious.

But as generalizations, like comparisons, must be odious, we shall content ourselves with the reflection contained in the old Spanish couplet:

De medico, poeta y loco
Todos tenemos un poco.

WE MUST DECIDE!

(Continued from Page 8)

vanced to their manufacturers the cost of their manufactures, in foodstuffs, raw materials, armaments, which were passed on to the Allies. But this sum has already been recovered through the example of England by taxation on surplus war profits that reached an extremely high point. The money has already been returned, and what the debtor countries are now sending is truly nothing but forced tribute. Now another phenomenon has made the burden of reparations insupportable. As a consequence of the fall in prices today, it is necessary to double the work, double the quantities of goods,

and double the services in order to pay the same immutable quantities of debts contracted for in gold.

ALL the social framework is suffering fearfully from this usury. Ears accustomed to perceiving not only the thunder of tempests, but also the dull rumbling of underground disturbances, know that something is cracking; that many ties have been loosened; that certain traditional and basic postulates—such as respect for the life, home and property of another—are crumbling; that lack of faith in the future is tending to bring about "carpe diem" theor-

izing, and desperation finds its outlet on the one hand in avarice and on the other in dissipation and waste. If, to these, are added other symptoms which recall with an analogy more than singular what happened during the epochs of decadence of other civilizations—symptoms ranging, for example, from bestiality and frequency of certain crimes to the stupidity of certain competitions—it is easy to deduce that not only is one particular aspect of civilization in danger, but that the whole civilization of the white races may be weakened, may disintegrate and disappear in despair and hopeless misery.

The Italians in the United States

(Readers Are Invited to Send in Items and Photographs of Real Worth for Possible Use in These Columns.)

SOCIETIES

THE CIRCOLO DEI GIOVANI

Il Circolo Dei Giovani of Bridgeport, Conn., is a large organization of young Italians devoted exclusively to the diffusion of the noblest traditions of Italian culture amongst themselves. Awakened to the potential wealth of their natural gifts of life, they desire to contribute a characteristically Italian share to the multiplex cultures of America. It is now approaching its second year of existence, having been organized by Barca Tartaro, young teacher of Italian in Bridgeport. Miss Clara Capasso is now serving her second term as president of Il Circolo Dei Giovani.

The club is divided into four departments of cultural activities: fine arts under artist Filippo Pavia; music under soprano Victoria Piccirillo; drama supervised by Barca Tartaro, and literature headed by Elisabetta De Blasio under whose editorship the Circolo publishes its original Italian literary efforts in a local Italian newspaper, *La Sentinella*.

In the past the Circolo presented to the Italian public, "Acqua o Carbone" by Gerardo Breccia, "La Voce Del Sangue" by Paolo Ferrari, and an Italian translation of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" in five acts with elaborate Elizabethan costumes. Giorgio Israele Puglisi and Rosaria Aucello interpreted the parts of Shylock and Portio respectively.

At present Il Circolo Dei Giovani is preparing under the directorship of Barca Tartaro two major productions for the Spring season: "Hamlet" by Shakespeare, and "Il Piccolo Santo" by Roberto Bracco; the former to be presented in English and the latter in Italian.

Intellectual encouragement for Il Circolo has come from Luigi Vampa, poet and philosopher, and Prof. P. S. Zampiere, distinguished scholar of comparative literature. Both are honorary members of Il Circolo. Lectures on the Italian Renaissance have been given before the group by Rev. D. Scalera, Rev. J. A. Racioppi, Rev. E. Iasiello, Prof. Zampiere, and Dr. F. Martucci.

Mrs. Carla Orlando Averardi charmed Il Circolo with an illustrated talk on the Italian Gardens on Jan. 17 last; and Prof. Giuseppe Prezzolini will lecture before it on "Gli Illustratori della Divina Commedia" on Feb. 14, 1932. It is hoped Prof. G. A. Borgese will favor the club on March 4 with a talk on "Cos'e' la Poesia?"

The officers of Il Circolo are: President: Clara Capasso; 1st Vice-pres. Giuseppe Massimino; 2nd Vice-pres. Angelo Del Vecchio; Treasurer: Dolores De Blasio; Secretary: Tina Puccio; Correspondent: Rosaria Aucello; Historian: Giorgio Puglisi; Legal Adviser: Carlo Weingarten; Executive Secret-

ary: Nina Tartaro; Membership chairman: Giuseppina Testo.

As a model, the preamble to the constitution of this organization, written by Barca Tartaro, is one that might well be followed by other and similar organizations, and for that reason we here reprint it in full.

"Be it proclaimed to all lovers of Italian art and culture throughout the civilized world that in this Connecticut city of Bridgeport on April first 1931 we, Il Circolo Dei Giovani, known in English as The Italian Circle of Youths, have instituted ourselves into an enduring whole for the resplendent purpose of creating, reproducing, maintaining, and encouraging the loftiest traditions of Italian culture. Be it further emphasized that in establishing in our midst a true center of Italian culture as we know it to have been with all its glory and grandeur in the imponderable past it is our deliberate purpose to contribute to America's agglomerated culture a share that is distinctly Italianistic and evincing the quality of spontaneity, originality, and the freshness of youth.

"Let it be clearly stated that Il Circolo Dei Giovani is fully aware of the meaning of so vast a field of human experience as Italian culture. Naught but years can bring on a serious understanding of all things Italian. The organization, therefore, shall look upon such a wide chart of human life not from one field of activity but from the multiplex fields of activities that may properly be said to relate to Italian culture in the grand style. Of course, all these fields of experience cannot be taken up at one time by the Circolo; but they must be developed when the members are ready to give expression to them. Several fields of Italian culture are hereby suggested: philosophy, aesthetics, morals, literature, poetry, painting, sculpture, criticism, music, drama, dancing, singing, history, architecture, science, economics, public speaking, and travels.

Be it further emphasized that Il Circolo commits itself to the preservation of the integrality or wholeness of the Italian character, seeking to lift it out of the quagmire of barren materialism into which it has fallen in a most unbecoming state that belies the true genius of the Italian race. Il Circolo claims an inherent human right to cultivate such influences as will permit the Italian character to flower in a happy and sublime state, and to discard those elements that are foreign to its character, in order that America's culture may be enriched by an Italian contribution that can be properly characterized as distinctive, creative, spontaneous, fresh and sublime.

"Be it strongly impressed upon the minds of the members of Il Circolo that to understand the meaning of

Italian culture one must know how to read, write, and speak the Italian language. The ability to do the above or the sincere intention of acquiring the same shall be a most important qualification for membership to Il Circolo Dei Giovani."

PROF. CASELLA AT CASA ITALIANA

The Casa Italiana of Columbia University, which, under the direction of Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, has been the scene of countless cultural activities and interests, was the rendezvous of many students and others interested in Italian culture on January 17th, when Professor Mario Casella of the University of Florence, at present lecturing in Columbia, delivered a lecture on "Francesco Petrarca."

LECTURES OF THE ITALY AMERICA SOCIETY

The Italy America Society of New York announces that during the month of February it will hold three lectures in Italian and a reception in honor of the Italian Consul General in New York, Comm. Emanuele Grazi, at the home of Mrs. F. Hagemeyer in Sutton Place.

The first of the three lectures will be by Miss Armida Pisciotta on February 3rd, who will speak on Galileo Galilei. She will be followed on February 10th by Miss Teresa Carbonaro, speaking on "La Donna Italiana," and on February 17th by Professor Alfonso Arbib-Costa, whose subject will be "Musica e Canti nella Divina Commedia."

ITALIAN - AMERICAN COMMUNITY CLUB

At a meeting last month of the newly formed Italian-American Community Club of Chicago, in its own clubhouse, elections were held with results as follows: F. De Salvia, president; V. Chiara, first vice-president; J. Onofrio, second vice-president; J. Sassan, recording secretary; J. Pilas, assistant; L. Chiara, financial secretary; J. Piccione, assistant; and J. Miro, treasurer. The Board of Directors is composed of J. Ruggio, J. Missineo, A. Giordano, J. D. Marchi and F. Ricci.

Guest of honor and chief speaker was Judge F. Allegretti, who had previously been elected honorary president of the club.

To take the place of the late Cav. Costantino Vitello, Mr. V. E. Ferrara was recently elected president of the Italo-American National Union, one of the most powerful societies in the Middle West. Mr. Ferrara has been treasurer of the society for the past 9 years.

The Italian Welfare Institute and the Italian Relief Committee of Prov-

idence were merged recently, with Cav. Luigi Cipolla, Grand Venerable of the Sons of Italy in Connecticut, as president of the new organization. Other officers elected were Dr. Tancredi Granata, president of the Italo-American Club, first vice-president; Atty. Alfeo Lucianelli, former president of the Institute, second vice-president; Dr. Charlotte N. Golini, president of the Mnemosyne Society of Fine Arts, treasurer; and Cav. Adamo R. Aiello, secretary.

Mrs. Joseph A. Tomasello, wife of the well known contractor of Boston, was unanimously re-elected president of the Italian Legion Auxiliary of that city at the annual election held recently. Miss Frida, the founder, was again elected vice-president.

Through the efforts of Luigi Reda, a student at James Monroe High School in the Bronx, N. Y., a student's cultural society has been formed in that institution under the name of the Circolo Leonardo da Vinci, with over 50 members. It recently staged an Italian night, with music and dancing and costumes. The officers are Gilda Mordente, president; Maria Ferrara, vice-president; Peter Loscalzo, secretary; and Elvira Villanova, treasurer.

The Free Blue Empire of New York held a costume dance at the Hotel Alamac last month, during which the ceremony of crowning Miss Cecile Raio as "Princess of New York" took place. A revue was staged by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ornato, and prizes were given for the best costumes, Miss Gallucci winning first prize. The club's next affair will be at the Hotel Empire on Feb. 27th.

The Italian Photographers' Association held its annual meeting last month and officers were elected with the following results: M. Vaccaro, president; G. Visconti, vice-president; R. Guida, treasurer; I. Caressa, recording secretary; and C. Parlavacqua, financial secretary.

For the year 1932 the following officers were elected last month by the Italian Civic Association of Chicago: J. A. Barci, president; F. Cimaglia, vice-president; S. Carfagnani, treasurer and E. Ippolito, secretary.

The Italian colony of Portland, Oregon, gathered last month at a dance he'd by the Junior Italian American Club of that city at Italian Federation Hall. Enrico A. Ferrara is vice-president of the club.

The day before the annual dance, the Italian Benevolent Society of Reno, Nevada, elected the following officers: A. Sala, president; A. Baldini, vice-president; A. Cerfoglio, treasurer; and C. Granata, secretary.

"In defense of Sicily against old and unjust accusations: Illiteracy, Brigandage, and the Mafia," was the subject of an address recently by Dr. D. Merendino at the Unione Italiana building in New Orleans, under the auspices of the Dante Alighieri Society of that

city. A musical program closed the evening.

In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a new club of young Italo-Americans has been formed under the name "Italian Benevolent and Social Club," with the following officers temporarily in charge: A. F. Maggio, chairman; R. F. Cangelosi, secretary; and J. C. Carcellone (president of the Italian Hall) treasurer.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

Mr. Dennis R. Darin of Detroit, Michigan has recently been named vice-president of the Peoples Wayne County Bank, the largest bank in Michigan and the fourth largest national bank in the United States. Mr. Darin was born in Iron Belt, a small town in northern Wisconsin. There he received his primary education, later studying at Marquette University, Milwaukee and at the Detroit College of Law. After his graduation he settled in Detroit and assumed a number of banking positions culminating with his promotion to the vice-presidency of Michigan's largest bank.

The Italian colony of New York City learned with sorrow last month of the sudden death of Cav. Uff. Eugenio Petrosimolo, one of the outstanding Italian importers and a member of the Board of Directors of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, at the age of 47.

At the annual meeting of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Queens late in December, the following were elected for the coming year: President, Leonard Genovese; Vice-presidents, P. W. Abatelli, A. J. Oliva and A. Dei Giorno; Treasurer, P. A. Bagnasco; Secretary, Fred F. Giglioli; Directors: L. Genovese, A. J. Oliva, A. Cantore, A. Del Giorno, P. A. Bagnasco, I. Tricomi, L. Calzaretta, L. Laudisi, E. H. Sa'vi, M. J. Giaimo, L. Vagnini, J. Scisci.

Commissioner Mulrooney of the New York Police Department issued an honor list recently, citing members of the department for meritorious service during the previous nine months. Among those mentioned were F. Scaglione, V. Marino, S. Marotta, P. Di Pippo, L. Muscatullo, E. J. De Martini, A. Trezza, A. Barbaro, J. Zottoli, A. Lombardi, B. Salomone, M. Murgli and E. Canevari.

The firm of Catalano & Pecora, building contractors of Baltimore, was recently awarded the contract for the construction of two bridges for the Pennsylvania Railroad which will cost \$175,000, as well as that for the installation of a heating system at the Capitol and the Library of Congress at Washington.

Commander Mario Taddei, director general of the Navigazione Libera Triestina of Italy, was tendered a luncheon last month in San Francisco by Italo-American importers and exporters under the auspices of the Ital-

ian Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco.

EDUCATION AND CULTURE

Announcement was made last month of the appointment of Professor Mario Emilio Cosenza, chairman of the department of classical languages, as dean of the men's division of Brooklyn College.

Dr. Cosenza, a classical scholar of repute, has had notable success in scholarship, teaching, administrative and executive work. For his efforts in the direction of Italian-American amity he received the Cross of Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy not long ago from the Italian Government.

Possessor of degrees from the College of the City of New York and Columbia University where he gained a doctorate in 1905, the new Dean also held a fellowship for one year at the American School for Classical Studies in Rome. His publications include several texts and translations of Latin classics and a history of the College of the City of New York. He also has edited "The Complete Journal of Townsend Harris, First American Consul General and Minister to Japan."

Dr. Cosenza is a member of many learned and international societies, including the Phi Beta Kappa, Italy-America Society, Italian Teachers' Association, American Classical League and the Japan Society. He is general representative in the United States of the Italian Inter-University Institute.

Beginning his teaching career at the College of the City of New York in 1904 as a tutor in classical languages, Dr. Cosenza became an Associate Professor in 1917. In 1919 he assumed directorship of the Townsend Harris High School, the college preparatory school. When the Brooklyn Centre of the City College was established in 1926 Dr. Cosenza was appointed Professor of Classical Languages at the centre.

The new Dean is 51 years old, is married and resides at Rockville Centre, L. I. He began his duties Feb. 1.

Miss Gilda Tedesco, a sixteen-year-old student in the fourth year grade at the Mother Cabrini Memorial High School in the Bronx, was the winner among over 200,000 entries not long ago of a prize given by the Chamber of Commerce of New York City for the best original composition, done in classroom, on the subject: "How European Conditions Affect the Economic Welfare of the United States." Miss Tedesco, who has been a pupil of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart for the past eight years, intends to study law. The prize consisted of \$15.00 and a certificate, and the competition was open to students of all the primary and secondary schools in the city.

An interesting talk was given by Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, Director of the Casa Italiana at Columbia, at the Casa on Jan. 29th. He demon-

strated the teaching of the Italian language by means of phonograph records.

Said the Auburn (N. Y.) **Citizen-Advertiser** recently apropos of a talk by Peter T. Campon, lecturer on things Italian:

"Italy's contributions to the world in art, science, statesmanship, music, and so forth were listed at the Rotary Club dinner last evening in the Osborne Hotel by Peter T. Campon of Binghamton in an address that extolled Italians and answered some of the slurs occasionally cast against them in this country. Mr. Campon proved himself thoroughly versed in all phases of Italy's history. He went back to early times and spoke of the foundations laid by some of the great Romans when Rome was the center of everything worthwhile in the world, and came down through the centuries, naming in glamorous array painters, sculptors, composers, musicians, doctors, law makers, scientists, explorers, discoverers, patriots, inventors, all of whom have added lustre to Italy's name.

"In conclusion Mr. Campon told something of the part the sons of Italy have played in the advancement of the United States, naming many soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary, Civil and World Wars. Their loyalty to America is unquestioned, he declared, and they are fitting into American national life notably in various fields.

"The Italian race, he said, should not be derided for the evil part played by a few as against the excellent records made by the thousands of others who now claim the United States as their home and their country. The speaker was roundly applauded."

The election of six officers to serve until June was announced recently by the Officers' Club of the College of the City of New York. Two of them were Albert Perrone, vice-president, and Frank Jacono, marshal. Both are seniors.

Cav. Oscar Durante of Chicago, vice-president of the Chicago Board of Education and editor of "L'Italia" of that city, has been successful in his efforts to have Italian accepted as entrance credit for Chicago and other universities.

Prof. Francesco Ventresca of Chicago was recently appointed a member of the Crane College faculty in that city, after having taught, since 1920, French and Spanish at Tuley, Lane and Harrison High Schools in Chicago. He has given talks over the radio on Dante, Leonardo, and other great Italians. Born in the Abruzzi, Italy, he came to America at the age of 19, took a bachelor and master's degree at the University of Chicago, studied languages at the University of Freiburg, Germany, for three years, was Professor of romance languages at the University of Valparaiso, Indiana, for three years, and professor of modern languages at Washington State College.

Courses in English for Foreigners are being given at the School of Edu-

cation of the College of the City of New York under Miss Reade and Miss Swanson, planned to give the educated, non-English-speaking student a knowledge of the English language best suited to his immediate needs. Conversation, idiomatic expressions and correct pronunciation are stressed. Classes begin early in February. For information write to Paul Klapper, Dean.

Miss Sebastina Conti, a dark-haired, attractive girl of 14, and a pupil at P. S. 33 in Manhattan, received last month a certificate with the following inscription: "This certificate is issued to Sebastina Conti as evidence that she has received one of the Rebecca Elsberg Memorial Scholarship prizes, awarded to pupils of public schools in Manhattan for honorable character, conduct, record and proficiency in studies, in accordance with the standards established by the Superintendent of Schools."

The prize is worth \$200 to the recipient, and Miss Conti plans to use it to enable her to go to the Manhattan Industrial High School for Girls when she is graduated from grade 8B this term. She intends to study dressmaking.

FINE ARTS

The famous Italian sculptor **Leo Lentelli** has completed the model for a bust of Cardinal Gibbons which is to be placed in the lobby of the Knights of Columbus building in Washington, D. C. soon in the presence of Cardinal Hayes and other notables. Mr. Lentelli, a Bolognese, studied in Rome before coming to America in his youth. He has exhibited in practically all the great American expositions, winning many medals and prizes, among them, those of the Architectural League and the Academy of Design. Examples of his work are the decorations in Steinway Hall in New York, the Straus buildings in New York and Chicago, the Orpheum Theatre in St. Louis, and a monumental fountain in Palm Beach.

The second concert of the New Haven Civic Orchestra under the direction of Maestro **Francesco Riggio** took place last month in that city. The orchestra comprises 73 musicians. Among those present was Mayor **John W. Murphy**.

Mme. Fausta Vittoria Mengarini, sculptor, "an artist of the old school, with the cultural background of Rome," has been holding an exhibition of her more recent work in the rotunda on the ground floor of Bergdorf-Goodman's on Fifth Avenue in New York City. Among her portraits are those of Mussolini, General Armando Diaz, V. E. Oriando, and George Eastman. Mme. Mengarini is the daughter of the scientist, Senator **Guglielmo Mengarini**, and the niece of **Max Lieberman**, celebrated German artist.

The third concert of the Pittsburgh Symphony Society orchestra was held in that city last month with Maestro **Bernardino Molinari** as guest conduc-

tor, and his wife, Mrs. **Mary Molinari**, as soprano soloist.

Marco Montedoro has been giving an exhibition of stage designs during the past month at the New York Public Library. At 16, he designed Sarah Bernhardt's costumes for "L'Aiglon", he was director of the Follies Bergeres in Paris for ten years, and he has been costume designer for La Scala of Milan and the principal theatres of Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw and London. He has been working in New York for the past four years, but this is his first exhibition since that in Paris in 1925.

A committee in Providence is organizing a symphony orchestra composed entirely of local talent, with rehearsals already under way. Of interest to Italians is the fact that almost half of the 65 musicians are of Italian birth or extraction. The list includes strings, Charles A. Vespa, Nicola Capomacchio, James Gagliardi, Arthur Addeo, Michael Russo, Anthony Gravino, Matteo Tudino, G. Simonetti, Herman Torre, John Petrucci, Joseph Spaziano, Fred Rao, Eugene Lucatoro, Vincent Capone, flute, D. De Feo, oboe, Rocco Cecca, trumpet, Alessandro Olivieri, trombone; Louis Pacifico, Vincent Siravo, Harry Iannelli, John Volanti and John Comparone, brass.

The impulse recently given by the radio and other agencies to the development of popular taste for better music is translated into various activities, one of which is the recent formation of the Lyric Art Society.

This organization as stated in its circular, has been founded for the purpose of projecting new ideas and new identities in the field of classical music by staging presentations of lyric masterpieces in a most artistic manner and with a personnel specially and carefully trained.

Enrico Odierno, veteran opera impresario, who b'azed the South American trail for American opera singers, is the Artistic Director of the Lyric Art Society, and his ambition is to create new fields for the production of young American talent on the singing stage or on the air.

The membership in the Lyric Art Society is open to all those who pass a satisfactory vocal examination and nurse the ambition to embrace a professional career on the lyric stage. Amateurs are absolutely barred.

A series of performances are planned during the year in which the members of the Lyric Art Society, after a careful training in vocal, histrionic and stage arts by recognized experts, will be given a public appearance.

Among the first activities of this organization is a six weeks season of Grand Opera in Havana starting February 15th. Auditions are already being held and applications are being received at the offices of the Lyric Art Society, 145 West 45th Street, New York City.

PROFESSIONS

The annual dinner dance of the Association of Italian Physicians in America will take place this year in the

Grand Ball Room of the New Yorker Hotel on Feb. 13th. The dinner dance committee is composed of Drs. Joseph Croce, Hannibal De Bellis, Gaetano J. Mecca and Angelo M. Sala, assisted by a large Ladies Committee which is headed by Mrs. J. V. Ricci and Mrs. Adelina E. Rinaldi.

The "Giustiniana" Society of Chicago, composed of Italian lawyers, held elections last month with the following results: Henry M. Tufo, president; Donald J. Rizzio, vice-president; Lorenzo Marino, secretary; and Giuseppe Zaffina, treasurer. Previously the society had given a luncheon in honor of Judge Felix Forte of Boston, who was stopping in Chicago for a short time, with the four Italian judges of Chicago, Borrelli, Allegretti, Sbarbaro and Lupo, as added guests of honor.

Italian Consular Agent Albi of Spokane, Washington, who is also an attorney, had three cases sustained in the last two weeks of December by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, which involved \$35,000.

The New Jersey Italian Medical Society organized not long ago at Newark held a meeting recently at the Columbus Memorial Hospital in that city under the chairmanship of Dr. A. Liva, president. The society is growing rapidly, and it already has over 40 members.

At a luncheon of the American Italian Medicodental Club of San Francisco recently, Dr. A. R. McDowell spoke on "Economies Relative to Physicians and Dentists." In charge of the affair were the Drs. C. A. Ertola, A. S. Musante, I. Pera and Emile Torre.

At the elections of the Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity, held recently, the following officers were elected for the coming term: A. Giordano, pres.; L. Cassano, 1st vice-pres.; A. A. Costabile, 2nd vice-pres.; M. M. Marolla, corr. sec.; G. H. Petti, rec. sec.; and P. W. Casson, treas.

The Fraternity has now begun issuing a monthly bulletin for its members, containing social, professional and scientific items, under the editorship of Dr. M. M. Marolla.

PUBLIC LIFE

Mayor John V. Hinchcliffe of Paterson, N. J. recently appointed Dr. Alfredo Borloso, who conducted a successful fight three years ago to have Italian taught in the secondary schools on a par with other languages, Commissioner of Schools in that city, after he had held for a year the post of Commissioner of Libraries. Graduated in letters at the University of Naples, Dr. Borloso taught Latin and Greek in Italy, came to America in 1924, took a Master of Arts degree at Columbia and later a Doctor of Philosophy, and then taught Italian and Latin at New York University soon afterward. Dr. Borloso is thirty years old.

A banquet will be held in honor of Judge Joseph Caponigri on Feb. 22nd, Washington's Birthday, in New York

City. The committee is composed of the following: Chairman: Paul P. Rao; Ralph B. Stabile, Nicholas Morisco, Frank Russo, Vincent Liggio, Lawrence F. Bonanno, Silvio Perazzo, Fred Grieco, Louis Cafferata, Eugene McAuliffe and Frank Ciralo.

Michael Cardarelli of Providence, R. I., has been appointed to the Board of Tax Assessors in that city. A real estate broker since 1907, he has served on the School Committee, and the General Assembly, and he belongs to several clubs.

"Viaduct Park", in the midst of the Italian colony of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been named "Cianci Park" in honor of the Rev. Dr. Salvatore Cianci, of that city, who this year celebrates the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Dr. James F. Valone of Jamestown, N. Y., has been appointed a member of that city's Welfare Board by Mayor Carlson, succeeding Dr. James H. Cacamise in that office.

The first anniversary of the Hopkins Club of Providence was celebrated last month in the presence of Mayor Dunne, Alderman Dr. A. M. Parente, City Councilors Frank Rao and Frank Prete, Atty. Luigi Cappelli, formerly candidate for Secretary of State, Giuseppe Ricciardi, chairman of the evening, Prof. V. E. Cinquegrana, honorary president, and many others.

The Columbian Republican League held a Victory-Dance last month at the Powers Hotel in Rochester, N. Y., to celebrate their victories at the last election. The League's president, Paul Napodano, also acted as chairman of the committee in charge, and among those who spoke were Commissioner of Immigration Edward Corsi, Comm. Almerindo Portfolio, treasurer of the League and president of the Bank of Sicily, and Kingsland Macy, head of the Republican State Committee.

Antonio M. Mauriello, 32, of New York, was recently appointed Assistant United States Attorney by United States Attorney George Z. Medahe. Born in Pannarano (Benevento), Italy, Mr. Mauriello came to America at the age of nine, and he received his law degree from New York University.

Attorney Luigi Cappelli of Providence was last month elected vice-president of the Democratic Victory Fund Campaign in that State, begun with a banquet attended by over 400 at the Narragansett Hotel.

A banquet was held in Scranton last month appointed Victor Sbragia, fortecchi, recently elected Coroner of Lackawanna County. T. Mineo headed the committee in charge of the dinner.

Mayor Rossi of San Francisco last month appointed Victor Sbragia, formerly a Commissioner of Elections, to the Board of Permit on Appeals. He also appointed Ottorino Ronchi, editor of "La Voce del Popolo", Italian lan-

guage daily, to the San Francisco Art Commission.

Sebastian N. Tanguosso was recently sworn in as a member of the Chelsea (Mass.) School Committee for a four year term. He is the youngest member on the board and the first Italo-American to be elected to public office in Chelsea. A practicing attorney with the law offices of Judge Felix Forte, Atty. Tanguosso has been president of the Italian-American improvement Club for the past three years. He was graduated from the Boston University School of Law and is a member of many civic, legal and cultural associations.

Atty Antonio Micefi of Rochester was given a banquet recently on the occasion of his appointment as Assistant District Attorney in Monroe County, by the "Tuesday Night Club", with Charles Dispenza acting as toastmaster.

Edward Corsi, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, was the guest of honor at another banquet last month given by the Society of Natives of Capostrano, of which he is a member. Among those present was Judge Eugene V. Alessandrini of Philadelphia, who was also born in Capostrano.

SPORTS

The expected happened last month when Bart Viviano, hard-running half-back, and a member of many All-American team selections last fall, was elected captain of the Cornell football team for 1932. Viviano lives in Plainfield, N. J. He is studying mechanical engineering and will be graduated in 1933. He came to Cornell from Phillips Andover Academy, where he was captain in his final year, and immediately won a berth on the Red and White freshman eleven.

For the past two seasons Viviano has been the star of the Cornell attack, specializing in line plunging and in receiving forward passes. He has frequently been named on All-Eastern elevens and for honorary posts on All-American teams.

Viviano is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and numerous other organizations at Cornell. The election took place at the annual meeting of Cornell lettermen.

The following letter from a subscriber shows the pride with which Italian fathers look on the sports activities of their sons in the schools and colleges:

"It may be immodest of me to mention it, but I have a son attending school at the University of Pennsylvania, who has played baseball and football on both the Varsity teams (catcher and center) but, owing to injuries, did no play last year on the baseball team. He got his numerals in his freshman year and his football letter last year.

"If nothing happens to him he will play on the baseball varsity team this year again, as well as the football team. His name is Nicholas F. Trerotola.

"He has the distinction of being the

only Italian boy to be elected baseball captain for 2 years ('27 and '28) at Lawrenceville Prep School, one of the best in the country, where an Italian boy has a mighty slim chance in sports regardless of ability. He left Lawrenceville in the fall of 1928 and went to Princeton Prep. In 1929 he was elected captain of their baseball team, another honor which no other Italian boy ever got there. He was a 2-letter man (football and baseball) at Lawrenceville, and a 3-letter man at Princeton Prep (baseball, basketball, and football).

"The above regarding my son may not mean much to you, perhaps, but it is only to show that some of our Italian boys are showing up mighty well in sports and many other things when they are given the chance and the encouragement."

Young Trerotola, he might have added, was selected by many (including a Philadelphia paper) as All-Italian center for 1931.

MISCELLANEOUS

Among those in this country who received last month the Cross of Chevalier in the Order of the Crown of Italy were Rev. A. D'Urgolo, rector of St. John's Church in Baltimore; Ignius S. Morgan, banker, of New York; Maestro Roberto Moranzoni, one of the orchestra directors of the Chicago Civic Opera; Rev. I. R. Idone, rector of St. Anthony's Church in Steubenville, Ohio; Rev. C. Canivan of Oyster Bay, L. I.; and Atty Antonio Amiullo, consulting attorney of the Italian Consulate at Detroit.

Mr. Ted. R. Liuzza, formerly a reporter with the *New Orleans Item*, and at present Radio Announcer for Station WSMB in that city, recently completed his sixth year in that capacity.

Rev. Father Aloysius V. Raggio, of whom it is said that he probably baptized more babies and blessed more marriages than any other Catholic priest in California, died late in December at the University of Santa Clara at the age of 87. In 1822 he celebrated his sixtieth year in the priesthood, and for forty years he taught at the University of Santa Clara. He was born in Bonifacio, Corsica, and came to America in 1871.

"La Gazzetta di Massachusetts," the oldest weekly in New England, with offices in Boston, celebrated last month its 36th anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Paolino Gerli presented their daughter Paolina Elaine to society in New York in the latter part of December with a dance and dinner in the grand ball-room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Cardinal Hayes of New York last month promoted the Rev. Andrew P. Botti, assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Middletown, N. Y. to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church in New Rochelle, and at the same time he also transferred the Rev. Louis Riccio from the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church in New Rochelle to that of St. Lucy's Church in the Bronx, N. Y.

Frank E. Pope has been appointed Consular correspondent of the Italian Vice-Consulate at Birmingham, Ala., from Tuscaloosa.

A banquet was given last month at the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, under the auspices of St. Lucy's Social Service Bureau, in honor of Rev. Leo A. Arcese, recently transferred from St. Lucy's Church to that of the Nativity in Ozone Park. Among those present were Monsignor Rev. Alfonso Arcese, brother of the guest of honor, Pasquale Landi, president of the Italian Young Folks League of Brooklyn, Dr. Nicholas E. Caputo, and many others.

Miss Catherine Cusumano has recently joined the Brong Travel Service at Steinway Hall in New York, where she is now able to help anyone who wants to travel by sea, air or land, and take care of details pertaining to travel, securing hotel reservations, etc.

THE RENAISSANCE OF SCIENCE IN ITALY

(Continued from page 13)

students the authority of the Doge, to whom they sent delegations. When the Papal Bull "In sacrosancta" of Pius IV was published, forbidding non-Catholics to become graduated in medicine, the Republic resorted to other means: the degree "in private" and through the authority of the Palatine Counts. In 1616 there was introduced the degree in medicine on the authority of His Most Serene Majesty, and to the protests of the Pontiff the Venetian government replied on the counsel of Fra Paolo Sarpi by maintaining its point and sustaining that it was not necessary that a doctor in medicine should also be a theologian.

Thus from a series of documents and university archives there is evidenced the close relations between study and foreign students, who repeatedly affirmed their faith and devotion to the Republic, as sons; and the registers show us how, frequently, three or four generations of students belonging to the same family regularly attended the Italian universities.

(To be concluded)

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ATLANTICA

in Italiano

DECIDERSI!

Atlantica desidera riprodurre integralmente per i suoi lettori l'originale del famoso editoriale del "Popolo d'Italia" del 12 Gennaio. Quest'articolo anche se non è stato scritto personalmente da S. E. Mussolini fu certamente stampato con la Sua autorizzazione e ha prodotto una profonda impressione in Italia e all'Estero.

I POPOLI che si avviano faticosamente, e fra inaudite miserie, ad uscire da uno degli inverni più tormentati che la storia ricordi — appena paragonabile all'ultimo inverno di guerra nelle trincee — ora che la data della Conferenza di Losanna è ufficialmente fissata, si domandano: Che cosa accadrà? Avremo una definizione del problema debitoriparazioni o sarà rinviato ancora una volta?

Una soluzione radicale avremo o una soluzione di compromesso che dilazionando nel tempo le difficoltà, non farà che ricomplicarle all'infinito? I Governi d'Europa daranno ancora una volta prova di quella tremenda "abulia" che sembra paralizzarli tutte le volte che devono affrontare un problema e che li conduce quindi a polverizzarlo nei lavori delle Commissioni e nelle lugubri fatiche degli "esperti"? I ministri che vanno a Losanna tra l'ansiosa e si può dire angosciata aspettazione delle moltitudini, si limiteranno all'esame tecnico del problema — esame perfettamente inutile perchè già conosciutissimo in tutti i suoi aspetti — o prenderanno delle decisioni nella unica sede inevitabile e necessaria, cioè in "sede" politica?

Queste ed altre domande si affollano nel nostro spirito. Ora noi rispondiamo in una maniera categorica e cioè che se la Conferenza di Losanna non dovesse sciogliere il nodo, meglio sarebbe

non convocarla e prendere motivo per finirla con questa mania delle conferenze — mania costosa e sommamente pericolosa — decidersi ad una "moratoria" delle conferenze che suscitano intermittenti e ricorrenti speranze, seguite da delusioni sempre più amare e profonde.

La Conferenza di Losanna deve giungere a quello che ormai si chiama il "colpo di spugna"; deve concludere con la cancellazione del dare e dell'avere, di quella che Mussolini, nel discorso di Napoli, chiamò la "tragica contabilità della guerra."

I fatti — diciamo i fatti e non le dottrine o le simpatie — che impongono questa soluzione radicale e che perentoriamente sconsigliano soluzioni provvisorie, sono i seguenti. Anzitutto le constatazioni e le conclusioni del rapporto del Comitato Consultivo di Basilea. In esso è chiaramente dimostrata la intenibile situazione finanziaria ed economica della Germania. Può darsi che la Germania non abbia mai avuto una straordinaria "buona volontà" di pagare il "tributo" di guerra, imposto a Versaglia; tuttavia pagamenti ne ha fatti, per una ragguardevole cifra. Comunque, oggi, è nella impossibilità di pagare. Credere che ciò possa mutare è illusorio anche e soprattutto perchè nel frattempo la crisi della Germania si è allargata fino a diventare la crisi del mondo

QUESTA crisi — secondo elemento che impone di "decidersi" — non risparmia più nessuno, nemmeno coloro che credevano di salvarsi, attraverso l'accumulazione dell'oro: parliamo della Francia. Di più. La crisi non accenna a miglioramenti, malgrado le notizie ottimistiche che di quando in quando giungono da oltre oceano. Si sono, cioè, acutizzati quei tipici fenomeni denunciatori della crisi, che Mussolini elencò ed illustrò, tredici mesi or sono, nel suo discorso al Senato.

Bisogna mettersi in mente che è assolutamente necessario che la situazione economica del mondo si avvii a un miglioramento entro il 1932.

Non bisogna credere che gli uomini sopporteranno senza disordini di una imprevedibile portata un inverno 1932-33 che sia ancora più crudele di quello che attraversiamo. Un punto interrogativo è sospeso dinanzi alla coscienza dei Governi e a quella dei popoli.

Prova di quest'ansia che sta prendendo gli uomini, pensosi non delle sorti di un determinato paese, ma di tutto quel complesso di istituzioni, costumi, fedi, interessi che imprimono il carattere alla civiltà dell'Occidente, è un discorso pronunciato dal deputato inglese Alessandro Shaw a Liverpool. Giova aggiungere che lo Shaw non è soltanto un uomo politico, ma è l'amministratore delegato della Compagnia peninsulare e orientale e direttore della Banca d'Inghilterra. Un personaggio, dunque, di primo piano.

"Non è affatto esagerato affermare, così ha detto l'on. Alessandro Shaw, che la struttura economica e sociale dell'Europa si avvicina di giorno in giorno al precipizio; la verità cruda è che se le cose vanno avanti così come vanno, la scelta è semplicemente fra il ripudio dei debiti e il caos. Invece di una libera partecipazione con uomini e mezzi alla causa, gli Alleati hanno tracciato la più strana, illogica, antistorica distinzione. Quando un proiettile americano era sparato da un artigiere americano, con un cannone americano, gli Stati Uniti non hanno imposto agli Alleati di pagare né l'uomo, né il costo del proiettile; ma quando il proiettile americano era sparato da soldati alleati per il medesimo scopo, per la causa

comune, ne'lo stesso comune interesse, creava un debito in oro da pagarsi agli Stati Uniti. Mai prima d'ora nella storia era stato così male a proposito applicato un mercantilismo così ingiusto. Il messaggio salutare che tutto il mondo aspetta è: "Rimetti a noi i nostri debiti come noi li rimettiamo ai nostri debitori."

FIN qui il deputato inglese. Dobbiamo pensare che questa sia anche l'opinione di MacDonald, iniziatore della Conferenza di Losanna. Due altre formidabili ragioni vi sono per applicare — non più tardi del gennaio in corso — il precetto evangelico contenuto nella più semplice e più universale delle preghiere cristiane. Il debito di guerra è nato così. I Governi inglese e americano hanno anticipato agli industriali l'ammontare del costo delle forniture — in viveri, materie prime, armi — passate agli Alleati. Ma questa somma è già stata recuperata a esempio dall'Inghilterra attraverso una tassazio-

ne sui sopraprofiti di guerra che è giunta a una percentuale altissima. Il denaro è già rientrato e quello che i paesi debitori versano è un vero e proprio tributo forzato. D'allora ad oggi, un altro fenomeno ha reso insopportabile il fardello delle riparazioni. Quale conseguenza della caduta dei prezzi, oggi, bisogna fornire doppio lavoro, doppio quantitativo di merce, doppi servizi per pagare la stessa immutabile quantità di debiti stilati in oro.

Tutta l'armatura sociale soffre paurosamente di questa usura. Le orecchie abituate a percepire non soltanto i rombi delle tempeste, ma anche i rumori sordi delle lime sotterranee, sentono che qualche cosa schricchiola; che molti vincoli si sono allentati; che taluni postulati tradizionali e basilari — come il rispetto della vita, della casa, della proprietà altrui — frangono; che la sfiducia nei domani conduce a teorizzare il **carpe diem** e la disperazione sbocca da una parte nell'avarizia e dall'altra nella dissipazione. Se a questi, aggiungete altri sintomi che ricor-

dano con una analogia più singolare, quanto accadde nelle epoche di decadenza di altre civiltà, sintomi che vanno, ad esempio, dalla efferatezza e dalla frequenza di certi delitti alla stupidità di certe gare, voi intuirete che non solo un determinato aspetto della nostra civiltà è in gioco, ma che tutta la civiltà della razza bianca può disintegrarsi, indebolirsi, oscurarsi nel disordine senza scopo, nella miseria senza domani. Come si vede, il nostro punto di vista sul problema, prescinde completamente da quelle che potranno essere le conseguenze — temute o sperate — nella politica interna della Germania. Solo dei democratici possono vedere il problema sotto lo stretto punto di vista della speranza che un fregio sulle riparazioni allontani nel tempo o faccia addirittura scomparire dall'orizzonte lo spettro di Hitler. Per noi, altri valori costituiscono la posta del gioco.

I tempi sono ormai maturi. Per tutti, da oggi. Per noi, fascisti, da un decennio.

GIORGIO WASHINGTON

Di S. E. Vittorio Emanuele Orlando

IN UN altro articolo apparso in questo Magazine ho cercato di riassumere quelli che io credo siano i tratti distintivi del "genio" o, per dirla con espressione nietzschiana, del "Superuomo." Questi tratti possono riassumersi in una potenza creativa che sia, nel tempo stesso intuitiva per la sua origine, universale per la sua capacità. Or la storia dell'umanità conosce pure dei geni che la loro potenza creativa hanno esercitato sui popoli; essi sono, in certo senso, i generatori, i padri, da cui un popolo ripete l'origine sua come un'unità tratta da una pluralità, una sua propria coscienza collettiva trasformandosi così in una persona spirituale e politica.

Gli antichi greci avevano un'espressione propria per questa categoria di uomini superiori e privilegiati; li chiamavano eroi. La mente dei primitivi non è capace di comprendere quell'affermazione unitaria dei gruppi umani che noi chiamiamo "popoli"; on-

de nella così detta "protoistoria" (intermedia fra la preistoria e la storia) l'esistenza e le vicende or di sciagure or di glorie dei popoli non appariscono che come esistenza e vicende di alcuni uomini, che quei popoli riassumono in sé stessi e, in certo senso, li personificano. E l'Eroe deriva dal Dio, ora in forma di procreazione mista di umano e di divino or come emanazione diretta della divinità! Tale fu Mosè per il popolo ebreo, Ercole per i greci, Teseo particolarmente per il popolo ateniese, Enea per i Latini, Romolo particolarmente per il popolo Romano.

Nelle età storiche dovrebbe apparire impossibile di confondere un popolo con un uomo per quanto esso sia rappresentativo; tuttavia quando nei momenti decisivi della sua storia, un popolo ritrova la sua personalità attraverso l'azione decisiva di un uomo questo, quando non viene addirittura divinizzato è per lo meno sospinto verso i nimbi del mito: è ancora l'idea eroica che sopravvive per

quanto trasformata: così Maometto per il popolo arabo, così Giovanna d'Arco per il popolo francese e così sembra che anche ai tempi nostri facciano i bolscevichi per Lenin. Dante stesso, per noi italiani, viene da Gabriele d'Annunzio definito come un "mito onnipotente," come il "creatore eroico" della gente italiana.

Il popolo americano, relativamente il più giovane apparso nella storia dell'umanità — ma che rapidamente si è affermato fra i più grandi, — ha anche esso il suo genio creatore. Ma ogni traccia di mito è scomparsa; la figura di Giorgio Washington non è superumana, è umana. In ciò sta la sua speciale bellezza e grandezza.

ERESTA, nel suo genere, eroica.

Questo piantatore di Bridge-Creek non presenta alla storia i contrassegni dell'eroe ellenico; nè suo padre nè sua madre risultano imparentati con alcun Dio; non ebbe alcuna solennità scenica di atteggiamenti; alle sue vittorie militari non assistette alcun "sole di Austerlitz," nè furono accompagnate dallo squillo di

bollettini napoleonici. L'immagine di Lui non vi è tramandata con scettro, corona e clamide imperiali. Egli non dettò legge al suo popolo fra le nubi e le saette di un Sinai. Fu tutto il contrario; semplice, modesto, fiero della sua oscurità e desideroso di ritornarvi; non grandi frasi, ma giudizio solido. Nel Destino egli non cercò l'alleato, nè lo sfidò nemico. Anzi, Egli non conobbe il Destino; gli bastò credere in Dio, onorarlo ed avere in Lui fiducia. Così, ad ogni evento egli contrappose una pazienza calma e serena, che non fu mai logorata nè dallo scetticismo degli uni, nè dalla frenesia degli altri; pazienza verso gli uomini, pazienza verso le cose; pazienza nell'aspettare e nel soffrire. Bene a lui si applica il detto di cui era fiero il popolo romano: mai depresso nelle avversità, mai orgoglioso nella fortuna.

Quando gli offrirono la corona di Re preferì tornarsene alle sue piantagioni.

Ciò malgrado, nessun altro eroe dei miti può, quanto Washington, rivendicare per sé la gloria quasi divina di aver generato un popolo.

Innanzi tutto, fu la magnifica lotta per liberarlo dalla dipendenza di un altro popolo. E fu in questa fase il generale vittorioso. E se, in confronto di altre vittorie celebri nella storia, le sue mancano di quella aureola romantica che accompagna le vittorie dei più celebri capitani, da Alessandro Magno a Giulio Cesare, a Napoleone, verso di loro egli ha un merito che può dirsi unico; gli altri generali avevano a loro disposizione uno strumento già preparato da una lunga tradizione, Giorgio Washington dovette egli stesso cominciare con formarselo quello strumento; e trasformare in esercito, cioè in una salda organizzazione disciplinata, una folla di uomini, coraggiosi e risoluti certamente, ma insofferenti di ogni disciplina, che assumevano l'impegno di servire per un solo anno, volevano obbedire ad ufficiali eletti da loro stessi, che, insomma, intendevano, come soldati, restar liberi come prima e di esser governati non dalla legge militare, ma dalla lor legge civile, e questa non era neppure la stessa ma variava da luogo a luogo! Bene dunque può qualificarsi un miracolo l'aver trasformato quest'informe e caotico materiale umano in truppe regolari che poterono battersi, e vincere, contro

un esercito il quale dalla guerra dei Cento anni alle grandi guerre di Successione aveva tutta una tradizione gloriosa! La storia dell'arte militare non conosce in tal senso nulla di più grande.

DOPO la lotta militare durata nove anni per conseguire la indipendenza, cominciò un'altra lotta, durata dieci anni, per dare a questo popolo, nuovo nato, una Costituzione ed un Governo. Anche qui si cominciò dal dover vincere le tradizioni di un individualismo quasi anarchico che non intendeva soffrire restrizioni, nè per quanto riguardava la libertà dei cittadini, nè per quanto riguardava l'indipendenza degli Stati particolari. Il Congresso non poteva definitivamente deliberare, se le decisioni di esso non venivano ratificate dalle assemblee di ciascuno Stato: ne derivava un'impotenza che ricorda l'attuale Consiglio Ginevrino della Lega delle Nazioni! Nella lotta fra i Federalisti e i Repubblicani-democratici, che pure avevano per sé l'autorità di nomi come quelli di Franklin e di Jefferson, il semplice solido buon senso di Washington raggiunge un effetto che ben si può dire miracoloso: quell'assemblea di uomini, non certo allenati ad un'alta scuola di diritto pubblico, crea una Costituzione sopravvissuta quasi inalterata per un secolo e mezzo mentre nello stesso periodo gli Stati di Europa fra incessanti convulsioni politiche mutano di costituzione come si muta di calendario: la sola Francia, in meno di un secolo, dal 1789 al 1875, l'ha mutata ben undici volte! E questa Costituzione crea non soltanto una nuova forma di governo ma addirittura una nuova forma di Stato, che riuscì a conciliare la sovranità dello Stato federale: una forma di Stato la cui teoria è così ardua e complicata che, anche adesso, logora la mente dei

più valorosi giurispubblicisti ed appare così difficile come, nei matematici, la quadratura del circolo! Egli è che per ottenere quel miracolo avrebbe nociuto la presuntuosa sapienza di un Abate Seyès; occorreva, invece, l'istituzione semplice di un agricoltore, Genio!

Bene, dunque, io dissi in principio che il popolo americano può vantare in G. Washington un suo genio creatore, che si pone in netto contrasto con gli Eroi dei miti e con i Superuomini storici. E non è certo accidentale il contrasto che a tal proposito si pone pure qualche dottrina filosofica europea e quella americana: l'una culminante in due opere celebri, il "Culto degli Eroi" di Carlyle e l'"Al di là del bene e del male" di F. Nietzsche; l'altra nell'opera pure celebre di Emerson, "Representative Men." Ma mentre la prima considera il grand'uomo come dotato di una missione quasi sovranaturale e si accosta all'idea eroica dei primitivi, per il filosofo americano il grand'uomo si pone come il modello di una perfetta umanità, che gli altri uomini debbono, e per ciò possono, imitare. E questo contrasto si riproduce magnifico e solenne, nel campo etico, chè, mentre, purtroppo, all'Eroe ed al Superuomo europeo bene spesso si applica il verso amaro di Voltaire:

"Ce qui fait le heros dégrade souvent l'homme," l'umana figura di G. Washington fu moralmente la più tersa e la più immacolata nella perfetta purità delle intenzioni e probità degli atti.

Furon quasi contemporanei Napoleone e Washington. La gloria dell'uno ha lasciato dietro di sé frantumi di troni disfatti e un cimitero di tombe, per quanto illustri; la gloria dell'altro ha lasciato dietro di sé tutto un mondo nuovo il quale può raccogliere e salvare la civiltà.

IL RINASCIMENTO SCIENTIFICO ITALIANO NELLA STORIA DELLA CIVILTÀ' EUROPEA

del Prof. Arturo Castiglioni

NELLA storia delle scienze naturali e della medicina come in quella delle matematiche e in quella dell'arte e del-

la letteratura il termine "Rinascimento" per indicare una determinata epoca, che segna una serie di fatti storici decisivi, è stato usato

da tutti gli scrittori che nel corso dell'ultimo secolo si sono dedicati a questi studi. Ma così vario è stato il senso attribuito a questa parola, così differenti le caratteristiche attribuite al Rinascimento scientifico, infine così incerta la determinazione dell'epoca che, prima di entrare a parlare dell'argomento, che deve essere il tema della mia relazione, è necessario lo stabilire possibilmente come questo termine debba intendersi e da quando si possa giustamente ritenere che il Rinascimento scientifico degli studi biologici incominci. Alcuni autori considerano come punto di partenza del Rinascimento della medicina la pubblicazione dell'opera anatomica di Andrea Vesalio, mentre altri pensano che esso abbia principio dal primo indirizzo degli studi anatomici nelle Università italiane nei secoli XIV e XV; gli scrittori tedeschi attribuiscono a Paracelso l'impulso al Rinascimento delle scienze mediche; molti fra gli italiani nominano Leonardo come quegli che nel campo della biologia come in quello della meccanica, dell'anatomia come in quello della fisiologia, manifesta nel modo più eloquente e più chiaro il nuovo indirizzo di osservazione profonda e di esame critico indipendente; infine vi è chi data il Rinascimento scientifico da Bacon da Verulamio, da Galileo o da Newton, giudicando che la rinascita nel campo delle scienze biologiche sia contemporanea alla affermazione del metodo sperimentale delle ricerche fisiche.

Il Rinascimento comincia, ed in questo tutti gli storici sono d'accordo, in Italia; nell'Italia delle repubbliche e delle signorie, nell'Italia dilaniata dalle guerre dei principi e dei Comuni e dalla lotta secolare fra il Papato e l'Impero, continuamente minacciata dalla Francia e dai tedeschi a settentrione, dalla Spagna ad occidente, dai turchi ad oriente: nell'Italia che nel corso del secolo XV presenta il quadro di un paese nel quale si va formando attraverso infinite difficoltà il concetto politico dello stato e quello dell'individuo: concetto che si potrebbe chiamare cosmico perchè riguarda le relazioni fra l'individuo e lo stato ed i loro reciproci doveri da un lato, e dall'altro la posizione dell'individuo e dello stato nell'universo.

SONO questi, nelle loro linee fondamentali, i fatti che preparano l'ambiente nel quale si manifestano i tre fenomeni che sono caratteristici del Rinascimento e cioè: 1) il formarsi dell'individualità; 2) il ritorno al concetto classico, estetico e storico, della bellezza e della gloria, preparato dagli studi umanistici del Quattrocento e infine 3) il formarsi del concetto nazionale nel senso di solidarietà degli italiani, concetto che deriva dai due fatti precedenti, e cioè dall'evoluzione della personalità e dalla conoscenza dell'antichità classica.

Sulla via determinata da questi fatti il Rinascimento procede e nel suo svolgersi prende forma sempre più precisa il problema del cosmo, che gli antichi filosofi greci avevano posto a base dei loro studi. Scrive il Burckhardt che gli italiani del Rinascimento procedono contemporaneamente alla scoperta del mondo e dell'uomo. Sono della fine del Quattrocento i grandi viaggi d'esplorazione e incominciano gli studi geografici; fioriscono nel primo Cinquecento gli studi astronomici, si iniziano le collezioni di animali e gli orti dei semplici, si afferma il desiderio di penetrare tutti i problemi della natura, tutti i segreti del cielo e della terra.

Da questo indirizzo del Rinascimento verso la scoperta dell'universo nasce necessariamente lo studio dell'individuo, studio storico quale si afferma nei grandi toscani del Cinquecento, biografico che trova il suo esempio nel Vasari, autobiografico del quale sono prove mirabili le Vite del Cellini, del Ghiberti, del Cardano, del Piccolomini; studio estetico dell'individuo nei grandi pittori, nei poeti, nei novellisti del secolo. Così si presenta se io non erro il Rinascimento in Italia, sotto la triplice azione della situazione politica, della evoluzione della coscienza individuale, e del ritorno allo studio degli antichi.

Ora se questi sono i fatti che determinano e caratterizzano il Rinascimento delle arti e degli studi in Italia, mi sembra che si debba giustificatamente ammettere che la rinascita delle scienze biologiche è contemporanea a quella delle arti e delle lettere. Sono gli stessi fattori quelli che la determinano, sono identiche le caratteristiche dei fatti quando vogliamo esaminarli alla luce del-

la critica storica. Il formarsi della coscienza individuale e della personalità ha come conseguenza diretta lo studio dell'individuo, l'affannosa ricerca del mistero ultimo della vita e della morte indipendentemente dalla fede e dalla dottrina scolastica e quindi l'esame del corpo umano nelle sue forme e nelle sue funzioni. Il ritorno al concetto ellenistico del cosmo determina un mutamento nella concezione della malattia e della morte considerate con pacata filosofia come fenomeni della natura e non più con rassegnazione o con orrore. Il corpo umano è considerato come una meravigliosa manifestazione di vita e di bellezza e cadono i veli del mistero, dei quali lo aveva ricoperto il dogmatismo scolastico. Il ritorno al concetto antico e storico della legge che ordina e domina l'universo, legge che Galileo chiamerà **matematica** e che la scuola italica dei filosofi pitagorici aveva già intravisto sotto la forma del canone **aritmetico**, determina un nuovo e possente fervore di studi per ricercare le prove e i fondamenti di questa legge nella vita dell'individuo. Infine il contatto con altri popoli, la cognizione di una flora e di una fauna fino allora ignota, il rinnovato amore per la natura allargano e approfondiscono il desiderio di conoscere le piante e gli animali, di chiarire le ragioni e le manifestazioni della loro vita e di studiare le relazioni fra tutti gli organismi viventi.

COSÌ da quelli che sono i fattori e le caratteristiche della rinascita trae origine contemporaneamente il Rinascimento delle scienze naturali e della medicina, al quale porta un impulso nuovo e possente l'opera dei grandi scultori e dei grandi pittori i quali si appassionano agli studi anatomici, forse prima certo non meno nè meno profondamente dei medici, perchè intendono la necessità di perfettamente conoscere il corpo umano per raffigurarlo. Accentuiamo ancora una volta questo carattere eminentemente estetico del Rinascimento italiano, il quale si manifesta anche nell'inizio del Rinascimento scientifico. Ed è così che Leonardo rappresenta l'uomo più perfetto del Rinascimento perchè possiede quel carattere di "homo universalis" esteta storico e critico che tutti i problemi si propone e tutti cerca

di risolvere, che vuole non solo vedere e non solo sapere, ma "saper vedere" ed in queste parole che contengono il programma della sua vita è anche il programma della rinascita scientifica in Italia. Afferma il primo biologo italiano della rinascenza "io scopro agli uomini l'origine della prima o forse seconda ragione del loro essere." L'originalità del suo spirito critico e la profondità della sua concezione biologica nel senso aristotelico si manifestano in un continuo ricercare delle cause che determinano i fatti, nel raffrontare i fenomeni della vita delle piante con quelli degli animali e dell'uomo e nel soffermarsi con tormentose ricerche sui problemi dell'evoluzione.

Il Rinascimento delle scienze naturali e della medicina dunque comincia nell'Italia del Cinquecento. Il Rinascimento delle scienze si prepara nella visione degli artisti, nella coscienza dei pensatori, nella critica degli storici e si afferma nello studio sui cadaveri. Esso comincia con uomini come Berengario da Carpi anatomico e Gerolamo Fracastoro botanico, astronomo, medico e patologo principe; con Marcantonio Delle Torre che intravede la necessità dell'insegnamento dell'anatomia con le immagini, con Andrea Vesalio allievo e maestro dello Studio padovano e iniziatore dell'insegnamento anatomico, con Gabriele Falloppio "indefessus magnus inventor" come lo chiamò il Haller, con Andrea Cesalpino ideatore della circolazione del sangue, con Pietro Mattioli Andrea studioso insigne di botanica e di farmacologia, con Ulisse Aldrovandi zoologo e medico e fondatore dell'orto botanico e del museo di storia naturale di Bologna; e non ho accennato che ad alcuni fra i più insigni.

LA RINASCITA scientifica in Italia ha oltre a quelle a cui ho accennato un'altra nota caratteristica di estrema importanza ed è su questo fatto che io vorrei richiamare la vostra attenzione. Mentre la rinascita dell'architettura, della plastica, della pittura ha un carattere nettamente nazionale e l'azione del Rinascimento italiano si manifesta assai più tardi e solo in singoli paesi, come in Francia, con la formazione di scuole che traggono da quelle italiane le linee direttive e

che susseguentemente ne mutano le forme, secondo i gusti del paese e dell'ambiente, la rinascita scientifica in Italia ha subito un carattere internazionale. Oserei anzi dire che essa segna il principio del movimento scientifico universale. I motivi di questo fatto sono da ricercarsi in vari fattori: anzitutto nel movimento politico ed economico per il quale il Mediterraneo era in quel tempo il centro e il teatro di tutti i fatti più importanti, e l'Italia, possesso agognato degli stranieri, aveva visto fiorire con grande rapidità, per opera delle repubbliche marinare, Venezia, Genova, Pisa e dei grandi porti meridionali, i suoi traffici d'oltr'Alpe e d'oltre mare, e Firenze era il centro degli affari bancari d'Europa e i suoi banchieri prestavano denaro ai re d'Inghilterra e di Francia. Il movimento dunque degli stranieri verso l'Italia era continuo e costante e non meno intense erano le relazioni dei mercanti italiani col Levante e coll'Egitto, con la Francia e con la Spagna, con la Germania e con l'Inghilterra. Colonie di negozianti liguri e di mercanti veneziani avevano preso piede in tutte le più importanti città d'Europa; gli ambasciatori di Genova e di Venezia, i legati apostolici e gli osservatori dei vari stati italiani seguivano con diligente attenzione e spesso con grande penetrazione gli avvenimenti politici ed economici e li chiudevano quasi in una rete che era tesa da un capo all'altro d'Europa. Le relazioni politiche internazionali dunque e quelle economiche si concentravano in Italia ed erano mantenute vive da un numero grandissimo di agenti diplomatici e di mercanti, di studenti e di ecclesiastici, di uomini d'armi e di artisti che da tutte le parti giungevano nella penisola e si accentravano a Roma, centro della cristianità dominante. Ecco dunque la prima premessa per un rapido estendersi di relazioni internazionali: la preesistenza di vaste relazioni economiche e politiche, di reciproci interessi vitali, ed il formarsi di sempre più vaste conoscenze di paesi stranieri in Italia, dell'Italia nei paesi stranieri.

UN SECONDO fattore della più alta importanza è quello del mantenersi della lingua latina come lingua scientifica in Italia, nelle università e nei testi,

per tutto il Cinquecento. Tutte le opere di medicina e di scienze naturali, di biologia ed anatomia sono scritte in latino: gli scienziati corrispondono fra loro in latino ed in latino si insegna, correntemente, nelle università. Il latino è la lingua scientifica internazionale del Rinascimento e ciò rende naturalmente assai più facile la diffusione delle cognizioni scientifiche.

Il ritorno dell'Italia agli studi classici esercita un grande fascino su tutti gli uomini colti dell'Europa di quel tempo. L'Italia apparisce, come è realmente, centro degli studi umanistici e l'attività febbrile delle grandi officine italiane che pubblicano in grandissimo numero ed in magnifiche edizioni le opere dei classici e nello stesso tempo i primi trattati di anatomia e di medicina, i primi libri illustrati con belle figure, contribuiscono a dare questa importanza centrale all'Italia.

Ma il fatto più importante, quello che maggiormente determina questo intenso scambio delle relazioni culturali fra l'Italia e gli altri paesi d'Europa, è dato dal posto eminente che nella storia della civiltà italiana del Rinascimento hanno le grandi università della penisola e particolarmente Padova, in minor grado Bologna e Roma. Parigi per tutto il Cinquecento e più in là resta strettamente legata ai vincoli della scolastica e come il Portal nella sua "Storia dell'anatomia," vol. I, p. 341, scrive: "Nel Cinquecento le scienze mediche languivano in Francia mentre erano coltivate valorosamente in Italia... L'Italia sola possedeva le scienze, e i dotti che le coltivavano vivevano in questa parte d'Europa; gli altri si rifugiavano in Italia per apprendervi o per insegnarvi. Francesco I, quel gran re degno di eterna memoria, conobbe la necessità di introdurre nel suo regno i dotti stranieri per giovare delle loro cognizioni." Mentre dunque le scuole francesi sono ancora essenzialmente conservatrici, e in quelle di Germania cominciano a manifestarsi le lotte religiose, Padova, governata con grande sapienza dalla Repubblica, che considerava l'università tesoro preziosissimo e ne curava gelosamente i privilegi, afferma e sostiene il principio della libertà dell'insegnamento e protegge gli studenti di tutti i paesi e di tutte le reli-

gioni per l'intelligente giudizio di coloro che reggevano le sorti dello stato e che con lo stesso criterio avevano aperto agli stranieri le porte della città e largito loro i maggiori privilegi. Venezia, gelosa custode dei suoi diritti, garantisce nell'università padovana la libertà dello studio; diventano fiorenti nel Rinascimento tutte quelle "nazioni" che accolgono nel loro seno gli studenti di varie regioni e prime fra tutte per la sua importanza la nazione alemanna, alla quale erano iscritti in gran parte gli studenti d'oltr'Alpe e non solo i tedeschi ma anche gli olandesi, i fiamminghi, i polacchi.

La nazione germanica a Padova ebbe fra il 1555-1559, 977 iscritti alla Facoltà degli artisti. Nel 1580 la Repubblica difese gli studenti contro il vescovo di Padova che aveva offeso la nazione. Lunghe contese si svolsero fra il governo della Serenissima e le autorità ecclesiastiche che mal tolleravano gli studenti protestanti; spesso intervenne in favore degli studenti l'autorità del Doge, al quale

essi mandavano ambascierie. Quando fu pubblicata la Bolla "In sacrosancta" di Pio IV, che vietava agli acattolici di prendere la laurea in medicina, la Repubblica ricorse ad altre vie e cioè alla laurea in privato e per autorità dei Conti palatini. Nel 1616 fu introdotta la laurea in medicina per autorità della Serenissima e alle vivaci proteste del Pontefice, rispondeva il governo veneziano per consiglio di Fra Paolo Sarpi mantenendo il suo punto e sostenendo non essere necessario che il dottore in medicina fosse teologo.

Così da una serie di documenti come dagli archivi dell'università risultano ad evidenza le relazioni strettissime che intercorrevano fra lo studio e gli studenti stranieri, i quali ripetutamente affermavano di essere fedeli e devoti alla Repubblica, come figli e le matricole ci dimostrano come spesso tre o quattro generazioni di studenti appartenenti alla stessa famiglia frequentassero regolarmente le università italiane.

(Continua)

vano del loro canto di entusiasmo di amore, di fervore. L'alto altare era abbagliante di luce. Il vecchio sacerdote aveva la dignità di un patriarca del Vecchio Testamento. Nuvole di incenso velavano la folla che in esse pareano dileguarsi come un'eterea visione. Cristina, vergine e martire, la giovanetta che ha dato il nome alla Chiesa e che, secondo la leggenda, venne annegata nel vicino lago, è presente, raffigurata in una squisita terracotta plasmata dalla mano di Giovanni della Robbia. Essa, però, non è il solo oggetto di tanta meravigliosa devozione. Fu a Bolsena che, nel Medio Evo, durante una Messa celebrata da un sacerdote di poca fede, apparvero sull'Ostia vermiglie gocce di sangue. La notizia del prodigio si diffuse rapidamente. Il Papa (Urbano IV) volle commemorare il miracolo e istituì una delle feste più solenni della Chiesa Cattolica: il Corpus Christi. Ordinò al tempo stesso, l'erezione della cattedrale d'Orvieto, a poche miglia di distanza, meta di pellegrinaggio di ogni devoto ammiratore dell'Arte Umbra.

Ci risolleavamo, ammaliati. L'antica leggenda ci fu raccontata dalla vecchia guida tra le confuse voci ed i canti. Un tappeto di cera fusa copriva il vasto pavimento della Chiesa.

TRE FESTE NOTTURNE di Ernesto De Weerth

IL SOLE tramontava in una gloriosa festa di luci. Le nubi scure erano circondate da un'aureola. Alla sinistra della nostra automobile che affrettava la sua corsa nella notte, si stendeva un lago che rifletteva, come uno specchio d'argento, l'ultimo bagliore del giorno. Qualche lume tremolava pigramente sulla riva.

Ancora una curva — passiamo sotto un arco aperto nelle mura di una vecchia cittadina. La strada era buia e deserta. I nostri fanali misero in rilievo le case che ci apparirono come quinte fantastiche, come sfondo di un antico dramma. Scenario tanto irrealista da dar l'illusione d'esser dipinto sulla cartapesta. E' forse questa una città abitata solo da spiriti? Gli occhi di un gatto fecero brillare due specchietti di luce sul nostro cammino. Si spensero. Non un suono. Non una finestra illuminata.

L'ombra di un vecchio si proiet-

tò sul muro. Ci fermammo e domandammo se tutti erano morti nel paese. "Nella Chiesa, nella Chiesa" rispose indicando, col suo bastone, una stretta gradinata. Dall'alto veniva una voce... un canto d'angeli. Il vecchio Jacopo mostrò la via. Avremmo preferito affrettarci e precederlo ma temevamo di offendere la cortese guida. La Chiesa apparì, si delineò nell'oscurità. Nulla sembrava reale. L'alte vetrate erano, nell'ombra, quasi fosforescenti.

Entriamo. L'intera popolazione, raccolta in quel luogo, inconscia degli estranei spettatori, dava uno spettacolo così inverosimile, così ultraterreno, così possente di fervore e fede che noi pure ci prostrammo, riverendo tanta devozione. Vi sono poche cerimonie religiose, nel mondo, più altamente spirituali della messa di Bolsena.

Ogni bimbo, ogni donna, ogni uomo cantava con tutto il cuore — tutta l'anima. Le mura risuona-

LA CERIMONIA è finita. Una processione si forma. Noi ci stringiamo contro un pilastro. Ci inginocchiamo dinanzi all'Ostia portata, sotto il baldacchino, in un ostensorio sfolgorante di pietre preziose. La fede incrollabile del popolo sembrava aggiungere nuovo splendore alla luce delle gemme. Rivolti in alto, estatici e sorridenti brillavano i visi al riflesso di migliaia di candele: sfondo degno di un quadro dell'Angelico.

Attendiamo. Il Corteo si avvia. I ceri si spengono ad uno ad uno. Un sacrestano spegne le luci dell'altare. L'oscurità avvolge la chiesa. Di fronte all'altare brilla, solitaria, la piccola lampada. Siamo soli ed inosservati. Anche la nostra guida è scomparsa.

Penetra nella chiesa, dalla porta aperta, un fascio di luce lunare. Solo il profumo dell'incenso persiste malgrado la fredda brezza notturna che invade la chiesa: è tempo, per noi, di partire.

PRIMAVERA

VI è ancora in Assisi una vecchia usanza affascinante sempre per la sua inconsapevole ironia. Ogni anno, in una sera di primavera, la tranquilla cittadina che si stende sul pendio del Subasio, celebra gli errori giovanili di Francesco.

Preparati ad assistere ad una orgia popolare, ci avviammo, dopo una cena frugale, verso la piazza, fermandoci, per strada, in un caffè per rianimarci con un bicchierino di cognac.

Il firmamento brillava di stelle. La vallata verso Perugia, si stendeva sotto il nostro sguardo bagnata di luce argentea. Finalmente, dopo una lunga ascensione, raggiungemmo la piazza del paese. Era già affollata. Il tempio di Minerva, con le sue agili e graziose colonne romane, delicatamente cesellate, dominava la piazza, come nel famoso affresco di Giotto.

La folla si muoveva verso il castello che si eleva sulla sommità della collina. Ogni angolo, balcone, finestra, portone disponibile era già occupato. Giovinastri si erano arrampicati sulle fontane o si affacciavano sui tetti delle case vicine. La folla si ammassava sui gradini e sulle balaustre. I Carabinieri nella loro caratteristica uniforme aggiungevano una nota pittoresca alla scena. Dovevamo ora, gentilmente ma con fermezza, farci via attraverso la folla per essere sicuri di avanzare. Eravamo vivamente eccitati. Luci colorate, simili a lucciole, s'incrociavano sul nostro capo. Veniva un suono di mandolino da una casa vicina. Bambini di tutte le età e di tutte le altezze facevano la colletta nel centro di un piazzale. Quei piccoli monelli indossavano casacche bordate di merletto, varianti in lunghezza secondo la statura loro. Il loro capo tentava di metterli in fila. Alzò la bacchetta e un canto echeggiò.

Coloro che hanno letto i *Floretti* di San Francesco possono farsi un'idea dell'incredibile fascino che ha ogni aneddoto o racconto che si riferisce alla vita del più amato tra i Santi. Immaginate un coro di cherubini che cantino madrigali tra quelle antiche mura, in memoria delle giovanili trasgressioni di Francesco! Quelli che erano troppo piccini per cantare stavano quieti accanto ai loro fra-

telli maggiori, reggendo variegate lanterne di carta per illuminare le note.

Le loro chiare voci risuonarono nella notte con cristallina freschezza di campane. La musica era del XII e XIII secolo. Non avevo mai udito un simile concerto. Cantarono un paio di inni e poi si mossero. L'intera città li seguiva. I più caratteristici aneddoti della vita del Santo erano stati scelti per l'ultimo inno. La sua casa. Una taverna. Una bottega. Una svolta. Finalmente la piazza del mercato, dove Francesco si denudò di fronte al Vescovo ed al popolo e restituì le sue vesti al padre terreno.

Li li lasciammo. La processione si prolungò tardi nella notte. Stanchi ci avviammo verso casa. I bimbi cantavano ancora. Raggiungendo la terrazza della Basilica ci inseguì il canto lontano portato sulle ali della brezza eterna.

ESTATE

FACEVA caldo. L'atmosfera era pesante — prossimi i tuoni. La terra arida. Il suolo arsiccio si frangeva mutando l'aspetto dei campi già fertili. Neanche il tramonto aveva portato sollievo. Da mesi e mesi quel suolo non aveva avuto una fresca goccia d'acqua.

Minaccianti nuvole si ammassavano talvolta dando speranza a milioni di assetati ma solo per deluderli poiché si dileguavano al tramonto nel lontano orizzonte. La luna crescente aveva percorso tutto il suo ardente cammino. Nella lontananza un rombo indistinto attirò la nostra attenzione verso una catena di montagne che si sollevavano ad una altezza poco abituale in quel paesaggio. La cima era avvolta in un pesante mantello di opaco vapore. Improvvisamente l'intera massa si accese di un brillante fascio di luce, variante in colori dal più pallido rosa al bruno dei metalli roventi. Queste luci continuarono, ininterrotte, durante tutta la notte. Dovunque altrove il cielo era sereno. Una profonda oscurità di velluto. Dio era presente in tutta la sua maestà.

Ai piedi di una collina incrociammo un passaggio a livello. I cancelli erano chiusi. Un gruppo di persone, con fiaschi e recipienti vuoti, attendeva in piedi. Non dovemmo aspettare a lungo. Un

rumore nell'oscurità annunciava l'avvicinarsi di un treno. I fanali di una locomotiva apparvero nella curva. Lentamente, con stridore di freni, si fermò. Niente merce. Un immenso tank era attaccato al tender. Ognuno si avvicinò per ricevere la propria porzione di acqua. Tanto poca. Eppure quanto basta perchè l'intera famiglia viva altre dodici ore. Un "grazie" e un "buona sera" e la locomotiva riparte col suo prezioso carico.

La barriera si alza. Attraversiamo le rotaie e ci affrettiamo attraverso miglia e miglia di deserto. Ancora dalla montagna scaturiscono fiamme. Talvolta la campagna a perdita d'occhio si illuminava di improvvisi bagliori — tanto infocata quanto nel giorno in cui Vulcano scatenò le furenti fiamme. Fu una corsa spaventosa. Ci attendevamo, ad ogni momento che la terra si scuotesse e si spezzasse e che un improvviso crepaccio si aprisse attraverso il nostro cammino. La brezza soffìo calda e sferzò i nostri visi.

Da lontano la nostra mèta si delineò al nostro sguardo. Delle luci ci diedero il benvenuto con tremolante chiarore, in fondo alla via. All'entrata del villaggio una guardia ci fermò. Egli ci apparve nel centro della via col braccio sollevato. "Che c'è?" domandammo. "Una disgrazia?" Vedemmo la via brulicare di gente. Mormorii e proteste uscivano dalla folla. Eppure festose lampade giapponesi erano appese, in ghirlanda, ai lati della via. Che strana celebrazione è questa? La guardia ci informò cortesemente che non avremmo potuto proseguire. Dovevamo lasciare la macchina in quel posto e fare una deviazione di quarantacinque chilometri. Ma era proprio lì che intendevamo passare la notte. La macchina era certo al sicuro. Nessuno avrebbe osato toccarla. E, a festa finita, avremmo potuto portarla, volendo, in un garage. Altri avevano fatto lo stesso.

Proprio allora udimmo le strofe di un inno gregoriano. Petali di fiori cominciarono a piovere dall'alto. Preti e monaci uscirono da un vicolo laterale. Essi portavano torce e candele. Bimbi seguivano, vestiti in strani costumi con corone dorate e ali d'angelo. La statua d'argento del santo patrono era portata sulle spalle dai giovinotti della città. La popola-

zione si prostrò al suo passaggio: vecchi e giovani.

La processione si avviò. Baciavano la terra, mentre si trasciavano implorando pietà, invocando il Cielo di mandare acqua, pregando per la pioggia. L'intero cammino, lungo la via principale, attraverso la piazza, sopra i larghi gradini della cattedrale, sotto i larghi portoni spalancati, era gremito di folla. Canti e voci d'organo, banda e trombette, confondevano i loro suoni, e lentamente muovevasi il possente pellegrinaggio: le fronti chinavansi sino a toccare il suolo. Vi partecipava l'intera città, i contadini, i pastori, gli abitanti di tutta la campagna circostante.

Sostammo immobili sotto il portico del duomo non osando avventurarci nell'interno. Nessuna parola può descrivere l'impressionante spettacolo. Fu il più terrificante e, nello stesso tempo, il più accorante tra quelli a cui ho mai assistito. Le stelle nel firmamento brillavano di tanta luce che sembrava irridere... Ancora mi si stringe il cuore al ricordo di quello spettacolo, alla visione dei miseri che ci sfilarono dinanzi. Vecchi dalle lunghe barbe grigie, dagli occhi arrossati, assetati, pallidi, lividi con le candele accese, strisciavano ginocchioni piangendo e invocando la misericordia della Vergine. Il prete segnava ognuno con la croce appena raggiungevano i gradini dell'altare. Essi baciavano il lembo della sua tunica e si risollevarono in piedi, faticosamente. Uscivano dai portoni laterali e la corrente del popolo scorreva incessantemente.

Era già mezzanotte, deboli e scossi dallo spettacolo di tanta travolgente fede, ci mettemmo in cerca di vitto e di alloggio. Non ci curammo troppo della nostra macchina. Lo stato polveroso dell'abito del nostro albergatore dimostrava che aveva anch'egli osservato i suoi doveri di divoto cittadino. Egli si scusò con noi umilmente, poveretto, e aggiunse che avrebbe potuto darci solo una stanza al terzo piano e temeva che non avremmo potuto arrampicarci tanto in alto. Realizzammo solo più tardi che aveva aggiunto questo non tanto in considerazione della nostra comodità ma soltanto per il terrore che tutti hanno, in quella regione, dei terremoti. Notammo solo dopo che il piccolo

albergo era il solo edificio della città con più di due piani. Dormimmo abbastanza bene. Probabilmente per puro esaurimento dopo l'emozionante avventura.

Solo tardi nella notte, verso le quattro fui svegliato da un curioso rumore nella mia stanza. Il mio compagno si svegliò nello stesso momento. Ci sedemmo e accendemmo un fiammifero. Per sola luce avevamo una candela. L'elettricità, nella città, era stata

interrotta da qualche settimana. La fiamma ondeggiava mossa dall'aria.

“Guarda,” disse il mio compagno, “guarda alla finestra.” Acqua — acqua scorreva sui vetri e si spandeva sul pavimento di mattoni. Pioveva a dirotto.

Piove per parecchi giorni. Sapemmo, quando giungemmo a Roma, che l'alluvione che seguì fu la più violenta che ricordi memoria d'uomo.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

Novella di Giovanni Verga

TURIDDU MACCA, il figlio della gna' Nunzia, come tornò da fare il soldato, ogni domenica si pavoneggiava in piazza coll'uniforme da bersagliere e il berretto rosso, che sembrava quello della buona ventura, quando mette su banco colla gabbia dei canarini. Le ragazze se lo rubavano cogli occhi, mentre andavano a messa col naso dentro la mantellina, e i monelli gli ronzavano attorno come le mosche. Egli aveva portato anche una pipa col re a cavallo che pareva vivo, e accendeva gli zolfanelli sul dietro dei calzoni, levando la gamba come se desse una pedata. Ma con tutto ciò Lola di massaro Angelo non si era fatta vedere nè alla messa, nè sul ballatoio, che si era fatta sposa con uno di Licodia, il quale faceva il carrettiere e aveva quattro muli di Sortino in stalla. Dapprima Turiddu come lo seppe, santo diavolone! voleva trargli fuori le budella dalla pancia, voleva trargli, a quel di Licodia! però non ne fece nulla, e si sfogò coll'andare a cantare tutte le canzoni di sdegno che sapeva sotto la finestra della bella.

— Che non ha nulla da fare Turiddu della gna' Nunzia, dicevano i vicini, che passa le notti a cantare come una passera solitaria?

Finalmente s'imbattè in Lola che tornava dal viaggio alla Madonna del Pericolo, e al vederlo, non si fece nè bianca nè rossa quasi non fosse stato fatto suo.

— Beato chi vi vede! le disse.

— Oh, compare Turiddu, me l'avevano detto che siete tornato al primo del mese.

— A me mi hanno detto delle altre cose ancora! rispose lui. Che è vero che vi maritate con compare Alfio, il carrettiere?

— Se c'è la volontà di Dio! rispose Lola tirandosi sul mento le due cocche del fazzoletto.

— La volontà di Dio la fate col tira e molla come vi torna conto! E la volontà di Dio fu che dovevo tornare da tanto lontano per trovare ste belle notizie, gna' Lola!

Il poveraccio tentava di fare ancora il bravo, ma la voce gli si era fatta roca; ed egli andava dietro alla ragazza dondolandosi colla nappa del berretto che gli ballava di qua e di là sulle spalle. A lei, in coscienza, rincresceva di vederlo così col viso lungo, però non aveva cuore di lusingarlo con belle parole.

— Sentite, compare Turiddu, gli disse infine, lasciatemi raggiungere le mie compagne. Che direbbero in paese se mi vedessero con voi?...

— E' giusto, rispose Turiddu; ora che sposate compare Alfio, che ci ha quattro muli in stalla, non bisogna farla chiacchierare la gente. Mia madre invece, poveretta, la dovette vendere la nostra mula baia, e quel pezzetto di vigna sullo stradone, nel tempo ch'ero soldato. Passò quel tempo che Berta filava, e voi non ci pensate più al tempo in cui ci parlavamo dalla finestra sul cortile, e mi regalaste quel fazzoletto, prima d'andarmene che Dio sa quante lagrime ci ho pianto dentro nell'andar via lontano tanto che si perdeva persino il nome del nostro paese. Ora addio, gna' Lola, facemu cuntutu ca chioppi e

scampau, e la nostra amicizia finiu..

La gna' Lola si maritò col carrettiere; e la domenica si metteva sul ballatoio, colle mani sul ventre per far vedere tutti i grossi anelli d'oro che le aveva regalati suo marito. Turiddu seguitava a passare e ripassare per la stradiciuola, colla pipa in bocca e le mani in tasca, in aria d'indifferenza, e occhieggiando le ragazze; ma dentro ci si rodeva che il marito di Lola avesse tutto quell'oro, e che ella fingesse di non accorgersi di lui quando passava. — Voglio fargliela proprio sotto gli occhi a quella cagnaccia! borbotava.

Di faccia a compare Alfio ci stava massaro Cola, il vignaiuolo, il quale era ricco come un maiale, dicevano, e aveva una figliuola in casa. Turiddu tanto disse e tanto fece che entrò comparo da massaro Cola, e cominciò a bazzicare per la casa e a dire le paroline dolci alla ragazza.

— Perchè non andate a dirle alla gna' Lola ste belle cose? rispondeva Santa.

— La gna' Lola è una signorona! La gna' Lola ha sposato un re di corona, ora!

— Io non me li merito i re di corona.

— Voi ne valete cento delle Lole, e conosco uno che non guarderebbe la gna' Lola, nè il suo santo, quando ci siete voi, chè la gna' Lola, non è degna di portarvi le scarpe, non è degna.

— La volpe quando all'uva non ci potè arrivare...

— Disse: come sei bella, **racinedda** mia!

— Ohe! quelle mani, compare Turiddu.

— Avete paura che vi mangi?

— Paura non ho nè di voi, nè del vostro Dio.

— Ehe! vostra madre era di Licodia, lo sappiamo! Avete il sangue rissoso! Uh! che vi mangerai cogli occhi!

— Mangiatemi pure cogli occhi, che briciole non ne faremo; ma intanto tiratemi su quel fascio.

— Per voi tirerei su tutta la casa, tirerei!

Ella, per non farsi rossa, gli tirò un ceppo che aveva sottomano, e non lo colse per miracolo.

Spicciamoci, che le chiacchiere non ne affastellano sarmenti.

— Se fossi ricco, vorrei cercarmi una moglie come voi gna' Santa.

— Io non sposerò un re di corona come la gna' Lola, ma la mia dote ce l'ho anch'io, quando il Signore mi manderà quaccheduno.

— Lo sappiamo che siete ricca, lo sappiamo!

— Se lo sapete allora spicciatevi, chè il babbo sta per venire, e non vorrei farmi trovare nel cortile.

IL BABBO cominciava a torcere il muso, ma la ragazza fingeva di non accorgersi, poichè la nappa del berretto del bersagliere gli aveva fatto il solletico dentro il cuore, e le ballava sempre dinanzi gli occhi. Come il babbo mise Turiddu fuori dell'uscio la figliuola gli aprì la finestra, e stava a chiacchierare con lui tutta la sera, che tutto il vicinato non parlava d'altro.

— Per te impazzisco, diceva Turiddu, e perdo il sonno e l'appetito.

— Chiacchiere.

— Vorrei essere il figlio di Vittorio Emanuele per sposarti!

— Chiacchiere.

— Per la Madonna che ti mangerei come il pane!

— Chiacchiere!

— Ah! sull'onor mio!

— Ah! mamma mia!

Lola che ascoltava ogni sera, nascosta dietro il vaso di basilico, e si faceva pallida e rossa, un giorno chiamò Turiddu.

— E così, compare Turiddu, gli amici vecchi non si salutano più?

— Ma! sospirò il giovinotto, beato chi può salutarvi!

— Se avete intenzione di salutarmi, lo sapete dove sto di casa! rispose Lola.

Turiddu tornò a salutarla così spesso che Santa se ne avvide, e gli battè la finestra sul muso. I vicini se lo mostravano con un sorriso, o con un moto del capo, quando passava il bersagliere. Il marito di Lola era in giro per le fiere con le sue mule.

— Domenica voglio andare a confessarmi, chè stanotte ho sognato dell'uva nera, disse Lola.

— Lascia stare! lascia stare! supplicava Turiddu.

— No, ora che s'avvicina la Pasqua, mio marito lo vorrebbe sapere il perchè non sono andata a confessarmi.

— Ah! mormorava Santa di massaro Cola, aspettando ginocchioni il suo turno dinanzi al confessionario dove Lola stava facendo il bucato dei suoi peccati. Sul-

l'anima mia non voglio mandarti a Roma per la penitenza!

Compare Alfio tornò colle sue mule, carico di soldoni, e portò in regalo alla moglie una bella veste nuova per le feste.

— Avete ragione di portarle dei regali, gli disse la vicina Santa, perchè mentre voi siete via vostra moglie vi adorna la casa!

Compare Alfio era di quei carrettieri che portano il berretto sull'orecchio, e a sentir parlare in tal modo di sua moglie cambiò di colore come se l'avessero accolto. — Santo diavolone! esclamò, se non avete visto bene, non vi lascierò gli occhi per piangere! a voi e a tutto il vostro parentado!

— Non son usa a piangere! rispose Santa; non ho pianto nemmeno quando ho visto con questi occhi Turiddu della gna' Nunzia entrare di notte in casa di vostra moglie.

— Va bene, rispose compare Alfio, grazie tanto.

Turiddu, adesso che era tornato il gatto, non bazzicava più di giorno per la stradiciuola, e smaltiva l'uggia all'osteria, cogli amici; e la vigilia di Pasqua avevano sul desco un piatto di saliccia. Come entrò compare Alfio, soltanto dal modo in cui gli piantò gli occhi addosso, Turiddu comprese che era venuto per quell'affare e posò la forchetta sul piatto.

— Avete comandi da darmi, compare Alfio? gli disse.

— Nessuna preghiera, compare Turiddu, era un pezzo che non vi vedevo, e volevo parlarvi di quella cosa che sapete voi.

TURIDDU da prima gli aveva presentato il bicchiere, ma compare Alfio lo scansò colla mano. Allora Turiddu si alzò e gli disse:

— Son qui, compare Alfio.

Il carrettiere gli buttò le braccia al collo.

— Se domattina volete venire nei fichidindia della Canziria potremo parlare di quell'affare, compare.

— Aspettatemi sullo stradone allo spuntar del sole, e ci andremo insieme.

Con queste parole si scambiarono il bacio della sfida. Turiddu strinse fra i denti l'orecchio del carrettiere, e così gli fece promessa solenne di non mancare.

Gli amici avevano lasciato la salciccia zitti zitti e accompagna-

rono Turiddu sino a casa. La gna' Nunzia, poveretta, l'aspettava sin tardi ogni sera.

— Mamma, le disse Turiddu, vi rammentate quando sono andato soldato, che credevate non avessi a tornar più? Datemi un bel bacio come allora, perchè domattina andrò lontano.

Prima di giorno si prese il suo coltello a molla, che aveva nascosto sotto il fieno quando era andato coscritto, e si mise in cammino pei fichidindia della Canzaria.

— Oh! Gesummaria! dove andate con quella furia? piagnucolava Lola sgomenta, mentre suo marito stava per uscire.

— Vado qui vicino, rispose compar Alfio, ma per te sarebbe meglio che io non tornassi più.

Lola, in camicia, pregava ai piedi del letto e si stringeva sulle labbra il rosario che re aveva portato fra Bernardino dai Luoghi Santi, e recitava tutte le avemarie che potevano capirvi.

— Compare Alfio, cominciò Turiddu dopo che ebbe fatto un pezzo di strada accanto al suo compagno, il quale stava zitto, e col berretto sugli occhi. Come è vero Iddio so che ho torto e mi lascierei ammazzare. Ma prima di venir qui ho visto la mia vecchia che si era alzata per vedermi partire, col pretesto di governare il pollaio, quasi il cuore le parlasse, e quant'è vero Iddio vi ammazzero come un cane per non far piangere la mia vecchierella.

— Così va bene, rispose compare Alfio, spogliandosi del farsetto, e picchieremo sodo tutt'e due.

Entrambi erano bravi uratori; Turiddu toccò la prima botta, e fu a tempo a prenderla nel braccio; come la rese, la rese buona, e tirò all'anguinaia.

— Ah! compare Turiddu! avete proprio intenzione di ammazzarmi!

— Sì, ve l'ho detto; ora che ho visto la mia vecchia nel pollaio, mi pare di averla sempre dinanzi agli occhi.

— Apriteli bene, gli occhi! gli gridò compar Alfio, che sto per randervi la buona misura.

Come egli stava in guardia tutto raccolto per tenersi la sinistra sulla ferita, che gli doleva, e quasi strisciava per terra col gomito, acciappò rapidamente una manata di polvere e la gettò negli occhi dell'avversario.

— Ah! urlò Turiddu accecato, son morto.

Ei cercava di salvarsi facendo salti disperati all'indietro; ma compar Alfio lo raggiunse con un'altra botta nello stomaco e una terza nella gola.

— E tre! questa è per la casa

che tu m'hai adornato. Ora tua madre lascerà stare le galline.

Turiddu annaspò un pezzo di qua e di là fra i fichidindia e poi cadde come un masso. Il sangue gli gorgogliava spumeggiando nella gola, e non potè profferire nemmeno: — Ah mamma mia!

LO SVILUPPO DELLA LINGUA ITALIANA NEGLI S. U.

di Alfredo Salanitro

LE SAGGE predizioni del Professor Prezzolini della Columbia University circa lo studio della lingua Italiana negli Stati Uniti, non furono errate. A proposito della scuola e della cultura italiana, egli nel 1924 sulla "Rivista d'Italia e d'America" di Roma, così si espresse: "L'impressione che ho ricavato, se non è molto rallegrante a prima vista per quanto riguarda l'attuale stato di cose, è per altro confortante per ciò che riguarda la possibilità e l'avvenire. Dipende da noi Italiani del Regno e Italiani degli Stati Uniti, di migliorare la nostra posizione laggiù (S. U. A., n. d. r.), dal punto di vista della scuola e della cultura." Parole giudiziose queste e sincere.

Nel volgere di pochi anni, lo studio della lingua Italiana ha fatto un progresso considerevole qui. Considerando il crescente numero di scuole in cui s'insegna l'Italiano e il numero degli studenti che le frequentano, dobbiamo convincerci che in un futuro non tanto lontano, con molta probabilità la lingua Italiana sarà studiata a preferenza delle altre lingue straniere.

Da statistiche pubblicate dal Professor Mario Cosenza, presidente dell'Italian Teachers' Association, noi vediamo che mentre nel 1924 l'Italiano era insegnato in 21 High Schools frequentate da 2.252 studenti, nel 1930 veniva insegnato in 86 scuole e frequentate da 9.297 studenti di lingua Italiana.

Figure queste, non perfettamente esatte perchè da diverse scuole non venne rapportato al Prof. Cosenza l'aggiunta di quel curriculum e rispettivo numero d'iscritti. E' ovvio quindi ritenere che le scuole ed il numero

degli studenti d'Italiano siano superiori a quelli già pubblicati.

Abbiamo poi, 108 Università e Collegi negli Stati Uniti, dove le iscrizioni al corso d'Italiano ammontano a parecchie migliaia. Nel 1924 il numero di Collegi e Università dove si studia l'Italiano era di 17; nel 1930 arrivò a 108. E senza dubbio, possiamo affermare che quest'anno il numero delle scuole e degli studenti d'Italiano è molto superiore a quello dell'anno scorso.

Da ciò, con non poco compiacimento, rileviamo che il nostro elemento intellettuale di qui, si va gradatamente svegliando e ci fa prevedere un grande sviluppo della scuola Italiana.

MENTRE nel passato, per ragioni ovvie, era alquanto difficile indurre gli studenti italo-americani ad imparare la nostra lingua, oggi invece la cercano. Le iscrizioni ai corsi della lingua Italiana nell'High Schools aumentano annualmente; e man mano che progredisce l'Italiano, declina lo Spagnolo.

Tale risveglio nei nostri connazionali è sorto perchè oggi, più che nel passato, sono ansiosi di conoscere, sia pure in parte, la letteratura italiana.

Ignorando la nostra letteratura, il giovane studente che si avvia a far parte della classe professionista, giungendo a quel posto, reca seco una lacuna che lo rende inferiore ai membri di quella classe.

La conoscenza della lingua Italiana, sotto qualsiasi punto di vista, è essenziale al professionista. Non solo nella ricca letteratura italiana; ma è necessaria nella scienza della musica, nella pittura, architettura ecc. ecc.

Imparando l'Italiano, lo studen-

te ha interesse di conoscere la nostra letteratura; studiare le opere dei classici: Dante, Petrarca, Parini, Foscolo, Manzoni, e giù fino a Manzoni, D'Annunzio, Ferrero, Papini, Pirandello, i quali diedero all'Italia un inestimabile patrimonio letterario.

Lo studente dunque, che conosce la lingua italiana e naturalmente la letteratura italiana è, per conseguenza, al disopra del livello educativo di coloro che in preferenza all'Italiano imparano altre lingue.

Il Presidente dell'Oberlin College, Ernest H. Wilkins, ha detto: "Non c'è nessuna letteratura straniera più ricca dell'Italiana in elementi di valore per la nostra vita americana. . . . Se l'istruzione è per la mente ed il cuore, non dovremmo noi aprire i nostri cuori e le nostre menti alla letteratura che ci offre questi tesori?"

Se nel passato, per indolenza, o per inerzia dei nostri prominenti coloniali, non era possibile ottenere l'insegnamento della nostra lingua nelle scuole pubbliche, oggi, grazie al progresso della nostra razza nel campo della politica ed all'interessamento del nostro Governo, ci riesce più facile ottenerlo.

Le comunità italiane, specialmente quelle che garantiscono un buon numero di studenti, dovrebbero, mediante il diritto del voto, farsi sentire presso le rispettive autorità scolastiche locali e chiedere, ove manchi, l'insegnamento dell'Italiano. E se non lo si ottiene subito, insistere con le buone, finché si ottenga. In caso contrario, al tempo delle elezioni, bisogna votare per quei candidati che tengono in pregio e nutrono riconoscenza verso il nostro contributo elettorale.

Ed i genitori dei nostri studenti italo-americani, farebbero, senza alcuna spesa, cosa assai proficua, se invogliassero i loro figli a scegliere, invece delle altre lingue, quella di Dante. Ciò facendo, darebbero ai propri figli, un'istruzione per la quale, quest'ultimi sarebbero sempre ed infinitamente grati.

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138th QUARTERLY STATEMENT OF THE
**ITALIAN SAVINGS BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**

CHARTERED 1896

This Bank has Total Assets of **\$33,696,203.05**
INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

First Mortgages on New York Real Estate	17,275,333.53
United States, Municipal, State and Railroad Bonds	11,445,700.00
Approved by the New York Banking Department	
Loans on Securities approved by the State	144,281.82
Accrued Interest Earned	277,016.23
Banking Houses and other Real Estate	1,513,798.05
Cash on Hand and in Banks	3,040,073.42

Total Investments **33,696,203.05**

Due Depositors **30,203,522.98**

Due to Christmas Club Depositors **4,347.12**

Leaving a SURPLUS for the protection of depositors of **3,488,332.95**

(Market Value \$2,851,961.07)

\$33,696,203.05

CARMELO ATONNA
JAMES F. CAVAGNARO
ANTONIO PISANI
DOMINIC A. TROTTA
DOMINIC A. TRUDA

Examining Committee

PASQUALE I. SIMONELLI
President

GAETANO ZAMPARIELLO
Secretary

138th QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

CREDITED JANUARY 1st 1932, AT THE RATE OF 3½ PER CENT
PER ANNUM ON ALL SUMS FROM \$5 TO \$7,500

MAIN OFFICE
60 SPRING STREET
(Cor. Lafayette St.)

BRANCH OFFICE
204 E. 116th STREET
(Near 3rd Avenue)

Safe deposit boxes from \$5 up
Foreign Remittances Deposits by Mail

The Home Hotel of New York

Homelike in service,
appointments and
location . . . away
from noise and con-
gestion, yet but a
few minutes from
Times Square . . .
garage facilities for
tourists.

**Home folks will
like this hotel**

HOTEL

BRETTON HALL
BROADWAY at 86th ST.
NEW YORK

THE OVER NIGHT SENSATION

BALLYHOO RESTAURANT

203 WEST 48th STREET
West of Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

Presenting Nightly at 7:30 p. m.
Midnight at 2 a. m.

JACK WHITE BALLYHOO PARADE WITH

30 GORGEOUS BALLYHOODLUMS 30

**NO COVER CHARGE
AT ANY TIME**

An Unsurpassed Dinner Served Nightly 5 to 10

\$1.50 and \$2.00

Dancing to the Ballyhoo Orchestra

Phones:

LONGacre 5-6630-6631 CHICKering 4-9712-9722

THE
Banca Commerciale Italiana

in the
UNITED STATES

NEW YORK CITY
BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA
AGENCY IN NEW YORK

62-64 William Street

BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA TRUST CO.

Central Office, 62-64 William Street
339 Sixth Ave. at 4th St. 212 Columbia St., B'klyn
114 Mulberry St. 50th and Vernon Aves., L. I. City
116th Street at Second Avenue

BOSTON

BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA TRUST CO.

209 Washington Street

PHILADELPHIA

BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA TRUST CO.

1416-18 So. Penn Square 1301 So. Broad Street

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TUTTE LE OPERAZIONI DI BANCA

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**EUROPEAN AND
AMERICAN PLAN**

Single Rooms . . . from \$5
Double Rooms . . . from \$8
American Plan . . . from \$12
Parlor Suites on Application.

Every room an outside room
. . . every room with bath.

**WHERE GOOD LIVING
REACHES THE ULTIMATE**

SITUATED in the *Vedado*, Havana's finest residential section, and on the main route to the beach, Casino, Jockey Club and Country Club, the Hotel Presidente offers you convenience and the ultimate in comfortable living for your sojourn in Cuba. Famed for its terrace restaurant where delicious meals are served in true Continental style; splendid view of the sea and sunlit, airy rooms; the Presidente has anticipated every need and comfort to make your visit a happy one.

HOTEL PRESIDENTE
HAVANA ♦ ♦ CUBA