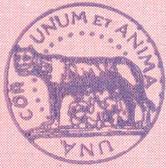


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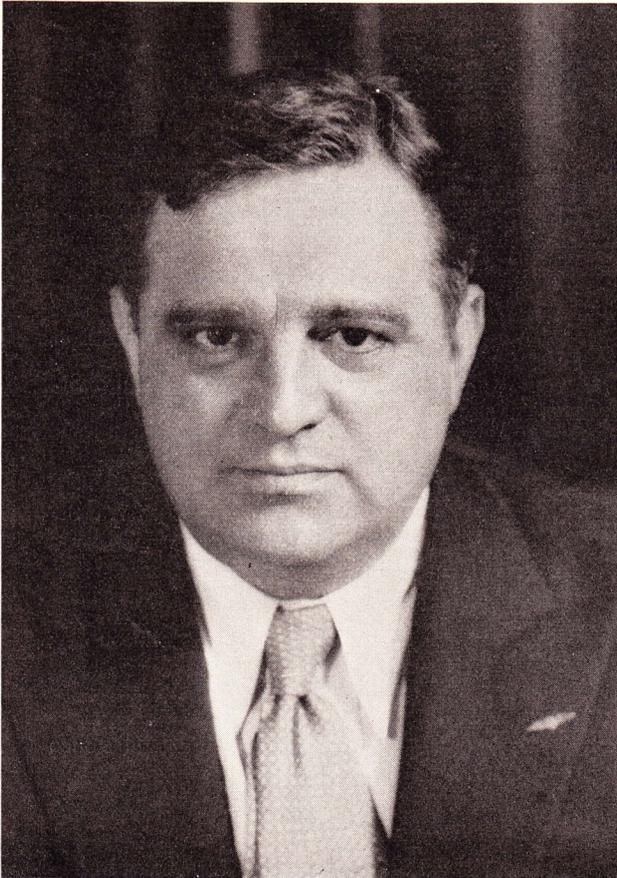
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*—From the broadcast made
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TO OUR READERS

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

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F. Cassola, M.D., Editor and Publisher; Dominick Lamonica, Managing Editor; M. O. Clementi-Grochau, Business Manager.

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Comments on the Contents

When **George Nelson Page**, scion of an old and distinguished Virginia family, who numbers among his ancestors a signer of the Declaration of Independence and an Ambassador to Italy, declared his intention of renouncing his American citizenship and becoming an Italian Fascist, it aroused considerable newspaper comment. Interviewed on the subject by the editor, Mr. Page very kindly consented to explain, in an article exclusive with **Atlantica** among magazines, his unusual action.

A fascinating subject is that taken up this month in the first of a series of two articles by the Hon. **Franco Ciarlantini**, eminent Italian author (some of his books concern the United States), editor of "Augustea," the important Italian magazine, and president of the association of Italian publishers.

It was just ten years ago in Rome that **Atlantica** was founded by its publisher under the former name of **Rivista d'Italia e d'America**. Appropriate, therefore, is "We Interview the Publisher," an article which contains the history and purposes behind this magazine.

For details concerning Dr. **Herman Goodman**, author of the timely article on **Bernardino Ramazzini**, founder of industrial medicine, the reader may turn to the preface on Page 252.

Frank **Capra** and Frank **Borzage**, the two Italo-American movie directors who are among the top-notchers in their field, are portrayed by **Leo Freedman**, of the publicity staff of one of the large motion picture companies.

The interview with **Francesca Vinciguerra** ("Winwar" in Anglicized form) winner of the important \$5,000 biography competition conducted by Little Brown & Co., has been done by the New York free-lance writer, **Mary Iacovella**.

One of our ardent supporters in Cleveland, **Robert J. Clements**, is the author of this month's short story, depicting in unusual form an incident in Italo-American life in a small town, as seen through the eyes of a young member of the community.

Already familiar to our readers are the other contributors represented in this issue, including **John Donato**, **Muriel Osti**, **Peter Sammartino**, **Sylvia Scaramelli**, **Theresa Bucchieri** and **John Lione**.

The New Books

STORIA DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA. Volume primo. Dalle origini al Tasso. Di Attilio Momigliano. Messina-Milan, Casa editrice Giuseppe Principato, 1933. 8 lire.

For several years we have been expecting a history of Italian literature from the pen of Attilio Momigliano as the logical consequence of his encyclopedical contributions in the realms of Italian literature. Critical essays on the great Italian writers—St. Francis, Pulci, Politian, Ariosto, Goldoni, Manzoni, Foscolo, Carducci, Verga, etc.; editions of classics—Boccaccio, Goldoni, Manzoni; a three volume anthology of Italian literature, and an endless chain of book reviews, have served to give him an intimate acquaintance with most of the literary figures and movements in the great Mediterranean peninsula from the origins to the present time. Indeed, with the possible exception of Cesareo, Vittorio Rossi (both of whom have already written valuable histories of Italian literature) and Francesco Torraca, there is no one in Italy today who by the breadth of his knowledge and the high quality of his criticism is better fitted to be the literary historian of his country.

In the interesting introductory essay to the first volume of his *Antologia della letteratura italiana* (4th ed. 1932) entitled *L'Interpretazione della poesia* he sets forth the standards that a great critic must have. "Il critico deve avere una ricca vita intima e una straordinaria capacita di trasferirsi nelle anime piu disparate . . . Il grande critico e un *revueur* con Petrarca, desolato e ardente con il Leopardi, mutevole e tetragono con Dante . . . Il critico grande deve contemplare, serenamente accogliere in se le immagini, il mondo de' suoi poeti, isolarne le armonie e le disarmonie, insieme riflettere e giudicare l'opera d'arte, annullare la propria personalita e conservarla." These high critical standards, it goes without saying, are those that he has tried to embody (in our opinion quite successfully) in his *Storia della letteratura italiana*, of which only the first of the two volumes that is to comprise it is in our hands.

Momigliano devotes fully two fifths of his first volume to the five great figures of Italian literature before Tasso—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto and Macchiavelli—a disproportion which we sympathetically tolerate, since we feel with the author that towering giants like these richly deserve such partiality. Nevertheless, in his brief treatment of the minor writers the critic possesses the rare gift of making their essential characteristics stand out impressively. Though the aesthetic principles to which Momigliano adheres are of a distinctly De Sanctian tinge, our author goes beyond De Sanctis in being more receptive to biographical, historical and bibliographical data.

The stylistic elegance, psychological insight, thorough familiarity with his materials, and the keen aesthetic sense of appreciation displayed by Momigliano in this book will undoubtedly assure him a large group of readers.

—Joseph G. Fucilla.

DANTE'S INFERNO. A Version in the Spenserian Stanza by George Musgrave. With forty-four illustrations by John D. Batten. 287 pp. London: Humphrey Milford. Oxford University Press. 1933. \$3.00.

Before discussing the present volume it will be necessary to review, even though it be only in skeletal form, the history of the many attempts to render Dante satisfactorily into English.

Nowhere outside of Italy is the cult of Dante so deeply-rooted as in the English-speaking world. The names of English and American men of letters who have taken upon themselves the arduous task of translating the "altissimo poeta" are legion. About forty English translations of the "Commedia," partial and complete, in prose and in verse, have found their way into our libraries.

On this side of the Atlantic, the worthy efforts of Norton, Longfellow and Parsons have not been forgotten and only last year Prof. Fletcher's translation appeared and received enthusiastic comment.

Notwithstanding the number of translations, none has been entirely satisfactory. The question invariably asked by the many not possessing Italian who would read Dante is: "Which translation is the most readable?" The most popular version has been Cary's — so popular indeed, that there is an edition of it in "Every Man's Library." The objection to Cary's blank verse is that it does not reproduce the ring of Dante's *terza rima*. This merely proves that it owes its popularity to the fact that in it Dante loses his Italian dress and becomes articulate in acceptable English poetry. The pity of it is that during the metamorphosis the *colui che sovra gli altri come aquila vola* has lost some measure of his identity.

The many translations in interlocked tercets in imitation of the original *terza rima*, except for the occasional fine passages they contain, cannot be called acceptable English poetry because the metre is too alien to the English ear and English idiom.

Thus there have been several attempts to avoid the original metre yet approximate its tone and forcefulness in English.

Longfellow conceived the idea of unrhymed tercets but only achieved a somewhat flat and often fatiguing version. Fletcher, by not interlinking the tercets, has dextrously avoided two difficulties; viz.: the impediments of rhyme-poor English and the cloying effect of too many rhymes.

Musgrave in 1893 (the first edition of this translation was published in that year) availed himself of the nine-line Spenserian Stanza which he believed was the nearest equivalent we possess in English to the *terza rima*. The present volume is a partly revised and beautifully illustrated edition released to the press subsequent to the translator's death.

The adoption of the Spenserian Stanza allows Musgrave a freedom which other translators have not enjoyed. There is no attempt to render verse for verse, nor to follow the words of the Italian literally. The substance is of the *sommo poeta*, but the mode of expression is considerably changed. Those unacquainted with the original may read it with ease, but they will doubtlessly sense that some stanzas are more fortunate than others. Those acquainted with Dante's own metre are led to the almost idle conclusion that here as in other translations we have not his poetry.

Whether it be the metre or the translator's execution one senses that the sweeping and forceful effects of the original are lacking:

Considerate le vostra semenza:

fatti non foste a viver come bruti,

ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.

XXVI, 118-120

Bethink ye of your origin—that none

Was born to live a brute, but everyone

To quest for knowledge new and actions high.

—Anthony M. Gisolfi.

L'ISOLA DEI MORTI. By Giuseppe Toffanin. Naples, Casella, 1933. 86 pages 4 lire.

A comedy in three acts whose protagonist never appears on the stage. The author, through his other characters, depicts the depravity of human nature which, in order to achieve renown, forgets that some means are evil. The simple plot portrays the story of a would-be poet, Mario Ermasio, who comes to the realization that to succeed and be famous he must leave his wife and child, cross over to the threshold of the powerful, gain the approval of pompous ladies, and surround himself with legends of forbidden love. He gains entrance into the Carrasei mansion, succeeds in spreading a tale of luckless marriage which gains him sympathy and admiration, inveigles the countess into the belief that she is the discoverer of his genius and the inspiration of its expression in poetry, gains access to the count's letters, counterfeits his signature, and when he has done enough to arouse his conscience to remorse, commits suicide in another city. Meanwhile the count has encouraged his wife to cultivate the

(Continued on Page 273)

How I Became an Italian

By George Nelson Page

AS I write this I have in mind my fellow-men of my own generation, those whose adolescence began as the world war raged to an end, and whose first youth is declining at a time when another armistice is anxiously being prayed for.

In this country the young people I am talking about stepped out of the effects of the participation of America in the war into a long period of, relatively speaking, normality. Their next war began in the Fall of 1929 and apparently it is still being fought. As they were not prepared for that second war they suffered cruelly at first. They are gradually learning to master its ravages. They are most certain to win, now.

Those of the same age in Europe, stepped out of mourning for their dead, moonlight night bombings, black bread and the penury of want, into a new battle, a battle for the reconstruction of the social, economic and moral orders. In Italy those youths won their battle. And during the lull that succeeded their victory they got ready for the lean years to come. When the new war burst upon the world unheralded but to few, those Italian youths were more protected than the rest. They suffered less than others, consequently. That is what made many men become fascists.

If Italy had lost the war she couldn't have fared much worse with regard to her internal situation at the close of 1918. She had lost half a million men. Another million were disabled. The Venetian provinces had been invaded with huge losses of life and property. Her finances were reduced to the last straw, taxation heavily overburdening the population. The government, a liberal and democratic government, had been unable to uphold Italy's rights at the Peace Conference, and had made a spectacle of itself in deplorable exhibitions of human weakness. At home, unemployment, illness, social unrest, were totally unopposed with by the government, which closed itself in the game of parliamentary intrigues, the only field in which it proved at all competent.

Large fortunes had been accumulated through war profits. Those people went on a spree of gaudy living and incredible ostentation of wealth amidst a nation of suffering and destitution. The socialists, a clan of bourgeois politicians who lived in the shame of the failure of the Second Internationale to prevent war in 1914, leaped at the opportunity to use the rising wave of discontent among the masses for their own purposes of seizing power and money. For while they claimed to be socialists, they never allowed their theories to be applied outside of those whose money they themselves coveted for themselves. They were despised and re-

puated by the new Third Internationale which was experimenting in Russia. The preachers of Russian bolshevism made the mistake of not discriminating between Italian conditions and those of Russian. They failed to mark the difference between Italian climate, traditions, faith, education, sensitiveness, and the stagnating, corrupted waters they had stirred in Russia among millions who either had no traditions or had no recollection of them. "Scrubbing the Russian to find the Cossack" was the old saying, whereas scrubbing the Italian meant going back to the glory of the Renaissance, it meant finding the traditions of the Republics of Genoa and Venice, the heroic days of the Holy See throughout the Middle Ages, and down to Rome imperial and republican.

Strikes called for more strikes. Reactions against one and another public demonstration degenerated into open fighting. Rioting developed more and more every day. Human life became less and less valuable. The country was running fast towards some unknown goal, yet there was no indication that arrival there would have offered a pleasant surprise. The only positive thing in sight was dissolution. Dissolution of government, of the economic order, and of every kind of moral and self respecting national feeling.

THE name of Benito Mussolini was not new in the history of pre-war Italy. He had a name as an organizer, as a powerful master of masses, as the most original and convincing newspaper editor. Having broken away from the professionals of profit-socialism as well as having all his life fought the privileges of the ruling bourgeois caste, he appealed to youth, to the soldiers, to the students, to the workers, for a drive against the elements that were dragging Italy to ruin. In place of the existing system he offered a system of social justice and order, wherein there would be no class antagonism, but just Italians, whose various activities would be controlled by the sovereign State, which would be a synthesis of all the best forces in the country guided by a pure, national creed. He evoked the spirit of Imperial Rome, he sacrificed at the altar of the Genius of Rome. For to a nation used to centuries of foreign domination and fifty years of hypochondriac national government, there was no other means of reinstating discipline, order and glory but by calling on the might of the eagle that slumbered but had never ceased to live.

Italy's response to Mussolini's call is history. So is the march of Rome of October, 1922 when his great work began.

I was sixteen years old at that time. Together with the rest of my generation in Italy, we had grown older than our actual years throughout the four years of warfare. Effects of it were too close to us not to affect us. The postwar situation was fairly obvious to us. And we split into factions attempting to join as much as possible our elders who took wholesale part in what was happening. During strikes we distributed mail, punched street car tickets, burned opposition newspapers. During the days that preceded the March on Rome we saw little of our families, attempting as far as we were allowed to be a part of the wave that was riding on to Rome to deliver the country of its evils.

Then, shortly after Mussolini had been made head of the government, there came an order: all back to work. The days of romance were over. Glory was to be found in the performance of daily duties, under the new leader and animated by a new spirit.

The question of my citizenship had never been brought up to me in any pronounced fashion. I had a knowledge of the fact that my forbears belonged to an old and distinguished family of Virginia, that my father had lived in Italy all his life although he had been born in Washington, D. C., and that I had been registered an American citizen when I was born. For the rest I was *de facto* an Italian, had an Italian mother, took Italian ways of thinking, living, traditions, history, all as a matter of course. It was only through my father's efforts that I learned English fairly well, although throughout my whole childhood I always regarded English as an imposed language to be talked when my teachers were around or my parents wanted me to. My instinctive reactions to life were expressed in hard Roman dialect.

It was only when at the age of 21 I had to make an official declaration of citizenship that the question presented itself with more material for serious thinking than I had ever imagined it could have involved.

By that time I knew exactly what I wanted to do in life. I wanted to participate in the work of reconstruction of society from the ruins of its older forms which had been dealt a death blow when Fascism was inaugurated. I had never joined the Fascist Party because I felt self-conscious about my being technically a foreigner. On the other hand, when it came to renouncing my American citizenship I thought it would have been more loyal for me toward my ancestors to at least wait and see the United States before giving them up. For if I had been persuaded by my visit to this country of fitting in perfectly here for the work I intended to carry out, I would have recognized that as a sufficient obligation to be faithful to the land of my father's people, whose blood I had partly inherited.

I THEREFORE remained an American citizen till my first visit to this country in 1930. Prior to that I worked for about three years in Rome and in Paris for American newspapers, which gave me a very satisfactory introduction to the inside life of the United States which appeared less new and strange to me when I arrived here for the first time.

I was satisfied to discover that the various forms of social, political and economic activities of this country were not very different from my expectations derived from reading, association with Americans abroad, and the valuable experience of my newspaper work. For a while I believed that I was going to be able to succeed in my purpose of bringing about a change of condi-

tions. On the strength of the success of fascism in Italy I subconsciously fortified my habit of thinking of this country in terms of Italy. General conditions here were different, but the effects of democracy degenerating into demagoguery, the unruly despotism of the masters of industry, of the bankers, the disorder of labor ploughing under the whip of so different and conflicting organizations, all ignoring a final and national interest to be achieved, led me to believe that the stage was set for a radical change.

My first disappointment came when I approached people on the subject. Conversation almost invariably came favorably my way in the beginning, namely in the acknowledgment of a bad state of affairs and the necessity for something to be done about it. But it was exactly the doing about it which I mentioned that did not click with the understanding of my listeners.

I kept on the job, wrote and talked as much and as often as possible. But while we would get by a common agreement as to the opportunity of a great change, we were at loggerheads as to the means to employ. It was not only concerning some more details, but it involved the entire spirit of the eventual operation.

AFTER several months, during which I worked in different parts of the country always aiming at the same goal, I returned to Italy for a visit. There, much to my amazement, I would talk with my old friends about the needs of America, Italy or any other country, and we would all agree to the last item as to what there should be done—and it was always what had been done and what was being done in Fascist Italy.

My second visit to the United States in 1931 was made with much less hope of success than of finally being convinced by the proof that there was some vital objection to my making myself understood in this country. And one day, after a lot of talking and writing, it suddenly dawned on me to compare my panaceas for the United States with Italian fascism. They were alike to the last T. They were more than twins.

I needed no further investigating. In my effort to satisfy what I believed to be my obligations to the blood of my people, I had overlooked the most important detail. I had not worried as to whether my remedies for their troubles were tuned to their same key of life, traditions, philosophy. I was hasty enough to pack into my baggage the only remedy I knew of and that I believed in, and took for granted that it would have been a 100 percent American, counting perhaps on the fact that since an ancestor of mine had been Governor of Virginia I could not possibly think differently from any way he or his present day descendents in America would have thought.

Having discovered that my whole outlook on life was Italian, that what I cherished to do most was the enactment of Fascist culture, discipline, and social order, there was nothing for me to do but to officially become an Italian. That I had made the right discovery was substantiated by the immense joy which gladdened my heart when I returned to Rome.

However, my troubles had only started. Having missed the opportunity granted me by law when I was 21 of becoming an Italian citizen, it looked as though I would have had to go through the mill of a five year wait to become naturalized at this point.

My faith saved me. I knew that there was only one man who could and would cut the red tape that separated me from my longed for ambition. I wrote to Mus-

(Continued on Page 281)

Italian Narrative Literature

(In 2 Parts: Part one)

By Franco Ciarlantini

AT the close of a recent book on contemporaneous Italian literature, Benjamin Cremieux, the noted French critic, writes: "Of all European literatures, Italian is the least exposed to the great collective currents, but the richest in autonomous works, in contradictions, and in surprises."

No conclusion could be more exact, whether applied to Italian literature of the past or to that of the present.

To attempt to write a history of Italian literature according to the comparative method, dividing it into currents and tendencies and then tracing its similarities with other literatures, would be the most ungrateful task a critic could set himself.

The history of Italian literature practically knows no movements, schools, coteries, nor fashions; or, to be more exact, gives them consideration only as transitory phenomena of slight importance. In Italian literature only individuals exist, only great personalities have voices which resound.

Before undertaking a survey of the development of Italian narrative literature in this first quarter of our century, we must consider for a moment the language, the instrument with which that literature is wrought.

The Italian language has been called, with somewhat of an exaggeration, the last of the classic languages. This may be true when it is compared with other European languages, with English and French for example, both of which are subject to change to such an extent that one may almost say they scarcely exist as continuous languages; one must designate whether one means English and French of the eighteenth century, or the nineteenth century.

But Italian prose of today, when not padded with Gallicisms, is substantially the language not only of our eighteenth century but also in reality that of our sixteenth century.

THE English and French languages have successively modernized their vocabularies and their forms of expression, so that the language of Shakespeare is difficult for a present-day American or Englishman to read, and the French of Rabelais quite incomprehensible to a modern Frenchman, a situation made evident by the fact that there is a continual demand for a translation of Gargantua into modern French. A like demand

in Italian, for any classic whatever, does not exist. In French this is necessary because the divergence between the written and spoken language, through the centuries, has always remained slight, thus preventing the written language from becoming fossilized.

Italian, on the contrary, in its literary form, has never been a spoken language in the strict sense of the term. And this is the reason that classical prose literature has never been popular in Italy. Aside from the extraordinary vogue of the great national poems - as the peasants of Tuscany, who know by heart entire cantos of the *Divine Comedy*, bear witness, and so do also the gondoliers of Venice who can recite without hesitation long passages of *Gerusalemme Liberata* and *Orlando Furioso* - there exists a singular lack of interest in the great literary works of the language. In fact, in prose the mass of the people read little else than the tales of chivalry of *I Reali di Francia* and the adventures of *Guerin Meschino*. Of more modern works their preferences seem to be divided between *Promessi Sposi* with its train of historical novels in the Manzonian manner, and the inferior productions of which the most typical are the novels of adventure of Carolina Invernizio.

Thus present day Italian prose, for special linguistic reasons, finds itself at a certain disadvantage as compared with other European literature, but nevertheless, from one point of view, it has also a great advantage.

While an Italian author knows in advance that he must renounce all thought of large editions of his works and of their wide circulation, yet at the same time he has the satisfaction of greater freedom in his work than his French or English colleague who has to reckon with the tastes of a vaster public. The Italian author knows also that even in his own country his works will not reach beyond the circle of the initiated, and so from his "ivory tower" he can dare bolder and more personal flights.

THESE preliminary considerations, which may at first sight seem somewhat non-essential, are, on the contrary, indispensable to an understanding of Italian literature of all time as well as to that of this first quarter of the present century.

After the taking of Rome on September 20, 1870—the date which marks the unification of Italy—Italian

literature was completely dominated by the powerful figure of Giosuè Carducci. Though as great a prose writer as poet, Carducci was not, in the literary sense of the word, a narrator; and so it came about that among the men of learning, both prose writers and poets, in his school, there evolved no veritable narrator. Narrative literature fell for the time being into the hands of those who but imitated the Manzonian manner, with the exception of De Amicis who had a distinctive personality and whose work is characteristic and has a place by itself.

The novel and the short story, escaping thus from the Carduccian influence which seemed to be setting up



Gabriele
D'Annunzio,
from
"Simplicissimus"
A line drawing
by Ashley

a school—or perhaps rather a literary dictatorship—in the realms of poetry and philology, had an absolutely independent development. Manzoni had solved the linguistic problem by an equation: "Spoken Italian equals Italian spoken by Florentines of the middle class." After 1870, when that solution no longer carried conviction, the novel and short story took on a color quite completely regional.

In accordance with our opening premise we cannot speak of Italian schools of literature, but in regard to this period we may in all honesty refer to regional divisions. We have the Sicilian novel (Verga, Capuana, De Roberto); the Sardinian novel (Grazia Deledda); the Lombardic-Venetian novel (Fogazzaro); the Neapolitan novel (Matilde Serao). We have a Tuscan short story writer in Fucini, and, above all, we have the Abruzzian short story writer, D'Annunzio.

Since the regional, geographical and dialectic divisions, corresponding almost always to differences in historical background, were a hindrance to the complete fusion of the Italian literature of a common denominator, the question naturally arose as to the best way to neutralize these diversities and divisions.

THE various regional novels have a formal character in common. In them all, besides the parts in dialect, there are naturally pages of description and of indirect discourse written in perfect Italian.

A foreigner's judgment of this literature naturally differs from that of an Italian, and the opinion of an Italian of the region under consideration from that of an Italian of another region.

But in all this literature which is confessedly regional, there exists a universal principle which transcends the region and even the nation itself. Serao, Verga and De Roberto often employ the same methods used by authors of other nations, without in the least diminishing thereby their own individuality. Each one of

these regional writers has in mind a particular problem which he solves in his own way; a social problem underlies the work of Matilde Serao, an economical problem that of Verga, a psychological one that of De Roberto. Isolated in this group, Grazia Deledda gives herself to the intrinsic problem that confronts every author, that of creating a work of art, with no implied meanings or reservations—a problem which she solves magnificently.

Antonio Fogazzaro, if we put him among the regional writers in the matter of language, deserves a place apart because of the problem which he faces and solves, and because of his absolute predominance in his art. The problem around which his art centers is that of religious conduct; how a Catholic should comport himself in our life today. Fogazzaro's great importance, from this point of view, lies in the originality of his spiritual orientation. Huysmans and Péguy are French converts to Catholicism, reactionary Catholics; but for the great poet of Vicenza the Catholic religion was an all-enfolding robe which he never removed, not even when his "Saint" was put on the Index.

In a certain sense, the Emilian novelist and essayist, Alfred Oriani, may also be called a regionalist. In his lifetime almost unknown, he has now been brought into the light of fame by the Fascist intellectuals. But we must admit that though as a political thinker he left a deep impress on contemporaneous Italian culture, as a narrator, making exception of a few rugged pages, he lacks individuality. As novelist Oriani is but a pleasant imitator of the French naturalistic school.

GABRIEL D'Annunzio, starting, as we have said, with a regional work, *Terra Vergine*, (in which however, the regionalism tended toward simply a stylistic decoration) has attained to a position absolutely his own in the literature of the Italian novel, as indeed in the whole literature of the European novel. *L'innocente*, *il Fuoco*, *il Piacere*, *il Trionfo della Morte*, even though they show French, English, German, Russian, and classical influences, are of such originality of conception and development that it is impossible to compare them with any other works whatever.

If it can be said of Dante that his *Divina Commedia* forms the crowning glory of the European middle-ages; if it can be said of Petrarch that he gave back to Europe the great songs of love, beautified and ennobled; it can equally be said of D'Annunzio that with his novels, perhaps more than with his poetry, he gave back to the people of Europe the most intellectual of their conceptions cleansed of much dross, in fact refined into a new life of beauty, covering the latter part of the nineteenth century, from the symbolism of the French poets to the super-humanism of Nietzsche.

The symbolism which ended in France in the mocking smile of a satire, and snuffed itself out in the *Deliquescences d'Ardore Floupette*, in Italy came to a close in the novels of D'Annunzio, in a marvelous compromise between the celebrations of the literary laboratories and the facts of daily life. The super-man who had his origin in the apocalyptic imagination of the German poet-philosopher, became more human in the garments of D'Annunzio's heroes; if not more true, at least more possible. So once again in the course of the centuries it is a son of Italy who pronounces the final word, for the novels of D'Annunzio embody in themselves, as it were, the conclusive form of nineteenth century esthetics.

(To be continued next month)

We Interview the Publisher

By the Staff



Facsimile of the cover
of the first issue

THIS month marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of "Atlantica," which started its life in Rome, Italy in November, 1923 under the name of "Rivista d'Italia e d'America," and we believe that on this occasion our readers may be interested in knowing something of its history, its background and, very likely, its publisher.

Of Dr. Filippo Cassola personally he thinks it is enough to say that he is an M.D., a bachelor, a graduate of the Royal University of Naples, and that he established himself in New York a number of years ago immediately after his graduation. Through his tireless and undivided application and devotion to his profession he built up a surgical practice and a consequent reputation to the extent that he was able to retire ten years ago and return to Italy for a well-deserved rest. But here is where the story really begins, and for the benefit of our readers, we, the staff, proposed to put a few questions to him and let him speak for himself. At first he remonstrated, not being convinced that his readers would be interested in the why and wherefore of the advent of "Atlantica." Yet we persisted in asking, and he finally acquiesced, making the proviso that our questions be terse and to the point.

"Well, let's see where this interview is going to lead us," he said reluctantly, and so we asked him what happened when he returned to Italy about ten years ago.

"I had been there only two weeks," the Doctor replied, "when I realized that rest was not what I wanted (or that I had already had enough of it), and began to look around for some serious undertaking which would deeply interest me and distract me from the idea of returning to my profession. I finally decided to publish a magazine."

"But why a magazine?" we asked, "why not something in the line in which you were experienced?"

"It was not as strange as you think," he replied, "Under the impulse of idealistic and sentimental motives men and women alike often do things which on the surface may seem odd, but which are not really so in substance. I will translate for you from the first few paragraphs of the article, "Genesis and Purpose," with which I introduced the first issue of the magazine. They contain, I think, the explanation for which you are looking:

In giving life to this Review we have not been moved by ulterior motives of a business or political nature, nor by the simple whim or vanity of enriching the already crowded field of periodicals existing in Italy.

Being settled once more in the land of our birth, after having lived for so many years among our emigrated countrymen in the greatest Italian community abroad, we felt the need of a tangible bond through which, despite time and distance, we might keep our contacts with our old comrades of struggles, anxieties and attempts; with those brothers of ours who, spurred on by the inherent energies of the race, and armed with an unwavering faith, had sought in foreign lands a wider horizon, a freer breath, and better possibilities for work, comfort and living.

We felt that this longing of ours, this need, would be doubly fulfilled, and that at the same time we would accomplish something not altogether fruitless, if we could have established, through our own personal efforts and means, a periodical publication which would make known and appreciated, among an ever widening circle of our own people, the constructive activities, the tenacious and indefatigable work, the victorious assertions and the unselfish patriotism of these detached inheritors of our blood, who bear afar with them throughout the world the indelible and unmistakable imprint of our race; and that could be, on the other hand, an efficient organ for broadcasting all the things that are really beautiful, good, new, virile in Italy, during this period of fervent beginnings toward higher and brighter goals.

Prompted only by these motives, guided only by these ideals, we have given life to the "Rivista d'Italia e d'America."

"MIND, these words were written by me ten years ago when among other things the Italians abroad, then called emigrants, were little known and understood. Of course we all are aware that things have radically changed now and that insofar as the Italians abroad are concerned the Fascist Government, since its inception, took a deep and intelligent interest in them and created a department called "Gli Italiani all' Estero," so ably directed during the last few years by H.E. Piero Parini. Perhaps my "Rivista d'Italia e d'America" was one of the many straws which showed which way the wind was blowing or should blow."



Le insidie oscure e palese contro l'Italia
nuova che vuole il suo posto nel mondo
sono infrante dagli italiani fedeli alla Patria
Roma ottobre 1923

The above words by Mussolini read: "Le insidie oscure e palese contro l'Italia nuova che vuole il suo posto nel mondo siano infrante dagli italiani fedeli alla Patria" (Italians faithful to the Fatherland, smash the snares, hidden and open, which stand against the new Italy that must have its place in the world). As a statement, it assumes more meaning when it is remembered that the words were spoken in connection with the Corfu incident of 1923, when the League of Nations tried to prevent the Italian Government from assuring obligations arising out of responsibility for the murder of an Italian officer on Greek soil.

At this point we thumbed through the original issue, Anno I, Numero I, November 1923, and remarked upon the quality of the contributions and the eminence of the contributors. Leading the contents was a dedication by His Excellency Benito Mussolini, herewith reproduced, and a signed commendation by His Excellency Luigi Federzoni, now President of the Italian Senate.

One of the most interesting contributions was an article by H. Nelson Gay, noted historian. Entitled "America and Fascist Italy," it made the following revelation:

When Medici's "fascist" expedition of June 9, 1860, left the harbor of Genoa and made possible the com-

plete triumph of Garibaldi's Sicilian campaign and the consequent unification of liberated Italy, it sailed under American colors. The American consul at Genoa himself pulled the halyards that hoisted the stars and stripes on the flagship; the three vessels constituting the expedition bore the names "Washington," "Franklin," and "Oregon."

A year later President Lincoln solicited the aid of Garibaldi in the supreme hour of America's national test, and offered him the grade of major-general in the forces of the United States with the command of an army marshalled in defence of liberty and the American Union.

Senator Alberto Bergamini, at that time President of the Italian Press Association, also contributed a signed testimonial, and H. E. Gaetano Polverelli, until recently head of the Government Press Bureau, wrote an article, "The Rebirth of Italy." Other distinguished names in that memorable issue were Luigi Pirandello, H. E. Amedeo Giannini, Silvio D'Amico, Orio Vergani and Ester Danesi Traversari. We use advisedly the word "memorable" because with it was begun the first magazine of its kind ever published in Italy.

BUT we returned to our questioning, "if you acknowledge that you never had any experience in editing and publishing, how did you manage with your first issue?"

"Well, my opinion is that in the medical profession, and particularly in surgery, a man must have, to a certain degree at least, a grasp for details, a clear thinking mind, an ability to decide quickly between things essential and things non-essential, as well as a knowledge—or I should say an understanding—of human psychology, the kind that is inborn and not gathered from books. Being more or less so equipped, if I am permitted to say that without appearing imbued with an overvaluation of my possibilities, I did not find it very hard to apply myself to the preparation of a magazine."

We continued with our questions. All the foregoing had to do with its establishing in Rome. How did "Atlantica" come to migrate to this country?

"In 1925 I returned to America, leaving the 'Rivista' in the hands of assistants in Italy. At that time, incidentally, we had many readers in North and South America. However, I soon realized that the distance was keeping me out of touch with editorial matters. It was a very good magazine, but it was less and less the kind that I wanted to publish. It was not allied enough with its readers in this country, and since I had made up my mind to remain here, I finally decided to bring it over and publish it solely in the interests of the Italians in North America, the people among whom I had lived so many years and whom I understood so well.

"The magazine, in Rome, was published in Italian, with a few of the articles in both languages. "Atlantica" appeared in English with only a few pages in Italian, and since that first "Atlantica" the editorial policy has been consistent and straightforward. We publish an American monthly for people who are interested in Italian life and culture and in the activities of Americans of Italian origin."

HERE he expanded on the subject: "You see, an Italian in this country, if he is alive and alert, certainly will want to know what the people of Italian blood have done in the past and are doing in and for this country today. Where can he find this information in definite form? He cannot read all the Italian dailies and weeklies published in this country, much less can he go over all the American newspapers, magazines and

books when they deal with Italian affairs. "Atlantica," as a digest, would do the most important part of this work for him.

"And now that Italy of the last ten years has focused the eyes of the world upon itself and has presented a pattern of government and an approach to the solution of social problems that are finding partial or complete imitation in many other nations, is it not all the more important for the people of our race to keep in touch also with current Italian history?"

Quite true, we agreed, considering that there are today several thousand professional people of Italian descent: lawyers, physicians, architects, clergymen, musicians, engineers, teachers. There are Italians in the U. S. Congress, on the bench, in the State Legislatures, in district attorneys' and mayors' offices. We have police chiefs and directors of educational institutions of Italian extraction, and many also are outstanding in art, literature, finance, business, etc. And as a matter of fact a great number of them are already regular readers of "Atlantica" and many of them have often and spontaneously testified to their frequent use, in their writings and speeches, of the invaluable material and important information brought to their finger tips by our magazine.

IT is my deep conviction," continued the Doctor, "that if more Americans of Italian origin studied Italian, knew more about Italian history and culture, and the part that Italy is playing and is going to play among the nations of the world, they would be in a position to give a greater contribution to the culture and advancement of this country, and they would be instrumental—in a more definite way—in bringing about that mutual understanding between nations and people which especially in these times would mean so much for the welfare of the human race.

"I also believe that if the characteristics and the possibilities of a race are rooted in such an old and glorious civilization and history as that of Italy, they should not be uprooted within the span of one or two generations, if at all. And the nearer these roots are kept to their natural background, the better will be the flower and fruit they will bear for this country, notwithstanding the opinion of those—very few indeed—who believe that Americanization is synonymous with blind wanton destruction.

"In other words, if this race consciousness, already existing in a latent state and fostered of late by Italian junior organizations of a civic educational and social character, could take a more tangible and robust form and could strengthen itself spiritually in the civilization and culture of Italy, who could deny that such an achievement would make these new Americans full fledged citizens not because of the fact that they had learned here the way to professional, business, political or social success, but because they would have given an unrivalled and indestructible contribution to the greater America in the making."

Bernardino Ramazzini: Founder of Industrial Medicine

By Herman Goodman, M. D.

(Editor's Note: November 5th is the tercentenary of the birth of Bernardino Ramazzini, the worthy Italian, founder of Industrial Medicine, who lived two hundred years ahead of his time. As a tribute to him Atlantica has asked Dr. Herman Goodman, who recently published a compilation of Ramazzini's work entitled "Diseases of Tradesmen," to write a short biography of the noted physician. Dr. Goodman is a fellow of the American Medical Association, the New York Academy of Medicine, and on the staff of the Stuyvesant Square Hospital. He is the discoverer of "black light," and the author of "Care of the Skin in Health," "The Basis of Light in Therapy," "The Rational Pharmaceutical Treatment of Common Skin Diseases," and the Cosmetic Handbook Series, as well as "The Story of Electricity," and some 300 monographs on medicine and cosmetics. He became interested in Ramazzini when doing research in the origin of silk handler's disease.)

IT has often been said that there is really nothing new under the sun. This is an exaggeration no doubt, but it makes a good introduction. We in this country have prided ourselves on the interest taken for the well being of workmen. There is factory inspection, minimum hours of labor for women, workmen's compensation laws, and all sorts of safeguards for the prevention of industrial disease and accidents of occupation. The pride we have taken has been tintured by the supposed novelty of the safeguards. This pride has in fact led to more and more progressive moves for the preservation of the health of working people. It surprises us, therefore, to learn that the founder of industrial hygiene and sanitation for workmen lived more than 200 years ago, and that except for the actual lack of knowledge of modern industrial hazards, Ramazzini recognized the primary basis of modern industrial safeguards. Bernardino Ramazzini, born in 1633, lived several centuries ahead of his time. He developed a social consciousness which was unknown in his time. The workmen were actually of some concern to this professor of medicine, physician to merchants and princes. A non-Catholic in a Catholic community, Ramazzini about 1700 published observations made over two decades on the risks of employment. The division which he made as to two causes of dire results cannot be improved upon, for Ramazzini gives the deleterious nature of the material which the workman must handle, and the strange, improper position of the body required as the two causes for ill health due to occupation.

Along the line of the first cause group, Ramazzini recalls the work of Agricola whose *De Re Metallica* was translated recently by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. The men who worked in the mines, gilders, those who rubbed mercury, worked at pottery, or with brimstone are examples given in the early chapters of *Diseases of Artisans*. Painter's colic and other ill effects



of working with lead were known to Ramazzini. He recognized, too, that wiping the brush with the lips added to the dangers of the painter's occupation. The studies made of the unfortunates who wiped radium brushes in painting radium dials is a modern counterpart of the earlier observation of Ramazzini.

In the second category of causes of illness among workmen, Ramazzini devotes chapters to those who work standing up, those who sit, those who run, those who ride horseback, and those who partake of sports or activities of camp life. In these chapters, the author shows his knowledge of physics as applied to man, the machine. For example, he explains the habitual posture of porters as being due to the distribution of the heavy weights they bear across the shoulders.

OTHER chapters are devoted to the illness of midwives, nurses, vintners and brewers, as well as to the special diseases of the Jews, and of learned men. The last reviews the hazards of lawyers, magistrates, physicians, poets, mathematicians, and others of like profession. These learned men were warned of the dangers of too great devotion to their tasks. They must devote serious attention to the body. The close of the chapter on the diseases of learned men quotes a passage of Plutarch written for the benefit of studious persons and politicians: "The ox said to his fellow-servant the

camel, which refused to bear part of his burden, 'In a little time it will be your turn to carry all my burden instead of a part': Which accordingly came to pass upon the death of the ox."

In a supplement, Ramazzini discusses the diseases of printers, and one can easily imagine that he foresaw the recent furor created by the technocrats. "Printing," he wrote, "was only invented in the fourteenth century to the great detriment of vast numbers of men, and especially the monks, who after divine service employed their time in transcribing copies. The art of printing is still unknown in Turkey, and when a motion was made to introduce it at Constantinople, a popular insurrection was like to have happened. Various arguments may be adduced both for and against printing."

Writer's cramp was first recognized by Ramazzini, who continues his supplement with observations on a round dozen other groups of workmen.

The work of Ramazzini of Diseases of Tradesmen is usually considered his one claim to fame, although in his active life of 81 years his curiosity took him into many fields, and his pen created works on other subjects, as malaria, potable water, effects of the state of the barometer on human beings, etc., etc. The Diseases of Tradesmen overshadowed all his other work, and has appeared in many editions in Latin, English, German and French. Although the name of Ramazzini does not always appear as the source of the description of the disease of workmen in modern texts, some thread of similarity leads the investigator through the maze of quotation to the original description of this seventeenth century Italian.

THERE is one excellent example of this reliance on Ramazzini in the description of diseases of the skin of those who handle silk in its early stages of manufacture. Authors as recently as 1924 took their description of this affliction from sources which in themselves relied upon the 1700 concept as published by Ramazzini.

The non-medical reader will find the story of the life of Ramazzini fascinating. He will also read with keen enjoyment the 1746 English of one, Dr. James, who translated the original Latin. By a strange coincidence, another Dr. James commented upon the chapter on Diseases of Learned Men but a few decades ago. Rama-

zzini was a man with a social consciousness several centuries ahead of his time. Yet, one fact must not be overlooked—Bernardino Ramazzini was one of those few fortunate mortals who are recognized in their own life time for the genius they possess. No doubt, this thought must satisfy the shade of Ramazzini, who has not fared so well in the hurried existence of his successors.

D E
MORBIS ARTIFICUM
DIATRIBA
BERNARDINI RAMAZZINI
IN PATAVINO ARCHI-LYCEO
Practicae Medicinæ Ordinariæ
Publici Professoris,
ET NATURÆ CURIOSORUM COLLEGIÆ.
Illustris, & Excellentiss. DD. Eiusdem
ARCHI-LYCEI
MODERATORIBUS

D.



MUTINÆ M.DCC.
Typis Antonii Capponi, Impressoris Episcopalis.
Superiorum Consensu.

Title page of the original Latin edition (1700) of Ramazzini's important work

Bernardino Ramazzini was born in Capri, November 5th, 1633. He studied under the Jesuits, and then went to the University of Parma where he received his diploma as Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine on February 21, 1659. He went to Rome, and began the practice of medicine in the communes of Canino and Marta. Ill health forced his return to his native village, where he remained until 1671. He removed to the larger neighboring town of Modena. Ramazzini was not satisfied with any one study. Medicine did not wholly occupy him. Neither did non-medical sciences. He also studied philosophy and literature.

"CORRIERE DELLA SERA"

ALMOST coinciding with the 11th anniversary of the March on Rome on Oct. 28th, the first issue of another new Italian daily in New York, the "Corriere della Sera" appeared on Monday, Oct. 30th. An afternoon paper, it constitutes the fourth Italian-language daily published by Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, the others being "Il Progresso", "Corriere d'America" (both morning papers in New York) and "L'Opinione" of Philadelphia.

Angelo Flavio Guidi is editor of the new addition to New York Italian journalism, assisted by Agostino De Biasi. Mr. Guidi, formerly of the staff of "Il Progresso", has been well-known and popular in Italian circles for his many writings on Italian and Italo-American subjects, and Mr. De Biasi is one of the most experienced of Italian journalists in New York.

Containing well-wishing messages from H. E. Piero Parini, Director General of the Italians Abroad, and

Count Galeazzo Ciano, head of the Italian Government Press Bureau, the first issue of 12 pages included news of the Italians in New York, the Italians in the United States, the arts and movies, editorials, feature articles and fiction, in addition to other usual features.

A front page editorial by Mr. Pope struck the keynote of the new paper. He said, among other things, "The Italian by birth or origin living in the United States, and the newer generations particularly, will better perform their duties when they do not lose sight of the pride of their origin and when they feel alive in their souls the young and practical force and the deep and effective idealism of the new Italy."

In the same issue, too, Mr. Guidi had an editorial on Mussolini's message to the Blackshirts on the 11th anniversary, and Mr. De Biasi another in defense of the Italian language press.

CAPRA and BORZAGE



Frank Capra

As Eminent Movie
Directors They
Typify the Creative
Italian Spirit

By Leo Freedman



Frank Borzage

FRANK Borzage and Frank Capra. Two outstanding figures in the wide array of Hollywood's personalities. Different, yet alike. Frank Borzage stands five feet, ten and a half inches in his stockinged feet; he weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds; his eyes are hazel, and he has curly brown hair. The other is five feet, seven inches in height; he weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. He is slender but dynamically alive. Here are almost the extremes of physical make-up, but the two are linked eternally by their temperamental inheritance. Frank Capra was born in Italy and Frank Borzage in this country, but the genius of both of them springs from the deep wells of Italian creative art.

Their early careers are surprisingly alike. Capra first saw the light of day in Palermo, Italy on May 19th 1897. Frank Borzage's first wail disturbed the air of Salt Lake City, Utah, on April 23rd 1898. Before the age of ten—as early as five—both were earning their own living. Even ten years later neither would have believed they would some day be hailed as creators of the screen's masterpieces. Frank Borzage did not dream of a film so outstanding as Columbia's "Man's Castle," and Frank Capra had no idea that his directorial efforts in "Lady For a Day" were going to bring him world-wide fame.

Frank's Borzage's father was a farmer and on a farm he first learned that most of us earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. As early as thirteen he acquired the ambition to be an actor and since he could not earn sufficient in his father's farm to pay the fee demanded by a dramatic school, he worked in a gold

mine pounding rock. He presented his earnings—penny added to penny until the required total was reached—to the Dramatic School. It did not take him long to discover that he had been tricked; the school was a fake. All he acquired from this experience was the knowledge that the world is filled with individuals eager to take advantage of eager young people. His theatrical ambition, however, was undimmed. He joined a road show and spent three years travelling from village to village.

AT that time a little town was emerging into prominence. People were talking of Hollywood. They attributed to it golden streets not unlike those with which London was supposed to have been paved. To Hollywood young Borzage went.

He obtained a few day's work as an actor at \$5.00 a day and was firmly convinced that his future was in the field of the motion picture. But jobs as an actor were few and far between, although he had some success in acting. He was featured as a leading man in a number of productions by the late Thomas Ince. Later Borzage organized his own company and played leading roles in despised "westerns," but he was unsatisfied. There was not sufficient material to satiate his creative dreams. About this time, in between engagements, he became convinced that directing was his forte; and he exchanged his make-up box for a megaphone.

Let us skip the years of struggle—the dull repetition of going hungry. Today, Frank Borzage is one of the outstanding figures of the motion picture world. His latest directorial achievement, "Man's Castle," is a climax to an eventful career; it is a height which it would

be difficult for him to equal again, not to say to surpass; but the artist in him feels confident that his next picture, which bears the tentative title of "Paul Street Boys," will be even a greater achievement.

Borzage has made such notable pictures as "Humoresque," "Secrets," "Seventh Heaven," "Bad Girl," and "Farewell to Arms." His "Humoresque" won the Photoplay award for the year in which it was produced. His "Seventh Heaven" won him both the Photoplay and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for its year. He has in all a half dozen medals and prizes for his achievements, a record unsurpassed in the motion picture world.

Once he swung a pick in a coal mine; today he swings a polo mallet. Once he was grateful for a bunk; now he resides in a palatial Hollywood home. But he is still the same: soft-spoken, courteous and gentlemanly.

IN Hollywood, they will tell you that no one can handle crowds, no one can depict throngs, as realistically as can Frank Capra. It is probably because for so many years he was part of the throngs. If you want a tender love scene, let Frank Borzage handle the megaphone; but if you want a thousand people struggling into a bank to get their few pennies, hand the assignment to Frank Capra.

Like Borzage, Capra's early life was a life of poverty. At five he was selling papers. He was his own best customer for he read the papers avidly, advertisements included. The period of his schoolhood days was one of a steady struggle against want. In spite of all obstacles he completed grammar school, and earned his way through high school by playing the banjo on which he is a skilled performer. He plays many instruments. He worked as a waiter to earn his education at the California Institute of Technology. He edited the school paper and earned incidental money by a thousand odd jobs. Many of these pennies were sent home to ease the family burden.

After graduating as a chemical engineer in 1918 he joined the army but was never sent overseas. After the Armistice, like thousands of others, he found there was no call for engineers of his kind. He found work in the San Fernando Valley pruning trees at twenty cents per tree. Frank earned sixty cents for his first twelve hours' work and nearly died from the intense heat and continued labor. He did not give up, and



Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in Columbia's "Man's Castle", a Frank Borzage production.



The cast of Columbia's "Lady for a Day" toasts Frank Capra (Capra has his hand on the camera)

soon became acclimated to the work and the weather. Living was cheap—he slept in a shack, spending his evenings and the greater part of his nights in writing stories.

One day his ambition prompted him to answer an advertisement regarding motion picture scenarios. Shortly afterwards, we find him in the motion picture colony learning the rudiments of motion picture production. He wrote scenarios; he wrote gags; he was the assistant of the assistant to the assistant of the director. Frank accepted cheerfully whatever task was assigned to him as long as it would broaden and deepen his knowledge of motion picture making.

COLUMBIA Pictures offered him his first real screen job. It was in 1921 and he helped make one of the early Columbia Screen Snapshots. From there he went to another company as an assistant director. After ups and downs, he was given the directorial assignment of the "Strong Man," a Harry Langdon production, in 1926.

This picture was rated as one of the ten best of the year, and Frank Capra's position in the industry was assured. There followed a series of light comedies such as "That Certain Thing," "So This is Love," "Matinee Idol," "Way of the Strong," and "Say it with Sables." In those days, Frank Capra was classed as a director of light comedies. As such he would have been an important director, but he would never have achieved the outstanding position he now holds.

Once more it was Columbia Pictures which provided him an opportunity to display his achievements. Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures, saw in Frank Capra greater possibilities than a director of comedy. He assigned him to "Submarine" and Frank Capra loomed up on the motion picture horizon as a great director of dramatic and spectacular pictures. "American Madness" which followed some years later, added to his stature; and the "Bitter Tea of General Yen" of last season increased his reputation. His latest production, "Lady For a Day," with Warren William and Mav Robson, has earned him the respect and admiration of the entire motion picture world—theatregoers as well as performers.

Frank Borzage and Frank Capra are two convincing arguments that the creative Italian spirit is not even dimmed: it is, at the present time, more robust than ever.

A Winner in Biography: Francesca Vinciguerra

By *Mary Iacovella*



Francesca Vinciguerra

SHE was already on the landing and graciously invited me in. A charming little woman, with dark bobbed hair and a vivacious pretty face.

We sat in the drawing room and ate candies. "I hardly know what to say," I began, overwhelmed by her kindness. Here I was sitting on a sofa and Francesca Vinciguerra, winner of the Atlantic Monthly and Little, Brown, & Company prize of five thousand dollars for non-fiction, was waiting for me to ask questions.

Her laugh had a clear, musical cadence. "You know," she said smiling, "a young man came to interview me. He just sat on that sofa and I talked and talked while he simply kept mum. I had a notion that my words just entered into one ear and came out of the other. However, he wrote the most delightful article and I am still wondering how he did it. He discovered that I have three personalities, the wife, the writer, and the Sicilian, and wrote about them for a Boston newspaper. Yes, I was born in Sicily, in Taormina, near Messina, and I came to America with my parents, when very young. I had studied a little English in Italy, so they placed me in the third grade. One of my first undertakings was to write poems in the new language.

"How did I come to write about the Rossettis and their time? During my youth I was haunted by the poetry of Gabriel Rossetti and Cristina Rossetti. To me they were marvelous. I had been writing a book about them, without thought of publication, so absorbed was I in the lives of these artists of Victorian England. Then I read about the contest and I decided hurriedly to submit my manuscript. It was a surprise to get the award."

"Your beautiful book found appreciative judges, if we remember that eighteen hundred manuscripts had been submitted."

"I was amazed," continued Miss Vinciguerra, "because I was under the impression that my subject was outmoded, and I had written the book only to please myself. But interest in the Pre-Raphaelites is still intense. I lived my characters, absorbing the atmosphere of their time, doing a lot of research work, and gathering data. Before this book I had written three novels. No, I am not going to take a rest, but I shall write something else. I must always keep on writing. Since I can remember writing has been of paramount importance to me. I love it.

"You want to know if it runs in the family? Well, if I remember, one of my great-uncles was a poet. Perhaps I take after him.

"We have spent three months in Europe. We visited Taormina, a famous beauty spot of Sicily, much frequented by Greeks and English, a truly cosmopolitan place. Nature gives me great inspiration. When the scenery is picturesque, I work better. My eyes must absorb beauty, if I am to write at all."

HER name is symbolic. Her book, "Poor, Splendid Wings," must take its place among the great biographies of our generation. It is a golden phantasmagoria based on facts, a canvas painted with consummate skill. All the critics agree that it reveals a mind endowed with the highest intellectual development.

This charming, sensitive woman, with the elfin face and the high white forehead of a scientist, has showered a passionate soul on the restless stars of the Pre-Raphaelites, A patina of silver glowed faintly through her curls. The face of this writer has a child-like splendor and it resembles those lovely faces found in the pictures of Botticelli.

Miss Vinciguerra does not look the picture which a struggling writer likes to conjure of a successful female author. Frankly, here was no double chin, no high lace collar, no cameo, no layers of fluffy hair whipped into a halo above stern eyebrows.

"Yes, I hardly look my age, I am thirty-three. Did you see that young man? He is my son! He is thirteen. I married rather young. He is so much taller than I. I love to keep house and writing has never interfered with my dream of living a normal full life. My husband has always encouraged me."

"Intellectual women, then, should not think that family life interferes with their careers? You have several maids, I'm sure, to manage your household?"

"I really do almost everything. Work for me is a necessity, almost a relaxation. My life is managed like the life of the average woman. Somehow writing cannot change the course of my existence. I love to do things. I manage the house and like it."

This wife and mother finds time also to draw. Her husband is also fond of Art. Two pictures, decorative arrangements of flowers, had been done in charcoal, and now adorned two walls of the drawing room. The

charming taste of the furnishings showed also her influence and her love for Italy. Her simplicity is disarming. It is only when one remembers the critics that she assumes monumental proportions. Macaulay, writing of Frances Burney, creator of *Evelina* (the masterpiece that astonished the England of Johnson's time), chuckles when he remembers how the savants were shocked when told that the author of *Evelina* was a woman.

TODAY the critics writing of Francesca Vinciguerra cannot hide their amazement before the colossal production of a woman.

She is very erudite, knows seven languages. She came to this country bringing the enchantment of her beloved Sicily mirrored in her eyes. She is essentially the artist, an interpreter of inexpressible yearnings.

"Tell me about Cristina Rossetti."

"She suppressed two great loves and lived therefore a very melancholy life, but it was in the accepted mood of her time. The romantic atmosphere clung about them all. They made themselves miserable with unrealized dreams. Ruskin also had his great unrequited passion, falling in love with a girl of eight and waiting to be refused when she was eighteen. Swinburne, Morris—they all had drama in their lives."

"How dared you live such characters? The tension must have been supernatural."

"I lived with them, or better they lived in me and I had to write about them. The poetry and the tragedy of their lives pursued me."

And so Francesca Vinciguerra, born in Sicily, daughter of Italian immigrants in America, had to write her great epic about Rossetti, son of an Italian emigre in England, of Rossetti and his ardent soul and how it blossomed, triumphed and died in old England, under the dismal London fog. She had to write of the immortal poet of the House of Life and of the painter of the Blessed Damozel, founder of the brotherhood of the Pre-Raphaelites, who yearned after Giotto, and lived a sensuous dream of the Renaissance in the smug complacency of Victorian England.

One is reminded of Cellini swaggering his way across the Renaissance, an artist blessed with the blue sky of Italy for his daring artistic efforts. Rossetti, somehow, brings home the poignancy of the artist developing his heritage under alien skies. And was this the knowledge that inspired the pen of Miss Vinciguerra?

Love for art, passion, melodrama, madness, grandeur, and futility, resistance and death, a gilded, spectral wheel revolving around the gloomy, cruel axe of destiny. Only the genius of a great artist could enlighten many a staid soul of our day. Rossetti, Cristina, Ruskin, Swinburne, Morris, Meredith, Watts Dunton, Whist-

ler, Waltman, and others. So I sat staring at Miss Vinciguerra without finding words. For the first time in my life I was silenced, trying to fathom the secret of her Art. Few writers can divest themselves of their creative personality entirely, yet this Sicilian writer spoke in a calm, unhurried voice, and one was startled by the contrast between her name and her restful appearance. She looks like a poet, with her dark hair and the limpid serene eyes, that gaze with such fervor into the secret souls of the dead.

"Mr. Hutchinson, of the *New York Times*, wrote such a wonderful review! He reflected your soul in his words."

SHE is very grateful for the great appreciation her splendid book has evoked. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine how this radiant woman has absorbed an era, while keeping house like a matron of ancient Rome. For she is Mrs. Bernard Grebanier in private life. She is known as Frances Winwar, but is to herself Francesca Vinciguerra, a wistful child of enchanting Sicily, her dear and beloved land.

She showed me her workroom, a study lined with books and pictures. Prints of famous Italian artists smile on the walls. An adorable head of a child by Correggio looked pensively from the wall above a high bookcase. She has translated the *Decameron*, for the Limited Edition Club, and a magnificent folio it was, richly bound. And she opened the drawers and showed me her manuscripts, pages and pages, notes, proofs and data.

Back in the drawing room, Miss Vinciguerra pointed to some famous bronze busts on the fireplace. She must have Art to inspire her and this shows how eminently Italian she has remained, and how her nature has retained the characteristics of her heritage. A lovely little statue, almost a miniature, a delicate woodcarving is kept on one of her shelves in the study. It is Saint Francis, and she says it has brought her great luck, since an antiquarian friend presented her with it.

She wore a dark grey suit with a white blouse, for she had been out in the afternoon, and no doubt people passing her by must have thought her a student going to classes. She is also fond of losing her way about the city, and for this reason scarcely ever goes out alone.

To talk to her is an inspiration in itself. For Francesca Vinciguerra lives her art and cannot talk of it, for it is the substance of her dreams and the record of her discoveries in the realm of the soul. One bids her a farewell with a heart heavy with silent questions, and as she hugs the bluish Persian cat, and comes to the hall, one carries only the elusive impression of having crossed paths with a genius, a genuine, brilliant, Italian genius, opening a luminous window in a drab landscape.

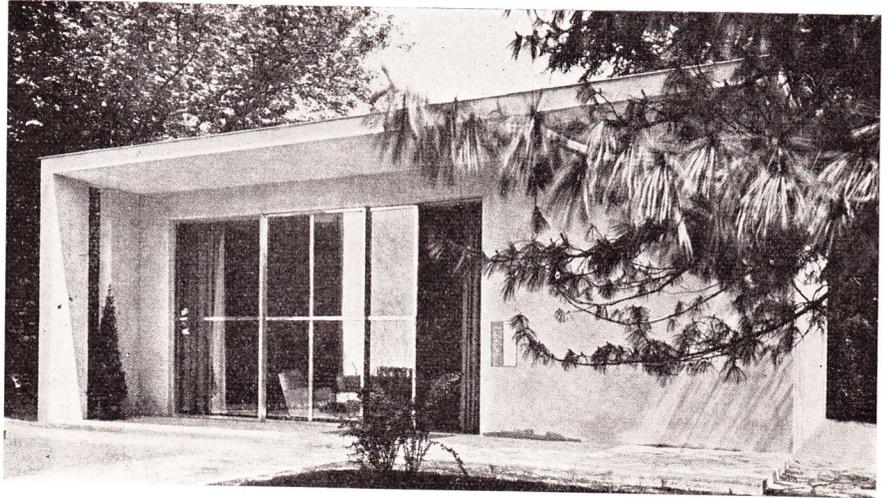
The Versatile Italian Takes Up Modernism

By M. Duncan

THE versatility of Italian creative ability has definitely established itself by the ease and competence with which "modernism" has been handled. In fact the art world in general views with admiring surprise Italy's frontline position and recognizes the fact that her ideas in the creative field must always be reckoned with.

When one first sees examples of Italian modernistic art it is hard to believe that it is really Italian, created, designed and produced by Italians. Italy has ruled supreme for centuries as the birth place and source of cultural and classic art in all forms. Her ancient buildings have furnished inspiration for the greatest architectural accomplishments throughout the world. Her statues, paintings and furniture grace not only private dwellings but are preserved in museums in every land. Her artists and artisans have gone into all countries, teaching, creating, and spreading the fruits of Italian creative ingenuity in all branches. One would think that the native Italian would be so steeped in classicism that it would be next to impossible to execute such an about-face in conception, as modernistic interpretation requires.

The most recent example of Italian production in the modern art field is the building which houses the Italian Exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. On a much grander scale, however, is the annual Milan Industrial Fair, where practically all the exhibits have representative modernistic showings. They range all the way from beautiful pieces of jewelry, rich fabrics, lace designs, glass and pottery, to completely furnished houses and entire offices. Some of the most magnificent of Italy's new public buildings are fine examples of modern architecture. In spite of the inherent traditionalism, if we may coin a word, it is a fact that definitely modernistic lines are being followed, particularly in building.



An example of Italian modernism in housing

Not only is this true of the large public buildings, but, as shown in the accompanying illustration, is being carried out on a smaller scale in individual houses. The amount of space devoted to windows is another reversal of tradition, the typical Italian house being, usually, a somewhat windowless affair. These small modern houses are of course still quite a novelty and very much in the minority, and it remains to be seen whether or not the Italian people will ever really accept them on a larger scale.

Modernistic art, in the forms which are accepted by the general public as such, is still in the experimental stage, indicative only of the twentieth century. How permanent it will be, only the future can tell. At first it was championed by the type of person who wished to be "different," but it seems to have successfully passed that stage and arrived at the place where it is recognized as being suitable for achieving certain effects, particularly in the theatre, clubs, advertising field, summer places, occasional rooms, and for expressing the otherwise inarticulate artistic temperament of some people.

When, after a few years of amateur enthusiasm and consequent ghastly effects, it was acknowl-

edged that the touch of the expert was needed, the modern art movement in home furnishings was able to take a big stride forward. At the same time it established the consoling fact that certain pieces, well chosen, could be mingled in the same room with equally well chosen pieces of classic or period furniture. Simultaneously, the question arose as to which periods and styles were more suitable, and it was generally agreed that much of the simpler Italian Renaissance furniture would combine nicely, as well as certain French periods, notably Directoire. Once the idea of incongruity was removed from the public mind, furniture manufacturers felt confident to design and produce in greater quantity, without running the risk of being left with useless stock once the fad was over.

However, as far as Italy is concerned, it does not seem as if it could hold a permanent place. It seems to be more of an undertaking to show the world that Italy too can not only keep step, but keep in the front ranks in the field of the creation of new ideas, even though her artistic heart might still yearn to continue the dissemination of her century-proven classicism.

Nothing Ever Happens There

(But Perhaps the Reader will Disagree)

MASUCCIO once said that nothing ever happens in church, but I think that's why my mamma goes every Sunday morning. I'm just as glad, though, because it can't hurt her. And even me, I go. Not that I'd tell any of the fellows over at the Hydraulic about it. But in the evening when you get off the cross-town trolley and walk up peaceful Mazzini Hill in the dead light and see the same old shops and meet the same old *congiuntini*, why, you get to believing that there's an order behind everything and everybody's got some good in him and that maybe there is some big *Signore* up there.

Might as well guess one way or the other, I always say.

Anyway, ever since my *Babbo* died, somebody's got to take mamma in his place. So I make Tommaso get up and these mornings all three of us go down to San Francesco's at Mazzini Hill and Paol Street. When it's rainy we take the Ford. But when it's clear and yellow outside, then's when mamma swells with happiness. She puts on her gold earrings and ties her Piemonte-silk *mantino* about her greying hair and sings that funny little *Canzone dei Burattini* she learned years ago.

To walk down Mazzini Hill with her two grown-up boys makes mamma proud as Cornelia, in that story. And when people pass with a simple "bon giorn", mamma will answer with a long flow of words and won't let them go till they've said something nice about either Tommaso or me. People understand, though. They know that mamma's life work is about over, and that Tommaso and me are her life's work.

I think I've got the edge on Tommaso. He's a good, willing boy and is making high marks at high school. But always in life the younger son has the affection and the older the admiration. That I'm making good money at the Hydraulic and am still living at home makes me a model of respectability. Somehow I feel that if I were to leave them and marry Romea, I would sacrifice all that respect.

I wish she wouldn't build up ideals like that about us—or at least about me. She's always made us stay in nights and keep away from the gang around the railroad yards and read safe things like *Cuore*. I think it's dangerous to bring up kids like that but I guess Tommaso and me passed through it all right.

II

SOME people are always getting worked up over the future of the church. If those people ever got up

A SHORT STORY

By Robert J. Clements

singing, put on their best suits, and walked out peaceful and righteous into a sun-blinded world like mamma. Tommaso, and me last Sunday they'd shut up their talk.

"Giovan'," says mamma.

"Si', mama mia."

"Giovan', there'sa no place lika the church to meeta your frien'."

"Si, mamma mia."

People are already arriving at the church, though it is only a quarter of eleven. It is the weather. It isn't so easy to feel deeply religious on days like this but it is much easier to get down to the services. As usual, mamma is complimented on her *bravi ragazzi*.

At the door old Signor Copucci hands us an *Innale*, the new issue of *l'Interprete*, and the old familiar *Nuovo Testamento coi Salmi di Davide*. Good old Copush. I can remember when he used to take us kids to the Museum and, showing us the quattrocentos, would tell us that the greatest painters the world ever saw lived under the Second Italy. Or else we'd walk down Rockefeller Park and feed the swans, and he'd tell us tales about *la patria*, the land we all wanted to see. Old, old tales with morals, like the Barrel of Olives, *l'Uomo Contento*, or the one ending, "The Athenians recognize virtue but the Spartans practice it." Then when the sun had gone down and the ground was getting damp and cold, he would take us back to the Paol Street Dolceria and buy us cups of spumoni and then get us back to San Francesco's before the old folks started home.

Old Copush seemed to have grown smaller and balder and when Tommaso took the books from him, it hurt to see that nothing passed between them. I wondered what he would say to me. But without looking at me he turned back to the bench to pick up the books and the *fooglio* for the people entering behind us.

Mamma and me follow Tommaso down to the second row where we've always sat since mamma lost the hearing in her left ear. Tommaso goes in first, mamma in the middle, and me next to the aisle, just

filling the pew. My knees bump against the row in front. No room to kneel down in our church, like they do at Sant'Andrea's down on the next block. The rack pressing against my knees contains an *Innale* and a prayer book.

"Why does old Copucci hand out books like that when there are always plenty here already?"

Mamma does not know. She says she never thought of it that way before.

The church looks smaller every time I go. It is a very poor church and needs repairs, but who would pay for them? I would like sometimes to go with Romea to Sant'Andrea's with its fancy tracery and frescoes of the saints, but as I tell her, if I didn't go with mamma, maybe Tommaso wouldn't either, so I've got to be a good example.

The room is very narrow, as though somebody wanted to put aisles at the side and make it like a basilica, but finally decided it wasn't worth it. So instead of columns and arches at the sides, there is only bare mud colored space broken by two sets of three windows. The lower panes are divided up into sections of painted glass, supposed to be stained, and each window has a little oblong with a separate word in it. I can say them by heart, but I've never learned just what they mean. They are "Sunday School," "5 Waldenses," and "Famiglia Cavaroli." The upper panes were left plain, perhaps to let in the sunlight, but since the new apartment house next door was built last summer, we can look up into it and see people moving about.

At the front is a raised platform with two pulpits on it. The higher one is in the center and the lower one at the left has a Bible and a reading lamp. Behind the platform, the mud color of the back wall gives way to a painted framework rounded off at the top so as to look like an apse. It is this framework that contains the great *Croce* that holds your eye from the minute you come in till the minute you leave. It is black and ugly and is set against an expanse of blue dotted with gold, five-pointed stars. Invisible nails hold the crown of thorns in place, and two white wings flap against the cross-bar, pausing long enough to be seen and preach a sermon before starting their flight to *il Regno d'Iddio*.

Next to the rocks where the foot of the cross meets the platform is a cushioned stool where Signor De' Pellozzi kneels and prays. At each side of the *Croce* is an upright lamp with a globe of frosted glass. The lamps are off now, but when Reverend Pellozzi comes in and lights them, you will see how the paint has chipped from the globes and the bulbs inside will strike your eye and make you wince.

III

MAMMINA and Tommaso are talking.

"Look, mamma," says Tommaso. "Look at this page of the *Innale*. Milano, Fratelli Colente. Editori. That's almost the same as our name, isn't it?"

Mamma tells him that there are lots of Colente around Milano and that Colenti is really the same name, only with a meridionale spelling. I turn around and look to see how many people have come in. There is almost no one of my own age except Bill di Legna who smiles at me. I am surprised to see Bill at San Francesco's, but it makes me glad. There are only about thirty of us here. Another man comes in and lays his coat with the others on the last row.

I am about to turn back to Mamma when all of a sudden Maria walks in. I almost want to laugh and turn to see whom I can nudge and whisper, "Look,

Maria is here." But there is no one and I neither nudge nor whisper.

Although she is nearing her forties, Maria is still beautiful in a cruel sort of way. She is broad of shoulders and hips and perhaps it is only the high heels of her slippers that make her so tall. She is fair, having come from one of the northern provinces, Venezia Giulia, I think. Her grandfather was an Austrian general brought down to Italy by Ferdinando I di Borbone, it is said, and who was driven from the country by one of the earliest secret societies of the Risorgimento. But you can't tell about stories like that.

Maria is careless in appearance. Her thick, straight hair never is held in by a hat. Although her dress is tight, her coat swings loose about her as she makes a vain effort to hold it closed at the collar. It is a carelessness that appeals to men.

This much and only this much do I know about Maria. I have never had occasion to learn anything more.

Other people look at Maria, but whether she notices or not she does not show. Boldly she comes down the aisle with her long strides and approaches the very front row. That is one thing you can say for Maria—she is afraid of no one. As I look at her pale rouged mouth I know that she is not afraid of God. As she passes I, who am on the aisle, share the powerful wave of perfume that follows her down to the front. It is a powerful, over-sweet smell that catches you and holds you like ether.

I wonder if mamma has noticed and steal a side-ward glance at her. Her mouth is set and her eyes are troubled and she says not a word. But mamma is not the only one. All the *signore* feel that profane presence and the whispering gives way to troubled silence. The *signori* decide to read the *Innale* or the *Interprete*. I turn and look at Bill di Legna. Bill looks at me.

Mamma taps my knee and I turn to see the door to the left of the *Croce* opening. Signor De' Pellozzi pauses for a very brief moment before stepping up onto the platform. He is a very powerfully built *omone*, and when you see that great jaw jutting over that clerical collar, you know that the *Signore* is on easy terms with God. His eyes are deepset and heavy brows overhang them, so that even when his face is calm, you get a surprise of intense expression. He is as bald as D'Annunzio and so dark that you are quick to think him unshaven.

As I say, it is easy to read almost anything in the shadows of those deep-set eyes, but I think I caught a cloud of disappointment betrayed in that brief instant he stood looking out at us. I understand. San Francesco's is not what it once was, when Tommaso and me were *bambini*. Or maybe we are more easily impressed as *bambini*.

Everybody stands up. Signor De' Pellozzi is outlined straight before the *Croce* and as his hands thrust straight out, he himself becomes a great black-shrouded cross. Although his back is to us, the flow of his opening prayer is rich and deep like when Tommaso draws his bow over the G string. It is beautiful Tuscan we hear, the true tongue of Italy.

As the powerful figure drops down upon the cushioned stool, we try to sit down, too. But it is so narrow that we make a lot of noise. Then Mrs. Crabbe, the French teacher at the high school, sits down at the piano at the right and pounds the opening chorus of *Sempre Benefico*. Even I, who tried the violin and

clarinet without success, realize how false are the notes.

*Signor, perdonaci,
Siam peccatori;
Dei: Tu purifica
I nostri cuori.*

There are no boys in the chorus, which fills the first two rows behind the piano. Their shrill young voices fill the room and fill everything in the room, and what they lack in art they make up in their earnestness. It is too bad that Emilia, that girl in the *beretto*, should have the loudest voice, for she cannot combine the end vowels and always ends up with a syllable or two to spare.

*Mand' il Tuo Spirito
Su noi dal Ciel;
Facci discepoli
Dell'Evangelo.*

With that *Mand'* a great, bass voice supports and unifies the chorus. It is Signor De'Pellozzi. The variations of his voice carry to the hollows of his powerful chest and head and are charged with the *urlo* of a wind driving against the *Stretti di Messina*.

Then for a moment that bass undertone stops and the unpleasant voices of Emilia and the others struggle on in their loneliness. It is what I have guessed. The *Signore* has seen Maria. It is not until the final *a-m-e-n* that we hear and feel that voice again.

When the *Signore* steps up to the highest altar his heavy forehead curls farther than ever over his eyes. And although he announces that next *domenica* we are to have an evening social meeting with a special *spettacolo da cine*, his voice is very grave. Of course they know who she is, *padre*, I think, crazily thinking that he can catch my thought. Of course they know. But why not?

Almost as if my thought reached him Signor De' Pellozzi turns to the *Innale* and leafs through it to find a hymn for us to sing. He announces the page. *Mamma* finds the place for both Tommaso and me and looks on with Tommaso. Why she always finds our places for us I could never understand. We are not like so many in the room who are becoming American and cannot even find a page in the *Innale* and are still looking when Mrs. Crabbe finishes the introduction.

I steal a glance at Maria. She has half turned toward the piano and I can see her very plainly. I can hear her start to sing and her voice is beautiful and emotional. From here her lips look full. As I look at the women I forget to sing. She is certainly strong and proud, and symbolises for me that very strength that the rest of us have come to San Francesco's to seek.

I cannot keep from comparing her to that other Maria that *Gesu'* comforted. Except that the other Maria forsook her pride in the presence of the *Salvatore*.

After the hymn Old Copush slips down the aisle with a brass plate in his hands. Down at the very front he stops and the *Signore* walks over in front of him to make a prayer, asking God to pardon those of us who will not be able to offer anything. Then, with a

quick sweep of the arm, he drops a dollar bill on the plate. Cast thy bread upon the water, I quote to myself, but am sorry.

When Old Copush hands me the tray I see not one, but two folded dollar bills on it. There is no one in the first two rows who could have put that second bill there. There are the young *Stellos* who, so they say, can't even afford to have a baby. There is Mr. Luoghi who used to work for the city but has been out of work for a year. The others as well are all out of the question. So Maria was the one. That crumpled dollar and that hymn have convinced me that Maria is getting more from the services than any of us others.

Signor De' Pellozzi walks over to the lower pulpit and starts to read from San Matteo. The room is close and my eyes are heavy. A dollar. I wonder if that is Maria's tithe? No, I reason, a dollar could hardly be enough. Fine thoughts for a Sunday morning in *santa chiesa*, I admit, but the sleeper we get the more our imaginings get beyond our control. Perhaps that is why our dreams are what they are.

IV

"GIOVAN'."

I open my eyes.

"Wake up-a, Giovan'."

"Si, mamma." I was not asleep, I deny, as the great *Croce* with its flapping wings looms before me. What has happened? Everyone is leaving. *Mamma* is looking at me and smiling as she ties her *Piemonte-silk mantino* over her hair.

"We are going home."

Signor De' Pellozzi hurries by me on his way to the door, where he will shake hands with all of us and joke at us to be more regular. I stand up with *mamma* and Tommaso and wait for the others to pass up the aisle.

We all watch the tall figure of Maria, who comes last. She is walking slowly and tugging her coat at the throat. Looking up, her eye falls on me, then on *mamma*, then on Tommaso. Without realizing, I follow her glance to Tommaso. Suddenly my throat is dry and my heart pounds before my eyes. I take *mamma's* arm.

"Mamma," I say. "Look here, mamma."

"Si?"

And while I stand there saying nothing, thinking nothing, with my mouth open and ready to speak, I am gripped in that oversweet smell that holds you like ether. Only a moment it lasts.

"Giovan', *se' am'lato?*" *Mamma's* eyes search me.

"No, mamma," I answer. "It was nothing. It's over now. I'm sorry I make you worry like that."

And while I face her, smiling and making her smile, I can feel Tommaso's eyes fixed on mine. He is wondering if I noticed and if he should thank me.

We step into the aisle. Maria is gone now. And while Signor De' Pellozzi talks to us, Tommaso is very quiet and pretends to be interested. He is a *bravo ragazzo*, all right, but he is young.

It is good to breathe the fresh, cool air outside. *Mamma* takes us each by the arm.

"There'sa no place lika the church to meeta your frien'."

The Theatre

By John A. Donato

A HEALTHY CORPSE!

THERE'S life in the old gal yet. Considerable of it. Just when the pall of death had begun to settle ominously on our poor theatre; when the wailing mourners and post-mortem donors had dutifully ranged themselves about its bier, the blessed thing rose on its own legs and tottered on to early season triumph. Now we have its most pessimistic adherents, those gaunt, plucking critics, going about shouting that their first love has returned, beautifully rejuvenated and looking quite well, thank you. Such, alas! is the faint-hearted allegiance of the gentlemen of the press. On the other hand, we never doubted its stamina one moment. At least not every moment. We were, so to speak, present at some of the homecoming exercises and, without the slightest equivocation, feel genuinely disposed to report a grand comeback, a great resurrection.

THE NEW PLAYS

"**MEN IN WHITE**," a drama of medical men by Sidney Kingsley, came to the Broadhurst Theatre on September 26th as the season's first presentation of the Group Theatre, and the first professional production of a play by Mr. Kingsley. It has for its theme that oft-stressed conflict between the idealistic reverence of medical men for their profession, and the not infrequent disturbing influence of young love. It is designed with practical excellence, acted with fervent ardor and directed skillfully by Lee Strassburg. The story concerns Dr. Ferguson, a young interne (played by Alexander Kirkland), and his rich fiancée, Laura Hudson (Margaret Barker). Torn between the great love of his life and his devotion to science, he is on the point of choosing the easier, and in this case, the more lucrative, course by accepting an associateship

purchased for him by the girl's father. Then occurs one of those pitiful tragedies which always seem to settle the issue. This would appear to be tricked-up drama if the play weren't so convincingly staged. As it was, the audience accepted it faithfully. Any how, the young man, having caused the death of one of the nurses by his foolish impetuosity, plunges into his beloved medicine as the only refuge, let come what may of his fiancée. The work of J. Edward Bromberg as Dr. Hochberg, the wise old advisor, was noteworthy. It is credible, well-written drama, notwithstanding a generous sprinkling of medical terminology. This is not sufficiently important to stay the successful journey of this play.

"**Amourette**," another of the September assignments, as written by Clare Kummer, is one of those fragile, pretty things. The faintness of lilac scent spreads infatigably about the stage of Henry Miller's Theatre. Francesca Bruning, she of "One Sunday Afternoon" renown, flits blithesomely and innocently about, learning about love and babies for the first time in her tender young life while the scripture-quoting New Englanders of 1840 nearly choke on the awful blasphemy of it. As *Amourette* Tucker, she runs away to the gay lights of Duxbury, gets herself scandalously involved, presumably, with a young preacher, is forced almost to marrying him, and ends by finding her true love in another young man of the cloth. Just one of those flimsy little comedies that might have touched spinsterish sentimentalities of another and more romantic era. Charles Aylesworth as Amsey Tucker, *Amourette*'s father, is quite funny as the scandal-pervious old codger.

The last of the present assignments brought us to "**Double Door**," Elizabeth McFadden's thrilling melodrama, at the Ritz Theatre.



A scene from "Men in White", the medical play at the Broadhurst Theatre

We can still feel rumblings of dis-comforting dread as we write this. It has been rumored that Miss McFadden built her play on the familiar story of two prim old maids who lived a secluded, gloomy life in a sumptuous Fifth Avenue mansion. But here, we were informed, the similarity ends. Picture if you can a cruel, crafty, deranged woman, terribly sadistic, and ultra-proud of her Van Bret name, imperious and jealous enough to commit murderous assault in defense of a queer vindictiveness. We won't spoil the effect for those who will see the play. It is enough to tell you that here is a dominant creature who has by a crushing will molded the existence of her younger sister into one of unlimited fear, of constant dread of what lies behind that "Double Door." Mary Morris, as Victoria Van Bret, is grand, hateful, repulsive, yet pitiful. Aleta Freeland, Anne Revere, Granville Bates and Richard Kendrick prove a well-rounded, intelligently guided cast. It is not as much plot as it is character study

in this thriller. The proof of its tenseness, its withering suspense, was to be found in a rather scared audience, an audience which knew it beheld a mere play yet which was somehow awfully afraid of what was coming. It was with a feeling of immense relief over the outcome that we greeted the fresh air on our way out.

RING LARDNER

ONE of America's greatest wits has gone to the Valhalla of his fellows. On September 26th, Ringgold Wilmer Lardner, better known to journalism, the sports world and theatredom as "Ring," died at "No Visitors, N. Y.," as he had quaintly dubbed his home. He was only 48. We, interested in things strictly of the theatre, may lay no just claim to Lardner. He was more successful in literature. But we must include him, for all his slight connection with the theatre, among the roster of those who gave that their audiences might afford a smile here, a tear there. The play for which he is most remembered, and loved, is "June Moon," written in collaboration with George S. Kaufman and taken from one of his numerous humorous spasms. You may not think that Ring Lardner belongs here where plays of varying warmth are discussed, plays even of mediocrity. Nevertheless, we cannot deem it anything but fitting that such an irreparable loss to American life and letters have its due mention. Somewhere there may be a brilliant humorist, a master of style, a creator of unforgettable characters—but this was Lardner, all this and something more. His was the understanding, the insight of a keen student of human nature. He gave us his awkward ball player who was not just a baseball character, who was a natural, lovable person being guided through so many of those pitfalls and petty triumphs that make living, moving, human copy.

O'NEILL AGAIN

SUCH warmth of discussion has heralded the advent of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness" that we are forced to keep the man before us. The play, as we said last month,

had its scheduled opening at the Guild on October 2nd. We have not seen it as yet but hope to have done so before the next issue. What is conspicuous, almost startling, about the latest O'Neill play is its conscientious deviation from the usual penetrating, soul-reaching standards of his previous efforts. But, as reports have it, it is none the less powerfully written and intimate theatre. For this once, at any rate, Mr. O'Neill has turned quite human and has scored a coup. He has upset another revered Guild precedent, that of never featuring one player in lights, by brightening up 52nd Street, literally as well as figuratively, with the name of George M. Cohan, that "rugged individualist" of Broadway.

TWO MUSICALS

REPORTS from Boston, where "Let 'Em Eat Cake" has been trying out, reveal that the sequel to the Pulitzer Prize play of 1931, "Of Thee I Sing," has suffered not one iota as sequels generally do. The musical satire, which may or may not have arrived on Broadway as this appears, is graced by the same cast, direction, and composers as its illustrious predecessor. It seems also that 200 New Yorkers were among the opening night audience and that as much as \$17.50 had been bid and asked for a pair of orchestra seats. Swell Ballyhoo we call it. Ballyhoo or no, some of the critics who made the pilgrimage to Beantown were duly impressed by its subacid sharpness, its good humor and its ingenuity. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind are again the co-authors, and the brothers Gershwin have again added their unique efforts to the score.

Here in New York, another hit musical made its debut, and judging by the contagious outbursts of approval, seeing this show will ultimately require the combined intercession of God and President Roosevelt. "As Thousands Cheer" pokes fun in a reckless manner at recent headline hunters and gets almost boisterous at times, we hear. We, too, hope to see it.

TICKET POLICE

The first test of the NRA code

(you must be surfeited with those three innocent enough letters) for the theatre developed rather sooner than expected and was met fairly successfully. With a high percentage of hits on Broadway only three plays were reported on sale at one of the main ticket agencies. (Tickets, we mean, not the productions). The brokers have remained satisfactorily loyal to their pledge not to sell tickets at more than a 75-cent premium for each. The possibility of a force of ticket detectives to discourage scalping was being favorably contemplated. Naturally, the brokers have begun to grumble about this forcible muzzling of their opportunities. They can easily sell hundreds of tickets for successful shows but, they complain, the low premium prohibits sufficient profit-taking and again, there are not enough shows at present to draw from. Who'll shed a tear for the poor brokers, the oppressed brokers?

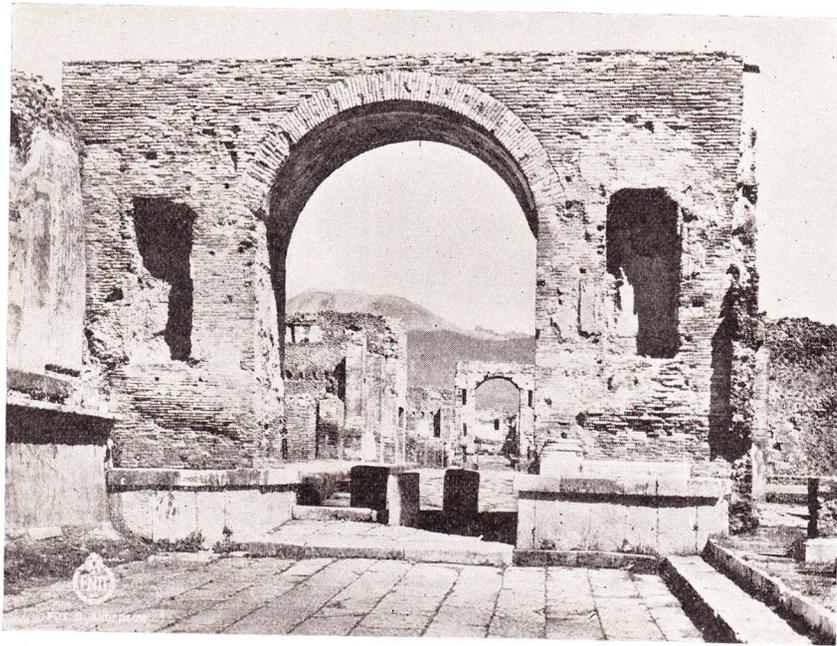
HERE—AND THERE

OCTOBER has started auspiciously. The several theatres report capacity business. The scalpers are almost squelched. And here is October's long list of scheduled offerings and their housings. (Maybe there's a Pulitzer Play among them. Who knows?):

Week of October 16: "The School for Husbands" (Empire); "Let 'Em Eat Cake" (Imperial); "Virtue on Horseback," "Inspector Charlie Chan" (Fulton); "The Green Bay Tree" (Booth).

Week of October 23rd: "Her Master's Voice," by Clare Kummer, (Plymouth); Walter Hampden's "Ruy Blas" (Cort); "The World Waits" (Little); Vicki Baum's "Divine Drudge" (Royale); "Eight Bells" (Hudson); "Three and One" (Longacre).

Luigi Pirandello, who is now in Buenos Aires supervising a production of his play, "As You Desire Me," plans to tour the United States this year and give lectures in Italian "Variety" investigated the outlying snooty resorts and cow pastures during the summer and reported that of 87 plays perpetrated, 15 may come to Broadway. . . Well, school's out (or is it in?) . . .

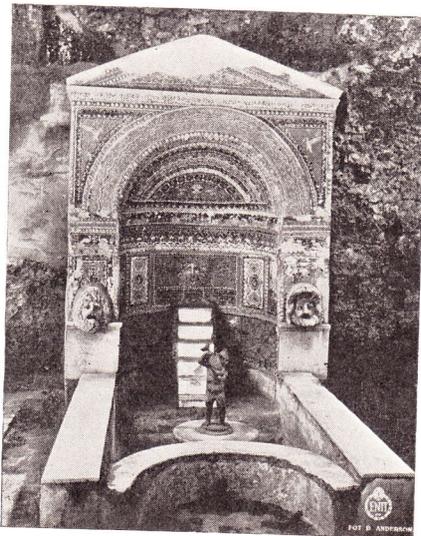


Latest Finds in Pompeii

POMPEII, and the surrounding cities of that section known as Campania, had been occupied by many different tribes before it passed under the yoke of Rome. Under Rome it was occupied as a military colony, and before the close of the Empire it had become a favorite resort of the nobles.

Because of its situation on the mouth of the river Sarnus, it flourished as the port of trade for all neighboring towns. But the tumult in the amphitheatre, in 59 A. D., when many persons were killed in a dispute between the citizens of Pompeii and the neighboring town of Herculaneum, was the first of a fateful series of three disasters which overtook the city. The second occurred in 63 A. D., when an earthquake destroyed almost all the buildings. The people were still engaged in the work of reconstruction when the volcanic forces of Vesuvius, long thought extinct, burst into violent eruption, burying Pompeii and Herculaneum under dense beds of ashes, averaging 18 to 20 feet in thickness. So completely was Pompeii buried that its very site was forgotten and it was not until 1748 that an accidental discovery drew attention to its remains. In 1775 systematic excavations were begun and carried on, spasmodically, for two centuries.

The character of the extinction of these cities is responsible for their perfect preservation, and the excavations differ from any other in that one may see life in all its phases at the moment of its sud-

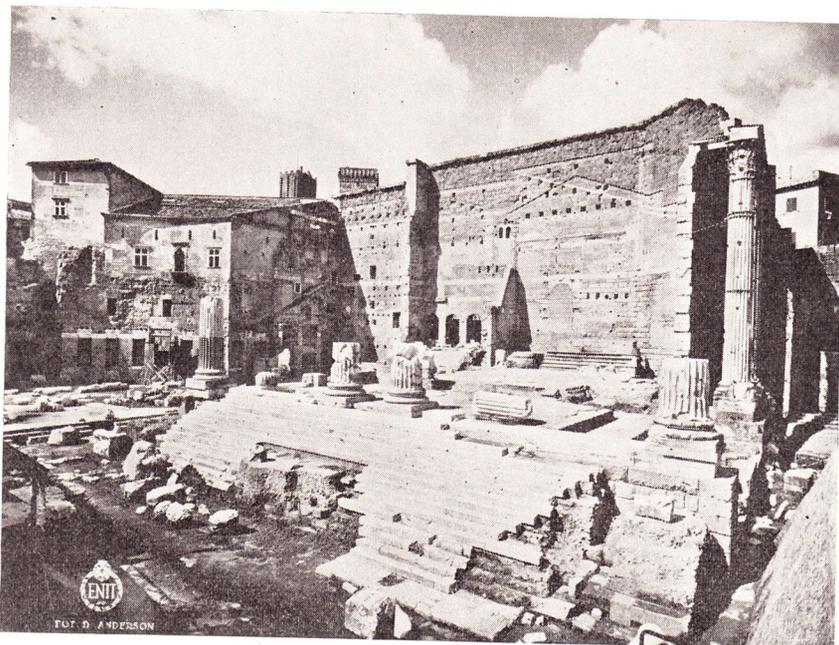


"The Great Fountain," with its background of remarkably preserved mosaics, is shown at the left. The Arch of Nero (above) frames a view of Vesuvius in the distance. Below, the picture shows an oven with several of the municipal grain-refining vessels in use at the time.

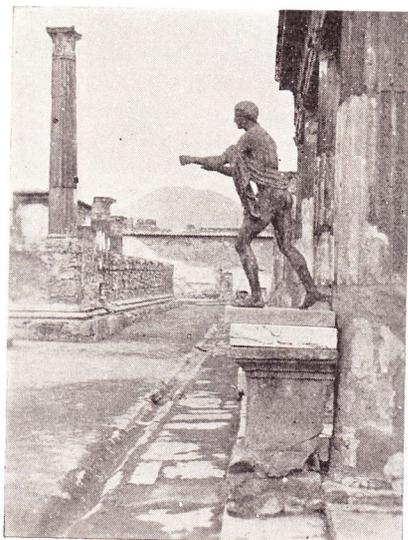


Diligent Work of Excavators Yields Many New Treasures

By Muriel Osti

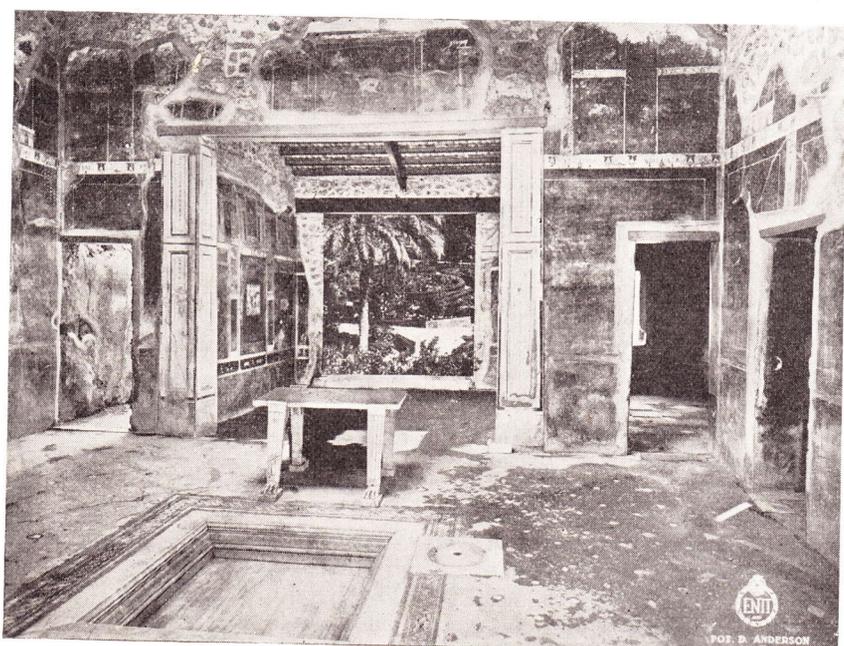


On the right, the Temple of Apollo overlooks the "Ambulacro Orientale" (meaning Oriental Walk). The Forum of Augustus, above, shows the close resemblance between the architecture of Rome and Pompeii, and below, an interior view of one of the many beautiful private dwellings. (Photos for this article by courtesy of E.N.I.T.)



den arrest and, unlike other ancient cities, the buildings and homes have not been stripped of their works of art. The new excavations, begun in 1911, and carried on so successfully and extensively in the last few years under Mussolini, have yielded many more treasures. Due to the new methods and meticulous care of preservation, the recently unearthed sites are unrivalled models of technique in the delicate art of preservation. Practically everything has been left as it was found. One of the exceptions is the treasure of silver found in the House of Maenander, which, due to its great value, has been removed to the Naples Museum. It consists of gold jewelry, gold and silver money, and a magnificent complete silver table service of 115 pieces, bright and shining, chiseled and decorated in relief of remarkable beauty. The Villa of the Mysteries is another recent discovery of primary interest, due to its marvelous frescoes, presenting 29 life size figures. The meaning of the scenes is not as yet ascertained, but it is generally accepted that they represent the Orphic Dionysian Mysteries, perhaps an initiation ceremony.

There are many more equally interesting discoveries in the new excavations which will cause the visitor to marvel and muse on life as it was so long ago, and the present regime is to be commended for its perseverance and care in preserving these ruins of a civilization which is of historical interest to the entire world.



The Educational Horizon

By Peter Sammartino and Sylvia Scaramelli

INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION

ONE bright Sunday afternoon, prompted by an alluring invitation, we drove to the Riverdale Country School at Riverdale, New York. As we approached the main hall we saw several groups of young men and women eagerly engaged in conversation. There was an air of conviviality that caught us at once and made us anxious to join in the fun. Some were speaking in French, others in Italian, German or Spanish. In deference to our limited linguistic abilities, English at once became the medium for exchange of ideas and then we began to learn the facts of this very interesting conference. For that is what it was. A conference held for the guidance and pleasure of foreign students who had just arrived to take up their studies in various universities in the United States. Before starting on the year's work these students were gathered together for a four day holiday in which they were able to meet their fellow students, hear educational lectures and in general become oriented in their new surroundings. Certainly they were having a charming introduction to their new home. One did not have to wait very long to learn who was the guiding spirit of this gathering. For the past thirteen years, the Institute of International Education, under the direction of Professor Stephen P. Duggan, has been arranging for the exchange of students between foreign universities and those in the United States, and has exerted a great deal of care in securing the proper students and seeing that they are well cared for. Each year a limited number of foreign study fellowships are offered under the International student exchanges of the Institute of International Education to American Students for graduate study abroad. Fellowships are offered for study in Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, Ger-

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENT IN ITALY

It is evident that the Italian Government is arranging its machinery so that only students of acceptable merit are allowed to register for the medical courses in Italy. It is also evident that those students who will gain admission will have to maintain a consistent record of good work if they wish to remain. All of which is exactly as it should be.

The history of the movement is interesting. The heavy registration of American students in Italy started just about six or seven years ago. It is worthwhile to note that at about the same time the American medical schools were making their entrance requirements more and more difficult. At any rate, the professors in the Italian schools welcomed the students with true Italian hospitality and perhaps overlooked certain deficiencies, feeling that in most cases they were due to language difficulties rather than to any basic lack of knowledge. Human nature being what it is, the phrase "Professore, non so spiegarmi in Italiano" became more and more common.

The trouble was that many students of questionable scholastic ability, unable to enter American medical schools, were flocking to European institutions. It is this type of student who creates misunderstanding and conflict. He goes to the European school, whether it be Rome, Naples, or Paris, with one idea in mind, to get a medical diploma. Unfortunately, most of these adopt a very self-centered and narrow-minded attitude towards everything. They do not seek to understand their new environment. They complain continually against this thing or that because it isn't as good as the one back home. In the end, they defeat the whole purpose underlying the exchange of students between countries. Over there, they give a very erroneous impression of the American student and of Americans in general. When they return they offer a sorry example of the graduate put forth by European universities. If a student cannot enter into a foreign atmosphere and seek to understand and appreciate his new friends so that he may come back endowed with new inspiration, it is much better that he remain at home; and if at home, he has neither the native intelligence nor a sense of professional ethics necessary to gain admission into a medical school, then much better for him never to enter that field at all.

—Peter Sammartino

many, Hungary, Italy, Spain and Switzerland. The general requirements for eligibility for all the fellowships are listed here for the benefit of those who may be in a position to file an application.

A candidate applying for one of these fellowships must

(1) be a citizen of the United States or one of its possessions;

(2) at the time of making the application be a graduate of a college, university or professional school of recognized standing, or a senior who will have met this requirement before entering upon the fellowship;

(3) be of good moral character

and intellectual ability, and of suitable personal qualities;

(4) be in good health;

(5) possess ability to do independent study and research; and

(6) have a practical reading, writing and speaking knowledge of the language of instruction in the particular country.

The fellowships are open to both men and women. Preference is given to candidates under thirty years and to those who are unmarried. The award is tenable for the academic year and in most cases includes tuition, room and board. In the case of the Italian fellowships

the award also includes steamship reduction on the Italian lines.

During the thirteen years of its existence the Institute of International Education has collected a mass of valuable material, and they are now in a position to answer practically all questions relating to study in foreign lands. Many files are filled with the reports of students which contain much information concerning transportation, matriculation, living conditions, valuable courses, names of professors particularly helpful to American students, etc. The student going abroad for the first time will derive much practical information from the reports written about the university he is to attend. Foreigners desiring information concerning education in this country receive the same expert advice. It is a veritable clearing house for all problems relating to international education.

To return for a moment to the conference at Riverdale The group of Italian students interested us particularly. Some were returning for a second year of study while others were just beginning. All of them were representative of the best type of Italian scholar and gave promise that their fellowships would be wisely used. The winners of the fellowships for 1933-34 are:

Miss Pierina Borroni, to the College of St. Teresa (Literature).

Miss Maria V. Fedeli, to Trinity College, Washington, D. C. (Literature), second year.

Miss Elena di Laurentiis, to Radcliffe College (International Law).

Mr. Arturo Mathiew, to Swarthmore College (Social Science).

Mr. Rodolfo de Nova, to Yale University (International Law), renewal.

Miss Luisa M. Osti, to Mt. Holyoke College (Political Science).

Miss Marina V. Rossetti, to Smith College (American Literature).

We did not have the opportunity of meeting the American students who are to study in Italy this year. They had already left for Italy, and are now preparing for their courses which begin in November. We list the winners together with the American colleges from which they have received degrees and the colleges they will attend in Italy:

Elizabeth T. Bentley, Vassar College, Columbia University, Ital-

ian literature and philology at the University of Florence.

Catherine P. Bradshaw, College of St. Teresa, University of Minnesota; classics at the University of Rome.

Josef V. Lombardo, New York University, Columbia University; fine arts and history of art at the University of Florence and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

Valentine J. Giamatti, Yale University, Italian Literature at the University of Padua.

Robert A. Hall, Jr., Princeton University, University of Chicago, Italian literature, at the University of Rome.

Laura E. Marden, Smith College, Italian literature, at the University of Rome.

Florinda A. Roma, Trinity College, University of Pennsylvania, political science or law, at the University of Rome.

Elena M. Sbrega, Smith College, Italian literature, at the University of Florence.

Susanna L. Wright, Smith College, Italian literature, at the University of Rome.

These students are indeed fortunate in being the recipients of such excellent fellowships. How much more fortunate are the governments who have exchanged these fellowships, for their reward is the development of international understanding and good will!

AT THE CASA ITALIANA

ACTIVITIES at the Casa Italiana have started for the scholastic year. On October 5th there was a tea for the friends of the Casa. Professors Prezzolini and Riccio spoke of their summer in Italy. There are also some discussion meetings going on on Fridays at 8:30. In many cases the discussion centers on new Italian books. On the 27th there will be a lecture on Calabria by Mrs. Slaughter. At the same time a concert will be offered under the direction of Professor Bimboni.

Professor Prezzolini will offer a course on Modern Italy during the Fall season that will be of interest to any one who wishes to get a bird's-eye view of the evolution of modern Italy. The course includes discussion on the political history of Italy, its foreign and colonial policy, biographies of Depretis, Crispi, Giolitti and Mussolini, the development of the Fascist party, development of industry and agri-

culture, corporative organization, regionalism, the religious questions, Gentile and the school reform, journalism, a review of motivating forces underlying literary development, studying in turn DeSanctis, Carducci, Oriani, Fogazzaro, D'Annunzio, Pascoli, Papini, Croce and Pirandello, and a short review of painting, sculpture and architecture.

Professor Prezzolini is also conducting a course for members of the faculty of Columbia University who wish to learn Italian. This course takes place every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

The Casa issues a monthly known as the "Casa Italiana Bulletin." Those who wish to become friends of the Casa may do so by applying to the Casa, 117th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City. Membership costs one dollar per year and gives participants the Bulletin and also the opportunity to attend all lectures, discussions and concerts at the Casa.

The Casa Italiana Educational Bureau, of which Dr. Leonard C. Covello is director, is perhaps destined to be the most unifying and the most practical agency that has ever been set up to bring together the many efforts on behalf of Italian culture in the United States. Its latest publication is by Professor Peter M. Riccio and is entitled "Why English Speaking People Should Study Italian."

THE ITALIAN TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

THE Board of Directors of the Italian Teachers Association met on October 7, at the Casa Italiana, under the chairmanship of Dean Mario E. Cosenza. A tentative program was drawn up for the rest of the year. The first meeting and social gathering will be held on Saturday afternoon, October 28, at 2:00 o'clock at the Casa Italiana. A reception and dance will be held probably on November 11th also at the Casa. Miss Lydia Palmerini of Washington Irving was appointed chairman of a dramatic committee to present a play sometime during December. Dean Cosenza also announced the list of schools offering Italian for the first time.

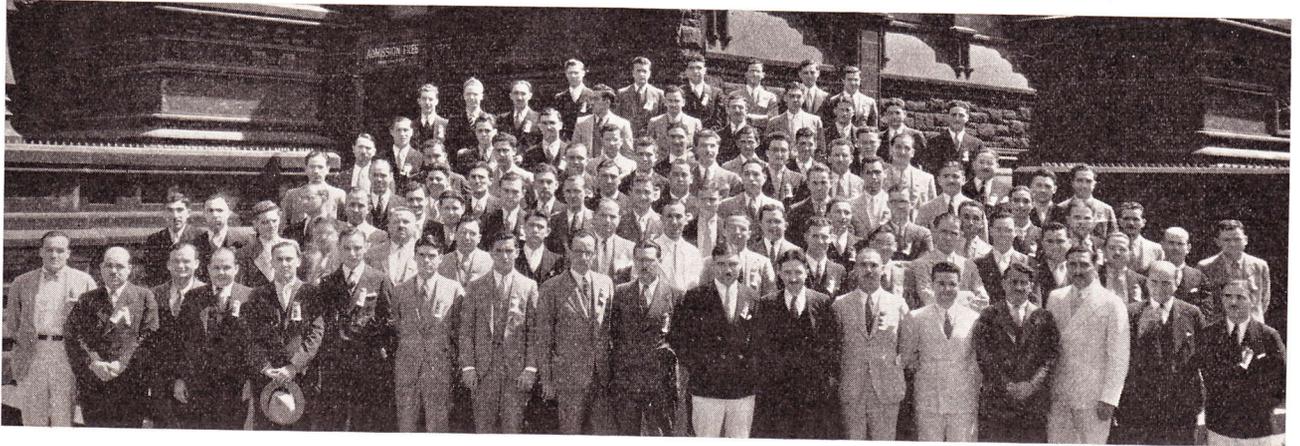
A course in Italian has been started in the Dobbs Ferry School. Miss Rose Donzella is the instructor. She also teaches Italian at North Tarrytown.

COURSES AND LECTURES

FOR those interested in the teaching of Italian or in social service among Italians, there are three courses offered in the School of Education of New York University which are unique in their thoroughness and in the fundamental way they attack their problems. One is the "Problems in the Teaching of Italian Syntax and Composition," which is given on

Mr. Joachim Scoppa is offering two courses in the School of Education of the College of the City of New York. One of them is the teaching of history, civics and current events. The other one, taught in conjunction with Mr. Berkowitz, is the observation and criticism of teaching in the elementary schools. Mr. Scoppa is at present a New York school principal. He was also principal of the New York Training School for Teachers, an institution

occasion of the granting of prizes by the Free School of Italian, which is under the auspices of the United Italian Societies of Jamaica, Long Island. The president of the associated group, Antonio M. DeLuca, presented the director of the school, Adolfo LoFaro, who described the activities of the school and presented the winners to the Royal Italian Consul-General Grossardi. Miss Candida Valentino received a silver cup for having obtained 79 requests



Delegates to the 18th annual convention of the Alpha Phi Delta Fraternity, held in Cleveland early in September

Thursdays from six to eight in the evening. It is taught by Dr. Leonard C. Covello. The second is "The Social Background and Education of the Italian Family in America," and is taught on Friday, also from six to eight, by Messrs. Covello and Corsi, the Commissioner of Immigration. The third is "The Teaching of Italian in the Junior and Senior High Schools" and is offered by Miss Giacobbe on Tuesdays from six to eight.

To those interested in Italian culture and who enjoy a well-explained lecture given in simple form, there are a number of talks given by Miss Anna Curtis Chandler at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The first, on October 7 and 8, were on "Vice-Admiral of the Ocean Seas—Christopher Columbus." On December 2 and 3, there will be given "A Chariot Race in Etruria" and on the 9th, "Through the Triumphant Arch of Titus—Story of Rome." The latter will be told by Miss Susan Scott Davis. For the new year, on January 20 and 21, there is scheduled "The Boy Who Loved Color—Tintoretto of Venice." On March 31 and April 1, in order to celebrate the great artist's 450th birthday anniversary, the lecture will be "When Raphael was a Boy."

which was discontinued for economy purposes.

There will be a number of lectures given by the members of the staff of the College of Fine Arts and Graduate School of New York University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art which will be of interest to students and teachers of Italian. Mr. Richard Offner is offering two courses during the Fall season: Late Medieval Painting in Italy, Italian Masters of the High Renaissance. On December 1, Mr. Rudolf M. Reifstahl will lecture on the late Renaissance and baroque textiles in Italy.

The first five lectures on the general history of art by Mr. Herbert R. Cross will be on Italian Renaissance art. This series starts on February 8, 1934.

Free courses in English and citizenship will be conducted at the Harlem House in New York City. Classes are held on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 8 to 9 in the evening. An afternoon class is also held on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1 to 3.

THE NEWER TREND OF ASSOCIATIONS

IMPRESSIVE exercises were held on September 24, on the

for Italian to be instituted at the John Adams High School in Long Island.

His Excellency, Augusto Rosso, the Royal Italian Ambassador, sent a letter of congratulations to the schools and to the winners. The reading of his letter was accompanied by prolonged cheers. Another outstanding event during the evening was the presentation of a one-act play, "Il Trionfo del Buon Senso," interpreted by Dolores Agoglia, Elena Ciranna, Domenico L'Abbate and AntonioLoFaro. The DiJanni quintet gave a splendid program of music. It is composed of Dr. Amelia Simonetti, Madam Raphaelina Di Janni, Madam Caterina Volpi, Mr. Gaetano Attanasio and Mr. Luigi Sabatini.

The Honorable Edward M. Corsi, Federal Commissioner of Immigration, represented the Fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

The Italian classes under the auspices of the Columbus Democratic Club of Union City, N. J., will again take place every Tuesday and Thursday evening from 7 to 9. Miss Rosina Buongiorno is in charge of instruction. The classes are held in the Roosevelt School, Forty-sixth Street and Hudson Avenue.

The Queensboro Italian American Citizens League will soon start classes in Italian under the direction of Miss Farabegoli. Announcement of the school was made at the recent celebration of the birth of the Italian flag. The chairman for the evening was Mr. Joseph Fulgione, who is also in charge of the Italian school committee. The speaker for the evening was Dr. Peter Sammartino, who gave the highlights of Italian history. Others who greeted the assemblage were the Duke F. Carafa D'Andria, the Vice-Consul, Giorgio Tiberi; Mr. Vincent A. Giudice, Mr. Maurice J. Giaimo, Mr. Frank Neglia, Mr. Vincent T. Cerra, Mr. Joseph G. Arculeo, Mr. John Susca, Mrs. Jean Palermo, president of the Ladies Unit; Miss M. DiPace, president of the ladies unit of the Bronx League, and the president of the Queensboro League; Mr. Vito Giaccio.

The Guariglia Association is once more embarked upon a program of culture and information for its members and its friends. There is instruction in the Italian language by Miss Julia Morelli every Tuesday at 8:30 p. m. There is a course on the English language by Miss Anna Olga DePascale every Friday at 8:30 p. m. There are lectures by Dr. L. A. Bonvincino every Thursday at 9 p. m. The Literary Circle meets every Wednesday at 9 p. m. Other lectures and discussion meetings are announced from time to time. The association has its headquarters at 1818 Eighty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Its guiding spirit is Vito J. Guariglia.

The Dante Alighieri Society of Jersey City, N. J., has begun its classes of Italian for young men and women at 563 Summit Avenue.

There is a movement on foot in the Bronx, New York, to form a *Direttorio del Patronato Scolastico*. Dr. Pasquale Badia has originated the idea and will announce developments soon. Among the activities would be frequent lectures on the literature and culture of Italy, dramatic presentations, scholarships for worthy students and cultural tours in Italy.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

THE Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity, an organization of Italo-American physicians and stu-

dents in medicine, held its thirteenth annual convention at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York on September 9. An unusually large number of delegates attended as a result of several new chapters formed at the Regia Università di Roma, Loyola Medical College, and Hahnemann Medical College. Plans for expansion in Italy involve the admission of chapters from the University of Bologna and the University of Naples. This is the only international medical society of Italo-American doctors.

A dinner was held the same evening at Conte's Restaurant, attended by some 150 members. Dr. Lardaro, the principal speaker, introduced the newly elected officers, who also addressed the gathering. They are Dr. Carmyn J. Lombardo, Supreme Grand Master; Dr. Carl F. Maraldi, Supreme Consul; Dr. Alfred F. Marra, Grand Secretary; Dr. Joseph J. Nicosia, Grand Bursar.

The Circolo Ausonia of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, Wis., has begun its scholastic year. Its newly-elected officers are: Grace M. Koutnik, president; Dorothy Lindholm, vice-president; William Nanini, secretary, and Miriam Jackson, treasurer. Miss Marie Davis of Ohio State University, is the newest addition to the staff of Italian, at the University. There are about two hundred students of Italian at the institution, of whom about twenty are graduate students. Eight undergraduates are majoring in Italian and three of the graduates are studying for the doctorate in Italian.

Dr. Harvey N. Davis, president of the Stevens Institute of Technology, has announced grants from the endowment fund for students who achieved high scholastic averages during the past year. In the sophomore class, \$300 grants were given to Frederick J. Madea and Everett B. DeLuca. A \$250 grant was made to Robert A. LeMassena. Richard F. Dede and Joseph Amore received \$200 grants. Joseph C. Diliberto and Boniface E. Rossi received \$100 and \$50, respectively.

In the junior class, Wilfred H. Molinari, Thomas Pagano and Genaro Vacca received \$50 grants. The greatest number of honors went to the seniors. Frank Caroselli achieved a \$500 grant, Edward R. Ardito and Dominic J. Gatti, \$200 each; Frank M. Africano,

\$150; Martino J. Vaccaro, \$100; Joseph P. Costanza and Joseph M. deGuilmo, \$75 each, and Joseph J. Cincotta, \$50.

The grants form a distinctive feature of the institute. They are not actual money prizes but mean that the student has to pay so much less tuition for the coming year if he has achieved superior grades during the past.

Among the students whose names appeared on the honor roll recently at Yale University are the following: Edward M. Borsodi of Suffern, N. Y.; Francis J. Fazzano of Edgewood, Rhode Island; Vincent Villano of New Haven, Connecticut; Henry H. Pasco of West Hartford, and William M. Lingo, Jr., of Dallas, Texas.

INDIVIDUAL HONORS

THE Sons of Italy Grand Lodge announces the awarding of their beautiful Dante medal to the following students:

Seward Park High School, New York—Alessandro Cavallari, Agrippina Scirè, Thomas Ancona, Peter DiGangi.

Benjamin Franklin Jr. High School, Rochester, N. Y.—Jennie Jafferson, Sam Licata, Roger Cecconi, Josephine De Stefanis.

Public School No. 83, New York—Domenico Rinaldi, Salvatore Licata.

The Hudson Park Jr. High School, New York—Charles Boitano, George Visco, Anthony Rozzo.

New Utrecht High School, Brooklyn—Frank Fargasso, Anna E. Valore, Lena Tomasicchio, Romolo Nanni.

James Monroe High School, Bronx, N. Y.—Guglielmo Meyera-witz, Anthony Altieri.

Washington Irving High School, New York—Josephine Crisafi, Antonietta Labate, Anna Zampati.

Theodore Roosevelt High School, Bronx—Marie Amend, Remo Grade, Grazia Palmisani, Berta Finocchi, Teodora Cornetti, Maria Pinto, Giovanni Guarnieri.

Galvani Junior High School, New York—Frank Pillera.

Italian Parochial School, Newburgh, N. Y.—Maria Favorito, Clelia Moncada.

Hutchinson Central High School, Buffalo, N. Y.—Joseph Campiere, Fannie Minnici.

The Elmer Ellsworth Jr. High

(Continued on Page 279)

THE LURE OF TRAVEL

A FEW years ago at the house of a friend I met an old gentleman, a well to do American business man, who wanted to spend some time in Southern Europe to rest and paint. This was a talent, he explained to me, that he cultivated in the later years of his life. This gentleman had very vague ideas, but he was sure that he would choose a resort where there was a great deal of sunshine in winter, comfort and beautiful scenery. Although he did not know of my business association, he asked me if I could make some suggestions. After having given some thought to the matter, I mentioned to him the name of a famed city in Sicily, where Goethe and Wagner spent considerable time in the pursuit of their callings. "Oh no, never!" he exclaimed, "I shall not want to go there. I have been informed that it rains much and winter is rather trying." I was amazed at such a statement. In my childhood I had passed several seasons in that particular city I mentioned to him, and in my memory I visioned the sweet scenting almond blossoms which used to appear in my grandmother's garden in the later days of January each year. Rather reluctantly I questioned the truth of his statement, and he candidly declared that a close friend of his who had travelled extensively had offered this advice and discouraged him from going. I wanted to know on what experience this information was based, and I urged him to learn how long his friend had resided in that place. I gave him my business address, and he came to see me the following week. He was very apologetic; he had learned that his friend had spent only two days there between the arrival and departure of the connecting steamers. I told him to go without any fear, and take all the canvasses he would care to carry, because he would be able to paint at least six days in a week. He took my advice and sailed. Months later, I received a gracious letter filled with expressions of gratefulness and thanks. He was there enjoying the glorious weather and the luminous countryside which had given to him the inspiration for the best paintings he had ever made. "I am truly and sincerely grateful to you for the expert advice given to me some months ago and want to signify that these are the brightest days of my life, and if I had listened to my friend's suggestions, I would have missed what I now believe to be the fulfillment of my artistic dreams". Thus ended his letter.

I have related this apparently insignificant episode to bring out how misleading are incorrect statements based on fleeting experiences.

The American people, especially after the World War, have become great



Senatore Guglielmo Marconi as he arrived in New York last month aboard the Conte di Savoia of the Italian Line for his eighty-fifth crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. A guest of the Radio Corporation of America and of the Chicago World's Fair (which held a special "Marconi Day" in his honor), the distinguished scientist, inventor of wireless telegraphy and President of the Italian Academy, took advantage of his opportunity to travel about the country and see the strides that his invention had taken here. At the present writing, after having stopped in New York, Camden, N. J., Chicago, he is on the Pacific Coast, stopping at San Francisco, Los Angeles and Hollywood.

travellers; they cross the seven seas; they fly over continents, they climb the Alps, they ski in Norway, they play golf at Glencagles, they swim at Juan-les-Pins, they hunt elephants in Africa. Travel has become a necessity; the wearisome business life of the great metropolis, the hectic strain of pulsating and creative activity demands relaxation and recreation under different environments. Travel is the great remedy for all ills derived from overwork, it is a health giving, educational diversion when properly planned.

The public at large is not conscious yet that travel, to be enjoyable and healthful, must be planned with the help of expert advice. Who would build a house, no matter how modest, without recruiting the services of an architect? Would he rely on the suggestions or advice of a few friends? The same question could be made for all human needs which I find superfluous to enumerate here, as they are very obvious. In my long experience as adviser to travellers, both here and abroad, I have come in contact with thousands of individuals in different walks of life. So often do they make misleading statements that it is a pity that those people who are planning trips are obliged to listen to them when expert advice is so easily available.

It is a familiar sight in London or Paris and every large city of the continent to see groups of travellers, or families, rushing from one hotel to another, when rooms are at a premium, looking for lodging for the night and wasting precious hours and strength which may be used to advantage otherwise. This is merely one instance of loss of time and strain on nervous systems. Entire days are spent in small crowded offices of tourist agencies abroad to select a suitable program of sightseeing, to learn which store to patronize, to book passage on a plane, to decide the most convenient and economical rail connection to the next city. This should give to the reader the picture of a spoiled holiday. I estimate that an average of three hours a day is spent in arranging details (and often very unsatisfactorily) which could have been settled on this side of the Atlantic, and in ample time before the sailing date.

Tourist companies of the first magnitude have arranged excellent services to assist prospective travellers in planning their trips to any part of the world. I wish to refer to companies which have branches here and abroad in all principal cities, states and kingdoms. They have an especially trained personnel fully



Rosa Ponselle as she returned from abroad last month accompanied by her pet dog

acquainted with habits, usages, customs, laws and regulations of all foreign countries, who can give information on any hotel, railroad, steamer or plane service, who know how to save railroad fare in avoiding unnecessary retracing of route, who can suggest famous golf courses or world famed restaurants, who can give expert advice on any problem concerning travel, no matter how complicated it may appear to the person interested. These companies maintain, in addition, an army of interpreters. These men are at principal railroad stations, at difficult border points, at steamer quays, or in other

words at any place where the help of an English speaking native is a boon of infinite value.

Tours and cruises are planned with utmost skill to suit individual or collective requirements. All necessary elements for the enjoyment of the travelers are combined as ingredients used by a French chef in preparing a famous dish.

In a few words to summarize, whoever wishes to travel, no matter for how long, no matter where and how expensively, should always rely on the assistance of a well organized tourist company, as one will certainly save considerable time, worry and fatigue, and will receive that assistance which is given with kindness and courtesy, and always without charge. All details such as choice of a cabin on the steamer, hotels en-route, class of rail, excursions to places of interest etc., should be left to the arrangement of the expert. He knows how to go about it, and the result is a well planned restful journey every moment of which is dedicated to enjoyment and pleasure.

Capt. Ugo R. Giachery

SHOPPING SERVICE

An interesting and useful innovation of the Italian State Railways is the new parcel checking system, whereby the 200,000 or more persons who come into Milan to shop, may make their purchases in any store and have the parcel sent to the railway station. They are given a coupon at the store and upon presenting it at the station before boarding the train, receive their parcel or parcels, as the case may be, thus avoiding the annoyance and inconvenience of having to carry bundles from place to place. The fee is one lira, or a little over five



Sea-going sharpshooters in an early morning workout

cents. It is hoped that this service will help the railways in their struggle for passenger traffic which has been threatened by various forms of motor transport.

AMERICANS ABROAD

An estimate of the number of American citizens living abroad, as of January 1, 1933, compiled from reports of the American Consulates in all parts of the world shows that, with the exception of Canada, Italy has the greatest number of American residents (21,642), with France coming second (19,466).

A congenial evening on board one of the new Italian liners: Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer, seated beside their husbands, Charles MacArthur and Irving Thalberg, while one of the ship's officers looks on (Photos on this and preceding page by courtesy of the Italian Line)



ROME TO BERLIN

The air line which links the capitals of Italy and Germany via Munich, the Alps and Venice, is now on a daily run schedule, taking nine hours and twenty-five minutes to complete the Rome-Berlin trip.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

Among those sailing for Italy recently were: Mrs. Francesco Guardabassi and family, of Rome, and Pride's Crossing, Mass.; Ernest Cerutti, well-known New York restaurateur; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Byfield of New York; H. Blatt of Atlantic City; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Curry, Jr., on their honeymoon.

Also Prince and Princess Corrado Di Niscemi Valguarnera and family, of Palermo, and Elkins Park, Pa.; Dean R. Nott and Mrs. Nott of Buffalo; Dr. Francesco E. Filice and Miss Catherine Filice of New York; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Nelson of Boston.

Among the girls of prominent social position, who traveled under the chaperonage of Miss Charlotte Allen, to attend Madame Bernade's School in Florence, for the winter, were the Misses Jane Mellon,

Nancy Kitchen, Josephine Cutting, Pauline Moxley, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Dora Donner of Philadelphia; Miss Lucretia Osborn of Garrison, N. Y.; the Misses Margret Page, Elvira Maida, Margaret Delano, G. Seyburn of New York.

Sailing recently on the Augustus, were Cav. Baldo Aquilano, director of Turisanda, and Comm. Mariano Vervena, president of the Columbus Exchange Trust Co., of Providence, R. I.

Arrivals on Italian Line ships recently, were Baron and Baroness Bernardo Galuppi and Baron Filippo Galuppi, Capt Enrico Ravenna, Mr. and Mrs. Gerardo Villa, Marchese Senator Guglielmo Marconi and Marchesa Marconi, Hon. Nicola Sansanelli, first head of the FIDAC, the Italian Veterans' Association; Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Wolfe Kahn, Marquis Pallavicino Di SanGermano, John R. Vanderlip, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sutro, Gr. Uff. Vittore Finzi, Giovanni Locatelli, and Mr. and Mrs. Felice Bava.

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COLUMBUS MEMORIAL

By Theresa F. Bucchieri

"YOU shall put up crosses on all roads and pathways for as God be praised this land belongs to Christians. The remembrance of it must be preserved for all time," said Christopher Columbus when he and his crew of remaining intrepid sailors landed on one of the Bahama Islands, October 12, 1492, and solemnly planted the cross, calling the island San Salvador.

To commemorate this history-making deed, the discovery of America, the twenty-one republics of the Pan-American Union, through the contributions of the governments and peoples of all the world, are sponsoring the erection of the Columbus Memorial Light in the Dominican Republic.

The Columbus Memorial, a magnificent miniature of which is exhibited at the Chicago's World Fair, is to be erected near the ancient city of Santo Domingo, where Columbus built the first permanent settlement in the new world, where he first planted the cross and where he wished his bones to rest. The 2500-acre site is an international park which is destined to become of great significance in intercontinental traffic—where the Beacon will guide mariners both by sea and air.

The monument is designed around a parallel theme with thin red slots and the canyons of Columbus forming a thread-like pattern running through the heart of

the great mass, to symbolize the intangible ideals and aspirations of Columbus, pointing westwards, the way he came, in the form of a Cross. The great mass itself, 1400 feet long and 120 feet high, represents the progress of mankind since the days of Columbus, sweeping forward and moving westwards, the way that civilization has always traveled.

In the heart of the monument is a chapel to which the bones and tomb of Columbus, now in the Cathedral at Santo Domingo, will be removed. Museums and libraries surround the chapel and along the main canyon runs a series of altars, depicting sculptured scenes from the life of Columbus beginning with his first voyage of discovery, ending at his tomb.

From the head of the Cross radiate 21 avenues, one for each of the Pan-American Republics, each pointing to its own country, each ending in a holy shrine carved and so executed as to portray local achievements and aspirations.

Thus four centuries after his death, by the erection of this memorial light, the Nations of the world unite to glorify the name of Christopher Columbus and the discovery of the new world—to symbolize the influence which that discovery has had on the progress of humanity, to perpetuate in stone those ideals for which Columbus stood and for which he still stands.

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from Page 244)

friendship of Ermasio, being proud of calling her a superior woman who inspires love and calls out the hidden genius of admiring men. He is mistaken, of course, for Ermasio only pretends in order to reach his aim: fame and renown, which in turn brings wealth. When the counterfeit signature is discovered, Ermasio is no longer living; it is too late to remedy the wrong. To save themselves from slander and shame, the count and countess must feign and encourage the legend now created around the would-be poet. But Countess Carrasei cannot help uttering the last words of the play: "Oh Pompeo! siamo tanto cattivi tutti . . . tutti!"

The play is a good psychological study of modern life, and skilfully develops the sub-theme of the glorification of the individual through violent death. Suspense and a feeling of mystery are always in evidence.

—Donato Internoscia

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.
By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, 179 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2.75.

No doubt Arthur Stapylton Barnes is to be admired for the zeal and enthusiasm with which he has pursued the task of trying to establish the evidence of the residence and martyrdom in Rome of the Saints Peter and Paul. Actual fact and evidence is so scarce that it is indeed a difficult task, and it is only with the aid of an exhaustive study of history and a practical knowledge of archeology, together with an inspired imagination, that a coherent account may be given.

At the best, the conclusions must be the result of assumption, because most of the material boils down to legendary accounts which have been passed on from one generation to another. The few facts and dates which it seems possible to place more or less correctly on the calendar are all subject to controversial opinions, not only as Protestant versus Catholic disputes, but in many instances Monsignor Barnes does not hesitate to dispute the theories of his fellow Catholic archeologists, when he believes their conclusions are incorrect.

The book is written on the basis of two new discoveries, as a refutation to the Protestant assertion that the supremacy of the Holy See, based on the residence and martyrdom in Rome of Saints Peter and Paul, was unfounded, a theory which they tried to prove by their particular interpretation of the date 258, which is now known to be due to a copyist's error.

Monsignor Barnes tells of the persecution of the Christians in Nero's time as a result of the fire which he himself, no doubt, caused, and then turned the anger of the mob on the Christians by causing rumors to the effect that they were the guilty ones. He then describes the Apostles in hiding, their probable domicile, their martyrdom, and preservation of the dates due to annual observances. He then deals with the first place of burial, "Ad Catacumbas," where they had lived, and where the bodies were taken after they were claimed from the executioners, and their subsequent removal to their permanent tombs. The various legends concerning the removal, and whether or not Peter alone was moved to one place and Paul to another, or whether, as one account claims, unable to decide which was really which, some of the bones of both were placed in each tomb, shows how impossible it is, after all, to conclude anything definite. The entire book will no doubt be of great interest to the initiate, but to the layman, unfamiliar with the actual scenes of the excavations and the historical background, the book is intricate and difficult to follow.

In the end, it seems less valuable in the light of a refutation than in the fact that it presents a complete explanation and theory of all the available material on the subject, and to this reviewer, is much more interesting historically than religiously.

—M. Grochau.

TWELVE FAMOUS PLAYS OF THE RESTORATION AND 18th CENTURY. With an introduction by Cecil A. Moore. 952 pages. New York: The Modern Library Giants. \$1.

The Restoration of the Stuarts in England was marked by a reaction against the stern morality of the Cromwellian Puritans. Court circles became dissolute and selfish, with little regard for decency, and they, of course, set the tone for the fashionable theatre of the day, and, to a lesser extent, for its literature. It was the age of Dryden, of Pepys, of Bunyan, and of these Dryden is the most important, as indeed he is the most important of the dramatists representing the Restoration in the present volume.

"All for Love," which Dryden wrote in blank verse in emulation of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," is his greatest success in the drama, and in this humble reviewer's opinion, for warmth of passion and humanness of appeal surpasses even the immortal Elizabethan's work. Another tragedy included herein is "Venice Preserv'd" by Thomas Otway, the remarkable pathos of which kept the stage for more than a century.

But it is for comedy that both the Restoration and the period following it, the 18th Century, are better known. Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Gay and Garrick all had something in common in their comedies. They pictured the world of fashion and the gallantry of the day in witty but often coarse language, with constant allusions to irregularities in relations between men and women. The best of those included in this volume are probably Congreve's "The Way of the World," in which Millamant is an attractive and brilliant picture of a lady of fashion, and "The Beggar's Opera" by John Gay, which only recently was revived on Broadway for a short run.

Coming down to a later period, Oliver Goldsmith, in "She Stoops to Conquer," gives evidence of his qualities as an observer and humorist, for his characters and situations possess real finesse and piquancy. Richard Brinsley Sheridan is represented by "The Rivals," a true comedy of manners, showing up the vanities and affectations of 18th century society, and "The School for Scandal." Concerning the latter, Prof. Moore brings his introduction to a close with the following quotation from Sir Henry Irving: "Sheridan brought the comedy of manners to the highest perfection, and 'The School for Scandal' remains to this day the most popular comedy in the English language."

—D. Lamonicia

THE ROMANTIC AGONY. By Mario Praz. 454 pp. Translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson. New York: Oxford University Press. \$7.50.

This book, as the title suggests, carries several indefinite implications. Although the erudite Dr. Praz digs down deep and comes up with a veritable sea of quotations dripping from the pages of his volume, this reviewer is still at a loss concerning just to whom these Romantics were agonizing. Let us not be misapprehended, however. The author shows by a rather involved comparison the sadistic strain that followed the influences of Byron and the Marquis de Sade. And yet, here, remote from the insipid morbidity and literary immorality of the 19th century, we baser humans can still betray a lewd interest in some of the so-called psychopathic grotesqueness that marked the Romantics and still does, to a less virile degree, our modern mystery writers.

What is it that Dr. Praz is driving at? What singularity of themes in the literature of the 1800's has prompted him to undertake a so exhaustive synthesis dealing with the spread of the terroristic psychology of those times? Can two men have influenced a whole writing era merely by several peculiar characteristics that popped up in their writings and, to some extent, in their very life stories?

The author, for his answer, divides his volume into the four main themes which left such a profound impression on the popular mind, and which preceded the numerous variations of Romantic patterns.

"The Beauty of the Medusa," a remodelling of the Greek horror into a sense of beauty, is one of the themes which excited the sensibilities of such as Shelley, Baudelaire and Keats. Beauty associated with Death became for them the most intense, the only existing Beauty. "If the Romantics," says Dr. Praz, "were not the first to feel, they were at least the first to discuss such beauty."

During the Romantic development, Satan undergoes a metamorphosis as the second of these themes. He becomes identified with man as being, like man, a fallen angel. "He transfigures with his sinister charm the literary type of outlaw or criminal." He becomes the Fatal Man. Variations of this theme can be found in Lewis Monk, Mrs. Scherdone's "The Italian or The Confessional of the Black Penitents"—all of the characters throughout mysterious, exalted, of burned-out passions, of ghastly guilt. Poe and Byron, to mention only two, were felt by many of their fellow-authors to personify the type of Fatal Man who stalked their own particular imaginations.

"The Shadow of the Divine Marquis," a third theme, appears before Sade's "Justine." Richardson foretells in his "Clarissa" the evolution of that shadow into a human form. Sadistic cruelty at this time begins to have an odd signifi-

(Continued on Page 275)

Our Feminine World



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

The name of Nadja Facchetti-Guiglia is already well known in the upper circle of Italian society in New York, not only because she is the daughter of the popular Count Alfonso Facchetti-Guiglia and the lovely Countess Olga Facchetti-Guiglia, but because she is steadily drawing the attention of the art world through her remarkable talent for painting.

Although only in her early twenties Miss Facchetti-Guiglia has shown amazing progress in the few years in which she has been studying. Her aptitude showed itself clearly at the end of the first month of study. She has a definite style all her own, easily recognizable after viewing three or four of her portraits. Wisely enough, she is preserving this style, and studies only color and technique, not wishing to absorb unconsciously the style of another. Her inclinations in painting tend toward the portrayal of exotic types, and they are really notable for their beautiful color effects.

Miss Facchetti-Guiglia came to America from Milan, at the age of twelve, preparing here with private tutors, but returning to Italy to pass her examinations at the Academy and to receive her diploma. She speaks French, German, English, and of course Italian, fluently. Although a member of Italian society, she cares little for tea-table talk, but would rather



Miss Nadja Facchetti-Guiglia, at the left, is the young artist whose exceptional talents have drawn considerable favorable comment from the art world. The portrait of Miss Adriana Grossardi, daughter of the Italian Consul in New York, is an example of her work, above.

spend her time in the pursuit of art and in conversation with artists. She has a delightful personality and despite her success is totally unassuming.

In 1926, she underwent her preparative stage of learning with Winold Reiss, and later with Professor Capri, one of the greatest muralists of Europe. She was a member of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. Her works have been accepted by the Societa per le Belle Arti ed Esposizione Permanente Milano, and an interesting example of the attraction created by her canvases occurred at her first exhibit. Her paintings had been judged so good that they were hung in the center of the salon and when the Mayor of Milan, who always presides at the grand opening of the Exhibit, came in, he immediately commented on them. This was all the more gratifying to the young artist in view of the fact that the identity of the artists who are presenting their pictures is not known by the judges, in order to insure absolute impartiality. This year two of her canvases have already been accepted for the Exposition in November and December.

The talent of the young Countess is most apparent in her ability to catch the likeness of her subject and portray it on canvas in a short while. During her stay in New York, last year she painted "impressions" of several of the prominent young women in New York, not finished portraits but usually made in only three sittings of a half hour each. She has also shown unusual ability in sculpturing and finishing exotic masks, similar to those done by Benda, and has become deeply interested in this type of work.

Miss Facchetti-Guiglia divides her time between New York and Italy. At present she is in Europe, but is expected back in New York this Fall, and we are sure she will have a warm welcome from her many friends and fellow artists who are anxious to see her latest work. While in Italy she works in her beautiful studio, which she herself decorated in the futuristic manner, at her home, Villa Monarco, in Arcisate, Varese.

COMMEMORATING LA DUSE

As a gracious testimonial to the memory of the renowned Italian tragedienne, Eleonora Duse, whose birthday was celebrated on October 3, dramatic circles here and abroad throughout the month have held interesting discussions on her life and art.

Though the saddest woman in the world, with a taste only for the dismal and melancholy, Duse was the greatest emotional actress of her day. Her dramatic genius, characterized by unobtrusiveness, was sung and recognized far and wide. At the age of thirty-eight she had risen to the zenith of her career with an enormous and enthusiastic following of thea-

tre lovers. During her reign eminent contemporaries paled in comparison. But in spite of all her glorious triumphs and successes, the great Duse seemed to be walking through life like a somnambulist, suffering from a rare ailment that enveloped her, as in a fantastic mist, with the sadness of the past, the bitterness of the present and the uncertainty of the future.

The circumstance of hard experience which attended her all her life was present even at her birth, which occurred on October 3, 1895, in a third class carriage of a railway train near Vigevano while her parents, members of a band of actors, were on their way from Venice to Milan.

At seven she was the prompter of her parents' theatrical company, and at ten she was playing Cosette in "Les Misérables." By the time she was twelve she was regularly appearing on the rustic stages, often impersonating characters far older than herself. When she was fourteen her mother died.

Before she was sixteen Duse had acted a round of tragic parts. And in 1879, when she was twenty, she joined a theatrical company which took her to Naples. It so happened that the leading actress to have played the role of "Therese Raquin" took sick and Duse, in the emergency was assigned the part. This "break" afforded her an opportunity to display her true genius. She scored a great hit which led to an introduction to Cesare Rossi who was sitting in the audience. He immediately offered to place her under his own management.

Thus Duse's years of earnest apprenticeship came to an end for from this point on her progress was steadily upward.

In 1880, Duse met Dumas and played with singular success his dramas, "La Princess de Bagdad," and "La Femme de Claude." She scored highly throughout Italy with this repertory and blazed into more glory when she visited Austria and Germany. In 1893, Americans began to hear of Duse's great success in her own country and in other parts of Europe. As a result she was tendered an invitation and on an evening of January, 1893, when a large and brilliant audience assembled at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, to see her in "Camille," Duse triumphed and triumphed beautifully. On her second visit to the United States in 1896, she again captivated her audience with "Magda" and other plays.

Then came Duse's appearance in Paris, where her performance in "Camille" signally failed to please the French audience.

But Duse did not have long to wait. She later gave her best tragic dramas and took her audience by storm. She was heralded by French critics as the greatest actress of the age with Bernhardt only a poor second.

During Duse's debut in Paris, D'Annunzio, the poet-dramatist-novelist, was making his presence felt in Italy. It was about this time that he appealed to her as a kindred spirit. His fiery exaltation of human passions, his great poetic gifts she took for real genius and about 1900 the world heard that Duse would henceforth act nothing but D'Annunzio's works.

In these she enjoyed magnificent success.

Though her life boasted of brilliant stage triumphs, it was an all-pervading sadness. Her voice was sad and her habit silence. But when she was on the stage she lived her parts rather than played them and in this way she took her audience by storm. Thus was she universally acknowledged as the supreme actress of the age.

A WOMAN HIGH IN FASCISM

MARGHERITA SARFATTI, who recently spoke in a radio broadcast from Rome to the New York Women's Conference on Current Problems, is probably the one woman in close contact with Mussolini and Fascism, and probably the only woman whose opinion could possibly influence him.

Signora Sarfatti is a lovely Titian blonde, a Jewess born to wealth and distinction. Her education was gained under the tutelage of Fradeletto, and Orsi, the historian. Her political career commenced in the early days when she and Mussolini advanced the cause of the Socialist movement, and together they had climbed the high road to power, and together they had changed and guided their views through the devious paths from Socialism to Fascism.

Today Mussolini guides the destiny of a nation, and Margherita Sarfatti edits the most politically alert review in the country, "Gerarchia," of which Mussolini is now co-director. Besides this man-sized job she is the author of "The Life of

Benito Mussolini," the only really comprehensive biography of him as yet written, which has been translated into almost every language.

Between issues of "Gerarchia" Signora Sarfatti travels extensively in Italy and the Continent organizing exhibitions of Italian art. She is responsible for the first organized movement to identify artistic aspiration with the nationalistic political revival, the Novecento group, whose first exhibition in 1926 is a milestone on the cultural side of Fascism and a fitting answer to the complaints that Fascism was unable to produce anything in the realm of art.

This amazing woman is also engaged as an editor in directing publication of a series of volumes summarizing the entire field of arts in relation to the national past, and to trends in other parts of the world, and when this is accomplished will no doubt find other channels through which to inspire creation and patriotism to the greater glory of Italy.

NOTES AND NEWS

Mrs. Nina Maresi was the hostess recently at a reunion of the Junior Committee of the Italian Welfare League. Among those who attended were Mrs. Antonio Grossardi, wife of the Consul, Mrs. Lionello Perera, Mrs. Myron Borg, Miss Adrienne Grossardi, Mrs. Remo Bolognini, Mrs. G. Tiberi, Miss N. De Schaunsee, Miss Elizabeth De Vescovi, Miss Dorothy Di Giorgi, Miss Flora Fioravante, Miss Florence Ranieri, Misses Livia and Sylvia Palermo, Miss Rita Zucca, Mrs. Ernest Guenter, Mrs. Charles Perera, Miss Mary Amelia Rowan, Miss Olga Zampariello and Mrs. Giardini.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Beard entertained at a dinner in the small ballroom suite of the Ritz-Carlton, last month, in honor of their niece, Princess Colonna, and her husband, Prince Fabrizio Colonna of Rome. Among the guests were Count and Countess Cippico of Rome, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Highley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hinman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Detmer, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hewlett, Mrs. E. Beard Hopkins, Mrs. Shults Dougherty and Jeremiah Beard.

A farewell dinner was given at the Central Park Casino by Count Mario di Zoppola for Countess Cicogna and Countess Visconti Cavalli, who sailed for Italy. Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick Peabody and John Farr were among the guests.

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from Page 273)

cance. "Everything is evil, everything is the work of Satan" becomes the new cry of the Romantics. The persecuted maiden idea is popularized and suicide, incest, murder and profanation in general replace what was once sweet innocence.

Lastly, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" of Keats evolves as the Romantic type of Fatal Woman, emerging through Swinburne into a full, ripe expression. The characteristics merge into one fixed pattern, even to facial peculiarities. The cold feminine beauty is stereotyped even to the same green eyes. The drama enacted by these characters falls into one standard, repeated formula.

The decadent period, which found the Romantic literature permeated with a self-destructive sickness, presents a pseudo-intellectual philosophy where Lesbian and homosexual loves are justified. The luxury of decay, the fancies of the tomb, become more intriguing themes than those of mere bodily destruction. Perversity replaces violence; it is more subtle. The Byronic hero approaches the feminine, the Fatal Woman the masculine. Finally, the souls of neurotic and sensual writers are found in the purer atmosphere of Catholicism, having ceased their oscillation to and from the Sadistic movement.

What of Dr. Praz amidst all this? For one, we wonder that the man maintained any semblance of equilibrium throughout the volume. It must not be forgotten that his is the teaching not of the literary critic, but of the psychologist. He essays a difficult task, that of suppressing in us imaginative tendencies of a too-unwholesome nature. It really should prove a massive stunt, this business of diverting society's sensibilities away from the attractions of the sub-normal, the immoral, the sadistic.

—John A. Donato

From Our Readers

SHALL WE BELIEVE ATROCITY STORIES?

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

I have been tremendously interested in a recent account of the barbarous cruelty and injustice inflicted upon political prisoners in Germany. A German non-Jewish boy was arrested for no reason at all and together with forty-two other boys, the youngest only thirteen, taken to a Nazi concentration camp. The story comes to us by way of Paris, and seems to have acquired, en passant, a bit of French subtlety, in its discriminating choice of effective weapons.

Francesco Nitti's book, "Escape," published several years ago, also with the encouraging approval of France, tells us a similar tale of Fascist abuse of political prisoners on the island of Lipari, Italy's Devil's Island it is called in the elder Nitti's preface to the book. And although we are assured that "no one can approach it freely," for the love of truth as well as of Italy, I took the chance and hurried from Honolulu to Milazzo, where I found that a steamer sails every day for the "Island of the Winds" and that any one may go unless there is some definite reason for suspicion.

The same freedom was permitted in my conversations with the "confinati." I learned among other things, that they were given ten lire a day for roaming about in the sunshine from morning until the curfew rang at night, with an additional two lire besides medical attention in an apparently well-equipped hospital if they were ill. They were allowed to engage in business in the village, and marry and live in their own quarters if they could afford to.

I was especially interested in a young Italian who had lived in America for several years. I had a long conversation with him, in English, which no one else present could understand a word of. He seemed more grieved on account of his mother than himself, and showed me receipts for several hundred lire that he had been able to save for her. When I asked what I might send him from America, he said "Herbert Spencer's 'Moral Philosophy'!" I mailed the book in San Francisco several weeks later.

Much has been said, as in the case of the German prisoners, about the futility of any attempt to communicate with the "confinati" at Lipari; and I wondered whether the young philosopher would be allowed to receive his book, or the letter, written in English, that was sent at the same time. But in due time both were received and acknowledged and later on came a cordial invitation to visit him at his home near Viterbo. The mother, whom he so loved, had been ill, and he had been generously pardoned and allowed to return to her.

On the whole, what I learned of the treatment of the prisoners at Lipari during my visit, and what I have always known of the ways of thwarted and resentful enemies, has taught me to accept *con granis salis, con multis granis salis*, these extravagant tales of abuse, too often accepted, I fear, because we prefer to believe them.

—E. Lenore Shaw,
Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

IN DEFENSE OF THE NEW ITALY

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

(Editor's Note: The following letter was originally intended as an answer to a letter signed "American" which appeared in the *New York Sun*, picturing conditions in Italy in a disparaging manner.) * * *

In reply to your correspondent who signs himself "American," I would say that if the 'iron rule' exercised by the Duce had been found lacking in wisdom and benefit to the people, then surely he could not have ruled over forty million people for eleven successful years, without active opposition. In this day and age the old-fashioned tyrant is done away with in quick order, and anyone who understands the character and temperament of the Italian people will

realize that a strong hand was needed to weld the state together, and an energetic body and tireless and capable mind to govern wisely, once the foundations were laid.

I, too, am an American and have recently returned from Italy. Having established a wide circle of acquaintances during my various trips, and also speaking the language, I found a growing realization and sincere gratitude for the measures of the past eleven years, from which accrue benefits hitherto unknown to the Italian peasant, deliberately kept in a state of ignorance for centuries.

Now, within the short space of the "era" of Fascism, even the smallest village may boast of its new schoolhouse, built by the hands of otherwise unemployed men. Before criticizing so strongly a force which has evolved order out of chaos, "American" should look well to the conditions in America at present. His references to strikes is amazing when at the time of writing, New York alone is contending with the demands of approximately 100,000 strikers in various trades, and is threatened with a serious food shortage. As for criticizing road-building and the excavations in Rome, where are the criticisms of our Reforestation camps, conducted for the same purpose of giving employment? As for the spread of Fascism, imitation is the result of admiration, and if Germany, England, Ireland, Japan, Hungary, Austria, and other nations turn to Fascism, it is in the hope that it will prove a likewise successful means of extricating these countries from their difficulties.

I myself saw "the little children being forcibly drilled for war." But when I saw those poor children of peasant families brought to the camps, conducted in the manner of our Boy Scout Camps, and compared their pale, hungry-looking faces and thin legs, when they entered, with their sun-tanned, robust bodies when they left, then I, too, was compelled to admit the benefits and downright humanity of this 'military training.'

Balbo's Armada crossed the ocean very probably to impress the world. But as anyone could see, the million Italians in New York City alone turned out to be neither anti-Fascist or Fascist, but enthusiastic Italians whose cheers mingled with the spontaneous cheers of the other six million people in New York. Nor was there evidence of demonstrations or intimidations of anti-Fascists, which "American" claims was one of the reasons for the flight. Future generations will no doubt look back upon this recent flight of the Armada with the veneration which is accorded such pioneers as Edison, Marconi, the Wright brothers, etc. The success of the flight justifies itself, and it should not be necessary to state that every standing army, navy and flying corps contains in its budget amounts for the training of personnel, testing equipment and practice manoeuvres, and in comparison to the total budget for all branches, three million is not a large sum. Add to this the fact that part of this was raised through the sale of special stamps, and that the gas and oil was contributed, the "outrageous taxes" referred to by "American" evaporate into thin air.

"How can any American with real blood in his veins praise a government where one man holds every office?" Any red-blooded American, with his tradition of hard work, and as his goal, success in whatever he undertakes, should feel honest admiration for a man who has worked for fifteen years for the good of his country uninterruptedly, for sixteen hours a day, and who knows, as do all big men in the field of business, that it takes one directing brain to manage an enterprise which has been mal-administered for so long. It is doubly difficult to rectify errors, as well as direct progress. The old adage, 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' may well be applied to America, where politicians and racketeers go hand in hand, preying upon their fellow-citizens unchecked.

According to the latest statistics of the Department of State, there are more Americans living permanently in Italy than in other country in the world except Canada (21,642 residents in Italy), and although "American" feels that he no longer cares to reside there, I am sure that the thousands of American residents and thousands of American tourists will continue to sing the praises, year after year, of Italy's progress under Fascism.

M. Duncan
Westchester, N. Y.

AN ALL-ITALIAN CONGRESS

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:-

The time has come for us Italians throughout this country to realize the immense power which our numbers represent. In the past we have been divided; we have been envious of each other; each one was anxious to lead and no one was willing to follow competent leadership. Today we witness the pitiful spectacle of many millions of Italians in America having no adequate proportionate representation in positions of high office and in the leading professions in glaring contrast to such other foreign race groups as the Germans, the Hebrews, the Irish, etc. At present there are thousands upon thousands of Italian organizations in this country and there are seven or eight national organizations with affiliated clubs and member clubs. But all our efforts at organization have been hopelessly scattered. Each organization has insisted on retaining its independence and identity; each has remained separate from all others; each small leader has wanted to continue to lead. If there has been any disunity in the past among us Italo-Americans it has been largely our own fault.

But today times are different, great changes have come upon Italo-American life and a tremendous opportunity faces the new generation. Far-sighted leaders have been quick to catch the immense significance of the power of cooperation and the infinite value of unity to the future of all Italians in America. But the idea of a national organization which will unite all the Italo-American organizations into a coordinated unit ready for effective national and local action at the same time allowing these member organizations to retain their independence, their identity, their aims and their names is, if I am not mistaken, an eminently practical one.

In what follows I would like to explain in detail this idea which would in time, if found agreeable to most of us, lead to a national organization which we might tentatively call the All-Italian Congress (I.C.).

This All-Italian Congress would have as its objects the following ideals:

FIRST—To organize into a national federation all the Italian forces in this country (political clubs, social and civic clubs, literary clubs, professional societies, mutual benefit societies, religious clubs, fraternities, and even private and individual organizations such as commercial houses, schools, newspapers, churches, etc.) allowing them at the same time to retain their independence, their identity and their own objects and ideals. There would be no binding element in the organization—the basis would be solely voluntary cooperation.

SECOND—To achieve proper recognition for the Italians in this country working both politically and socially for the increase of national and local prestige, obtaining adequate representation for the Italians in high political and professional positions. The I.C., however, would have to remain of necessity non-political and non-religious as only in this manner could it hope to unite all Italians in one all-embracing national brotherhood. Unity in diversity would be its keynote. Thus when the time to act comes it would do so through political means if necessary, through the different political parties among its members.

THIRD—To establish a National Italian week or day throughout the Nation when the achievement of Italy and its contributions to the progress of the world would be heralded throughout the land by thousands of organizations belonging to the I. C.

FOURTH—To establish a better understanding between the Italians and the Americans.

FIFTH—To develop better American citizenship among the Italians.

Many other aims and objects might be added to the I.C. as it develops, such, for example, as the diffusion of the Italian language and culture among the Americans as well as the young Italians of this country; systematic protests against all injustices to Italians; aid for poor Italian students; welfare programs; the establishment of an Italian Y.M.C.A. (really a Y.I.C.A.) etc., etc. In brief, all objects of local organizations would not be usurped by the I.C. but correlated, coordinated and effectively unified in the eyes of the American public.

Means of achieving this goal: Obviously an organization with such vast ideals and such great power, needing the cooperation of all Italian-American organizations in the country, can never be a success unless it has the backing of our greatest Italian-American leaders.

A general mass meeting of the presidents or officers of all societies, clubs and other organizations could be called in Chicago and the organization could thus be launched on a

solid basis. The societies, clubs, etc., could be first circularized and upon receiving a sufficient number of letters of approval a date for the meeting could be set.

Dues could be minimal since a large number of clubs and organizations would undoubtedly join. Doubtless, private donations would also follow and several persons could be employed to do the secretarial work while others could be procured as traveling organizers.

As the reader can see, the idea is very simple and ought to be extremely practical. I would be pleased to hear personally from those who are interested in this idea.

If we are seriously determined to achieve real Italian-American Unity in this country let us get organized and act immediately.

Dr. Joseph Pantaleone,
504 Hamilton Avenue,
Trenton, N. J.

AGAIN, DISCRIMINATION

To The Editor of *Atlantica*:

Please read this letter. I shall be very grateful for the time which you will expend in the reading thereof.

It would please me much to write in Italian, but since your letter of October 7, 1933 was written in English, I deem it not uniform to reply other than in English.

I wrote to you a few weeks ago regarding my intention of establishing a selling center for the "Atlantica."

Maybe you would like to know my reasons for wanting to circulate your magazine. I shall be very glad to tell you as briefly and as correctly as possible.

I live in a town of more than 20,000 inhabitants, fifty percent of which are Italians. There are neighboring towns (Harvey, Ill., Joliet, Ill., Gary, Ind., and others) with a large portion of their population comprised of Italians.

I cannot give you definitely the status quo of the Italians in the neighboring cities (I don't presume it is different from ours), but I can describe very accurately our conditions here in Chicago Heights.

If municipal jobs were to be distributed proportionately, we ought to occupy one half of all the civic employment. But we don't. We positively do not. Only one Italian holds a worthy position, and he is the Chief of Police. And in no other civic department is there an Italian representation. In all the factories the more decent positions are had by the "better class" of citizens (that is, anybody but an Italian or a negro). There are cases where an Italian holds the same identical job that a person of other nationality holds. The Italian receives thirty cents an hour, the other person is paid by the month, his salary ranging from \$200.00 to \$350.00 a month. Oh, I beg your pardon . . . there are many Italians on the payroll as municipal employees. They are all the alley and street cleaners. Yes, they are employed to clean *daily* the streets and alleys of the "better citizens." Our streets and alleys are cleaned only when an election day is approaching.

What worries me most of all is, "What will become of us, the off-spring of the Italians here in Chicago Heights?" We are thousands of young men who do nothing but walk the streets. We cannot go to college because our parents are not financially capable of supporting us. We are not entitled to jobs because jobs are reserved only to the eligible off-spring of the "better citizens." The only vocation left for us, (if we don't unite and unitedly show our teeth to these privileged characters) is stealing, gambling, or some other underworld racket, and ultimately serve a term in jail. All this will come about not through our fault but through the fault of those who refuse to give us a fighting chance. In order to avoid a calamity, I am attempting to awaken the Italians from that incubus of inferiority complex. After having read *Atlantica*, I am positively convinced that through the instrumentality of your magazine, showing what the Italians are doing in other cities, I can carry out my campaign with intensified tempo in giving the Italians of this community and neighboring cities their due recognition. My goal is to solidify the Italians into one strong unit, and after that solidification is realized, and after we have shown the "better citizens" that we are powerful, I am sure that our morale and our opportunities will be enhanced 1,000%.

I rely much on the distribution of your magazine, therefore, hoping each other (your publication and our community) good luck,

Umberto La Morticella
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Grand Opera at Popular Prices

THE remarkable success, financially at least, of popular priced opera in New York City of recent months, has become a subject of considerable interest and discussion. A few words on that theme may therefore not be amiss.

When the so-called "Chicago Opera Company" opened at the New York Hippodrome it enjoyed the following advantages: a large and beautiful, centrally located theatre, well-known throughout the country. Due to the fact that the Hippodrome was closed, it was available on a commission basis. Furthermore, since the original Chicago Opera Company had gone into bankruptcy, it was a very simple matter for Mr. Alfredo Salmaggi, the impresario, to obtain the name and call the present company the "Chicago Opera Company."

Being a lover of the arts and a frequent opera-goer, I have always been of the opinion that a great metropolis like New York City ought to have several opera houses (about four grand opera houses and at least two opera comique theatres) with prices ranging from 50¢ to \$2.

Popular grand opera at prices of admission from 25c. to \$1 is not new, but was a success even in the pre-war days, notably with the Castle Square Opera Company, originally a Boston organization managed by Col. Henry Savage. When he discontinued his opera organization, the giving of grand opera at popular prices became only a memory.

During a recent trip abroad to visit my birthplace and the large cities of Italy, I was inspired by all the musical activities there to organize an opera company here in New York upon my return. Having always been in favor of opera at popular prices, I organized the Columbia Opera Company with prices from 75¢ to \$2, and it became an artistic and financial success.

At one of the performances in 1928 I had the pleasure of presenting to the New York audience the well-known tenor, G. Voltolini, of La Scala of Milan and the Costanzi in Rome, now known as the Royal Opera House. Mr. Voltolini took the part of Canio in "Pagliacci" and his beautiful singing brought back to the audience memories of the golden voice of Enrico Caruso.

In "Rigoletto" the artists who took part were Mme. G. Genelinz as Gilda, the noted tenor G. Baldrich as the Duke of Mantova, and R. Dalle-Molle, who is now with the Chicago Opera Company, as "Sparafucile." Miss Nina Valli sang the part of Nedda in "Pagliacci."

The performances, including Rossini's "Barber of Seville" and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," were given at the Lexington Opera House at Lexington Avenue and 51st Street, now known as

Loew's Lexington. All these operas were conducted by Signor Antonio Dell' Orefice, who is now the assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Grand opera is more vital today than ever before, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary by good singers who have but a few arias and half roles to their repertory.

While the public may flock to a grand opera performance when a star of greater or less magnitude is appearing, the fact remains that grand opera can only proceed upon properly standardized wheels. In any well-organized business, success depends upon quality, and quality depends upon the times.

Grand opera success is based upon the absolutely simultaneous cooperation of many people of various degrees of intelligence and temperament, and such cooperation cannot be reached without standardization, on the crest of which the feelings of the conductor and the emotions of the principal artists can express themselves with security.

Grand opera is produced in every little town in Italy, where tradition makes these productions possible on an economical scale.

Due to the present depression, and due also to the large number of vocal students aspiring to a goal, and thinking they are or soon will be Carusos, Tita Ruffos and Tetrizzinis, it was quite simple to obtain artists for the Hippodrome.

We are fortunate in that, by having at present the Chicago Opera at the Hippodrome at popular prices, it gives students and artists out of work an opportunity to do something and also helps to educate the masses who are now able to enjoy opera at popular prices that they never could afford to go to before. It is to be hoped that the people will continue to show enthusiasm and attend the operas. By so doing, they will make it necessary to have more opera houses in New York City at popular prices.

—John Lione

Edward Johnson, American lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Association, returned recently from Europe on the Bremen of the North German Lloyd. Mr. Johnson has been engaged for a concert tour throughout the United States and Canada, before starting the opera season. He will sing the leading role of the American opera "Merry Mount" by Howard Hanson, which is scheduled at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Johnson began his operatic career in Italy and sang in operas in the principal cities of that country

under the name of Eduardo De Giovanna.

The Chicago Opera Company announces a series of four Wagner opera performances at the New York Hippodrome on Sunday afternoons as follows: "Lohengrin" on Oct. 15; "Tannhauser" on Oct. 22; "Die Walkure" on Oct. 29; and "Tristan und Isolde" on Nov. 12. Mr. Harry Laden will conduct.

Madame Lucrezia Bori, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Association, made her first appearance recently at the High School Auditorium in Greenwich, Conn. The artist was enthusiastically received by an audience of more than 1000. She sang arias from various operas, also some Spanish songs for which she wore Spanish costumes of the period of Goya. Frederick Bristol, pianist, who accompanied Miss Bori, played two groups of solos. Miss Bori has been scheduled for two more appearances.

Madame Maria Jeritza, former soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will arrive on the Ile de France soon and will appear this winter at the Town Hall in New York for a series of concerts.

Richard Bonelli, Metropolitan opera baritone, will appear as Tonio in "Pagliacci" at Los Angeles on the 13th and 16th of this month. He will also take a prominent part in the opera season which San Francisco is planning for November.

The prize winners of the Triennial Exposition Operatic Contest held in Milan last month were the following: Cicognini's "Donna Lombarda"; Rocca's "Terra Lontana"; Bucci's "Graziella"; and La Rotella's "Corsaresca". These operas will have their premiers at the Palazzo d'Arte in Milan.

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"EXCLUSIVE BUT NOT EXPENSIVE"

Rosa Ponselle, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Association, has returned from Italy, where she successfully made her debut in the opera "La Vestale" in Florence.

Mario Costa, famous composer of Neapolitan songs, died on September 28th at Monte Carlo at the age of 75. Born in Naples, he studied at the Conservatory in that city, then went to London and composed popular songs and also a pantomime. "L'Histoire d'un Pierrot", one of his best-known works, was produced in theatres in various parts of the world. A tenor, he also sang some of his own compositions.

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company has been duplicating in Philadelphia and Cleveland the success of the New York Hippodrome by giving opera at popular prices. Not long ago it began an engagement at the Chicago Auditorium with very good results, in fact, it is said, better than those achieved by the Chicago Opera Company at the New York Hippodrome.

Some 18,000 persons attended the first five performances, with about 6,000 turned away. The artists are about the same as those used by Mr. Fortune Gallo in his past performances in New York. Prices are from 25¢ to \$1.

The Chicago Opera Company at the New York Hippodrome promises a number of interesting performances, the Fall repertoire including Montemezzi's "Amore dei Tre Re", Verdi's "Otello" and Donizetti's "La Favorita". It is to be hoped that the company will no longer resort to the changes in casts or operas, with or without notice, such as have occurred on a number of occasions. Montemezzi's work, worthy of special notice, has been announced a few times but never given. Unless there is some change in plans, it will be very interesting to hear Edoardo Ferri-Fontana, who created the role of Avito at the Metropolitan twenty years ago when the opera had its premiere in America. Pasquale Amato will be the Manfredo and Emma Destin will take the part of Fiora.

Verdi's great work, "Otello", has not been sung at the Metropolitan for many seasons and the addition to Hippodrome repertoire is most welcome. Donizetti's "Favorita" has not been heard since its revival at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1905, when the cast consisted of Caruso, Scotti and Plancon.

During the third week of October, Mascagni's "Isabeau" will be given at the Hippodrome in New York with Madame Olga Carrara, dramatic soprano, formerly of the Chicago Civic Opera company, and Bernardo De Muro. "Isabeau" had but one hearing in New York, that by the Chicago Civic Opera Company at the Lexington Opera House with Miss Anna Fitzin as "Isabeau".

Very few people outside of the musical world and opera lovers know the importance of the Colon Theatre in Buenos Aires. This famous temple of art ranks as one of the first opera houses in the world, particularly at this moment. This year it recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of its inauguration and Beniamino Gigli, Claudia Muzio, Galeffi and Gino Maricuzzi took part in this important event.

The Colon opened its doors on the 25th of May, 1908, which is memorable as the day of an Argentine national holiday. The spectacular performance at that time was Verdi's immortal masterpiece "Aida" and the cast included world famous singers.

A magnificent edifice, with a seating capacity of 3500, it stands isolated and has 46 exits. The foyer and the music hall are artistically decorated in gold and the Salon Dorato is illuminated by seven chandeliers with 300 bulbs each. The Salon also contains the busts of nine well-known composers, three Italian, three French and three German.

On July 9th, Giordano's revolutionary opera "Andrea Chenier" was given in celebration of the 25th anniversary with Beniamino Gigli as Chenier and Claudia Muzio as Maddalena. President General Justo (who is of Italian descent, his real name being Giusto) was

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a guest of honor at this gala night, and he applauded the golden voice of Beniamino Gigli for fully ten minutes. The record for the season's performances goes to Gigli, who received 11,000 pesos (about \$2000) for each performance.

Nina Valli, lyric soprano, has been engaged as prima donna in the title role of Miriam in the musical comedy "Longing for Home". She made her appearance on September 21st at the Public Theatre to a capacity house, receiving many curtain calls.

Said the New York Times at the time: "She sang the aria with a beautiful legato style of bel canto and with a voice of unusual quality."

Miss Valli made her debut a few years ago as Gilda in "Rigoletto" and Nedda in "Pagliacci" with the Columbia Opera Company, and with the New York Opera Comique she appeared in "The Chocolate Soldier", "The Daughter of the Regiment", as Norina in "Don Pasquale" and in "Elisir d'Amore." She also appeared with Beniamino Gigli in a series of concerts in New York.

A young singer of great talent, Miss Valli is gifted with a voice of rare quality, beautiful color and uniform range. Her phrasing, diction and interpretation show good knowledge of her art and of bel canto.

THE EDUCATIONAL HORIZON

(Continued from Page 269)

School, New York—Mary Costanza, Anna Montalbo.

De Witt Clinton High School, New York—Joseph Bruno, Solomon Rosenfeld, Peter De Caprio.

Public School No. 45—Maria Filazzola, Bronx, N. Y.; Giuseppe Nifito, Bronx, N. Y.; Livia Cesa, Bronx, N. Y.

William R. Remalia of Mt. Oliver, Pa., has won a scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Remalia is a graduate of Alleghany High School.

Miss Anna Maria Palmisano of Quincy, Mass., was awarded the scholarship of \$100 offered yearly by the Eco Club. The presentation

took place before a sizable gathering and was made by Mrs. Franklin S. Nicholas of the Quincy School Board. Miss Palmisano is a graduate of the Quincy Senior High School and is at present matriculated at the State Teachers College at Bridgewater.

Mr. Hector Cicchetti will be admitted to the practice of law in Massachusetts. Mr. Cicchetti was one of the group that made a goodwill tour of Italy in 1921. He studied at the Suffolk Law School.

Mr. Humbert Palo will teach history at the Perth Amboy High School.

Olindo Grossi, the winner of the Prix de Rome, has begun his two

years study of classical architecture at the American Academy in Rome. His ambition is to perfect the restoration of some of the famous pieces of Roman architecture and to apply their beauty and design in modern buildings.

Mr. Donato Zinno of John Hopkins University has just issued a series of forms known as the "Italian Verb Blanks." They may be used by teachers of Italian in drilling verbal forms. Mr. Zinno has also issued the "Piccolo Vocabolario," a booklet listing Italian words with their English meanings, all arranged in topical headings. The publishers are the Italian Publishers.

Things Italian in American Periodicals

A Bibliography of Recent Publications

of Interest to Italian-Americans

ITALY'S HEROINE OF FASCISM—Joseph B. Phillips—**New York Herald-Tribune Magazine, October 8, 1933.**

The sub-title of this article is "A feminine leader of Fascism, editor of a political review, official biographer and co-worker of Il Duce, critic and stimulator of Italian art—those are a few of the activities of Signora Margherita G. Sarfatti, one of Italy's most dramatic personalities."

Signora Sarfatti is the author of the most comprehensive biography of Mussolini, "The Life of Benito Mussolini." "Written first at the suggestion of a publisher for the American and English publics, the book was later extensively rewritten for Italians and has been translated into almost every civilized language."

THE REAL LA GUARDIA—George Britt—**The New York World-Telegram, Oct. 2nd to Oct. 7th inclusive.**

A series of six daily feature articles prefaced by the following editor's note: "One of the most colorful figures in the American political scene is waging a fight for Mayor under the Fusion banner. The name of Fiorello H. La Guardia is etched deeply in the front ranks of Progressive leaders who battled for liberal causes before such causes had won popular sympathy and approval." It is the purpose of the articles to depict the popular Italian's background, his achievements and his prospects for victory.

"Reviewing the La Guardia career since wartime," ends the author, "it is difficult to find an issue upon which he has not spoken out loudly, often violently, in many causes with great effectiveness. And issues on which he has used the most harum scarum methods have been often the bravest and most idealistic."

"Hostility to prohibition has been one of his favorite causes. Loyalty to the various liberal measures typical of Senator Norris, President Roosevelt and other progressives has been a passion.

"And on this one point he has never wavered—a fierce opposition to Tammany Hall."

THE MILITARY MEANING OF THE BALBO FLIGHT—**The Literary Digest, August 12, 1933.**

ITALIAN BOOKS FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES—**The Library Journal, Sept. 1, 1933.**

ONLY WOMEN WILL CHALLENGE THE MAILED FIST—Konrad Bercovici—**The Pictorial Review, October, 1933.**

An interview with the famous Italian playwright, Luigi Pirandello.

SYLLABI OF LITERARY COURSES BY CENTURIES: THE DUECENTO—Kenneth McKenzie—**Italica (The Quarterly Bulletin of the American Association of Teachers of Italian), September, 1933.**

WHERE ART FLOURISHES IN SUMMER—**The Literary Digest, September 23, 1933.**

An article on the summer art colonies, which devotes considerable space to the work of Luigi Lucioni. Royal Cortissoz of the **New York Herald-Tribune** is quoted as saying he "takes an authoritative place among the leaders. His tendency is toward a rather close analysis of a subject, yet he contrives to bring breadth into his picture, and in this case he has also provided a strong tincture of design . . . it is peculiarly interesting to find a young artist of Italian blood depicting an American landscape with so sensitive a flair for the imponderables."

FIVE RECENT ITALIAN NOVELS—O. A. Bontempo—**The Romantic Review Quarterly, July-September, 1933.**

The five novels in question are "Le meglio ore se ne vanno" by Giuseppe Fanciulli; "I gonfaloni di Lucifero" by Virgilio Brocchi; "Lucia" by Delfino Cinelli; "Pozzo Rubino" by Giuseppe Colucci; and "La prigioniera" by Mario Puccini.

ITALIAN POETRY SINCE THE WAR—Julia C. Altrocchi—**Thought, September, 1933.**

The author is familiar to readers of *Atlantica* for her contributions in past issues of this magazine.

THE LURE OF POMPEII—M. Monohan—**The Catholic World, September, 1933.**

MASTER OF MICRO—WAVES—**Time, October 9, 1933.**

Concerning what Marconi has done and learned about the curious behavior of minute ether waves, as he explained to the press on his recent arrival in this country to attend the Chicago World's Fair. The article ends in typical "Time" style: "Off to Chicago went Senator Marconi, to visit the Fair, mingle with Italian societies, eat with the American Legion, broadcast over the Atlantic to his listening King Victor Emmanuel, receive an honorary Sc. D. from President W. D. Scott of Northwestern University, accept a 28-inch statuet of an exultant young man from the grateful Radio Manufacturers Association."

PALMERSTON, GARIBALDI and ITALY—H. Temperley—**The Contemporary Review, August 1933.**

WHITHER RELIEF?—Alexander Bevilacqua—**The New Outlook, September, 1933.**

By the editor of the Italian weekly, "The Rhode Island Echo."

THE JOB OF MAYOR AS LA GUARDIA SEES IT—By S. J. Woolf—**The New York Times Magazine, September 17, 1933.**

"The Fusion candidate, a fighter all his life, declares a thorough clean-up must precede constructive tasks" says the subtitle to this article. Typical passages:

"Major LaGuardia loves action. Nimble of tongue, emphatic in speech, he minces no words, and on cart-tail, platform and in legislative hall his oratory is apt to make opponents wince.

"Action and fervid speeches marked Major LaGuardia's career in Congress, his term as President of the Board of Aldermen and his unsuccessful candidacy four years ago against Mayor Walker. It was that candidacy, in which he made definite charges against Tammany, that was directly responsible for his nomination this year. Judge Seabury, discovering that most of these charges were true, held out against the Republican machine and practically insisted that the fiery, fighting little Major should be the standard bearer of the Fusion forces.

"Major LaGuardia is spectacular, but behind his theatricalism is a keen regard for facts. He does not speak before he is fully acquainted with his subject. Small, and inclined to stoutness, he is the embodiment of nervous energy. Coupled with this is a squareness of face and figure that suggests bulldog tenacity of purpose. His eyes are piercing and his hair dark. His forehead is high and his mouth, with its heavy underlip, is set and determined."

FUSION BAITs THE TIGER IN NEW YORK—**The Literary Digest, September 2, 1933.**

ISSUES AND MEN—Oswald Garrison Villard—**The Nation**, August 30, 1933.

In which the "Contributing Editor" of the "Nation" expresses his opinions concerning the relative merits of La Guardia and the other candidates for New York's Mayoralty.

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND THE LARGE TIGER—**The Literary Digest**, August 19, 1933.

The "little flower," of course, is "Fiorello" H. La Guardia, while the "Tiger" is Tammany Hall's well-known symbol.

THE LAST DAY OF THE GHETTO—Cecil Roth—**Opinion: A Journal of Jewish Life and Letters**, October, 1933.

A highly interesting story of the circumstances surrounding the end of the Ghetto in Venice. It concludes: "Thus after an existence of two hundred and eighty-one years and three months almost to the day, the Ghetto of Venice—the prototype and namesake of all those of Italy—came to an end."

ITALIAN PLANES AT REST IN LAKE MICHIGAN—Agnes Lee—**Poetry**, September, 1933.

A poem inspired by the dramatic visit to the Chicago World's Fair of 24 Italian seaplanes from across the ocean under the leadership of General Italo Balbo.

INTER-RACIAL SERVICES NEEDED BY LIBRARIES
M. I. Stull—**The Library Journal**, September 1, 1933.

II. TROVATORE—**Etude**, September, 1933.

A criticism and review of the plot of Verdi's famous opera.

TO VENICE BY MOTOR—**The Review of Reviews**, September, 1933.

MEDICAL RELIEF AFTER THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE OF 1915—Major Edgar Erskine Hume, M.C., U. S. Army—**The Military Surgeon (Official Publication of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States)**, September, 1933.

A footnote by the author explains that "At the time of the earthquake the author was a member of the staff of the "Policlinico Umberto Primo" of the Royal University of Rome, named for the late King Humbert of Italy. This account is based on letters written by him shortly after the disaster so that the notes are somewhat of the nature of a diary."

It is a dramatic and detailed account from the military physician's viewpoint of the tragedy as witnessed by him. "Rich and poor," he says, "were united in a common fellowship of mercy, and Roman society had never appeared to greater advantage . . . the physical courage of the people who had been injured was remarkable."

HOW I BECAME AN ITALIAN

(Continued from Page 246)

solini himself, briefly expounded my case and asked him to assist me. Three days later I walked into his office, the immense "Hall of the Globe" in the Palazzo Venezia in Rome. I had seen him hundreds of times before and had been introduced to him once at a meeting of the foreign press correspondents in Rome.

He was standing reading a paper when I approached his desk. He greeted me cordially. "What is it, Page," he asked. I told him. He had my letter on his table.

"Have you made your formal application?" he asked again. "No," I replied, "but I have it in my pocket." "Then give it to me, it will greatly simplify matters," he answered.

He took my application, marked it and put a paper weight over it.

"What are you going to do when you get your citizenship papers?" he said.

"Work with and among the people," I answered. (People in Italian has a particular reference to labor). I added I was anxious to go into the field of syndicate and corporative work—the basis of the new social and economic organization of the country.

"That's fine," he said. "The people deserve to be helped in every way." The word "deserved" he emphasized with such heat and kindness that it was not hard to recognize the old fighter for the weak and oppressed, the true socialist who at the same time harbored the soul of Caesar.

I gave him the Roman salute with the arm and left the room a new man, with a new faith in life and that great expression of it in shape of a man.

Next day I sent him a copy of "Red Rock," by Thomas Nelson Page, which had been autographed

by the author for my father. I begged him to accept a book representative of a part of the world where patriotism and solid men had made their best showing. I got a wire of thanks a few hours later.

In a few weeks I expect to receive my Italian citizenship papers. That will be the result of Mussolini's audience granted me. I have been asked here time and again to tell in detail what I don't like about this country that made me seek allegiance to another. The unusualness of an American becoming a citizen of another country prompted this question and so much interest in my case.

I will say very sincerely that it is not a question of what I don't like about this country. As a matter of fact there are innumerable aspects of its life which attract me very strongly. It is a question of what I like about Italy and fascism, corroborated by my whole life spent in Italy, and the Italian blood that comes to me from my mother, that made my remaining a member of a different community from theirs a misnomer. I go back to Italy for what I love and understand there, not for what I might not like here. It is a positive attitude, not a negative one.

And for this country I shall say that the traditions of my own people and their State of Virginia will always remain a live spot in my heart. My children will never be allowed to ignore or forget what Virginia was and still is as a lovely aggregate of human nobility and fine virtues.

I recall hearing about Richmond and Rome being on the same parallel. I cannot vouch for this information. But if nothing else were true in that respect there is and always shall be a parallel of great affection running from Rome to Richmond, from my heart to those of my friends there. And I hope it will run back.

The Italians in North America

THE PRESS

The long-awaited independent Italian daily for New York City, "La Tribuna", made its appearance early last month. In tabloid size and containing 16 pages, the paper is a morning one. It is published by La Tribuna Publishing Company at 384 Lafayette St., and its president is Vincenzo Giordano Sr., father of Comm. Vincenzo Giordano, former editor of the "Bollettino della Sera". Although the editor's name is not made known, the staff includes Messrs. Lalli, Garofalo, Cianfarra, Fazio, Valentini, De Cellis, Pinelli, Flamma and D'Antona. Unconditional support of Major F. H. La Guardia in his Mayoralty battle is one of the planks of its platform.

An article that has appeared in many of the Italo-American weekly newspapers throughout the country is that by Prof. Peter M. Riccio entitled "Why English Speaking People Should Study Italian". Issued as Pamphlet No. 2 by the newly formed Casa Italiana Educational Bureau, it is an excellent resume of the many cultural advantages of the Italian language as compared with other foreign languages. The primary concern, says Prof. Riccio, should not be rules of grammar or syntax, but "knowing how to use the language as a means of obtaining a better and more enlightened knowledge of Italy, of its people, its history, its social traditions and, more particularly, of its vast contributions in the fields of law, science, religion, architecture, sculpture, painting, music and letters."

Pamphlet No. 1 was the Eleventh annual Report of Dr. Mario Cosenza to the Italian Teachers Association.

The recent outbreak of N. R. A. emblems throughout the country, happening as it did almost overnight, reminds the editor of *Il Corriere dell'Ohio* of another epidemic of emblems where true patriotism succeeded spontaneous enthusiasm. We translate in part from an editorial.

"And yet there are always abuses in every campaign, and those who display blue eagles are not all eaglets. The same thing happened the day following the March on Rome. On October 27 there were hardly any fasci littori in sight. On the 28th, with the advent of Fascism in Rome, came the miracle of the loaves, and on every breast one saw the axes and the Littorio."

"L'Azione" of Jersey City, an Italo-American weekly published by Raffaele Scarpa, recently was merged with "The Italian-American" of Newark, which is edited by Olindo Marzulli.

In an article recently published in the weekly English page of the New York daily, *Corriere d'America*, entitled "America's Dawn", Michael Di Liberto, pointing out that "the laissez faire theory of rugged individualism has gone the way of all flesh", discusses the new vistas opened up by the course now being taken by the United States.

"In Italy," he says, "paternalism in its extremest manifestation has yielded, on the whole, beneficial results. According to the consensus of opinion, the people taken as a unit are enjoying a higher morale, prosperity, and world rating, than at any prior period of contemporary history."

A recent monthly publication is "The Echo", organ of the Italo-American Civic Circle of Atlantic City, N. J. Edited by V. E. Speciale assisted by R. F. Delesantro, the staff includes P. Martucci, E. V. Rubei, M. Purri and N. Perrella. The business manager is Joseph Nemesi.

SOCIETIES AND SOCIAL LIFE

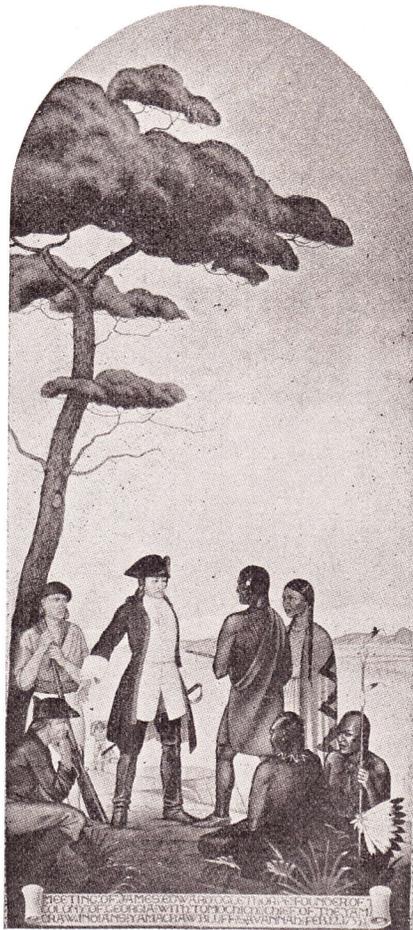
Judge Frank Leveroni of the Juvenile Court of Boston, recently spoke at a meeting of the Rotary Club of that city and compared America's present economic program with the basic ideas of Fascism in Italy. Judge Leveroni last month also wrote a letter to the *Boston Herald* apropos of an article on George Rogers Clark, in which he pointed out that the article had omitted all mention of Colonel Francis Vigo, the Italian merchant without whose invaluable aid, Clark would not have been able to conquer the historic Northwest.

The Federation of Italian Societies of San Francisco last month held its annual picnic in New Portola Park in San Mateo County. Miss Ida Vacchieri of 1452 Howard Street won a lottery prize. The committee was headed by G. Bagnani, pres.; Mrs. Dora Colizzi, sec.; and Mrs. G. Bianchi, treas.; and included Elisio Barsanti, A. Zambonini, A. Farina, Mrs. J. A. Pardini, A. Zavagno, C. Chiappa, P. Vignale, P. Comolli, C. Costaganna, F. Bertoletti, Miss Ida Mugnaini, G. Cestani, A. Malucelli, M. Simonetti, Olga Francesconi, Celestina Vivaldo, Olga Del Bon, Maffucci, A. Rovere, J. Finocchio, B. Biongiari e G. D'Agusta.

Commissioner Pearce R. Franklin of Newark recently appointed Dr. Louis Martucci, president of the Federation of Italian Societies, to head the Columbus Day Committee charged with making arrangements for the Columbus Day celebration in that city.

Miss Clara Forte of Somerville, Mass. recently took office as president of the Italian Junior League of the Women's Italian Club of Boston at a tea and musicale held at the Women's Republican Club, with Mrs. Frances Gallassi, president of the Women's Italian Club, as chief speaker. Miss Louise Rotti of Roxbury was the retiring president. Other officers elected included Miss Evelyn Giardino, vice president; Miss Marion Rotti, treasurer; Miss Marion Mercurio, corresponding secretary; Miss Alba Antonangeli, recording secretary; Miss Louise Rotti, club advisor, and Miss Esther Nazzaro, publicity. Miss Vera Marchesa heads the entertainment committee; Miss Josephine Scalia, Miss Iola Di Pietro and Miss Catherine Albani, welfare committee; Miss Marion Mercurio and Miss Olga Antonangeli, admission committee.

The first general meeting of the season of the Dante Alighieri Club of Akron, Ohio, recently took place at the Y. M. C. A. in that city. Among those who spoke were the Italian Consular Agent, Enrico Gullia, the outgoing president, Prof. Francesco Maturo, the new president, Dr. Thomas Geraciotti, and the new secretary, Atty. Gustavo Mascitelli, who acted as chairman. Atty. Giovanni Cusimano was re-elected treasurer.



"The Meeting of James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia, and Tomachichi, chief of the Yamacraw Indians—February 12, 1733," one of a series of five murals depicting Georgia history included in the new quarters of the Citizens and Southern National Bank of Macon, Ga. They are by a rising young Italian artist, Athos Menaboni, who was born in Italy and studied privately under an Italian art teacher and a Belgian artist until he went to Florence, Italy, for three years at the Art Academy. After the Great War he came here, and after four years in New York became Art Director for Davis Island at Tampa, Fla.

Mayor O'Brien was a speaker at a dinner given Oct. 9th by the Gridiron Club of Flushing, Queens, L. I. Theodore A. Galucci, president of the club, called it a "victory dinner" to commemorate the end of the club's campaign to obtain completion of the Triborough Bridge.

James Donato of New York City was recently elected Supreme Junior Woodward of the national organization of Foresters of America at its annual convention held last month in Atlantic City.

The Italian American Voters League was recently organized in Birmingham, Alabama, with about 100 charter members. Temporary officers, elected till January 1st, are M. Trippi, pres.; F. L. Romeo, sec., and A. Giorlando, treas.

The Italian Political Association, organized recently in Boston, opened a new branch last month at 107 Cambridge Street. Among those who took part in the housewarming were Frank Pedonti, Gabriel F. Piemonte and Daniel A. Nori, president, vice-president and secretary, respectively, of the organization, Mayor Curley, James Roosevelt, Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, Cav. Joseph A. Tomasello, Judge Felix Forte and Atty. Vittorio Orlandini.

Friends of Joseph Fucci, president of the Amerigo Vespucci Society and a Democratic election captain in the 23rd Assembly District of Brooklyn for 13 years, recently tendered him a dinner which was attended by leading public figures of New York City, including La Guardia, Borough President Hesterberg, Consul General Grossardi, Commissioner Edward Corsi, Nicholas Pinto, A. Mauriello, Dr. Vincent Aronello, Judge M. Ditore, and many others from both political parties.

The new address of the Italian Board of Relief Welfare Department in San Francisco is 550 Montgomery Street.

Nicholas Scaramello was unanimously re-elected commander of the North End Post, American Legion, recently at the annual election held at the Post headquarters, 317 Hanover Street. The other officers, also re-elected, are C. Rizzo and N. Mestieri, vice-presidents; P. Naples, finance officer; F. Moccia, adjutant; and A. Iannelli, historian.

At the recent annual convention of the New Jersey Grand Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy, held in Atlantic City, the Grand Venerable, Cav. Palleria, was re-elected for another term.

The Federation of Italian Societies in Newark recently decided to join the Italian Welfare League in the same city by appointing three of its members—A. Crosta, D. Valentino and C. Infante—as its representatives on the Board of Directors of the League.

In its headquarters at 112 Court Street last month, the Young Folks Democratic League of Brooklyn held a reception and dance to open a membership drive aiming to add 12,000 members before Election Day. The

speaker was Hon. Sigismund G. Trapani, leader of the Federation of Italian Democrats of Kings County, who spoke on the subject: "What the Italian voters will do on Election Day."

Under the leadership of Dr. Frank M. Leonardi, the "Hend-Jun Club" was formed last month in the North End section of Boston to effect general improvements in the district, stimulate registration, and attain political recognition for Italo-Americans. Temporary headquarters are at 276 Hanover Street, and more than 300 are already enrolled. The name is a contraction of Hendricks Junior.

A group of young women, mostly Italo-American, members of the Democratic Junior League of Kings County, organized recently in Brooklyn a unit for outdoor speaking and obtaining consumers pledges for the NRA under the direction of Deputy Sheriff D. John Rotondi, chairman of the outdoor Speakers Bureau of Kings County. They include Josephine Corsello, and Lillian C. Mule, treasurer and first vice-president, respectively, of the League, Josephine Abbene Yolanda Arena, Lillian De Fronzo, Anne E. Mule', Marie Pocarò, Florence Zito, Mary E. McGrath, Yolanda De Fronzo, Josephine Esposito and Lillian Rosasco.

The first fall activity of the League was a benefit bridge tea held at the Ritz Carlton Hotel on Sept. 30, under the executive chairmanship of Ethel G. Murphy. Others in charge of various details were Lillian C. Mule', publicity; Ethel Byrne, prizes; Josephine Corsello, treasurer; and Margaret Repetti, tickets. Mary E. McGrath is president of the Junior League.

More than 400 guests attended last month the dinner at the Commerce Building in Boston tendered to Ex-Representative Alfred Santosuosso to inaugurate his campaign for the Boston School Committee. Cav. Joseph A. Tomasello, toastmaster, introduced the following speakers:

Judge Felix Forte, Judge Frank Leveroni, Assistant Attorney General Stephen D. Bacigalupo, Assistant District Attorney Anthony Iovino, Comm. Saverio R. Romano, Senator Joseph A. Langone, Street Commissioner Theodore Glynn, Rep. Patrick Welch of Hyde Park, City Councillor Clement Norton, Ubaldo Guidi and Henry A. Sasserno, former candidate for the Boston School Committee.

Ex-Rep. Santosuosso, presented as the final speaker, was accorded a flattering demonstration. He dealt at length upon the discrimination against Italo-Americans, in city, state and national positions and cited several recent instances in Suffolk County. Only through united effort by the ballot box, he said, will Italo-Americans be able to attain the political recognition long due them.

Ex-Rep. Santosuosso declared that he will present himself through the various communities of Boston during the campaign, as an American proud of his Italian origin. He will also urge the adoption of a wide program that is sadly needed for the children of our public schools.

Atty. Santosuosso is a native of the North End, where he was for many

years a leader in affairs affecting the welfare of our people. On every occasion he was in the forefront of movements to defeat the discriminatory immigration bill and in two instances journeyed to Washington. He is Past Grand Knight of Ausonia Council, former president of the Advisory Council of the Michelangelo School Center, vice-president of the Eliot School Alumni Association, past officer in the Foresters of America, one of the organizers of the North End Improvement Association and a member of other civic, church and social bodies. He has been a member of the Bar for nearly 20 years, is married and resides with his wife and two sons in Hyde Park.

RELIGION

The Columbus Hospital in New York City, which is owned and operated by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, an Italian order founded half a century ago by Mother Francesca Saverio Cabrini, recently obtained a municipal ambulance service for its institution. It is a victory for what is now the Italian Hospital in New York and for the disciples of Mother Cabrini, whose beatification by the Congregation of Sacred Rites is now being heard in Chicago. It also constitutes a great advance for the Italian physicians who staff the hospital, said Dr. F. Casola, president of the Medical Corps of the hospital, and he paid glowing tribute to the unflagging efforts of Mother-General Antonietta Della Casa, who now heads the order.

Monsignor Joseph Perotti, rector of St. Lucy's Roman Catholic Church in Sheffield Street in Newark, N. J. died last month after an operation at the age of 66, mourned by thousands who felt his death was a personal loss.

Mgr. Perotti celebrated last December the thirty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate at St. Lucy's Church, which had grown to considerable importance under his leadership. In recognition of his work here he was made a domestic prelate by Pope Pius XI on Jan. 6, 1931.

He was born on July 30, 1867, in Turin, Italy, and was ordained to the priesthood in that city in 1892. For three years before being sent to this country he was an assistant at the Consolata Church there. He served for a year and a half in Boston as assistant pastor of the Sacred Heart Church and in December, 1897, came to St. Lucy's. The parish now is the largest Italian parish in the Newark diocese, having 25,000 persons on its roll.

Twelve years ago Mgr. Perotti organized the Italian Catholic Union, a benevolent society which now has 500 members and plays a large part in the life of the Italian community. He raised funds for the union's new home on Summer Avenue, dedicated last April. He also organized a social club for girls, a cadet corps, a fife and drum corps and a Holy Name Society, providing a clubhouse and parish hall for them on Seventh Avenue ten years ago.

Five years ago Mgr. Perotti built the present church, on the site of the old edifice. It accommodates 1,500 worshippers.

BUSINESS, PROFESSIONAL, OCCUPATIONAL

A. P. Giannini, head of the Transamerica Corporation, and a giant in the American financial field, recently became a member of the Board of Directors of the National City Bank of New York, together with John Francis Noylan, also as a representative of Transamerica. Their selection was justified by the fact that the Transamerica Corporation owns about 10% of the National City Bank's shares.

An interesting item recently unearthed in *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York, in the form of an interview by F. De Rogatis, was the fact that "The Man Who Holds the Keys of the City of New York is an Italian". The reference is to Peter Chieffo, chief custodian of the New York City Hall, who in his 27 years there has seen many Mayors come and go.

A paper on "Hypertension" by Dr. Lodovico Mancusi - Ungaro, M. D. F. A. C. P., of Newark, N. J. read at the November 1932 meeting of the Section of Medicine of the Academy of Medicine of Northern New Jersey, was recently issued as a reprint from the Journal of the Medical Society of New Jersey.

Dr. P. A. D'Acierno of Union City, N. J., at the 21st annual convention of the American College of Surgeons in Chicago, was made a Fellow of the College.

A graduate of the Royal University of Naples Faculty of Medicine and Surgery in 1906, Dr. D'Acierno did post-graduate work at the *Istituti Clinici di Perfezionamento* of Milan under Prof. Mangiagalli. He came to America in 1907 and the following year became licensed to practice in New York State and New Jersey.

He has been connected with the North Hudson Hospital for more than 16 years, first as attending physician, then as attending obstetrician and gynecologist, and he is also connected with the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital. Elected president of the New Jersey Italian Medical Society in Newark last May, Dr. D'Acierno is also a member of the American Medical Editors and Authors Association, the Hudson County Medical Society, the New Jersey State Medical Society, the American Medical Association, and the Italian Physicians of America.

A warm reception was given Mr. Peter T. Campon by one of the largest service clubs he has ever addressed last month when he gave his "Italian Contributions to Civilization" talk before the Rotary Club of Buffalo. More than 400 were present, including Hon. Charles Gimbrone, State Assemblyman, and Dr. Rocco Spano, Italian Consul at Buffalo.

Police Chief Peter Siccardi of Hackensack, N. J. was one of fourteen leaders of public safety forces throughout the nation recently named for an emergency committee of police chiefs to combat crime. These picked men were selected by the president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

Ugo J. A. Carusi, a tax specialist in the U. S. Department of Justice, recently declared that the collection of new liquor taxes will be one of the most important duties of the Administration.

The Springfield (Mass.) branch of the national association of beer venders recently elected Pasquale A. Breglio as its president. Another officer in the



Miss Josephine Corsello

(See Page 283, Column 2)

association of Italian descent is Anthony R. Delizia, the vice president.

Nicholas Colanino of Newark was recently elected vice president of the Young Lawyers' Good Government League in that city.

A testimonial dinner was recently tendered by friends of Cav. Joseph Linauducci, Jr. of Newark to celebrate his recent promotion to Captain of Essex County Detectives in charge of the Homicide Bureau. Judge D. J. Brennan, the toastmaster, introduced the following speakers, among others; Congressman Peter A. Cavicchia, Richard F. Mattia, Count Ignatius Thacon Di Revel, Mayor Ellenstein, Judge J. L. Smith.

At the Canadian National Exhibition now taking place at Toronto, Italy occupies a prominent place with her Terza Mostra Italiana, organized with the cooperation of the Italian government and the Italian community in that city. An Italo-Canadian Economic Committee, aided by Italian Consul General for Canada Comm. Dr. Luigi Petrucci and Vice Consul Cav. Dr. G. B. Ambresi, was in charge of preparations, and was headed by Giuseppe Grittani, president, Pietro Culotta, vice-president, and Tommaso Mari, secretary.

The merger on Oct. 1st in New York of the Children's Court and the Family Court, to be known as the Domestic Relations Court, served to throw light on the activities of Miss Ida Cassasa, who has been handling all domestic relations cases on behalf of the city since June 25th, 1923, when she was appointed to the staff of the city's law department as Assistant Corporation Counsel. Born in New York City in 1891 of Genovese parents, she was graduated from the New York University Law School and admitted to the bar

in 1912 as the first woman lawyer of Italian extraction.

In the September issue of "The Dental Cosmos," of Philadelphia, a monthly record of dental science devoted to the interests of the profession, Dr. F. A. Diasio of New York contributes an article, "Mottled Enamel", in which he points out that the first man to originally describe this dental defect was an Italian, Prof. Stefano Chiaie. Dr. Diasio is a member of the Department of Dermatology and Syphilology, Columbus Hospital, New York City.

PUBLIC LIFE

Among the candidates for Supervisor in Westchester County for both major parties are the following:

Charles Colacurcio and Joshua M. Fiero, Rep., and Peter Aitoro and James Abbate, Dem., Yonkers; F. X. Briante, Dem., in White Plains; Thomas N. Fasso, Rep. and F. X. Orofino, in New Rochelle; Raphael A. Carretta, Rep. in Mount Vernon; Robert P. Vignola, Dem., in Harrison; and Charles J. Marasco, Rep. in Mount Pleasant.

Representative Peter A. Caviccia openly announced his candidacy for re-election to Congress in 1934, on the occasion of an address he recently delivered at headquarters of the Nicholas more than 500 guests. Dr. Carl Boccaro, president of the club, presided.

The highly prized Commenda dei Santi Maurizio e Lazzaro, has been conferred upon Consul General L. Manzini, representing the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in San Francisco on the Pacific Coast.

Commissioner A. F. Minisi of Newark recently requested of the president of the Newark Museum the appointment of six Italo-Americans to the Board of Directors of the Museum. His suggestions were Judge Villani, Judge Masucci, C. G. Giffoniello, John Cervasio, A. A. Crosta and Tax Commissioner Olindo Marzulli. Commissioner Minisi's request was based on the fact that out of 440,000 people in Newark, about 100,000 are of Italian extraction, that the Italian-Americans are among the heaviest taxpayers in the city, that the Italian have always been interested in arts, and that such a step would encourage the Italian-Americans to visit the Museum more often.

Judge M. A. Musmanno of the County Court of Pittsburgh, Pa., running for election to the Court of Common Pleas in that city, has received the nomination of both the Republican and Democratic parties there. Vincent L. Marino is running for Coroner on the Democratic ticket in that city.

Lieutenant Carl Massa was recently made chief of the Craford, N. J. police department by unanimous vote of the Township Committee, with the endorsement of several civic associations.

Atty. Nicholas J. Cafarelli of Teaneck, N. J. has been elected chairman of the local branch of the NRA. His offices are in the Hudson Dispatch Building in Union City.

In the NRA parade that recently took place in Rochester, N. Y. Alfoso Gioia,

well-known in Italo-American circles there, was appointed head of the Italian division.

The office of Public Administrator for Middlesex County Mass., was recently conferred by appointment upon Attorney Charles L. Perriello. A native of the North End section of that city, he prepared for the bar at Suffolk Law School, and was admitted to practice five years ago. Before his admittance he was connected with the law firm of Dr. Joseph Santosuosso. In recent years he has been active in politics in Medford, where he resides with his wife at 344 Main Street.

S. James Naples, former newspaperman and a Democrat, was last month appointed deputy collector for the district of Buffalo, at a salary of \$4,500 less 15% reduction for economy purposes. A graduate of Canisius College in 1919, he received his M. A. the following year and then took courses at Columbia and University of Buffalo.

An important Federal position was recently conferred upon an Italian when Secretary of the Interior Ickes announced that Giosue D'Esposito, well-known Chicago engineer, had been appointed engineer for proposed Federal public works in Illinois.

Count James Lovatelli, who contributed an article in the June, 1933, issue of *Atlantica*, entitled "Women of Foreign Birth—Vote!" and who is a member of one of the oldest Roman families, is a candidate for the New York State Assembly from the 12th Assembly District in Manhattan on the Fusion ticket. Mr. Lovatelli, 37, is a broker by profession and a member of the Board of Advisers of the National Republican Committee for the Foreign Language Division.

Atty. Philip Pastore, as a result of his being appointed Assistant City Attorney in New Haven, Conn., had two banquets given recently in his honor, one by the "Vittorio Emanuele Terzo" club of 321 Oak Street, and the other by friends.

Judge Francis Borrelli of Chicago was recently in New York for a short visit during which he stopped in at the offices of General Sessions Judge John J. Freschi. Judge Borrelli was chairman at the unveiling of the Columbus monument recently in Chicago, attended by over 60,000 Italians.

To celebrate his appointment as Assistant United States District Attorney, the Cenacolo Club of San Francisco last month tendered a luncheon to Atty. Alphonse Zirpoli, attended by Consul General Manzini and United States Attorney Brady, among others.

Recently appointed Deputy Internal Revenue Collector, Matteo Acunto was the guest of honor at a banquet given by New Haven lodges of the Order Sons of Italy. Mr. Acunto has been Venerable for the past eight years of the "Guglielmo Marconi" lodge of the order.

A sculptured group comprising Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, the work of Pompeo Coppini of New York, was recently unveiled in front of the Billopp House at

Tottenville, Staten Island, where, on September 11, 1776, the three Representatives of the Colonies met Admiral Howe of Great Britain, a conference which led to the independence of the colonies.

Charles Pierro, a Brooklyn letter-carrier of 1074 St. Marks Place, was a winner in an exhibit of paintings recently held at the Art Students League of New York, entitling him to one of the 25 scholarships offered, each of which carried with it a year of training in the league's art classes. Tall, blond and 26 years old, he will attend classes at night. Another of the 25 prizes was awarded to Antonio J. Colombo, also an amateur artist.

Twenty-five candidates received honorable mention, among them Francis A. Borelli, Guido Borghi, Louis Bosa and Lee de Pace. Others who exhibited their work were John J. Rezza, a soldier, of 652 Carroll Street, and Vincent J. Procita, a pharmacist, of 783 Forty-seventh Street, both of Brooklyn.

The 8th Street Gallery in New York has on view till October 21st, a group show of paintings, prints and sculpture which includes the work of Joseph de Martini and Anthony Palazzo.

Early this month the League of Five Arts, at 240 East 80th Street, in New York, opened an exhibition of sculpture by Vincenzo Miserendino.

Under the auspices of the Italian-American Cultural Club of Bridgeport, Conn., Michael Russo, a well-known young sculptor of that city, delivered a talk in the Auditorium of the Public Library on the sculptor's art in ancient Greece, assisted by lantern slides.

Alex Romano, young Italian sculptor, was recently awarded a prize from the Philharmonic-Symphony Society for his bust of Arturo Toscanini.

FINE ARTS

Mrs. Antoinette Musanti of San Francisco, has been appointed to membership on the Art Commission, one of the city's most important commissions, by Mayor Angelo Rossi. Mrs. Musanti, a leader in San Francisco social life, is one of the vice-presidents of the National Council of Catholic Women and president of the San Francisco branch of the same organization.

"Note of Music" an early and rare Della Robbia sculpture, was recently purchased by the Cleveland Museum. A beautiful marble example of the famous Italian's work, it is the only one of its kind in America, for Italy of late has exercised an extremely jealous guardianship over its art treasures, and refuses to let them leave the country under any circumstances. In the case of the Della Robbia, purchase was made from French collectors who had possessed it for a generation or so.

Paintings by Antonio D'Orazi, 24, born of Italian parents in Missoula, Montana, were recently exhibited in the Italian Pavilion at the Chicago World's Fair, as well as others by the New York painter, Crociat. The works of other Italian painters is to be exhibited there also, according to Comm. Luigi Ranieri, director general of the Italian Pavilion.

The subject of "Modern Painting in Italy" was discussed in English by Dr. Dario Sabatello, last month, at the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco, at the invitation of the Italian-American Society of that city. Dr. Sabatello is on a tour of study in this country as a representative of two important Italian periodicals, "Lavoro Fascista" and "Il Tevere."

The young Countess Camilla Malvasia of New York, last month, was married to Guido Bacchelli, brother of the noted writer, Riccardo Bacchelli. Marchese Tanari, vice-president of the Italian Senate, came especially from Rome to act as the bridegroom's best man. Countess Malvasia is a niece of Mme. Berta Gerster-Gardini, head of the voice culture school of the same name founded by her mother. On the same day, September 21st, a baby girl was born to the Marchesa Dal Pozzo, who has written a number of well-received novels under the nom de plume of Carla dalla Serra, and who did a translation of Luigi Pirandello's "As You Desire Me" into the English, which was used in the stage production here a few years ago.

MISCELLANEOUS

The desire of aliens to become American citizens is still active and alive despite unemployment and curtailed immigration, according to the report recently made public by the National League for American Citizenship. The League reported that its branches in New York extended aid in 13,976 cases as compared with 13,685 for the first six months of 1932.

A Child prodigy is George Massa, 5 year and 10 months old, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Pasquale Massa of 90 Varnum Street, Arlington, Mass. He is in the third grade in the Hardy School, where he is the youngest in his class, and where his teachers are agreed that he belongs in the fifth grade, if not higher. He can write as legibly as the average adult, possesses a vocabulary of a child at least twice his age, can do many difficult mathematical and grammatical constructions, has an unusually large fund of knowledge and information, and otherwise amazes those who speak to him.

George's mother and father are well-known in the Italian community in Boston. His mother, the former Maria de Luca, is organist at the Sacred Heart Church, North End. His father is practicing physician with offices at 251 Hanover Street. He is a graduate of several universities in Italy, served in the World War as a captain and was decorated for valor.

Enos Fumagalli of 69 Silver Street, Springfield, Mass., is the owner of one of nature's freaks, a four-legged chicken, which lives with its fellows and prances about just as they do, with the additional two legs apparently not interfering with its otherwise normal development.

Paul Marchione of 4 Eastman Place, and Mary D'Ambrosio of 30 Mount Vernon Street, both of the Brighton section of Boston, were among the winners recently at an exposition held by the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association, in which owners exhibited animal pets.

ATLANTICA

IN ITALIANO

Rassegna della vita contemporanea

VERSI DANTESCHI

Di Pierre Troubetzkoy

Camminando Dante e Virgilio per le vie di New York, ragionano del mal governo dello stato, quando il loro procedere è interrotto da un tafferuglio che conferma i loro ragionamenti. Dall'accaduto Virgilio trae alto insegnamento.

Venimmo in dritte vie ove i selciati
Privati eran di sole dalle mura
Ch'ergevansi eccelse d'ambo i lati. 4
In preda ad un affanno senza cura
Le turbe qui s'en gian come frati
Cui punge di lussuria la pressura;
Ond'io volto al mar d'ogni sapienza, 7
Gli chiesi: Cosa spinge queste schiere?
E Quei che di risposta è mai senza,
Grazioso aggiunse lume al mio sapere: 10
Costoro, disse, corrono alla lenza
Quai pesci che l'ingan non san vedere.
Ognun di soddisfar se solo agogna, 13
Al ben comun son ciechi, dello stato
La frode non li affligge ne vergogna.
Di Cesare il governo ordinato 16
Non voglion adottar per lor bisogna,
Ne quel che pria di lui non fè mercato
Di Roma che res publica ancor era. 19
Perch'io a lui: Maestro, qual vantaggio
S'aspettan dallo mal che il centro annera?
I' vedo, Ei disse allor, che tu sei saggio, 22
E sai che il marcio al centro della pera
Tutta la rende ingrata al buon assaggio.
Ed il buon Duca accio' ch'io stessi attento 25
Si pose il dito in su dal mento al naso.
Se tu sei or lettor a creder lento
Avrai ragione che fu tale il caso 28
Ch'io stesso ancor appena il mi consento,
E più non posso biasimar Tommaso.
Del Duca a render il pensier palese 31
Venir ver noi io vidi gente armata
Saettando da un carroccio, a braccia tese,
La gente che fuggiva spaventata. 34
Or vedi, disse l'anima cortese,
La legge operar ch'è meritata.
Ma il suo sermon non stetti in piè a udire, 37
E come corpo morto mi sdraiai,
Chè vano era il tentare di fuggire,
Od in ginocchio il gridare ahi. 40
Sorrise Quei che di sapienza è sire
Al mio finger per sottrarmi a guai;
Ma a tal sorriso un dì quei malnati 43
Si volse brutto a Lui e n' fè bersaglio.
Mai vidi un più avvilito fra castrati
Di quello all'avvedersi del suo sbaglio 46
Di fronte ad un dè sommi trapassati
Che ad armi fulminanti e da taglio
In piedi rispondeva col sorriso. 49
Come d'estate irrompe il temporale
E dell'azzurro cielo oscura il viso,
Distrugge imperversando, poi sul'ale 52
Del vento passa e lascia il suol intriso
Di grandine e di pioggia diluviale,
Così veniro e andare li malvagi 55
Lasciando il suol di sangue arrossito.
Or, disse il Duca a me: Prendi i tuoi agi,
Alzati e poi spolverati il vestito; 58
A questi che son pieni di disagi
Provvederan color che han appetito
Di mantener disordine e delitto. 61

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy was born in Milan, Italy, in 1864 of a Russian father and an American mother who settled on Lago Maggiore. In Italy he followed the classical studies in the Collegio Calchi Taeggi in Milan, but left them before graduating to devote himself entirely to art, having begun to paint at the age of nine. A self portrait which he painted at that time was accepted at the annual exhibition of the Accademia di Brera in Milan. At twenty three, wishing to test his intrinsic value, he went to London with five pounds over and above his travelling expenses, under an assumed name and without letters of introduction. Within a year a picture of his exhibited in "The New English Art Club" brought him sudden success, and shortly afterwards he was commissioned by Mr. James Knowles, a friend of Gladstone, to paint the latter's portrait, by the town of Dover to paint that of the Marquis Dufferin and Ava as Lord of the Cinque Ports, for the Townhall. Orders for portraits of prominent people followed. At Mr. Knowles' death, his collection of pictures being sold at Christie's, the Gladstone portrait found its way from there to the National Gallery of Edinburgh, where it now is. A study for the same portrait has more recently been acquired by the London National Portrait Gallery. He is now rated as one of the ten most outstanding living portrait painters, having painted, among others, President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In 1896 Prince Troubetzkoy married Amelie Rives, a novelist of note, and came to America, where he has mostly lived and worked since then. His present home is at Castle Hill, Cobham, Virginia.

Ora le strida, il compianto e il lamento
S'alzavan con accenti di dispetto
A me d'intorno su dal pavimento 64
Ove ciascun sembrava il più afflitto.
Per cui mi volsi ad une senza mento
Sicchè lo suono delli suoi soffriri 67
Pareva che uscisse da due bocche
Assieme al suo sangue ed i suoi dir.
O tu lo cui dolor par che trabocche 70
E lui: Dirottelo con voci avare;
Ancora più di quel degli altri viri,
Diss'io a lui, le tue parole mocche
Roccoglierò io ben se vuoi parlare 73
D'esta violenza urbana e sua cagione.
Seguace fui del condottier Capone,
E amico di color lo cui sparare
Ha tolto al mio volto proporzione.
Ma amico pure io fui della giustizia 79
Quand'essi non mi diedero la mia parte
Di quando acquistaro con nequizia;
Allora al coppo la lor mala arte 82
Andai a rivelar per sua letizia.
Perciò il Capone come falso Marte

Fè guerra a me, e colla sua vendetta	85	Costui di cui le pene sono intense	
Conciato ha pur costor come carote.		Mi face spensierato come sasso;	114
Ed io a lui: Perchè si poca fretta		D'infamia e di giustizia ombre dense	
Dimostrano li coppi con lor piote	88	Ha fatto in mia mente, lo cui passo	
Per inseguir la schiera maledetta		Avanti non può andare ne indietro.	114
Che ha sottratto il mento alle tue gote?		Tale la madre il cui figliuolo indugia	
Ed egli a me: Non è qui la dimora	91	Perchè tra' l bene il male ha perso il metro,	
Di quelli di giustizia innamorati.		Così l savio Dottor, per le pertugia	117
I coppi che dovrebbero ogni ora		Che sono al vedere come vetro,	
Difender cittadini calpestati	94	Fissomi, e poi disse: Le minugia	
Da ogni protezion li lascian fuora,		Che sono nel tuo ventre, loro uffizio	120
E godon coi malvagi i risultati		Non smetton quando il corpo tuo è sano;	
Delle rapine loro, poi più in alto	97	Così è la funzion del tuo giudizio	
Fanno passar gl'illeciti guadagni;		Quando il tuo pensare non è vano;	123
I' voglio dir che del male l'appalto		Orsù, al buon capir fallo ospizio,	
Dividono con giudiei grifagni.	100	Ed in costui che al suol fa suono strano	
Poi tacque, cadde steso sull'asfalto		Vedi la feccia greve che affonda	126
E diè suono solamente ai suoi lagni.		Lo stato in cui lo male ed il bene	
E qual'è quei il cui pensier vacilla,	104	Mischiati son com'acqua in sol'onda.	
Che più lo spinge e più la mente infosca		Vieni ormai più oltre ad altre pene	129
Talchè in essa è spenta ogni favilla,		Che l'anima quaggiù non fan gioconda,	
Tal mi fec'io in quella calle tosca	107	A salir l'erta e ben che tu ti allene;	
In cui il divinar della Sibilla		L'erta che della vita fa il soffrire	
Saria stato quel di vista losca,		Per condurre l'uom dall'ombra alla luce.	
Finchè il Poeta mi disse: Che pense?	110	Così Ei disse, poi si mise a ire,	
Quando risposi, cominciai: O lasso,		Ed io tenni dietro al caro Duce.	

- 4 Affanno senza cura, affanno che affligge la gente d'affari per il ristagno di questi, senza cura, senza rimedio, causa la Continua depressione o crisi industriale e finanziaria. (Buti)
- 6 Cui punge ecc. La morsure de la chair reprimée par la chasteté. (Ampere), Così pure il Petrarca: Lo stimolo carnale. Egli commenta inoltre: Riferiscesi cio' a quei frati che alla disciplina monastica rigidamente attenevansi praticando la Castità, e che perciò, aizzati da interni bollori, davansi a moti irrequieti e randagi, Pressura, pressione.
- 26 Si pose il dito ecc. Quasi ponendo stanga e chiusura alla bocca. (B) zitto; stiamo a vedere che ne riesca. (Ces.)
- 30 E più non posso ecc. biasimare l'apostolo Tommaso per la sua incredulità. (il Fraticelli)
- 33 carroccio, Dante usa tal vocabolo per automobile di cui non conosceva ancora il nome. (Tommaso)
- 36 La Legge, ecc. La legge opposta a quella della pubblica sicurezza, di cui per la loro noncuranza i cittadini privansi. (Buti) Le Dante nous fait observer que les lois ne cessent d'être en l'absence de celles que nous négligeons de maintenir pour notre bien. Il annonce ainsi la presence universelle et éternelle de lois dans la creation. (Ampere)
- 40 Il gridare ahi, il chieder mercé.
- 45 Mai vidi ecc. Non era costume castrare cittadini a Firenze, per cui Dante indubitatamente allude a quelli di Roma in tal modo resi idonei al canto sacro nella sede del Santo Padre. (Varchi)
- 57 Prendi i tuoi agi ecc. Qui l'indifferenza di Virgilio al dolore dei feriti intorno a lui dovuta non è a insensibilità di cuore, ma al vivo suo senso di giustizia di fronte all'opera della legge meritata. Similmente In. C. XX v 27 28 redarguisce egli Dante per la sua pietà.
-ancor se' tu degli altri sciocchi?
Qui vive la pietà quando e' ben morta:
Chi è più scellerato di colui
Che al giudizio divin passion porta?
- Cioè: Qui vive la pietà in the quando dovrebbe esser ben morta. Chi è più scellerato di colui che sente dispiacere dei giudizi di Dio e porta passione, soffre nell'animo della punizione dei rei?—Salmo LVII 11: Laetabitur justus cum viderit vindictam. (Ces.)
- 65 Sembra il più afflitto ecc. ognuno lo era talmente che dire non si potea chi più lo fosse. (il Fraticelli)
- 68 da due bocche, vale a dire dalla bocca naturale e dal foro artificiale sotto quella ove il mento gli era stato divolto. (Buti)
- 69 diri, plurale di dire, verbo mutato in sostantivo, così soffri ri Purg XIX 76, e saliri ibid 79. (Ces.)
- 72 mocche, monche, con leggiera alterazione ortografica onde conseguire la rima. Così lici e linci per li, Purg. XXI, laci per la, Purg. XXIV 105, sorco per sorcio, Inf. XXII 58, sego per seco, Purg. XVII 58, como per come, XXIV 112, figliuole per figliuolo, Purg. XXIII 4, ecc. (Varchi)
- 74 violenza urbana, l'aggettivo è qui usato nel puro suo senso etimologico per ciò, che è di urbe, di città e non come poscia con licenza e per arbitraria associazione di concetti venne a esser usato quale sinonimo di cortesia.
- 75 voci avarè, voci nel senso di vocaboli, parole, di cui deve esser avaro, parco, disagevole essendo l'annunziarle causa la repentina mancanza del mento e quindi parte della mascella. (Tommaso) Il Boccaccio e il Buti leggono amare, lezione difesa dall'Ampere: La douleur causée par l'arrachement soudain du menton lui rendait amere sa diction.
- 76 (Al) Capone, masnadiere alleato del gonfaloniere Tommasone di cui sostiene il potere in Chicago, ricevendo da lui in cambio privilegi che il resero dovizioso. Il suo seguace chiamandolo condottiere, ne esalta lo stato onde il proprio innalzare sovra quello di bandito. (B.B.)
- 77 E amico ecc. ammette aver fatto parte della masnada che gli tolse il mento.
- 80 Quand'essi ecc. cioè i membri della masnada di cui aveva fatto parte e poi tradito.
- 82 coppo, contrazione di accoppiatore, quegli che accoppa, nome dato dagli americanesi agli sgherri del loro bargello, e abbreviato in cops, sing. cop, a cui Dante da Italica desinenza facendone coppo. (Tommaso).
- 86 come carote, carote acconciate per esser cucinate nella minestra, cioè tagliuzzate. (il Fraticelli) L'Ampere più esplicitamente commenta: Potage crème de légumes—pour six personnes prenez:100 grammes de carottes hachées etc.
- 98 Il Witte col Torelli pone punto fermo.
- 100 grifagni, rapaci (T). Dal tedesco greifen, ghermire, afferrare.
- 107 calle tosca, via attossicata dalla corruzione testé rivelata.
- 109 vista losca, così mescolati appaiono a Dante nell'animo del tormentato l'amore della giustizia di cui è amico, e la sua amicizia per quelli che la ignorano, da render loschi gli occhi della Sibilla che avesse tale mescolanza considerato onde trarne vaticinio. (Ces.)
- 114 Mi face spensierato ecc. confonde i miei pensieri a tal punto che è come non ne avessi; me ne rende privo come sasso. (Buti) L'Ampere osserva: La science de nos jours reconnaît que rien n'est moins doue de pensée qu'une pierre.
- 116 il metro, il discernimento. (La.)
- 117 pertugia, le pupille a traverso le quali il mondo esteriore e riflesso nella retina come a traverso vetro. (Ces.) Non così il Petrarca che spiega: Gli occhi, la cui diafana e lucente superficie appare come vetro in contrasto con quella dell'epidermide del viso.
- 119 Le minugia, le budella, così definite anche in Canto XXVIII, Inf. v 25.
- 132 L'erta ecc. leggi: L'erta che il soffrire fa della vita, rendendola un'ascensione dall'ombra alla luce. (Il Fraticelli).

Genesi Europea del Patto Mussolini:

Un'aspettativa manovrata

Con questo articolo iniziamo uno studio esegetico del Patto Mussolini, che si rileva ogni giorno più il più efficace strumento di pace e di fattiva collaborazione fra i popoli.

Per comprendere la portata del patto Mussolini, il suo significato riguardo alla passata storia europea dalla fine della guerra in poi, le possibilità ch'esso racchiude in sé per il futuro, non basta l'esegesi letterale del testo. Occorre rendersi esatto conto dello spirito che lo informa, e che solo—come ebbe ad affermare il creatore del Patto nel memorando discusso del 7 giugno al Senato—potrà assicurarne il pieno rendimento. Ma questo spirito medesimo, ad essere pienamente inteso, ha bisogno che il Patto sia studiato, nella sua genesi e nel suo processo, con metodo storico esatto, compiuto, quasi pedante. Questa genesi è connessa colla storia interna d'Italia nell'ultimo decennio, colle relazioni estere dell'Italia medesima colle varie potenze e aggruppamenti di potenze europee, coll'andamento generale degli avvenimenti europei e di tutta la politica internazionale.

L'ordine naturale dell'esame è quello stesso della precedente enumerazione. Poiché il Patto è stato ideato e attuato dal Capo del governo italiano, che è altresì il Duce della rivoluzione fascista—cioè dell'avvenimento che riempie di sé l'ultimo decennio della vita italiana—è evidente che la sua genesi non può non essere in rapporto coll'andamento di questa vita e di questa rivoluzione. Con una formula semplificatrice, si potrebbe dire, che nella storia del decennio fascista ad uno stadio di politica interna è succeduto uno stadio di politica estera, per quanto nè al primo stadio sia mancata un'intensa attività di politica estera,

NOTTURNO MARINO

(Dal volume "Acquerelli", Roma, Formiggini, 1933)

Con un lieve risucchio vengon l'onde,
niuna è la prima e sempre una risponde.

E' una notte di luna e tace il vento
e tutto è mare e tutto è firmamento.

Sul mare va la luna d'onda in onda
mi sembra incoronar te he ei bionda.

Il mio navigio dondo pian piano
segue una nenia che vien da lontano.

Segue una nemiad o ti guardo gli occhi
che non sanno guardar dentro i miei occhi.

Non vi sanno guardar, ma dentro al mare
guardan per non lasciarsi rimare.

Con un lieve risucchio vengon l'onde,
niuna è la prima e sempre una risponde.

—Piero De Stefani

nè al secondo stadio sia per mancare un'intensa attività di politica interna. Ma sta il fatto, che la rivoluzione fascista e il suo Capo hanno prima dovuto vincere le resistenze interne, prender pieno possesso dell'Italia, creare la nuova struttura statale, penetrare di sé la vita economica e sociale della nazione e poi rivolgersi ad esercitare in pieno sulla scena internazionale l'attività del nuovo Stato unitario, che una formula mussoliniana ha definito di democrazia autoritaria. Questo ritmo di successione è stato ripetutamente indicato dallo stesso Duce del fascismo, così da deputato come da Capo del governo. Nel 1921 egli diceva: "E' necessario che l'Italia si presenti nell'arringo delle nazioni unite, compatta, libera dai fastidi d'ordine interno, in modo che possa dimostrare al mondo che ci guarda—ormai la nostra vita non è nazionale e nemmeno europea, ma mondiale—che l'Italia ha superato splendidamente la prova della guerra, che vuole la pace e che dimostra con ciò di essere capace di iniziare il quarto e più luminoso periodo della sua storia." E nel 1929: "Quando un popolo è disorientato, debole, discorde, non può fare una grande politica estera. Quando passa da sciopero a sciopero, da disordine a disordine e si frantuma nella divisione dei partiti, non ha voce in capitolo nella storia contemporanea del mondo. Occorre unificare il popolo italiano, farne una massa compatta, perchè la voce d'Italia fosse sentita all'estero. Oggi, possiamo dirlo senza grandi frasi, ma con tranquilla sicurezza, oggi l'Italia è ascoltata e rispettata".

Questo ritmo successorio di politica interna e politica estera certamente non è nuovo. Si offre un ovvio raffronto col Primo e col Secondo impero napoleonici. Ma si constata subito una differenza capitale: che in quei casi il ritmo successorio porta alla guerra, ad una serie di guerre: nel caso di Mussolini esso riesce invece ad una intensificata, ampliata azione per la pace, già accennata in quelle sue parole del 1921.

Nel primo periodo la politica estera di Mussolini ebbe carattere di aspettativa. Aspettativa vigile, attiva, manovrata: non ci fu grande affare europeo ed internazionale cui egli non prendesse parte, dalla questione delle riparazioni a quella dei debiti di guerra, dal patto di Locarno al patto Kellogg; senza contare, per ciò che riguardava più particolarmente l'Italia, i diversi trattati di arbitrato e di non aggressione, le relazioni intensificate coll'Austria, l'Ungheria, la Russia, la Turchia, la Grecia, i rapporti italo-inglesi particolarmente coltivati, il punto di vista italiano difeso nelle trattative colla Francia per gli armamenti navali. Altro si potrebbe ancora aggiungere. Sta il fatto, che fino a qualche anno fa la politica estera mussoliniana ebbe innanzi tutto funzione conservativa e preservativa degli interessi italiani. E fu proprio lo stesso Duce a insistere ch'egli non si proponeva in politica estera l'originalità: "una politica estera non è mai originale" (Camera dei deputati, 12 novembre

1924), come quella che è determinata da elementi di fatto, nell'ordine geografico, storico, economico.

Al tempo stesso, però, egli osservava: "niente originalità, piuttosto autonomia": si trattava, cioè, tutelando gli interessi dell'Italia, attendendo la sua completa efficienza nella nuova struttura interna, di preservarne la libertà di mosse per il futuro.

La libertà di mosse preservata, la desiderata compattezza interna ottenuta vengono rivolte, nel secondo stadio, ad una politica d'iniziativa. Lo si vede prima nella questione dei debiti di guerra e delle riparazioni, in cui Mussolini batte e ribatte per la cancellazione (praticamente ottenuta per le seconde, e di fatto in via anche per i primi, nonostante ogni resistenza e ogni lungaggine). Ma la prima affermazione completa è sul terreno del disarmo; e ciò contribuisce in prima linea a dare al nuovo stadio della politica estera mussoliniana il carattere di un'opera direttiva per la pace internazionale. Alla conferenza di Ginevra il progetto italiano per il disarmo e l'azione italiana assumono un posto fra i primi. Ma il disarmo non è che l'aspetto negativo di una sistemazione internazionale che richiede un'azione positiva: e questa azione positiva è adombrata, quasi preannunciata, da Mussolini già nel discorso di Torino del 23 ottobre 1932, come "una collaborazione delle quattro grandi Potenze occidentali."

TEMPESTA

(Dal volume "Momenti Lirici", Palmi Calabria, Edizione "Rassegna", 1933)

L'ostinato furor
dei flutti infidi
gli scogli agglomerati
investe, sommergendoli
di rabbiosa spuma.

E ritraendosi,
l'acque muggianti
rigan di lacrime
il volto viscido
delle rocce
dagli occhi innumeri
senza pupille.

Urla il vento,
avanza il cielo di nuvole
in tumulto, e il fulmine
le tenebre recide.

Orrenda tempesta
d'ire implacabili
della Natura ansante,
suicida.

Sull'alta rupe,
ove pur giunge
la frangia a sbrendoli
de la fremente
onda del mar,
attendo
che la tempesta termini
oppur la vita . . .

—Vittorio Parisi

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

Classics

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

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

Religion and Philosophy

"La Sacra Bibbia" — 1 volume, 12mo.,
1630 pages, India paper, full leather
Firenze — Libreria Editrice Fiorentina \$5.00

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

Fiction

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

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

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

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

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