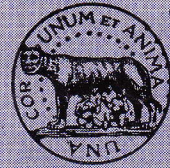


ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



OCTOBER
1931

Mussolini and Peace

Over the New Roads of Italy

*The Times of Michael Angelo
and Raphael*

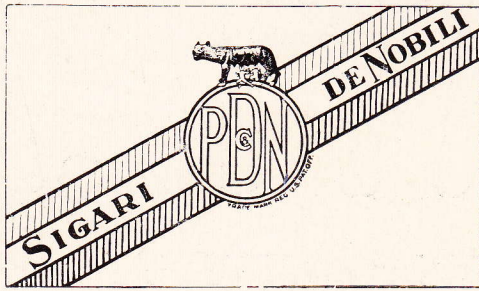
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published monthly at East Stroudsburg, Pa., for Oct. 1, 1931.

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County
 aforesaid, personally appeared Filippo Cassola, who having been
 duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the
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ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

ACCORDING to a recent estimate by the United Press, it appears that there are about ten million Italians outside of Italy, the bulk of them, eight million, in the two Americas.

The United States leads in the number of Italians, with over three and a half millions of them resident here. There are a little less than two million in the Argentine and about as many in Brazil. Canada claims 200,000 and Uruguay only slightly less. Chile numbers 23,000, Peru 13,000, Mexico 8,000, Venezuela 7,000, Paraguay 5,000, and Cuba and Colombia 2,000 each.

The one and a half million Italians in Europe outside of Italy are divided as follows: France, a little less than one million; Switzerland, 160,000; Great Britain, 30,000; Germany and Austria, about 20,000 each. Belgium, Rumania and Jugoslavia have from 10,000 to 15,000 Italians each. Greece has 8,000, Luxemburg 6,000, Czechoslovakia 4,000, Spain 4,000, Turkey 4,000 and Malta 2,000.

In Africa, outside of the Italian colonies, there are about 200,000 Italians, almost all of them near the Mediterranean coast. Tunisia has 95,000, Egypt 50,000, Algeria 30,000, Morocco 10,000 and the South Africa Union, at the other end of the continent, numbers a nucleus of 2,000 Italians. The continent of Australia in the Pacific also has its Italians, 27,000 of them.

The fewest numbers of Italians are in Asia. In all they number only a little more than 9,000, with Turkey claiming about half that number and Syria about 1,000. Even in the Far East there are Italians, although not many of them. China has 700 (Palestine has an equal number), India 475, and Japan 70.

ONE of the Italian Government's public works enterprises by which unemployment is being met, is a continuous waterway from Milan to Venice, linking Italy's chief indus-

trial center with Adriatic shipping lanes. An initial outlay of 46 million lire has been appropriated to begin the work of building the necessary canals and dams to control the waterflow of the Po river.

The waterway itself will have a total length of about 200 miles and will cost more than 270 million lire. Needless to say, tremendous importance is attached to the project, for it will give Milan and its adjoining factories an excellent and cheap outlet to the sea, as well as enhance the importance of Venice as a sea port.

FOR an appreciation of Rome's deeper significance, expressed in but a few words, the following quotation is hard to beat. It is the preface to Grant Showerman's book "Rome and the Romans," which was published last month by Macmillan.

ETERNAL ROME

As far back as the time of Virgil whose birth took place two thousand years ago, men spoke of Rome as the Eternal City. The world still uses the phrase, and the person is rarely met who does not know that it means the city of Rome.

"The Eternal City" is not only an attractive phrase, but a truthful one. There has never been a time since its founding when Rome was not a living city, and since the Roman State first spread beyond the bounds of Italy there has never been a time when Rome was not important to the world. Nor does its importance wane today. Rome in the twentieth century is a living, growing, vigorous, ambitious capital, the capital of a great nation as well as the capital of a world-wide church.

A city which has endured for upwards of three thousand years, which for over two thousand years has been a prominent figure in the affairs of men, and which for twenty centuries has been called Eternal, is not like other cities. We owe it to our intelligence as citizens

of the modern world to understand the meaning of Rome.

The Eternal City, incidentally, is the first of the great cities of Italy to have reached and passed the million mark with reference to population. At the end of last June its population was officially reported to be 1,003,881, thereby beating Naples and Milan for the position of the largest city in Italy, by virtue of its more than one million inhabitants. At the same time the total population of Italy, according to last April's census, was officially fixed at 41,179,675.

THE disease of appendicitis is becoming increasingly important, and the subject of growing alarm in civilized countries. The United States, with a death rate of 15.2 per 100,000 inhabitants in 1929, has the highest death rate in the world for appendicitis. Italy's death rate for this disease, however, 3.7 for every 100,000, is the lowest in the world. Whether this bespeaks a higher degree of surgical skill on the part of the Italian physicians, or a more balanced diet on the part of the Italians, or a fundamentally healthier condition, is not for us to say, but in any event Italy has no immediate fear of appendicitis, as has the United States.

WHILE in this country there is still a wrangled condition surrounding the unemployment situation, and the means whereby it shall be combatted and relieved, in Italy, without hesitation and red tape, a remedy is being applied.

Not long ago it was announced in the American press that Italy had decided to spend \$145,000,000 to give employment to 250,000 men this Winter. Of this sum, about \$100,000,000 will be spent by the Ministry of Communications on railroads and other communication projects involving jobs for 120,000

men, and the remaining \$45,000,000 will be spent by the Ministry of Public Works in providing 17,000,000 days' work.

A few days previous to this announcement, the Italian Government made public a program of public improvements, all of them of tremendous advantage and usefulness to the country, to show how expenditures for public improvements would be made. It included railways, hydro-electric plants, public buildings, and the further rebuilding of the Vulture and Marche areas, devastated by earthquakes. Also included was one of the prime projects of the Fascist regime, the reclaiming of the Pontine marshes, which lie between Rome and Naples, and which are rapidly undergoing great changes.

IN this section, in our issue of March 1931, we called the attention of our readers, apropos of the Veterans' bonus loan bill then being discussed, to the fact that the first American citizen killed in the World War was Boatswain's Mate John E. Eopolucci, U. S. N., of Washington, D. C.

An interested reader, having noted the item, later happened to read the proceedings at the Naval Memorial Service held at the Washington Navy Yard on October 28, 1917. Mr. Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, delivered a speech on that occasion which our reader sent to us, with the following paragraph under scored:

"In this presence we pay tribute first of all to a young man who went out from this Yard, from this Station, from the *Dolphin*, John Eopolucci. In the bloom of youth, passing day by day through these streets and doing his duty faithfully upon his ship, he was ready to go even before we declared war, when the lives of our merchantmen were in danger, as one of an armed guard. First in the foremost line, he went down with the *Aztec* on April 1, 1917, the pioneer of those immortals who have given their lives for the Cause."

AN item of considerable interest in a recent issue of the Italian-American Commercial Review, the weekly bulletin of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York, was one concerning Italy's foreign

trade during the first half of the present year.

It listed under *Imports* 6,612,566,672 lire, as against 9,544,985,025, making for a reduction, therefore, of about 31%. As for *Exports*, they amounted to 5,112,488,313 lire for the first six months of the year, as against 6,535,421,639 lire for the corresponding period last year, with a reduction, therefore, of 22%.

However, the *Deficit* in Italy's trade balance for the first half of 1931 was 1,500,078,359 lire, compared to 3,009,563,386 lire for the first half of 1930, a reduction in the deficit, in other words, of about 50%.

These figures, though they show the inevitable effects of depression, give a certain satisfaction when one compares them to conditions in other countries, richer and more powerful. For example, the United States saw her exports diminish by 37%, her imports by 36%, and her favorable balance of trade reduced by 40%.

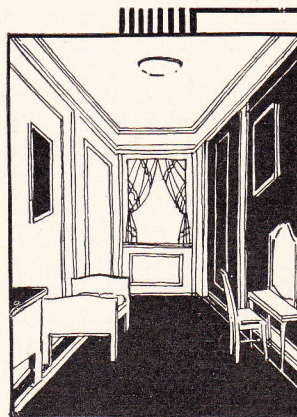
JOHN M. DI SILVESTRO of Philadelphia, Grand Master of the Order Sons of Italy, is at present in Italy to see Premier Mussolini about a plan to erect a statue of George Washington in Rome next year during the celebration here of the bicentennial of the first President's birth. The statue has already been accepted by Mussolini,

and Mr. Di Silvestro sailed not long ago with a party of more than thirty members of the order to arrange definite plans for an unveiling ceremony next year.

The plans were laid by Mr. Di Silvestro before President Hoover before sailing. In the delegation, constituting a committee for the Washington statue, which was photographed with President Hoover on the White House lawn, were T. Tigani, Nicola Ferlazzi, Dr. M. Rovitti, Francis M. Sullivan, Assemblyman Dolce, Salvatore Parisi, Luigi Lerz, Chev. A. Zaffiro, Anthony J. Di Silvestro, Comm. Saverio Romano, Judge Eugene V. Alessandrini, Chev. Stefano Miele, Mr. Di Silvestro, Congressman Goss, Congressman Cavicchia, Congressman Palmisano, Assistant U. S. District Attorney Charles Summa, Ubaldo Guidi, Comm. Francesco Palleria, Nazzareno Noto, Judge T. Mancuso-Ungaro, Cav. V. Marco, Nicola Summa and Chev. Luigi Cipolla.

AN international contest with a prize of 10,000 lire (about \$500) for the best book on travel and touring in Italy was announced not long ago by the Italian Government Tourist Bureau through its New York Office at 745 Fifth Avenue. The conditions are that the book must be published in French, English, German or Spanish before Dec. 31st, 1933.

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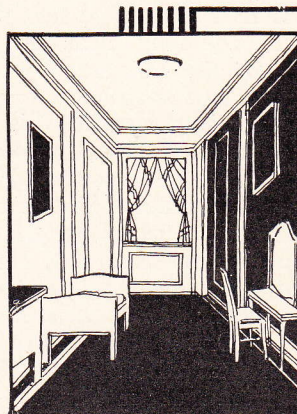
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Books In Review

GOG. By Giovanni Papini. Translated by Mary Prichard Agnetti. 300 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

GIUSEPPE Prezzolini, who knows Papini as but few others know him, said of "Gog" when it was published in its Italian edition earlier this year: "Any book of Papini's is always written against something or against someone." If that is true, then "Gog" is most certainly aimed at the modern world, with its modern art, literature, music, architecture, and, in short, its modern spirit. And Papini's satire is sharp and cutting; it reminds one of that keen-edged classic, Voltaire's "Candide."

Gog is the nickname of an American multimillionaire, Goggins, who retires from active business to spend his fabulous wealth in testing every possible form of activity, experience, and enjoyment to be found in modern life the world over. "Here was a restless half-savage who could command the wealth of an emperor, a descendant of cannibals who while remaining entirely uncultured had gained possession of the world's most fearsome instrument for creating and destroying." Partly through the use of his fabulous fortune, partly through sheer brazen audacity, he does things that normal human beings only dream of doing, and, quickly tiring of them, he turns to other and still more fantastic things.

"Seven years of such living," comments Papini, "consumed three quarters of Gog's capital and as much of his health." Did Papini, we wonder, have the fast-living, fast-spending American life of today in mind when he wrote those words? For, though the book revolts against tendencies that are modern the world over, particularly does it jab penetratingly at the type of American that Gog is supposed to represent.

Delicious is Gog's account of how he shut himself up with books selected as world classics by a paid expert, in order to familiarize himself with what people called "the masterpieces of literature." And the amazing interviews he obtains

with the world's great, with Gandhi, Freud, Einstein, Lenin, Edison, Ford, H. G. Wells, Shaw and others! Ford expounds his ideal: "to manufacture (ultimately) without a single workman an ever-increasing number of articles that cost hardly anything at all," offers Gog a drink, and the latter's comment is: "Never have I tasted better whisky nor conversed with a more profound thinker."

By all means should this book be read. In an entertaining, amazing, sugar-coated form (exactly the method, it will be noted, used in Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" and Voltaire's "Candide") Italy's literary *enfant terrible* has here done some effective piercing of the modern hide, especially of the modern American hide.

The translation by Mary Prichard Agnetti is clear, smooth and eminently readable. But above all, it has preserved the taste of Papini's matter-of-fact audacity.

GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL (*Gabriele D'Annunzio*). By Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston. Illustrated. 336 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50.

THERE is a passage less than one page long, near the beginning of this biography—half portrait and half snapshot—written by D'Annunzio concerning his father, in which the personal pronouns "I", "my" and "me" occur, by actual count, 31 times. No better illustration could be given of the well-known egocentricity of Italy's poet, novelist, lover, soldier, politician, sportsman, critic, aviator and dramatist. One is reminded of the author who talked and talked to a woman friend about himself for hours. Then apologizing for having done all the talking, and about himself, he said: "Let's hear about yourself now. What do you think of my last book?"

But there is more, much more, to D'Annunzio than his sensational egocentricity. There is his beautiful, rippling, golden prose, the prose of "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgins of the Rocks" and

"Pleasure." There is his espousal of the Nietzschean "superman," there is his daring and reckless life in the War, when he earned and won five medals of valour (afterward destroying them because he felt he was above such praises), there is his bold stroke in occupying Fiume in defiance of the League of Nations, there is his poem "Alcione," through which he hoped his fame would be lasting, and which is now but little known, and finally, there is the long series of amours that filled his life, each of which led to its particular poem or novel.

Born in Pescara in the Abruzzi in 1893 (the Archangel insists it was 1864), young D'Annunzio was sent to the Cicognini College at Prato, and one summer, back home on a vacation at the age of twelve, he accomplished his first seduction—a peasant girl. Came the publication of *Primo Vere*, his book of poetry, written when but 16, his entrance into literary circles in Rome, and his early popularity. From then on his story is best recorded in terms of the women he knew, not all of whom are called by their real names because some of them are still alive. It might be added that the Archangel was at least orthodox enough to marry, at the age of twenty.

D'Annunzio reads and writes standing, "his prose is often a mosaic of plagiarisms from his close, and discerning, and appreciative reading," he once refused to be elected to the Italian Academy, saying that "a man of his red blood could not stand in line in a stable with a herd of donkeys," he considered himself a sovereign power at Fiume and even negotiated with other governments, he had no scruples about exploiting the women of his affairs in his novels, plays and poems, he was a deputy in the Italian Parliament, and now, at the *Vittoriale* where he is spending his last years, the fore-castle of the Italian cruiser *Puglia* (a gift of the government) has been set up, with ex-sailors on guard day and night, who fire the guns on patriotic occasions.

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ATLANTICA

The Italian Monthly Review

Founded in 1923

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH

By Edward Corsi

TALKING OF REVOLUTION

THE frequency with which the word revolution is being used in this country these days reminds us of the caller at the *Palazzo Venezia* recently who asked Mussolini his opinion of the American depression. "Depression?" answered the Italian Premier, "why, you Americans don't know what depression means!"

Of course we know what depression means and Mussolini knows we do. But his amusement at the way the wealthiest people in the world are facing adversity is quite natural. To hear our prophets of gloom predict for this country the most dreadful calamities simply because we are experiencing now what the rest of the world has been experiencing in far greater measure for over a decade is to cause smiles, if not derision. It is natural for us to be concerned with our problems, to do everything possible to solve them; but it is quite something else to exaggerate these problems beyond all rhyme and reason, and act as if we had come to the brink of the precipice in our social and economic life. It is amusing, for example, to hear the President of the American Federation of Labor say that "a revolution in the United States in the near future is not an impossibility", though to be sure even the end of the world itself is not an impossibility, or to read in the *Saturday Review* that America may be on the eve of an uprising which should be like mere child's play in comparison with Russia.

This pessimism is unwarranted because it is unreal, and suggests that we may have lost entirely our sense of balance, or are so lacking in perspective as not to realize that, compared with the rest of the world, we have

still much to be thankful for. What should we say or do were we faced with the plight of England or Germany or any of the European countries, not to mention the countries of Asia and South America? The American people have faced depressions before and, as James Truslow Adams points out in *Harper's*, some have been worse than this. With most of the world's gold in our hands, our resources almost intact, our banks glutted with money and our credit never higher in all American history, what justification is there for shouting revolution or crying like babes in the woods?

There is just one thing worse than this talk of calamity, and that is the nonsense of our business Babbits who tell us that another great period of prosperity, of bull markets and downright gambling, is just around the corner—who fail to see that we cannot hope for more than a return to the normal progress of pre-war days and continue from that point on. The extremes of revolution and another golden era rest on a dangerous sense of fatalism, on the illusion that the future is definitely predestined beyond our power to influence it in any way, and that there is nothing for us to do but sharpen our bayonets or prepare for the harvest as

the case may be. We cannot alone solve a crisis which is worldwide, nor restore business activity by fiat, that we know. But while the normal processes of world readjustments, over which we may have little control, are under way, we can at least promote confidence by our policies, alleviate suffering by relief, and with an eye to reality study the causes and plan the remedies for similar experiences in the future. Above all, we can keep our heads and hold our courage.

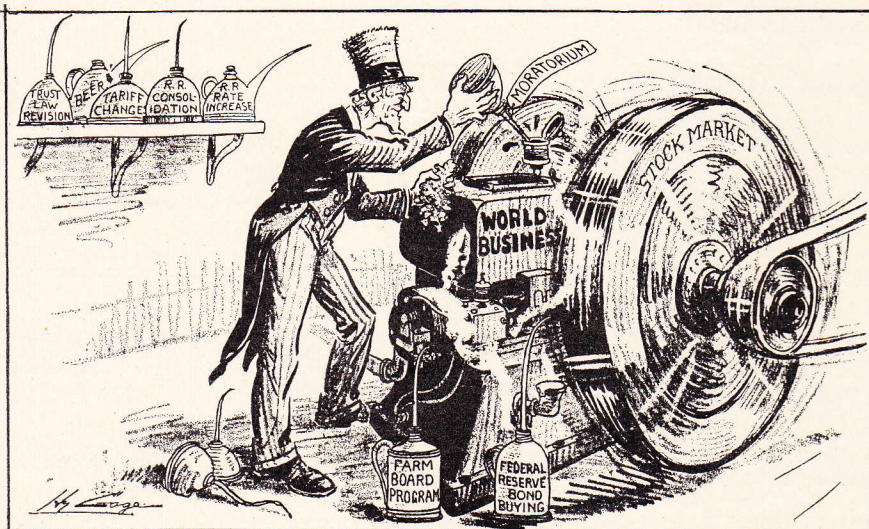
For fundamentally American institutions are sound and such weaknesses as our social structure may bear are not irremediable nor beyond good intentions to repair. What the American people ask of their leaders now is not hysterical predictions of revolution or pots of gold at the rainbow's end, but calm reasoning, constructive leadership and intelligent planning.

LIBERALIZING THE VOLSTEAD ACT

THAT the country is prepared to alleviate suffering in the hard winter ahead of us seems evident in view of the programs that our cities and states are working out under the direction of the Gifford Committee. This Committee is operating on an extensive scale and in October a nationwide campaign for funds will be under way which should prove again the traditional generosity of the American people in the face of need.

While it is President Hoover's policy to have the states handle the problem directly, as has always been done in this country, it is not

unlikely that if the situation should demand it Congress may be asked to help. Certainly the President is aware of the great need, and it is inconceivable that he will not do everything possible to supplement local aid if and when local aid is proved inadequate. But along with relief there is the probability that we may see this winter a successful attempt to liberalize the Volstead



Something Ought to Work

—From the Magazine of Wall Street (Con't on Page 134)

Mussolini and Peace

By Prof. Domenico Vittorini

Author of "The Modern Italian Novel"

The recent proposal made by Dino Grandi, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, before the League of Nations, for a complete cessation in the construction of new armaments until the end of the disarmament conference which is scheduled to take place in Geneva next February, shows once more the sincerity of Mussolini's desire for peace. Here we have a practical suggestion, pregnant with tremendous practical possibilities, which, if carried into effect, would undoubtedly create an atmosphere beneficial to the conference itself. More important still, coming at a time like the present, it would be bound to have an excellent psychological effect on world morale, as well as provide considerable economic and budgetary relief for the various countries now harassed by armaments appropriations. No more effective proposal could be put into practice for eliminating the uneasiness and anxiety now prevalent the world over.

THERE are many individuals in this world who still cling to the fallacious impression that Mussolini will, sooner or later, bring about a war, and that he is preparing for it.

This belief is made possible to a large extent by the superficial comments on Mussolini's utterances elicited from editorial writers little acquainted with the intricacies of world politics and by the sensational captions heading news stories from Italy.

The reading of the speeches delivered by Mussolini in the last few years, and an examination of Italy's foreign policy, reveals a different state of affairs.

One thing, above all, is clear. To quote from Mussolini's speech before the Italian Chamber of Deputies on November 15, 1924:

"Italy needs a long period of peace. All Europe—the whole world—needs it, but also Italy; I should say especially Italy."

The world has often been startled by Mussolini's ringing

appeal to Italian imperialism. In this matter, as in others, we should see what the Italian Premier means by such a term, rather than attributing to it a generic and hence, useless meaning. Speaking at Trieste in 1921, he declared: "Let us hoist the banner of imperialism, of our imperialism, which must not be confused with that of the English or Prussian brand." So, Mussolini's brand is one which does not imply conquest of foreign territories and colonies, the fatal blunder of pre-war Europe. "Let us kindle"—he continued, "the flame of this passion: to make Italy one of the nations without which it would be impossible to conceive the future history of humanity."

Mussolini describes in this fashion his attitude towards international affairs: "Every time I find myself before a problem of foreign policy, the question that I ask of my conscience is: Is it useful or not to the nation? Is it useful for today or also for tomorrow? Is it temporary or enduring?

Does it increase or diminish the possibilities of peace? When I have answered in my conscience all these questions, I act." (November 15, 1924). Evidently we are before a system of foreign policy which is constructive, sane and dignified, and from which every trace of chauvinism is absent. Mussolini knows that war would wreck the economic structure that he has laboriously and diligently built during nine years of government. It should also be remembered that it is not in the mentality of a man who in his youth was an ardent socialist to look at international relations in terms of war. A great deal of the humanitarianism and sense of social justice and peace that socialism advocated has remained ingrained in Mussolini's mind and soul. The echo of the Premier's words pronounced at the inauguration of the Ravenna Aqueduct on August 1st, 1931, is still in the air: "Only the son of a blacksmith can if necessary tell the naked truth to the people.

Nobody can suspect that out of his mouth speak the privileges of blood or the egotism of riches."

BEFORE the World War two distinct mentalities prevailed in the field of international relations: that of the Socialists and that of the Nationalists. The Socialists looked upon Italy's well-being in relation with the well-being of the whole world. Indeed, they were more concerned with the world than with their own country. One of Alfredo Panzini's characters, who bears all the characteristics of a revolutionary socialist of the eighties, sums up his destructive creed thus: "Against God, against the king, against my hated country." The Socialists deprecated all wars except that which the proletariat of the whole world was to wage against the capitalists. The Nationalists, on the other hand, couched in esthetic prose a creed of violence against neighboring nations and relied on arms to enhance the prestige of their country. Basically, the situation was alike in France, England, and Germany.

The war removed from Mussolini's mind the belief in the universalism of his party. When the different nations of Europe and almost of the whole world were slaughtering each other on the battlefields, it would have taken more than a dreamer to keep his faith in internationalism. Mussolini is above all a relativist, which is a new term for *realist*. His experience during the war convinced him that the world of today is divided into political and economic units called nations. Every reform, every forward movement has to be approached from a national standpoint, and it has to take momentum within the boundaries of a nation. From a

socialist and internationalist, Mussolini thus became a national syndicalist.

MUSSOLINI'S conception of international relations cannot be properly evaluated without seeing how much of the spirit of pre-war syndicalism has remained, in a sobered and greatly modified form, in his mentality. Were we to project his international policies against the economic background of a purely capitalistic nation, we should fail to see the logicity of their existence. But Italy of today is not a capitalistic country. It is a country that politically is fascist but economically syndicalist. Italy is primarily an economic unit, a living body, the molecules of which are made up of the active and productive groups of the commonwealth. Mussolini was clear-sighted enough to notice that in the social body there is, and there has always been, the tendency to group according to trade. This was the meaning and power of prewar syndicalism. The groups which rise within and against the state either must be legalized and thus absorbed by the state or they would paralyze the state itself in its functions that tend to regulate national life. The fundamental change that Mussolini has introduced in the old syndicalism consist in having extended the syndical form of organization to all categories of work, be it manual or intellectual, and in having incorporated it into the very texture of the state.

The World War purged Mussolini's socialism of its internationalism. The labor revolution of 1918, when factories were occupied by the Reds and ruined, wiped from Mussolini's socialism his belief in communism. Hence, his economic policies, that allow individual initiative only as far as it is productive and ethical. Hence,

also, his belief that Italy should be placed first in the consideration of the international problem. However, while showing the most ardent and pure patriotism, he has never given evidence of that exaggerated patriotic egotism that grows all over the world under the name of nationalism. The gesture of the Corfù occupation, while it pleased the Nationalists, was nothing but a warning to Europe that the days of Italy's passiveness were over. As to Fiume, Mussolini sacrificed the aspirations of the extreme Nationalists who wished to occupy the whole Dalmatian coast, and settled the vexing question by accepting the city only with no territory outside of it.

MANY were startled by Mussolini's speech at Florence a little over a year ago. To quote the Herald Tribune of August 9, 1931: "The Florence speech, containing the now famous jambics in praise of machine gun and cannon, was generally looked upon as the high point of the bellicose oratory of the decade." The Herald Tribune does not mention or it does not know that on the very day that Mussolini spoke at Florence, France was conducting military maneuvers at the Italian border, an act utterly deprived of tact and very untimely, since Italy and France were then discussing reduction in navy armaments. In quite a different manner, Mussolini had referred to Franco-Italian relations in a speech in the Senate on December 11, 1924: "I hope that by examining with friendliness and cordiality such a question (the boundary line of the Roia Valley) and other problems that interest us, we may reach an agreement with France." Before turning to the East and making trade pacts with Russia, Mussolini had always eagerly

hoped to have friendly relations with France. Those words in praise of the machine gun were the outburst of a man who sees himself chained to a situation which is tragic because those who create it have shown themselves to be men of bad faith. Did not Mussolini say on that very occasion that he wanted to "unmask the hypocritical European governments which talked peace and prepared for war?" Did not Socialism in pre-war days clamor that nations were arming and indicted them in the name of peace? No statesman who wants war will criticise other nations for arming, since the more they arm, the greater justification and excuse can he find for his own armaments.

The truth of the matter is that Mussolini's militarism has been based on erratic interpretations of parts of his speeches without taking into account what he has accomplished in the field of international relations. Farsighted and outspoken, Mussolini saw that some European nations were trying again to resume the pre-war game of controlling raw materials. Openly and emphatically, he condemned in the Senate such a practice by proclaiming that "if we truly want peace we must eliminate the causes for war. But when nations pursue a policy for the monopoly of raw materials, they create causes for war." (December 11, 1924).

THE economic elements in the international situation constantly attract Mussolini's attention. On more than one occasion he has pointed out that history teaches that nations have pursued three different means in order to overcome the obstacles which confront them: birth-control, war, and economic outlets in the world market. He has always excluded birth-control because

he strongly feels that it is suicidal for a country to condemn itself to it. He has not even mentioned the possibility of war; but he has strongly emphasized, especially for Italy, the need of seeking world markets. The crucial point is: how has Italy, under his leadership, sought these markets? Let us look at the facts. Italy has, since 1924, made trade and arbitration pacts with many nations: Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Finland and 25 other countries. We wonder whether the far-reaching economic effects of these pacts have been duly evaluated. Through them Italy has broken the stranglehold that both nature and the political situation have applied to her. A nation needs world markets for its sustenance. Italy needs them above any other country because she is poor in raw materials and derives most of her income from manufacturing imported raw material. She has opened, or at least pursued a new road when she has shown that it is possible to acquire world markets by peaceful agreements with other countries, thus establishing the fact that armed conquests of markets are not necessary.

Very significant is also the law passed in May, 1929, by which the Italian government renounces every claim on Italians who have become citizens of the countries where they have settled. By this law Mussolini has broken the narrow boundaries of political nationalism and has replaced them by the invisible ties, both cultural and economic, that every citizen of a foreign country can feel for the land of birth without offending the allegiance that he owes to the country of his adoption. Why should not an American of English extraction feel cultural ties with

England? Why should he not trade with that country if he so chooses? It is the same with Italians. What does the narrowness of natural boundaries count if Italy can trade with the rest of the world wherever immigrants of Italian stock live? Incidentally, international investments (not loans) are also pointing today to the same tendency towards international peace. If foreign money is invested in this country (there are, I believe, seven billion dollars invested in the United States by foreign nations), and if American capital is invested abroad, as it is, will the different nations be interested in waging war? Will not these economic inter-relations, which cover the whole world like invisible threads, spell the end of the narrow and political nationalism that brought us to the tragedy of the World War?

MUSSOLINI'S article on the flight from Rome to Brazil suggests also that aeroplanes have opened new possibilities for world trade and for international peace. "England," so he states, "it was said twenty years ago, at aviation's dawn, is no longer an island, nor can she claim isolation. The Italian squadron flight has demonstrated that not only channels but even oceans are crossable, so that the Atlantic can now be considered a mere pond, and the humanity on its two shores near together." Aeroplanes have thus widened the boundaries of nations. A nation cannot be stifled by others when the ways of the sky are open. It can reach foreign markets and lands, and exchange the products of honest and peaceful work.

IT is well at this point to recall the New Year's message broadcast from Rome to this

From Sicily to the Lakes

Over the New Roads of Italy

By Helene Buhlert Bullock

In Two Parts—Part One

IN the *Observatory* of the July ATLANTICA I came across the following statement, apropos of the recent improvement in Italian roads:

"It is no exaggeration to say that it is now possible to travel by motor car from one end of Italy to the other along well-preserved, smooth and safe roads that are a delight to the motorist."

As I myself have, very recently, done just that thing,—travelled by motor-car from one end of Italy to the other, I can produce very strong concrete evidence of the truth of ATLANTICA'S statement.

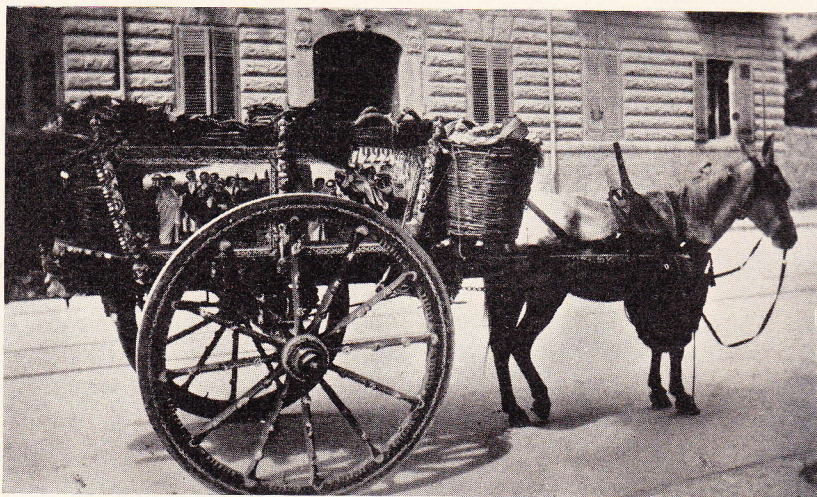
Italy is today the paradise of the motorist, from the bare wild slopes of the Sicilian mountains to the Lakes and the Alps. And Italian roads are still sufficiently free from traffic to give one the luxurious feeling that the enchanting country unfolding on every side is all his own. To the jaded American driver, tense with the habit of watching his car and a few hundred others, motoring in Italy is a rest-cure. So I say to everybody who wants a perfect holiday, and can get away for April, May, and June, when Italy is at her lovely best, "Drive

your car to New York, and put yourself and it on board the steamer for Naples." Or, if you prefer, buy a second-hand car in Italy and sell it when you leave. You will be surprised to find how little a motoring holiday in Italy will cost. Travelling by motor and by rail are equal in expense if there are two persons in the car; if there are three passengers, the cost for each is less than railway fares.

The fine new roads which one now finds everywhere in Italy make it possible to visit many places off the beaten track, and to learn more of the country than is known to travellers who have made the familiar rounds of Naples, Rome, the hill towns, Florence, Venice, and the Lakes. The country south of Naples, for instance, today offers a motoring opportunity unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Hence you should by

all means start your trip at Palermo, either leaving the boat there, or, if it does not touch Sicily, taking the steamer from Naples to Palermo, an overnight trip. Sicily in the spring is too good to miss. Your guide-book (the best in English are the Blue guides, based on those of the Italian Touring Club, one for Northern Italy, the other for Central and Southern Italy and the Islands) will easily direct you about the fascinating city of Palermo, and up to Monreale, most glorious of Byzantine-Romanesque cathedrals, with its magnificent mosaics, its world-famous cloisters with their exquisite twisted and carved columns, and its convent garden overlooking the lovely Conca d'Oro—shell of gold—the valley which lies like a great shell among the steep mountains behind the golden city of Palermo, where the calla lilies grow in big clumps in all the gardens, and each street shows at either end a blue vista of mountains.

THE trip to Segesta, which a few years ago could only be made with great difficulty, partly by train and partly by auto-bus and donkey-back, is



A Sicilian cart in Palermo

—Photo by H. B. Bullock

now a beautiful drive of some six miles from Palermo, along the fine new shore road to Portofino, thence to Alcamo and Calatafini which lies just south of Segesta. Any Italian hostelry will provide you with a *cestino*,—a box lunch—and you may picnic at your leisure on the sunny hillside facing the wonderful golden-yellow Doric temple, standing roofless and serene between green hills and azure sky, as it has stood since the middle of the fifth century before Christ; for it was never finished. Before leaving Segesta, be sure to climb the hill to the Greek theatre, whose superb situation, overlooking rolling uplands and the blue gulf of Castellammare, testifies to the Greeks' invariably matchless taste in the selection of building sites.

IF you have time to go on to Girgenti, to see the great Greek temples there, so much the better for you. Thence you may go via Caltanissetta and Catania to Siracusa and Taormina. If not, a most satisfactory and interesting route is the one from Palermo along the north coast of Sicily to Cefalù, with its great Byzantine-Romanesque cathedral high above the sea, then on to the little town of Santo Stefano di Camastro, just before reaching which you turn inland up the glorious valley of a branch of the Salso river. The road is cut along the flank of the mountain wall which borders the valley on the west, and grows wilder and more beautiful with every mile, until you reach Mistretta, one of the cleanest and fairest of Sicilian towns, seated 950 kilometres high at the head of the valley. It is built of warm brown stone, many of the houses having exquisite wrought iron balconies, and as you drive slowly along its abruptly-angled streets, each turn revealing new charm of color

and line and form, you can scarcely resist the temptation to settle down in Mistretta for weeks or months. The drive on to Nicosia is wild and strange and lonely; romantic in the truest sense of the word. The road winds among barren



Ruins of the Greek Theatre at Taormina

—Photo by Henry Lemon

mountains, their tops mysteriously shrouded in thin gray mist, utterly and weirdly empty of life except for an occasional shepherd wrapped in his cape, standing motionless like a sculptured figure among his sheep or goats. But you need have no fear of these lonely places. Sicily is today one of the safest countries in the world. You are as secure on the Sicilian and Calabrian highways as in England, and infinitely more safe than in America. As you near Nicosia the road climbs and twists and climbs still higher; if you are fortunate enough to see a thunder-storm brew and break among those mountains, the spectacle of that play of lightning amidst purple-black cloud and sheets of white rain is one

you will never forget. After Nicosia, another brown hill-town piled high to the southward, you turn abruptly north-east and climb to Cerami and Troina. Always, of course, you are in the mountains—a glance at the map of Sicily will show the whole central and north-eastern sections of the island unbrokenly mountainous—and for wild and sombre strangeness these mountains are unsurpassed in Europe or America. It is not a pretty country, green and softly modelled and exquisitely finished; it is aloof and self-contained and unfathomable. The vegetation is scanty; almost the only flower in the spring is a rank yellow weed whose name I do not know. There are few trees. The valley of the Troina, which you cross soon after leaving the town of the same name, is more smiling; the road runs a winding course through green valleys and twists along flowery hillsides; then it goes on to Cesarò, perhaps the most ancient-looking and romantic town in Sicily. Its stone walls and tiled roofs, weathered and worn to an incredible look of age, tower high above the road; the town seems the personification of the strange wild land through which you have been passing, and continue to pass, on to Randazzo, where Mt. Etna's shining snow-peak comes in sight, making you realize that you are nearing the coast and Taormina. But first you go through the gloomy lava towns, built, walls and houses and all, of square blocks of black lava. A slight detour, after you reach the coast road to Taormina, takes you to Lava Mascola, buried two years ago under Etna's latest eruption. What was once a cream-and-pink village now looks like a black rag thrown down the slope of the treacherous mountain. In the middle of the dark acres of lava-hills stands a

single square pink stucco house with a single palm-tree beside it,—all that is left of the town. But up to the very edge of the lava the ground is cultivated, the young spring green of the grape-vines showing oddly against the black embankments.

TAORMINA, with its well-known description as "the most beautiful place in the world" is familiar to tourists, and nobody can afford to pass it by. While you are there, don't fail to drive over to Savoca, quite the most fascinating town in that lovely region. Savoca, built on three hills, with a convent at one end and a ruined castle at the other, is today largely depopulated, and contrasts strangely with prosperous and tourist-filled Taormina. Its beauty of situation, of color, its ancient churches and crumbling houses, its incomparable views of hills and sea and snow-crowned Etna, make an unforgettable impression upon the beauty-loving visitor.

From Taormina to Messina the road is one long unbroken village street, and such a street! One village runs into the next, and the procession of donkey-carts, dogs, pigs, and human beings of all sizes, ages and shapes, never ceases. You draw a long breath when you finally reach Messina, which has many interesting things besides the ferry to Villa San Giovanni, on the mainland, where you begin the drive up through Calabria, Basilicata, and Campania to Naples. This trip through the southern Apennines is so beautiful that you are tempted to loiter, but if time presses it can be comfortably accomplished in three days. Paola or Cosenza are good places to spend the night; Sala Consilina and Lagonegro both have native inns, very rough, but clean and with good food. Salerno has excellent

hotels. This road through the mountains of southern Italy is known to few tourists, and you will have no traffic problems other than those engendered by picturesque flocks of sheep and herds of goats and buffalo (the tame variety) with their shepherds and herders, *contadini* (peasants) in long capes riding on donkeys, and women carrying everything, from baskets of eggs to great piles of brushwood, on their heads. The Calabrian scenery is mag-



A Street in Lagonegro

—Photo by H. B. Bullock

nificent, up through high Monteleone to Nicastro, whence the road through Carpanzano and Rogliano to Cosenza takes you through wild and gorgeous mountains. You taste the spring season in every stage many times a day, from June in the valleys, up through May with endless gay flowers in the fields and hedgerows and blossoming white heather scenting the air for miles, to April with its misty pale greens and yellows and lavenders on tree and shrub and the earliest primroses and violets in sheltered places, on the heights. And always, behind and above the blossoming spring, stand long ranges of cold blue mountains,

white-crowned with never-melting snows.

BUT the drive from Castelluccio to Lagonegro, in the province of Basilicata, is just as lovely. Castelluccio has a lower and an upper town; the upper, perched on a great rock high above the Lao river, ranks with Mistretta and Cesarò, in Sicily, for brown and ancient beauty. The mountain road then carries you on some dozen miles until suddenly, at a walled bend, the almost incredibly fair vision of Lauria meets your eyes. At one end of the town, which lies partly in the hollow of the valley beneath snow-mountains, and partly sprawled up the mountain-side, stands a sharp and beetling crag crowned with the most thrilling of fairy-tale castles; and the color of the town itself, cream and pink and pale brown against the green hillsides, is such as to make the beholder, on seeing it for the first time, almost cry aloud his wonder.

And then, as you drive reluctantly on, you cross the river Sinni, (once the Sirio, on whose banks Pyrrhus fought and conquered the Romans), and come upon the Black Lake (Lagonegro) with strange rock-caverns, dark and old, haunting its course, and brilliant wild-flowers growing in rich profusion along the road. A journey like this, with the young spring shining in all its tender beauty against the walls of old, old towns, is a thing to dream of long after you are back again in the work-a-day world. And it is the new roads which make such a trip possible; you find yourself composing letters of thanks to the present Italian government, which has, in a few short years, opened up this wonder-land by spending millions of lire upon road-building.

(To be concluded)

The Times of Michael Angelo and Raphael

By Alfonso Arbib-Costa

Professor of Italian at the College of the City of New York

III.

IT seemed as if after Leonardo no other advance was possible in art. But it had still to attempt a new effort in order to unite in a kind of superior harmony, Christianity and the Antiquity, the Holy Writ and Homer. Besides, without any sacrifice of beauty, art was to acquire a higher degree of moral elevation. It is this which was to be attempted by Michael Angelo and Raphael, his rival, eight years younger. Certain gloomy minds have chosen to see in this definitive triumph of the Renaissance a decline of religious art. But when Leonardo and his successors endeavored to place Greek beauty at the service of Christianity, they went back to the pure Christian tradition. Without doubt Christianity—with its character of universal religion—had to accommodate itself to all the civilizations—but it was founded in the midst of Greco-Roman civilization.

At the time in which Michael Angelo began to be known, the city of Florence was profoundly agitated by the attempt of religious and political reform directed by Gerolamo Savonarola, a Dominican friar. Savonarola thundered against luxury, ordered the destruction of the works of art which were

not in accord with his austere doctrines; but he was always far from proscribing art itself. Thus, in spite of his fanaticism

The following article is the third of a series of four by Prof. Arbib-Costa on great epochs of Italian art. It follows those in previous issues of ATLANTICA on "The Precursors of the Renaissance: Giotto to Masaccio," and "Leonardo da Vinci and His Contemporaries," and it will be succeeded by "Italian Art in the Seventeenth Century." Prof. Arbib-Costa here treats, but in a more extensive way, the same topics upon which he recently dwelt in a series of radio talks over Station WNYC for the "Air College" of C.C.N.Y.

—which imposed itself in Florence for a short period from 1493 to 1498, in spite of irreparable destructions, he did contribute to give the artists a noble purpose and a high inspiration. And one of the first to come under the spiritual domination of the fiery monk was Michael Angelo, who used to read assiduously his sermons when he was engaged in his stupendous work at the Sistine Chapel.

Michael Angelo—a genius as universal as Leonardo da

Vinci—even surpasses the latter in power, and seems to be on a plane above human proportions.

MICHAEL Angelo Buonarroti was born in 1475 at the Castle of Caprese near Arezzo. From his childhood he showed extraordinary disposition for drawing. His noble family, after trying in vain to dissuade him from an artistic career, placed him as an apprentice and student with Ghirlandajo. Lorenzo de Medici, the Magnificent, soon became a friend, more than a protector for him, and permitted him to study at his leisure the ancient pieces of statuary that he had gathered in his gardens, while he perfected his mind in associations with the foremost literateurs and scientists of Florence. After the death of Lorenzo in that fateful year 1492 which saw the discovery of America, the destruction of the last Moorish stronghold in Spain, and the election of Cardinal Borgia as Pope, Michael Angelo spent a part of his time in the convent of Santo Spirito, where he could study anatomy, then went to Rome where he executed, in marble, the group of La Pietà that is in the Church of St. Peter. Back in Florence, the artist received a number of orders, of which he

executed only a few, the most important being the colossal statue of David. It was in 1505 that the Pope, Julius II, commissioned him to do his tomb, a colossal project, the only parts of which executed by Michael Angelo were the group of the Captives, at present in the Louvre Museum in Paris, and the colossal, impressing statue of Moses, now in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome. The Pope incessantly turned him aside from his work by new orders, and soon obliged him to abandon his sculptures for fresco decorations in the Sistine Chapel, at which work Michael Angelo was engaged for ten years at first, from 1508 to 1518, and to which he returned in 1534, when Pope Paul III asked him to execute upon a wall of the Sistine, in which there were already some figures by Botticelli, the Last Judgment, a work that was terminated six years later, in 1541.

Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are perhaps the most capital work of painting of all times and all countries. Never has genius affirmed itself with more depth and majesty, to such a point as to give a sensation of awe joined to unbounded admiration. A gracious figure like the Eve in the Creation of Woman takes on a sublime character. Michael Angelo has represented in the ceiling the principal scenes of the Old Testament and in the springtime of the vault the Prophets and the Sibyls.

In 1534 Pope Paul, III, commissioned to Michael Angelo the execution, on the great wall of the Sistine

Chapel, of the Last Judgment, the cartoons of which the artist had prepared under the preceding Pontiff. The painting was inaugurated on Christmas day of 1541. That work, all impregnated with a Dantesque spirit and for which all terms of praise and admiration have been exhausted, seems, however, to some critics, inferior to the paintings on the vault. But, in the same way as the diamond is needed to cut diamond, it is only by comparing Michael Angelo to himself that the admiration that he inspires may in some way be limited for certain of his works.

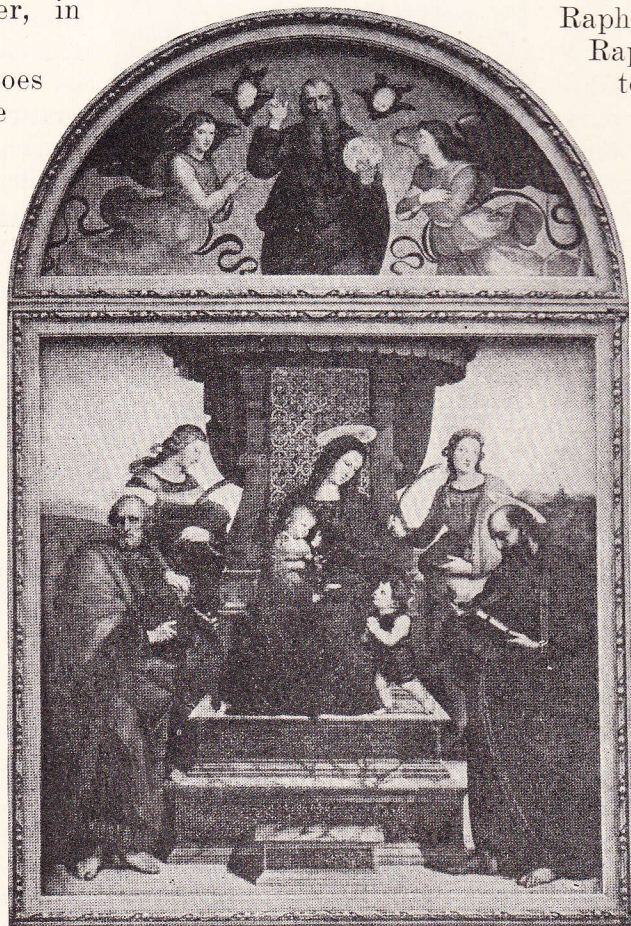
DURING Michael Angelo's life, Florence had other eminent artists, if not of his stature. Daniele de Volterra, a pupil of Perugino and of Michael Angelo, has painted the Descent from the Cross, now in the Church of the Trini-

tà dei Monti in Rome; Sebastiano del Piombo, Rodolfo Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolomeo, whose Descent from the Cross, now at Palazzo Pitti in Florence, is one of the most moving and most famous Italian pictures.

Fra Bartolomeo had as his only rival, below Leonardo and Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, who is with Leonardo the greatest colorist of the Florentine School and whom his contemporaries call the painter without defects.

In Rome, above all as a consequence of a magnificent Papal court and of the considerable works undertaken, a great center of art existed in the Fifteenth Century. The great artists were coming to Rome, however, from the outside. The Roman School is, after all, but a brilliant branch nourished by the sap of the Florentine and Umbrian Schools, and it may be said to consist only of Raphael and his pupils. Now Raphael, born in Umbria, after commencing his studies in his native country, had developed his talent in the contact of the Florentine masters.

Raphael was born at Urbino, capital of a duchy then still independent from the Holy See, on Good Friday, in 1483. His father was a distinguished painter and it is with him that Raphael began, while still a child, to study art. He was only eleven when he lost his father and he entered as a pupil the study of Perugino. In 1499 the young artist—he was only sixteen—executed for the church of the Franciscans at Perugia a Resurrection which is now in the Vatican



Raphael—Virgin Enthroned with Saints

Museum. Four years later, Raphael went to Florence, where he remained eight years. That sojourn was to have a great influence on his talent. The study of Masaccio's painting, of Leonardo and Michael Angelo's sketches, the advice of Fra Bartolomeo, revealed to him a superior art and gave him the conscience of his forces. Until then he had more or less imitated the Perugino. But after his arrival at Florence he tried to add to the impeccable line a larger touch, more grace in color, more freedom and variety in the composition; in a word, more power and more life.

IN 1508 Raphael was called to Rome by his uncle Bramante, the architect of the Vatican and of St. Peter. Pope Julius II was so enthusiastic about the talent of the young painter that he commissioned him at once to decorate the Stanze of the Vatican. Before the great surface that he was given to cover, Raphael found without effort an amplitude of talent that he himself did not suspect. Although Raphael was aided at times by numerous pupils, to whom he gave a sketch of the great compositions that he executed, the number and the importance of the works executed by him or under his immediate direction in his brief life are witness of an activity of mind and hand hardly to be believed. No one of his works, however, betrays haste nor fatigue. After the Stanze, he decorated the Logge at the Vatican. He painted numerous Madonnas, many portraits; and examples of his art are now found in all the great Museums and a few private Galleries in Italy and abroad. He died at thirty-seven years of age, on Good Friday of 1520, having just at that time about completed the great painting of the Transfiguration that is now at the

Vatican Museum in Rome. The destiny of Raphael is unique in the history of art. In a few years he exhausted the favors of fortune. He has kept with posterity a popularity that no other artist has equalled and which, in spite of some at-



Michael Angelo

tempts made in our days by some English and German critics, has not been seriously shaken. This popularity was not acquired by him only because he possessed alone the different qualities that shine in the other masters, but also and principally because he is always lofty without effort, human without vulgarity, graceful without affectation, passionate without exaggeration; because his simplest compositions as well as the most vast carry equally the imprint of a spontaneous creation full of life, of grandeur, and of beauty.

At the time in which a terrible event, the taking and the sack of Rome by the troops of the Constable of Bourbon in 1527, troubled deeply the Eternal City, with subsequent dispersion of the group of artists formed at Raphael's School, Venice, victorious over the Leagues formed against her, had taken up again the course

of her prosperity. Giorgione and Tiziano, allying the teaching of Leonardo to that of Bellini, carried the splendor of the Venetian School to its greatest height.

GIORGIONE, whose full name was Giorgio Barbarelli, and Titian, Tiziano Vecellio, were both born in the same year, 1477, but the former was to die in 1511, while Titian continued his remarkable career until his death at one hundred years of age. Giorgione arrived sooner than his contemporary to the full force of his talent, and had the honor to be imitated not only by his old Master, Bellini, but by Titian himself, who, however, was to have the time in his long career to surpass in power as well as in number of accomplishments Giorgione, who had at first taken the precedence.

The passage of Michael Angelo and Sebastiano del Piombo at Venice could not fail to have an effect upon the Venetian School. Titian, immensely affected by the grandeur of the Florentine style, executed under this impression the death of St. Peter Martyr, which indicates the beginning of his third manner. This picture—considered his masterpiece—was unfortunately destroyed in a calamitous fire in 1867.

As a portrait painter, Titian must be placed in the very first rank, whether he represents beauty and grace, as in the *Flora* and *Bella* now in Florence, and *Titian's daughter*, in the Museum of Madrid, or when he reproduces the cruel and cold physiognomy of Philip the Second of Spain and that of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, devoured by fever, but having dominated his suffering and mounted his charger to lead his army fighting at Muhlberg.

* * *

A few months after Titian's

(Continued on Page 136)

A Titan of Italian Literature

Alfieri and His Critics

By Dr. Michele Renzulli

THERE can be few who realize that Italian literature, despite its essentially passionate and romantic nature, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century had as yet given birth to no tragic drama worthy of the tongue of Dante and Tasso. Many, it is true, had made praiseworthy dramatic attempts; however, with the single exception of Maffei's "Merope" (1713), none had risen above mediocrity. It was the dawn of the nineteenth century that revealed a national literature of Tragedy. Before the morn of this new century had broken the glorious sunburst of Alfieri's genius had given rise to a Tragic Italian Theatre. Six comedies, seventeen satires, countless epigrams, a volume of robust sonnets and musical lyrics (including five odes on the American Revolution) and many minor works had left his pen. It is not on these, however, that his reputation rests, nor is it by these that his name will ever live, but rather because of his twenty-one masterful tragedies is he called a Creator of tragic thought. To the tragedies we will confine our remarks.

BY embodying the earnestness of the Greeks, by employing the modern forms of the French, by avoiding pedantic obedience to both, and by the assistance of his own language, Alfieri created a tragedy distinctly his own. He realized what many of our modern play-writers seem unconscious

of that the theatre should be a school where men may learn to be strong, free, broad-minded; where men may become animated with the desire



Vittorio Alfieri

From the portrait by Francois Fabre

to be defenders of their country, scorers of vice and lovers of virtue. Borne on by this conviction, Alfieri unhesitatingly rejected everything that tended to lessen the effect on his audience. Thus the "mezzucci" (ordinary dramatic contrivances) were left unemployed and all secondary characters excluded. Tender love, virtue and vice that failed to participate in true greatness were to find no place in his plays. The dramatic dialogue and the very plot itself were to be simple, brief and telling, every part of the action was to lead up to the catastrophe as a means to an end.

ACTING does not constitute tragedy. Exalt passion, kill the protagonist; still you

have no tragedy. It is the earnest, stern, real representation of operative passion speaking not in the language of the poet but in that of the human heart that makes tragedy. Tragic drama connotes a contrast of strong passions; characters illustrious and characters notorious. In fact, for the creation of any great drama three conditions are essential. 1) The work must be managed by a man endowed with mind and heart, capable of feeling deeply the subject which he is going to treat, that thus he may breathe into it some of his own real life; 2) The subject must be one fit to receive and foster this imbibed life; 3) The writer must be master of the language in which his heroes converse. Nor is this all, the conception of the drama should be ample and varied, qualities that never result from a purely subjective pen. Objectivity is the prodigious producer of variety. Witness Shakespeare, who glides from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the tender to the cruel, from the comic to the tragic with the same ease that the accomplished musician covers his gamut.

THAT Alfieri fully possessed the qualities we have been discussing the vast majority of critics now admit. Although a follower of Aristotle's rules, he never allowed himself to be hampered by these same rules. He followed nature as all men of genius, and not formal rhetoric. Once a rule of rhetoric encumbers a writer's

talent, impedes his originality and proves an obstacle to the exciting and noble feelings, then for the writer it is no longer a rule, but rather something to be discarded. European literature has suffered much from erroneous opinions on this very matter—in Italy stores of originality have remained buried, in France the light of Corneille's genius has been dimmed; it was Shakespeare, who never observed unities of time and place and who knew Aristotle's Poetics by name only, who rose to the zenith of modern tragic art. To the priggish rhetorician who had bitterly attacked his "L'Ecole des Femmes" because it was not in accordance with Aristotle's rules, Molière sharply replied thus:—"Some people make me laugh; what peculiar people you are with your rules, with which you deceive the ignorant. To hear you we should think that these rules are the greatest mysteries of the world, but they are only observations made by common sense and we do not need Horace's and Aristotle's help. Is it not the most beautiful of all rules to please? And if a comedy attains its end does it not do in a good way?" More could be said on this subject, but we must return to our poet.

ALFIERI cannot be ranked among the world's greatest poets because he lacks two qualities essential to such an honor. So says a recent Italian critic, and he goes on,—First, a knowledge of human nature in all its various phases, the study of which he never pursued. Second, the sentiment of nature. Now that our poet is defective in the first quality mentioned we must admit, but no lack of necessary ability caused this ignorance, for, as those who have studied his life know only too well, pride was the cause—hatred of men

whom he never cared to study. Against the second defect ascribed to our poet we feel compelled to take up arms. Alfieri in many of his writings, and especially in his "Saul" and "Mirra," displayed an exquisite sense of nature, and if this feeling is less prominent in some of his other works, it is simply because the author has purposely concealed it. Softer feelings had to be crushed that his tragedies might take on that iron-clad stamp which he felt necessary to shake the very roots of Italian effeminacy of his time. "His personages," says the same critic, "have only one side of mankind, it is the soul impoverished to a faculty, the extremity of a character and of a defect which kills everything that is around him." And shall we conclude from this that his tragedies are without life, without poetry, as has A. W. Schlegel in his "Dramatische Kunst und Literatur," and Villemain in his "Tableau de la Litterature au XVIII Siécle?" Not at all.

IT may be well to remind the cursory peruser of literary criticism that Vittorio Alfieri, whenever the occasion presented itself or whenever he could present the occasion, lashed even unto blood both Germans and French (Vd. Misogallo). With this in mind the reader will not give too much credence to the critics of these two nations, yet even here we find some few impartial ones. Thus Patin in his "Etudes sur le tragiques grecs" speaks highly of Alfieri, and Sismondi in his "Histoire de la Litterature Italienne," refers to him as having united in his tragedies the unity and sublimity of the Greek theatre; the grandeur of the English stage, and the pathos of the French drama (a slight exaggeration). Indeed, with

regard to the criticisms of Villemain and Schlegel we do not hesitate to say that they either read Alfieri with the prejudices born of art or they did not understand the intimate nature of Alfierian poetry. Certainly they did not realize that Alfieri took life away from all things else only that he might concentrate that same life in his protagonist. The blood withdrew itself from the limbs to collect itself in the head. Here we have an excess of life accumulated in one place which overflows in most violent passion, in vivid action; passion that is oblivious of every thing but its one aim, action that rushes vehemently on to that one end. Of course this continual tension of soul, this constant effort on the author's part to be always sturdy, rugged and even ferocious, naturally leads him into monotony, which, indeed, is the only real defect of all his tragedies. From an artistic standpoint many of his conceptions would have gained by the presence of more personages and the occasional introduction of the lyrical element. It is the latter that made "Saul" so attractive. No one can reasonably doubt the strength, efficacy and general dramatic effects that poets have ever derived from a skillful insertion of the lyrical amidst the compact dialogue of tragic drama. It is plain that our critics have entirely missed their point, and the one defect they might have ascribed to Alfieri, they have not even discovered.

IT is beside our present purpose to institute any comparison between Alfieri and Shakespeare, Alfieri and Schiller, Alfieri and Corneille, and even between Alfieri and Vega. One fact, however, stands out in indisputable relief against the art-for-art's

The Orvieto of Today

By Elizabeth Hamburger

IN Umbria, northwards from Rome, stands the rock of the city of Orvieto,—Volturnii of the Etruscans, Uros Vetus of the Romans, Papal stronghold of the Middle Ages, a city whose inner past was as turbulent as its modern exterior is imperturbable. To see Orvieto suddenly from the road above the valley of the Paglia is to receive the distinct and ineradicable impression of a place of proud history consciously frozen into the mold of bygone days. A stark steep rock rising six hundred and seventy feet from a green, house-dotted, river-rifted valley, a rock crowned by a battlemented wall, many dun-colored houses and one gleaming glorious edifice: such is the modern Orvieto which renders the traveller who comes by road from Rome breathless with wonder.

Closer acquaintance with this brown city of the beautiful cathedral only serves to strengthen the impression. The streets where once the Filipeschi struggled in vain to wrest sovereignty from the powerful Monaldeschi are now comparatively deserted. Here where *Ecclesiastici* battled *Eretici*, and political factions known by the picturesque sobriquets of "Stag," "Dog," and "Viper" fought so frequently that the population of the city was diminished by many thousands in a few years, there are now only a few tradespeople going about their little trivial businesses, a few

drab and bedraggled peasants going to market in what is for them still a metropolis. Here where thirty Popes took refuge at one time or another, the proud buildings which they or their legates caused to be erected have been turned into warehouses, stores, or at best, into banks. And still the city casts its spell, more suggestively no doubt because of this very lack of present movement.

Yet there are more reasons for visiting Orvieto than its pastbound spell. There is, for instance, the famous wine of Montefiascone. Montefiascone is a nearby hilltown the chief pride of which is this same white wine of ineffable flavor. Famous the world over, there is nevertheless something about the wine which makes it impossible to transport successfully. The true sort can only be savored at Montefiascone itself or at the hostelryes of the neighboring Bolsena and Orvieto. Of course, you can buy *Montefiascone* or *Orvieto* at Rome or elsewhere, but you will never know the taste of nectar until you have made an Umbrian pilgrimage. And you do not have to take a modern traveller's word for it, for the reputation of this wine was established for all time in the days of Bishop Johannes Fugger of Augsburg.

THIS worthy prelate, who lived in a wiser time than ours, gave full recognition to the epicure's art, and particu-

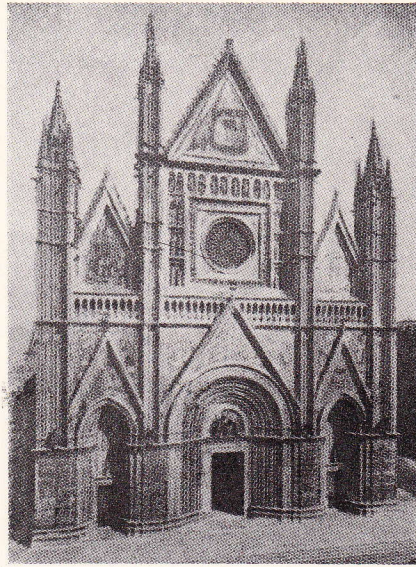
larly did he appreciate the joys of good wine, not just any wine, but wine with a smooth flavor and a fragrant bouquet. Therefore when he travelled through Europe he engaged the finest "taster" he could find, and this "taster" preceded the good Bishop wherever he went. He stopped at all the inns on the route and tasted their wines on behalf of his master. When the proprietor was fortunate enough to produce something worthy of Johannes, the taster would write on the door of the inn: EST,—*it is good*. If the proprietor were a man of unusual discrimination and brought forth a particularly fine wine, the "taster" would write: EST, EST,—*it is very good indeed*. However, when this highly experienced gentleman reached Montefiascone just half a day ahead of the Bishop he was, as he might have said, stumped. Never in his whole life had he sampled such wine. It was, he thought, unrivalled in all the world, and so that the Bishop might be sure to find it, he wrote: EST, EST, EST, *this is the best of all*.

That evening Johannes arrived early and might have pushed his journey further had he not seen the message on the door of the inn. Once he had caught a glimpse of that there was no question of going further. In fact he could hardly wait to begin the feast. Moreover, having begun, he found it impossible to stop. He felt as though he had lived his

whole life for this one night. Unfortunately, however, he was no longer a young man, and on this night of nights he overdid things a bit. By midnight he became ill and soon he knew that he must die. Yet he felt no pangs of regret, only great joy that he should have known perfection before the end. He called for writing materials, and with his last bit of strength he penned his will. He left a large sum of money to Montefiascone and asked to be buried near the town. The only condition attached to the gift was that a barrel of the wine, destined forever after to be known as EST, EST, EST, should be poured over his grave each year on the anniversary of his death. And then, having assured himself eternal quaffs of nectar, the good Bishop passed on. If you go to Montefiascone or Orvieto today you can understand his content.

SPEAKING of Bishops and feasts recalls something else for which Orvieto might lay just claim to fame—its pottery. Much has been said about the Etruscan pottery found in the excavations of the old necropolis near the foot of the Orvieto hill, but for some reason one does not hear much about an almost equally remarkable discovery which is of even more human interest. In the Middle Ages the people of Orvieto had some of the handsomest pottery in all Italy, for the city was once the proud abode of many fine and wealthy families. In those days, however, there were certain scourges from which not even the proud and wealthy were free, and one of them, perhaps the most dread of all, was the plague. Hygiene as we think of it was practically unknown, or perhaps merely impossible. Yet there were a few recognized precautions. When the

plague struck Orvieto, took its toll and passed on, the papal legate commanded that all crockery and cooking utensils be thrown to the bottom of the deepest wells to minimize danger of further infection. You can imagine with what sighs



Orvieto—The Cathedral

the housewives relinquished even their choicest treasures. Yet anything would have been better, they knew, than renewed sickness with its inevitable trail of death. To the bottoms of the wells went the beautiful dishes. When they were replaced it may have been with importations. Probably the housewives then as now demanded modernity and the latest fashion. At any rate it is certain that the old patterns and designs disappeared and we might never have seen them at all had it not been for a lucky accident.

AFEW years ago workmen were draining an old well. At the bottom they found some pieces of crockery. Being canny, they did not toss these battered and disfigured bits aside, but saved them on the chance of finding a market for them. Just at that time Orvieto happened to be entertaining two unostentatious and in-

conspicuous visitors, a former university professor and his wife. The professor had been obliged to retire on account of his health, now, however, much improved. Fortunately he heard about the battered bits of junk which the workmen had discovered. His heart beat faster, for he suspected what they were, and he hastened to see for himself. A glance sufficed to show him that he was not mistaken. Through the wear of centuries he was still able to perceive the distinctive turquoise color on whitish or yellow backgrounds, and the charming naïveté of the medieval designs. He knew that with a little time and trouble he would be able to reconstruct those designs and the patterns after which the pottery had been fashioned, even though he might not be able exactly to reproduce the colors. Clutching some samples he rushed back to the hotel to consult his wife.

SHE entered into the plan with an enthusiasm almost as great as his own, and together they conducted a search for further relics. Of course most of the finds were mere fragments and a knowledge of old methods and manners was required for the work of reconstruction, but before long they had a few basic patterns—queer, squat, figures of medieval ladies-in-waiting, jesters, knaves and other court figures were among them, and there were birds and animals, long graceful stags, ridiculous ducks, and others, all drawn with that astonishing combination of childish technique and sophisticated idea which is characteristic of much of the craftsmanship of the period. In time, the Professor and his wife embarked upon the main enterprise, and today if you go to Orvieto you may visit them in their shop and see, behind

An Italian Organization

The Italian Catholic Federation of California

By Rev. A. R. Bandini

AS a Californian—almost a Californiac—by adoption, I am quite spontaneously inclined to speak of the wonderful California climate. But since that subject, in its meteorological aspect, is treated abundantly and efficiently in plenty of literature furnished free on application, I prefer to speak here of some aspects of the “spiritual” climate of California. The work of many thousands of farmers of Italian descent, through the planting of a vast acreage of orchards, vineyards and truck gardens, has in some regions sensibly modified the California physical climate. What can be said of the effect of a couple of hundred thousand Italians on the “spiritual” climate of this magnificent State?

Italians are fundamentally Catholic, here and elsewhere, but in California we witness the phenomenon, disturbing at first sight, that with a population, comparatively so large, of Italian birth or descent, Italian parishes are few and far between; only three or four are important, in so far as numbers are concerned.

As a matter of fact institutions of all kinds of a purely Italian national character have been rare in our State. We have had of course, the Bank of Italy, now Bank of America; we have a Dante Hospital in San Francisco which may be

said to be an Italian Hospital; we have two important daily papers in San Francisco, the “Italia” and the “Voce del Po-



Amerigo Rossi

Grand President of the Italian Catholic Federation

polo”—also weeklies in some of the other cities—but with all that (and other things I forego mentioning) the spirit of “Italianita” has not been so evident in California. This has happened, however, because in California our people have not felt any unfriendly spirit in the social milieu and have been of old absorbed, on perfectly equal terms, in the common life. There has been lacking here that friction which in other parts of the country has led to a stiffening of the race

sense. In view of this, and the allied fact that we have not in California large and compact masses of Italians, topographically set apart, the Church has not found it necessary or advisable to establish many “national” parishes; our people are merged with all other nationalities in common “American” congregations.

THIS does not mean that all possibilities of enhancing the religious life among our people were exhausted, and—on the other hand—this situation involved a gradual weakening of Italian spiritual and cultural traditions with a distinct loss to the mother country, and I am sure, to America itself. The right theory of an efficient “melting pot” is that it must preserve the valuable metal in any body of ore thrown into it, not simply obliterating all differences and producing an incongruous amalgam. California is somewhat of a Latin country, due to the centuries-old Spanish and Mexican influence and to the later influx of Italians, French and Portuguese: it ought to be an eminently Catholic country.

In recent years the study of Italian culture has received in our State a notable impetus; I may quote as an outstanding feature the founding of a Chair of Italian Literature at the

University of California, endowed with one hundred thousand dollars collected among local Italians; in other Universities and many Colleges and High Schools the study of Italian language and literature has been intensified. These things are highly gratifying, yet it was felt by some of our people that important as it is to foster Italian culture, it is even more vital to foster among our own the spirit of Catholic traditions and the Catholic conception of life. In other words, that it was imperative to establish some form of "Catholic Action" adapted to local circumstances, having in mind a patriotic and a religious purpose.

The "Italian Catholic Federation" of California was born in 1924 out of the zeal, and we may say without boasting, out of the vision of a few laymen and priests, in San Francisco. It proclaimed its intention "to gather in a strong organization having a central directive body and subsidiary branches, the Catholic Italians of California (and eventually of other States) in order to encourage them in the practice of religion by a cultural, religious and social propaganda." To render the organization more compact and to offer the same inducements as other similar organizations, the feature of Mutual Help Benefit was incorporated in the Statutes. Recently we have also a Mortuary Benefit. In short, the framework of the I.C.F. was similar to that of many "Orders" which are so characteristic of our land.

THE very multiplicity of such "Orders" rendered the practical outlook for the I.C.F. not so promising. Especially in California, he is indeed a poor citizen who does not belong to three, four, if not a dozen of these organizations;

I imagine it must be rather bewildering to keep in mind so many secret pass-words, handshakes, signs-of-distress, ceremonial and outlandish titles for officers. Probably quite a few members keep mixing up the ritual requirements of the Druids with those of the Eagles or of the Moose. The Italian element, let me remark in passing, is very strong—at least in California—in the membership of all such "Orders"; the Druids have been exceptionally popular with our people, whatever may be the attraction. Unfortunately many of our people have been inveigled also in those organizations which are definitely forbidden by the Church. Almost contemporaneously with the foundation of the Italian Catholic Federation, the national Order of the Sons of Italy began to spread in California, quite successfully.

The I.C.F. had then plenty of competition: on the other hand, its special religious appeal gave to it something which other types of associations could not duplicate. But let me solve at once all doubts in the reader's mind as long as this is not a "story" and I do not have to keep up the suspense: the I.C.F. has been a magnificent success, and after less than seven years, starting from scratch and with no funds on hand, it has now thirty-six Branches with a membership of about 4,500; it is constantly growing and every Branch and the Central Council (its directive body) are in quite a sound financial condition. Not a few Branches have organized a Baseball Team or a Drill Team or a Drum Corps: when the I.C.F. stages a Parade it is a memorable event, not only in the smaller towns but in San Francisco itself.

IT must be here gratefully recorded that the I.C.F. has

had the hearty approval and support of the Archbishop of San Francisco and of the other Bishops of California; on the occasion of public celebration civic authorities, beginning with His Excellency James Rolph as Mayor of San Francisco (and now Governor of California) have been only too glad to extend all possible cooperation and favor us with their personal attendance. The present Mayor of San Francisco, Honorable Angelo Rossi, is an honorary member of the I.C.F. But what has made easier our path, in a practical way, has been the interest taken in our work by the Pastors of the various Parishes where a considerable group of Italians is located. They have welcomed a Branch of our organization among the Parish Societies and they readily acknowledge that it is a worth while asset to Parish life: not rarely the most lively and helpful group of Parishioners.

This makes us feel that our purposes are being realized. The I.C.F. does not intend to be merely another Mutual Help Society; nor do we intend only to preserve the love of the Mother Country among the people of our race, noble as the purpose would be in itself: we want to be a Catholic organization, devoted to the strengthening of the Christian way of life among its members so that their salutary example may be felt in the social life, and—as a necessary means—we want to develop the spirit of co-operation in parochial undertakings. Our Ritual is designed with the idea of impressing upon the members such vital truths and the importance of such practical directives; a monthly Bulletin which we publish serves not only to record the happiness within our organization but also as a medium of propaganda and education. We also

co-operate with Pastors in order that frequent Italian Missions be given and we strive to make the Branch meetings not mere affairs of routine but of educational value.

The inner structure of the I.C.F. is somewhat different from that of other "Orders"; the basic authority rests in a body of twenty-four members called the "Central Council," twelve of whom are for life and twelve renewable every year at the general annual Convention of Delegates from all Branches. The whole Central Council fills the occasional vacancies in life-memberships. The I.C.F. was legally incorporated in such a way, in order to assure the stability of its policies. It may seem somewhat oligarchic but in practice we have more democracy than other organizations. No self-interest leads to high offices

since the higher the office, the harder the work—and no fatberths. With certain limitations, each Branch is autonomous, but the directive and legislative power reside in the Central Council and partly in the General Convention.

A FEATURE of our membership is the "family type" of our Branches; that is, we enroll men and women with equal rights and thus husband and wife, parents and children may belong to the same Branch, thus creating a very friendly atmosphere. This situation, in some rare cases, brings up the question of the language to be used at the meetings, since the younger generation—in California as elsewhere—is not so well at home with the Italian tongue. We find, however, that it is not hard to enforce the use of Ital-

ian (our Ritual is, of course, in Italian) since for the young members a meeting becomes also a school of practical Italian conversation.

I may add, concluding, that the I.C.F. is, in the main, in laymen's hands. There are three or four priests in its Central Council, out of twenty-four members, and the local Pastor is usually the Chaplain of each Branch, but we insist that laymen feel their responsibility and contribute their efforts. The writer confesses that he is not very familiar with the conditions of Italians in other parts of the country—in connection with the work of the Church—but he feels that in the I.C.F. a type of association has been developed which may serve as a pattern to a national organization. God willing, this ambitious aim may yet be achieved.

THE ORVIETO OF TODAY

(Continued from page 115)

glass, the old dishes from which the new have been made. If you show the proper interest, they will take you down the street to the edge of a lane at the end of which is their factory. It is small, as factories go, but it is a fascinating place, for all the pottery is made by hand, from the mixing of the clay to the painting of the design. The potter's wheel turns and turns and no one seems to hurry, yet at the end of the day a creditable amount of beauty has been produced.

Orvieto has other charms, but there is no need to tell of the famous gleaming cathedral with its mosaic facade, its strange stone carvings and its

magnificent frescoes by Fra Angelico and Luca Signorelli. Everyone knows how this handsome edifice, so like the one at Siena, was ordered by Pope Urban IV as a fitting commemoration of the miracle of Bolsena,—the appearance of blood on the communion bread which convinced a sceptical priest of the verity of transubstantiation. Then there is the well of San Patrizio, itself a man-made miracle of construction. Two hundred and three feet deep and forty-three feet wide, it was built in the 16th century by Antonio da San Gallo to supply the garrison with water in case of siege. The shaft is lighted by windows and the

well has two spiral staircases, one for descent, the other for ascent, by means of which it is said, even beasts of burden could go up and down.

TODAY no such ambitious precautions are necessary, and Orvieto, as a part of united Italy, is quite safe to take her siesta after centuries of feverish activity. Perhaps not one of the most famous of Italian cities, and certainly not one of the largest, it is, nevertheless, one well worth a visit if you like living places rather than dead ruins to startle you into a realization of the glamor of the past.

An Italian Actor on Broadway

By Tullio Carminati

HAVING somewhat tired of the latest theatrical ventures in which I had participated, I had made up my mind to re-enter the films, to which I had dedicated myself for some time. But even the films, among us, were somewhat defunct. Thus I decided, in the words of the late Fausto Maria Martini, to "land at New York," on the way to Hollywood. But I had hardly begun to work (I finished barely three films) when another crisis struck me, even in that little kingdom, undisturbed for so many years. The new cinema watchword of "sound" and "all-talking," as everyone now knows, placed the majority of the film stars *hors de combat* at one stroke. And I was included among them.

Since I possessed a fair knowledge of the language, I set about correcting the defects in pronunciation for which my friends upbraided me, in order to be able to enter the talking films. But something happened at the time that was to change my existence entirely overnight, and bring me back to the theatre. I had met Mrs. Basil Rathbone, the wife of the famous English actor, who was playing at the time, with enormous success, in the play "Melo," by Henri Bernstein. While talking with her about the Italian actors she had heard on the stage, she recalled a performance of Eleonora Duse's at

the "Costanzi" in Rome, in "Cosi sia." And, strangely, there had lingered in her memory a young man who

Tullio Carminati, it will be remembered, was the star of the comedy "Strictly Dishonorable," which had such a phenomenally long run on Broadway last season. In the following article, translated from the Italian theatrical magazine "Comoedia," he tells how he happened to gain a foothold on Broadway, instead of Hollywood, as he had originally intended, and how it feels to know you have "made a hit" in a new Broadway play.

played the thankless part of the son, "with much sincerity and with style." In spite of the praise, I could not help telling her that that actor, whose name had been forgotten by her, was standing before her at the moment. Mrs. Rathbone was very glad of the coincidence, and showed it by giving me much valuable advice.

"Your natural field is Broadway, not Hollywood," she said. "You speak English fluently, but not accurately enough. Try to rid yourself of your accent. I will speak about you to my husband."

A short while afterward, I received a letter from New York from Basil Rathbone himself, who told me, more or less:

"I must give up my role, but the Company would like to continue giving this fortunate comedy on the road. I offer you the opportunity of taking my place. Accept it. Come here immediately."

Thus I found myself flung on a stage, among actors who had been playing the same role for 18 consecutive months, without the services of a prompter (in America this precious collaborator of ours does not exist), and who looked at me, if not with hostility, at least with justifiable diffidence. Five rehearsals were conceded me before actually appearing behind the footlights, and, with an enormous effort of the will, I succeeded. What should I say? What had seemed to everybody to be the chief obstacle—my pronunciation—was instead the outstanding reason for my success. Moreover, my spontaneous gestures, my Latin warmth, "went over." The normal laughs which the comedy had always provoked, and which my companions naturally valued, not only were not compromised, but were actually increased. Thus, from Cleveland we passed on to Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and, finally, to New York. By this time I had made the jump.

IF it is true that in America all roads lead to New York, just as in Italy they all

(Continued on Page 129)

Selections From

FRANCE AND HER SATELLITES

(Translated and condensed from an article by Carlo Romano in "Il Legionario" of Rome for August 29th.)

FRANCE heads the European race to armaments which is going on apace under the cloak of pacifistic hypocrisy. Her political and military activities, since the close of the World War, have been conducted along two different lines of policy which are apparently in direct contrast, but in reality converge toward a single purpose.

France's pacifistic policy, imbued with humanitarian and democratic Pan-Europeanism, has woven a network of international agreements tending to crystallize, from the standpoint of armaments and military spirit, the situation created by the peace treaties and to safeguard France's interests on the Rhine.

France's military policy, on the other hand, has built up a military system in eastern Europe through a network of political and military alliances with the nations of the Little Entente and with Poland, directed to the maintenance of the peace treaties.

The system consisting of France, Poland and the Little Entente exerts a triple function: anti-German with Czechoslovakia and Poland; anti-Russian with Poland and Roumania; anti-Italian and anti-Hungarian with Jugoslavia.

Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, Gen. Nollet, Gen. Gouraud and Gen. Le Rond constitute what might be termed a second French General Staff for Eastern Europe. The military agreements made in 1929 in Belgrade, directed, in the words of the Prague "Ceske Slovo," to "transforming the Little Entente and its forty million inhabitants into a great power," and explicitly discussed by the "Journal de Geneve" in its Sept. 19, 1929, issue, are no longer a mystery to anyone.

France's military cooperation with her satellites in peace times is carried on in the financial field, with abundant credits; in the technical field, by sending instructors, en-

gineers and technicians; and in the military field by supplying war materials.

In the financial field, the best-known example of this cooperation is the so-called Le Rond loan of 300 million francs to Yugoslavia, made in 1924, a loan which in reality is a drawing account constantly renewable for far larger sums.

Yugoslavia's precarious financial conditions have not prevented her from indulging in vast expenditures for armaments of all descriptions. France foots the bills.

Hundreds of French officers have been sent to Yugoslavia as instructors, technicians and organizers of ammunition plants; hundreds of Yugoslav officers have been sent to France to complete their professional training.

Gen. Le Rond's activities are connected with the Schneider-Creusot arms factory in France and with the Skoda plants in Czechoslovakia. He is a relative of Schneider and a member of the Board of Directors of the European Industrial Federation, in which Schneider holds the controlling interest and of which the Skoda plants are a member. It is Gen. Le Rond who takes care of the orders given to the two great factories by the nations of the Little Entente and by Poland.

It is to be noted, in this connection, that eighty per cent of the former Austro-Hungarian war industries came into the hands of Czechoslovakia as a result of the peace treaties, and that shortly afterward a large number of Skoda shares passed into the hands of Schneider and Creusot. Since then the Skoda plants have vastly increased their holdings and extended their sales. During the war, when they supplied all the war needs of the Austro-Hungarian army, they employed 30,000 men. Today, in peace times, they employ 40,000.

Where are their products sold?

To a large extent in Yugoslavia. The Yugoslav Army, extremely ill-equipped up to a few years ago, can now, according to the statement of Gen. Pesic, former Chief of General Staff, put into the field an army of 1,200,000 men, perfectly armed and equipped.

Finally, the collaboration between France and her satellites is completed by the general adoption by the latter of French military regulations, by the standardization of armaments and war materials and by the unification of tactical procedure. In case of war, France can immediately assume command of all her allied forces.

Let us now see what are the forces of which France can dispose to sustain her policies.

Yugoslavia holds the armaments record. Her military machinery is far beyond her economic possibilities or her defense needs. With a territory of 248,488 square kilometers and a population of twelve and a half million inhabitants, Yugoslavia has a standing army of 220,000 men. Italy, whose population is three and a half times that of Yugoslavia, has a standing army of barely 400,000. Yugoslavia's military expenditures amount to about forty million dollars a year, but many expenditures which are military in nature (roads, barracks, defensive works, etc.) appear in the budgets of other departments.

Czechoslovakia, with a population of fourteen and a half million and an area of 140,356 square kilometers, maintains a standing army of 120,000 men, with a yearly expenditure of approximately twenty million dollars. Roumania, with a population of about 18 million and an area of 294,892 square kilometers, has an armed force of nearly 200,000 men with an expenditure of 43 million dollars. Poland, with a population of 30 million and an area of 388,390 square kilometers, has a standing army of over 260,000 men, for which she spends approximately twenty million dollars a year.

France and her satellites spend for their land forces alone, over half a million dollars annually. And

the Italian Press

we must bear in mind that many military expenditures do not appear in the budgets of the War Departments.

France and her satellites can

throw into the field, at an instant's notice, a force of 1165 infantry battalions, 666 cavalry squadrons, 2020 batteries of artillery and vast numbers of tanks and airplanes.

It is with this formidable military machine at her disposal that France will appear at the disarmament conference next February holding the olive branch in her hands.



THE "CHEMIN DES DAMES" INCIDENT

(Translated and condensed from an article in the May-June issue of "Anti-Europa" by Alessandro Melchiori.)

THE episode of the World War which deals with the loss of the "Chemin des Dames" by the French and its subsequent recapture by the Italian Expeditionary Corps in France is one that is little known, both in Italy and abroad. It is one, furthermore, which the French would like to forget.

If we were to tell the story in our own words, we might be accused of partiality. We prefer to quote Clemenceau, France's war premier, for the initial part of the episode: the loss, by the French, of a line of defense considered impregnable.

In his book "Grandeur and Misery of Victory," Clemenceau, in burning words, describes this sad page in French military history. He blames Foch for insisting on keeping his reserves in Flanders and failing to transfer them to the Aisne even after the German attack had begun. "He thought," says Clemenceau, "that the Aisne offensive would bring no real advantage to the Germans; but the crossings of three rivers in five days brought the German guns to Chateau-Thierry, only eighty kilometers from Paris."

Gen. Mordacq, in his diary, states:

"On May 27, 1918, the Chemin des Dames, looked upon as an impregnable line of defense, fell without any resistance at the first German onset. In consequence of this, the enemy was able to cross three rivers and reach Chateau-Thierry. Gen. Foch still did not think it imperative to transfer his reserves from Flanders and Amiens to the Soissons region."

After giving a graphic description of the three-day battle that ensued, with the loss of 60,000 men, 700 guns, 2000 machine-guns and vast quantities of ammunition and war material of all descriptions, Gen. Mordacq concludes:

"It was, therefore, a complete disaster."

Clemenceau, who at the time defended Foch's actions in Parliament, strongly criticizes him in his book with these words:

"If the battle had been as unimportant as Marshal Foch claimed, why was so formidable a defense concentrated in that spot? And in view of this, why was the line of defense so quickly abandoned? There are too many whys in this strange affair."

Gen. Brancaccio of the Italian Army, who displayed more faith in the ultimate outcome of the battle than did all the other Allied leaders, thus describes the mental state of the French capital in those days:

"The French are beginning to lose their confidence in Foch. They had so convinced themselves that France was the military leader of the entire Entente, that she had the best generals in the world, and so on and so forth, that they find it difficult to realize that Foch and Pétain are human beings like anyone else.

"Meanwhile, they are preparing to leave Paris. It is a general exodus, not only of people, but also of precious objects. The Government has decided to abandon Paris if the German drive brings the enemy any closer, or if a real bombardment of the capital begins.

Banks are transferring their money, ammunition factories their plants. It is Foch's opinion that the sacrifice of the capital is necessary in order to shorten the fighting line and wait for American reinforcements. This opinion seems to be prevailing, despite the disastrous effect that such a move would have on the Allied morale."

The "Chemin des Dames," however, was not permanently lost to the Allies. It was regained by the Second Italian Army Corps, after the terrific battle on the Ardre in which the Italians halted the German advance on Epernay and Rheims at the cost of over five thousand lives.

This is how Col. Caracciolo, in his book "The Italian Troops in France," describes the culminating phases of the battle:

"On the morning of the 10th, the enemy began to retreat. Immediately the Alpi Brigade stormed its way across the Aisne, while the Brescia Brigade, after seizing the village of Pont Acry, passed the Aisne-Oise Canal. Further to the north, two Italian infantry regiments also crossed the canal in the face of heavy machine-gun fire."

"Once these bodies of water were crossed, the advance swiftly continued to the north of the Aisne, without regard to the slower progress made by the French troops to the right. Overcoming the ever weaker resistance of the enemy, our troops continued to advance through the night, and at one o'clock the Third Italian Division occupied the crest of the Chemin des Dames and the surrounding villages, attaining its objective, and advancing beyond."

That evening, Gen. Albricci received from Gen. Mangin the following telegram: "Congratulate in my name your brave troops which,

under your able command, have retaken the Chemin des Dames, reaching and even crossing the Ailette at a single thrust—Mangin."

The historian of the "Revue Militaire Française" thus summarizes the battle:

"The Italian Army Corps, despite the hardships and bloody struggles of the previous days, resumes its advance with a splendid spirit,

noted in his war diary by Gen. Fayolle, in command of the reserves."

The German war bulletin states: "Our heroic troops, in the course of a violent struggle, have been forced to abandon the crest of the Chemin des Dames after incessant attacks by the Italian troops, advancing with supreme contempt for death."

What the victory cost the Italians is told by Col. Caracciolo at the close of his book:

"Fourteen thousand eight hundred seventy-four men were lost by the Italian Second Army Corps during its campaign in France."

"Is it possible" he adds, "that so much blood, labor and suffering should go unrequited?"

GIUSEPPE BELLANCA

(From the August 14th issue of "The Italian News" of Boston.)

THE public's imagination is always stirred by spectacular dashes across the Atlantic in airplanes, of which, lately, there have been many. Despite the near-perfection of the flying machine, these flights are still remarkable feats of courage and daring and those who make them surely earn the applause and the showers of ticker-tape which are part and parcel of the home-coming parade. But too often we neglect persons in the background who make these flights possible. Of Giuseppe Bellanca, for instance, we have heard little. He is a self-effacing sort of man, and modestly refuses to capitulate to newspapermen who would like him to show some of the dash and bluster that characterizes—let us say—Fokker. But, judged on the basis of actual performance, this Italo-American, born in Sicily, is America's foremost designer of aircraft.

Bellanca airplanes are far ahead in the matter of endurance and long-distant records. No Bellanca has yet failed to reach the other

side once it took off for a transatlantic flight, five of them having spanned the ocean successfully in the last four years. His crafts have a reputation as the most reliable of all the known makes. Chamberlain made his epochal flight to Germany in a Bellanca that had been designed ten years before. Since then there have been four others, the latest being that of Boardman and Polando, who established a new long-distance record by flying 4986 miles from New York to Istanbul, Turkey. Bellancas have repeatedly won efficiency contests in competition with other planes, and in the last ten years have maintained their high average, yet the designer, Giuseppe Bellanca, has had but little recognition in the way of public acclaim or even financial reward.

During the war he offered his designs, which were far in advance of those in general use, to the Government but it was summarily turned down. During years of hardship as he tried futilely to convince financiers that his ideas were sound

he never became discouraged but persistently worked and scraped together enough to build an airplane. He finally convinced Levine to back up a flight with a ship five years old, which was rebuilt and named the "Columbia." Everybody knows the story of that great ship, but few know about the trials and troubles of its designer whose climb to the top has been beset with difficulties of all kinds. Even now with the papers running columns of stuff about the exploits of aviators flying his planes, there is hardly a word about him anywhere.

His theories are triumphant, however, and that is all he wants. He aims at a proper balance between speed and safety and this ideal of his describes his character more effectively than could the reams of newspaper copy that he doesn't get. Giuseppe Bellanca is not a much publicized individual whose bubble is deflated at the first pin-prick, but a serious, studious and honest aeronautical engineer of the first rank. Because his fame comes slow, it will be more lasting. When the growing list of Italians who have contributed something to the growth and glory of America is finally made up, his name will loom large on it.

THE EXPLOITATION OF AFRICA

(Translated and condensed from an article by L. Cipriani in the Aug. 2nd issue of "Azione Coloniale" of Rome.)

THE dark continent, second only to Asia in size, the goal of discoverers and explorers, is today being developed along modern lines. For many years the European nations which nominally exercised their sovereignty over large tracts of African territory limited themselves to ex-

ploiting the seacoasts; but today the entire continent is covered with a network of railroads and motor highways which connect the most distant points. For the business man, Africa is the land of the future. It represents today, and will continue to represent for quite some time, the modern descendant of the

golden America of pioneer days.

Africa's division into territorial units, however, is the chief stumbling-block in the way of its development. The vast African continent, divided up among the nations of Europe in the course of the last century, shows border lines which are contrary to logic and to the interests of humanity.

Historical tradition justifies the independence of Abyssinia and the Italian dominance over the northern part of Africa. The same cannot be said of the colonial possessions

of England and France, particularly with regard to those former German possessions which a stroke of the pen transferred to new masters, without consideration for the wishes of the native populations.

For decades, missionaries and statesmen have been carrying on in Africa a work tending to the religious and cultural independence of the negroes. It is a vain work, for the minute the whites should abandon Africa, it would fall back into the darkest savagery. White civilization has no roots in Africa, and there is no hope that a superior culture such as the European may be absorbed and assimilated by an inferior race like the negro.

The 100 million negroes in Africa will inevitably resist white culture, and the rise of single individuals above the level of their race proves nothing, save individual ability to imitate, but seldom to assimilate, our culture.

This irreducible mental inferiority of the negroes justifies the exploiting of Africa by the civilized nations without the need of having recourse to hypocritical sayings concerning the white man's burden. The negroes are not, and never will be civilized in our sense of the word. Therefore, they will never

understand what should be done to exploit their continent's natural wealth for the advantage of humanity. This natural wealth must be utilized, and in itself constitutes a reason for European occupation, though not for the oppression of the natives.

Many of the products on which wealth is based come exclusively or for the most part from Africa. The diamonds of Kimberley, the gold of Johannesburg, the rubber, cocoa, vegetable oils, coffee, cotton and cereals which Africa produces are necessary for the world's civilization. Africa's manufactured products are few, but her raw materials are of vast importance for the world's prosperity and welfare.

Africa's population, estimated at about 150 million, is only one-thirteenth of the world's total population of two billion. Africa's area, on the other hand, constitutes over one-fifth of the earth's total land area. India has 330 million inhabitants. The British equatorial colonies in Africa, which are half the size of India, have barely 12 million inhabitants. Africa's population is too small, and this is only partly due to conditions of climate.

Europeans can live comfortably in a large part of Africa. Three

millions of them are already living there. They are prosperous, and their children are as healthy and robust as they would be in Europe.

Many more millions of civilized human beings could find a home in Africa. In consequence of a series of treaties it has been definitely established that there is an equal right on the part of all signers of those treaties to establish and develop industries and trade in the African colonies. Africa is a country open to all.

But not all nations are in a position to take advantage of this opportunity. France's population is far too small to occupy her own colonial territory; England's birth rate is decreasing; America still has colonizing work to do at home. The nations that may look to Africa for the expansion of their population are Germany and Italy. Particularly the latter, if the impulse that animates her today and urges her toward new horizons continues to impel her to her just goal. Italy's present African possessions are not among the best or most extensive, but they constitute excellent strategic posts, all the more useful insofar as the political map of Africa is still subject to change.



TIME FOR MATURITY

(Translated and condensed from the August 1st issue of "Critica Fascista" of Rome.)

IN ORDER to become an independent people and a military state, they must sacrifice more, work more and produce more. At the present time the best citizens are a burgher who founds a factory, a proprietor who tills his own ground, and a worker who prolongs his own day by an hour. It is not a question of clamoring and of reading newspapers, but of digging, calculating, studying, inventing; all tiresome, positive, constructive occupations, which would willingly be left to these of the north. It is hard, passing from the epicurean and speculative life, to the militant and industrial life: it seems like changing from a dilettante and a patrician to a servant and a machine, but it is necessary to choose. When it is desired to form a great nation, it is necessary, in order to resist in the face of the others, to accept the necessities that impose them-

selves upon the others, in other words, regular and assiduous work, self-control, the discipline of the intelligence turned toward a fixed goal, the enrollment of individuals within ranks and stimulated by rivalry; the end of indifference, the diminution of gaiety, the concentration of the faculties, the continuity and the hardening of efforts: in short, everything that distinguishes an Italian of the last three centuries from an Englishman or a modern American."

On re-reading today these words with which, in 1864, Hippolyte Taine closed his notes on his "Travels in Italy," one can clearly see what, in the darkest years of modern Italian history, were our traditional defects, as it can also be seen how, as far back as those times, a cold and sober foreign ideologist could have suggested the only possible and efficacious remedies.

To have the courage of weapons and the seriousness of a faith: this, through the centuries, was the greatest problem of the Italian people, a problem to which modern Italy has begun giving full solution through the War and through what is now being done. The War demonstrated that the Italian people have the courage of weapons, and Fascism is demonstrating that a serious solid and integral faith is necessary to arrive at the status of a great nation.

With the necessity of this moral maturity having been proved, and with the means for attaining it having been put into practice, it is now a question of realizing it totally, and the present seems to be the time when, slowly but surely, the tempo of Italian history is being renewed.

We would like, today, while many infallible calculators are preaching dark times and the most optimistic are speaking in subdued tones of a necessary truce, we would like, we say, to invite them to ponder the true essence of the present moment.

The singing in the streets and the parades in the squares have died down, there is less disputing, the tone of speeches has become quieter; but against this general lowering of voices it can be seen that work is not letting up, that, on the contrary, there is a diffused sense of seriousness and precise duty, alone capable of revealing how the spirit and the style of the Italians is being fundamentally changed.

Shall we say that everything has been done and that the time has come to abandon ourselves to placid dreams over our present accom-

plishments? On the contrary, we must insist on the fact that we are only at the beginning of a great work, and that much work and time will be necessary to bring it to a conclusion. There must be especially an assiduous, continuous and intelligent work of persuasion, a forming and strengthening in all Italians of the consciousness of this imperative absolute that is now our destiny.

We have already said that through many signs, our moral and spiritual maturity is being affirmed, but let us add that it is necessary to develop and take care of it, re-

garding it as one of the most potent and decisive weapons of the Revolution.

From the party to the Syndicates, from the great associations to the most minute, the immense organization of the Regime should become a sort of network of this vital energy which is moral force, which translating itself into actions and deeds, will tend to destroy completely the relics of the old, accumulated evils in the Italian character, and to recreate it in a clear, open way, conscious of itself and its duties, and capable above all of any sacrifice.

ITALY AND ALBANIA

(Translated from the August 18th issue of "Il Progresso Italo-Americano" of New York.)

A DISPATCH from Tirana to the New York Times of last Sunday clarified somewhat but not exactly the value of the new loan conceded by Italy to Albania.

The agreements of a financial nature concluded recently at the capital of Albania consist substantially in this: Italy, for a decade, contributes, by loans totaling a maximum of ten million gold lire yearly, to the balancing of the Albanian budget. Its purpose is this: Italy, with this financial support, opens up to Albania the possibility of reaching, in the administrative as well as the social field, that adjustment which is indispensable in a modern State in order that, as such, it may progress further among the really civilized nations.

Albania having been created, it was necessary to think of instilling life into her, especially from the economic point of view. And Italy has always looked to this.

In March, 1925, an Italian financial group granted Albania, under the auspices of the Government, a guaranteed loan of 75 million gold lire. This loan, stringently controlled by a special financial body, was used as the binding framework of Albanian economy. Unswervingly and uninterruptedly, roads, bridges, harbors and buildings were

built. It was in this way that the port of Durazzo, which is now nearing completion, arose. Hundreds of little bridges were built, and about fifty larger ones, over the many rivers which wind from the Albanian Alps to the sea. More than 300 kilometers of roads are in advanced stages of construction. Hospitals, schools, barracks, and public administration buildings constitute, today, a visible, tangible sign that the State exists and is functioning.

In October, 1925, through the work of this same Italian financial group, there began functioning a bank of issue which has bestowed upon Albania a stable financial basis. The country has thus been guarded against any monetary crisis, and the Albanian franc is now in an enviable position.

With the foundations of the economic and civil progress of the country laid, it was necessary that she display and develop her energies in an atmosphere of absolute tranquility and security, and that she depend upon the stability of her own institutions and a pacific life among the nations of Europe. Therefore there were concluded between Italy and Albania the Pact of friendship and security of November, 1926, and the Treaty of defensive alliance of November, 1927,

which have given the little State the moral and political security of a great nation.

Those who have protested most loudly against the so-called imperialistic aims of Italy must agree today that Italy could not possibly have been a more disinterested and generous friend of Albania, which has been able to unify its domestic peace, has seen the rise in 1928 of King Zog, has seen the progress attained in its standard of living, and is now headed toward a gradual economic development.

Italy has not oppressed her: she has simply assisted her. And she is continuing her good work. As a matter of fact, no date has been fixed for the return of the quota of this latest loan, a return that will be made only when Albania's economic condition shall allow of it: and in any case not before the assets of the budget of the young kingdom shall have reached 50 million gold francs. Today they are about 30 million gold francs yearly.

By assuring the functioning of the Albanian State, Italy has consolidated a nation in Europe, withdrawing it definitely from any danger of collapse. The destinies of Albania are drawing more and more away from the Balkans and more and more toward the Adriatic. Her people ask nothing more than to live and to live in peace with all, in order to forge for themselves, in perfect independence, that economic autonomy that is a cornerstone of tranquility for herself and for the others.

Concluding

The Fountain of Mystery

A Story

By Clarice Tartufari

Translated from the Italian by Fredericka Blankner

III

AUTUMN had given place to winter which, full of ills and annoyances, wished neither to see nor to hear and accordingly had spread a thick coverlet of fog on the mountains, on the islands, on the little towns along the shore. Long whistles, their sound muted by the fog, came across the lake; they were the anxious voices of the steamers which gave the alarm in order to avoid collision. Wrapped in her furs, Aura loved to lose herself in that opaque grey-ness.

"Wherever are you going in this vile weather?" her father asked, about to play the phonograph in order to distract himself from boredom with the melodies of *Traviata*. "Wherever are you going? Stay to keep me company. This fog gets on my nerves. I cannot work and I am bored to death."

"Yes, father dear, I shall return immediately. I must go after something."

She went to Pallanza, to the postoffice, too impatient to wait for the mail to be brought by the letter-carrier. She returned with her bag full of letters, magazines, newspapers, post-cards; she threw all of them on the table and ran to close herself in her room in the dark in order not to see her own wide eyes, the pupils staring in their desperation. Oliviero from Milan,—or from who

knows where,—no longer gave any sign of life. Gone, he had disappeared, submerged; one could even doubt if he had ever existed; and this wilful silence, really an affront, had lasted from September,—for nearly three months.

"It is the end, it is the very end," Aura, who had thrown herself face downward on her bed, said aloud, her fingers in her hair, her face hidden among the pillows, not suspecting that her mother, who had entered quietly, was there to listen to her.

"Yes, you are right; it is the end of your good judgment,—above all, of your dignity."

"Mother, is that you? I was resting; why did you come in?"

"To say just two words to you. You are not responsible for your suffering; it is a misfortune, nor do I say that it is your fault. And I do not bid you to free yourself from it; the enemy which destroys you is an enemy beloved. When he has taken hold of us, we ourselves desire to remain slaves. But remember one thing: remember that you are making me desperate with your desperation; if I should have to die tomorrow, remember that you have made me bitterly unhappy."

She went out, closed the door behind her and to Aura, who had risen with a start to sit on the edge of her bed, it seemed that her mother was taller and

that a shadow as if of menace was cast by her long eyelashes upon her delicate cheeks.

"Die tomorrow? But impossible! She spoke that way to make me afraid. There are times when my mother is cruel; I have had to convince myself often that she amused herself by being cruel."

IN fact Gloriana did not die the next day; she died three weeks later at the beginning of December. Contrary to her custom, one morning she was late in rising; Giovanni went to waken her, Aura went to call her; but Gloriana did not awaken, she did not answer.

It was a catastrophe so unexpected that, for the moment, bewilderment dominated grief. Signor Odasio's stenographer, the gardener and his wife, the maid, the cook, coming upon one another in the goings and comings of the preparations for the funeral, exchanged gestures of stupefaction; relatives, hurried from Milan, went back and forth anxiously through the rooms, asking one another if it were true; even the figures of the fountain whispered about it among themselves, fearfully:

"Dead, dead so soon! Was it not yesterday that we saw her arrive, an eighteen-year-old bride? Then she used to go singing through the garden, gathering flowers. And now she is gone. How fleeting is

the existence of these folks who live!"

GONE, laid away within a casket lined in satin, buried under a flower-covered grass-plot until a mausoleum could be built—; and still Gloriana continued to go about through the rooms and through the avenues of the garden, silent, thoughtful, repeating her habitual gestures, lifting her hands slowly with open palms turned outward, as when she wanted to affirm something; or leaning forward a bit if something made her laugh. Aura felt a more acute spasm of grief. To see her dear mother before her very eyes and to know that it was not true; to recognize every line of her face, every attitude of her person and to know that it was a matter of vain images, stuff of a memory still complete and whole. Little by little the memory became fainter, the image faded to cloudiness, became fleeting, impossible to arrest; sometimes a sentence which Aura and Giovanni exchanged among themselves awoke the echo of the voice of Gloriana. Sometimes in one of the mirrors there was the flash of her smile; then with frightening rapidity a heavy curtain of shadow descended between the eyes and the remembrance. The grief persisted, lacerating; but the grief remained here with those who suffered; the cause of the grief remained beyond with her who suffered no longer. Between flowed a broad river, the river of the irrevocable. At last Giovanni, being a man of positive character, decided that in order to struggle with grief, and overcome it, one must uproot it from the places of its origin and take it away, far away to other surroundings.

"I must go to London on business. Come with me. Afterwards we shall travel. Let

us free ourselves of this desperation which, after all, is useless. You seem a fantasm to me. And if I look at myself, I get afraid. Let us go away—let us go away—"

"Yes, father."

And they left toward the end of the winter, remaining away all the summer.

In the great limiteds were persons swarming like ants, each one with the baggage of his own valises and his own cares; in every one a frantic worry to get on, a precipitous anxiety to be the first to get off. In the great cities a hurryscurry, a tangle of interests, a knotting and unknotting of passions; here a person rushed out of a street to lose himself in a piazza; there some one else looked from right to left in order to seize the proper instant to dart from one sidewalk to another amidst the confusion of vehicles. Within the meshes of that net, made of noise and change, grief remained entangled, struggled in vain to liberate itself, and it was not always successful in fastening again on the spirit of Aura Odasio. Instead, her soul kept beating its wings and often, especially in the bright early mornings, took flight in complete liberty and soared.

One evening in June the sunset was delicate: roses of red and clustered hyacinths were dropping their petals from the sky. The train was speeding through the midst of a stretch of vast marsh. The sweet land of Provence with its soft full idiom was breathing invocations of love; the nearby land of Spain answered with passionate accents; so that Aura, inhaling the perfume of the jonquils on her knee, wanted to think again of Oliviero.

Since that evening in September, near the fountain, they had not met. He had telegraphed, then written repeatedly after the bereavement in

the Odasio family; but Aura had made her father answer.

Her grief for the death of Gloriana,—mother, friend, sister,—had swallowed in her the grief for Oliviero's indifference, as a serpent erect above its coils, its glance fixed, its jaws wide-open, gulps a petulant little bird,—shrill twitters, varicolored feathers and all.

Yet now with the velocity of the train, with the smiling gentleness of that landscape, it would have pleased Aura very much to think of Oliviero and to experience again those sufferings of hers for him of a year before.

BUT one does not suffer when one has a mind to, one does not think what one wishes, and, recalling the likable person of the professor, it was in company with his solar system that Aura saw him appear before her.

She said to her father, seated in the opposite corner of the compartment: "How about Professor Bianchi? What has happened to him?"

"I suppose that he is still in Milan; unless with the coming of summer he may not have wished to move his residence from the sun to the moon. But for all of that he is a fine young fellow; he can invent as many solar systems as he likes; he will, all the same, be a fine boy. When we go back to Suna let us hope to find him at Pallanza. It rests me to be with him."

But they did not find him at Pallanza; he was staying at none of the pensions; no one that they knew had met him.

"He has probably gone to Zurich to become a student in that university," Aura thought. "He will probably be discussing astronomy with Signorina Slata and that pleasant gentleman. Aura experienced a pang. She went out for a bit on the balcony to look with a sigh at *Isola Bella*;

then she had too many other things to do. Now she was directing the home; she often copied her father's projects on the typewriter; it was necessary to go to Milan once or twice a week; there were many visitors and Giovanni Odasio liked to be generous in hospitality.

The year of mourning over, the black garments laid aside, life took up its rhythm again; reality, brusque and exigent, presented itself every morning to lay claim to its due of occupations and preoccupations. Aura, upright, punctual, paid fully in the currency of time and alacrity, experiencing from it a happy sense of well-being which again gave color to her cheeks and gave her smile the sparkle of merriness, while in her spirit flowered once more the fresh, perfumed serenity of the open. The figures of the fountain also were very busy, for in winter they changed their garments almost every hour. On the sunny days they made veils of gold for themselves from the rays of the sun, but they would barely have draped them about their bodies when, suddenly, evening was come and they had to dress anew from head to foot; the next morning they found themselves mantled in white, their identities lost, form and line obliterated under the slow whirling of the snow.

Early one afternoon in the beginning of March, beneath the crystal clear of the sky, the north wind was storming over the lake, its surface curling with tremors, and in the garden the branches of the trees were beating together with joy to stir each other awake, ready to hold festival at the not distant arrival of friendly spring.

IT was Sunday and Aura went to enjoy the peace of

the portable wooden cabin, which, during the months of winter, was always placed in the little piazza before the fountain. It was octagonal in form, with a long narrow window in each one of the eight sides, and inside it were rugs, cushioned seats, fur skins, a mandolin, books thrown here and there on the few chairs. That little portable salon had been a gift from Giovanni to Gloriana, who in the winter passed the early afternoons there when the weather was pleasant and Aura, entering that day, immediately was aware of being in her mother's company and, relaxed in her chair, took up at random one of the volumes that her mother had preferred; volumes of poetry, almost all of them, of poetry removed from the spirit of the present age, which Aura read with the distracted devotion that one who does not know Latin reads psalms and *oremus* in the books of the mass. From the pages that she had been turning Lord Byron, tossing his mass of hair, had lifted his cries to heaven, wherefore Aura, confused by the impetuosity of such maledictions, had closed the book and was sitting immobile, partly ironic, partly lost in dream.

Hearing a knocking on the glass of one of the windows, she turned and recognized Professor Bianchi. She signaled for him to enter.

"Fortunate to find you here, *signorina*. How cold it is!"

"Yes, it is biting cold. But where did you come from?"

"I might ask the same of you. I have never seen you so rosy. I would say that your hair had become blacker and more glistening."

"I am sorry."

"But why?"

"Because, you know, blond is more effective."

"Enough of jesting!"

"But to ask a pertinent

question, where have you been for almost a year and a half?"

"A bit here, a bit there. Do not think about it. Now, at least, I am here in your garden and, as you see, the figures of the fountain hold festival in honor of the occasion; they receive me more cordially than do you."

In fact the figures of the fountain were resplendent, decorated with icicles forming necklaces, diadems, chains, bracelets, a glittering of gems, a riot of colors.

"You cannot imagine a certain thing, *signorina*."

"And what is that?"

"The pleasure, indeed the joy that I experience in finding myself here. Smile, smile again, you are enchanting when you smile; but do not shake your head, do not doubt what I say." Behind the crystal of his glasses his eyes gleamed with sincerity.

"And yet you do not find all of us here," said Aura with an accent of reproach.

"Unfortunately not, *signorina*. You can rest assured that I have suffered deeply, especially thinking about you. I have also written you often; you have never answered. Perhaps you were angry with me."

AURA had looked at him stupefied, as if he had asserted an enormity.

"Angry with you! Why, if you please?"

"For the way I acted that evening." He lowered his voice. "Do you remember how you wept? I did not know how to console you. I was not myself, I was confused and I did not know how to console you."

"And so it turned out, professor, that I consoled myself." And she lifted toward him her little round smiling face with its great luminous eyes.

He rose, went and stood before one of the windows and,

after a silence, said without turning:

"For that reason I did not have the courage to return. I was very sure that you would have your revenge." Again he went to sit near her and continued, laughing, bitterly, "I understand women well. If you only knew how well I know them!" But it was not true, not a bit of it; he, scientist that he was, did not know them in the least.

"It is fortunate that some one understands us when we are not able to understand ourselves," Aura answered, mocking. "But your system, what point have you brought it to?"

"To the point of certainty beyond which it is not possible to go. Now, pursuing my studies, I was forced to the conviction that the famous law of Archimedes, that on specific gravity, was founded on a mistake."

"Good heaven! Why do you amuse yourself throwing stones at all the most miraculous saints of the scientific calendar?"

"Because superiority gets on my nerves. Nevertheless, *signorina*, there are inexplicable phenomena. You one evening began to weep before me. At the moment I remained disconcerted; indeed, if you will, even annoyed. And then, little by little, those tears of yours fell upon my heart and warmed it. At every new trial I felt that I carried a great comfort within me. What can it be, I asked myself, that consoles me? Your tears, *signorina*—I have come on purpose to tell you. I could not keep from coming to tell you. And you begin to laugh."

"Do not be offended. I am not laughing at you. I laugh at life which is a hopeless tangle."

"Laugh at what you like. After all—" A gesture betrayed his anger, but the contracting of his face expressed suffering.

"Shall you stay to luncheon, professor? Do."

"And why should I not? I could also even establish myself at Pallanza, if it happened to please a certain person." And he leaned over to meet her glance. On his lips, pale and delicate, there was a profound expression of humility, a supplicating and passionate anxiety.

ON Aura's fiery lips pride triumphed boldly.

"Yes, at Pallanza. I shall be pleased. My father, pleased indeed. Father wanted to go for a walk in this bracing cold. Let us go to meet him. Please help me on with my coat. Thank you. And now, please, put the collar up in the back. Otherwise I should take cold and my eyes would get red; You might believe I were crying again!"

Careless, confident, she preceded him; at her side, a little behind, he watched her closely, curious, uncertain, hesitating between the alternatives of fear and of hope.

Passing before the fountain, Aura paused.

"But look, look! What splendor! It is fascinating."

The figures in full sunlight with their jewels still perfect, sprinkled with the foam which the north wind was scattering, lived a life joyously intense. The mystery which every figure carried hidden within itself, of which all together were meant to represent the symbol, was made transparent, almost accessible.

"The mystery of life," said Oliviero thoughtfully, reading the words written in mosaic on

the border of the fountain bowl. "Certainly a mystery exists; but what is it? Where is it? The exact sciences take no count of it. Nevertheless, there comes a moment when one must be convinced that mystery there is. The figures of the fountain ought to know how to explain it, how to tell us the mystery, what it is, where it is—"

"No, no, please! It would be ruined. The beauty of life is in this: to call and to hear no answer except the echo of one's own voice; to knock at a door of bronze, high, massive, and to hear no answer except the echo of one's own blows. Meanwhile, to have the certainty that the mystery exists, mute, absolute, beyond every effort of ours to confront it."

AURA spoke excitedly, smiling, happy to feel that her small stature had become tall in the presence of Oliviero and that though to all appearances he was standing upright and continuing to hold his hands in his pockets, really he was down on his knees before her.

"Take my arm, *signorina*. You are so small, so light, that the wind could carry you away."

"And you? What would you do if the wind did carry me away?" Aura exclaimed ironically.

"What would I do? I do not know. I know nothing at this moment . . . I should remain alone, as perhaps is my destiny."

"Perhaps the destiny of all."

They left and took the road toward Pallanza. The lake, woven with silver, curled and swelled; the Borromean islands whirled in a mad dance beyond the storming of the branches, beaten by the wind.

THE END

AN ITALIAN ACTOR ON BROADWAY

(Continued from page 119)

lead to Rome, it is also true that in New York one must know how to remain there. Therefore I left the Company which had brought me to success and looked about for something better. The fact of an Italian actor, successful in attracting the attention of Broadway in an English role, was too novel and important not to be of use. Only one Italian actor had preceded me many years before, Alessandro Salvini, but the newer generations knew nothing of this. For this reason my novel difficulty lay in refusing, one after another, the many offers that were made to me, often extremely advantageous. I can say, in all modesty, that I threw out of the window quite a bit of money, in order not to represent European characters which I held to be harmful to our good name and our tradition. Outside of his own country, the actor is somewhat of a diplomat without a portfolio, and he has a moral duty which he must know how to perform.

FROM one refusal to another, I made the acquaintance of the greatest of American stage designers, Robert Edmond Jones, who spoke about me to Brock Pemberton, the man who produced, among other plays, Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." And it was he who put me in touch with an able young writer of 32 years of age, the son of the woman who completed Isadora Duncan's memoirs: "My Life." This writer was Preston Sturges, who wanted to create a part that would fit me like a suit made especially for me. We closed ourselves up for three weeks in his studio and worked together. The result was "Strictly Dishonorable."

It must not be thought that in the comedy I had the part of the protagonist. On the contrary, mine was, in order of importance, the third role. Yet, why I do not know, behind the footlights the character I played took on greater and greater proportions. I repeat: my free and unfettered gesture, the slight trace of an accent in my pronunciation, and especially the unexpected sight of an Italian actor who did not clash with American taste, all were elements of success.

THE opening night I had the feeling of having to win a difficult battle. The public of the Avon Theatre in the Broadway section, a very discriminating public, weighed heavily upon me, so to speak. Suddenly, they laughed. The ice had been broken. I don't know what I did, exactly, but certain it is that, minute after minute, I could sense the increasing favor of the audience, and of my companions, permeating me, and leading me on to success. In New York the public knows very well the Anglo-Saxon actors, but of Latin actors very little. I had won over their indifference and inertia. In short, they had accepted me.

At that point, when I sat at the piano, with the obvious intention, according to my part, of wanting to sing, I could feel, through a thousand imperceptible signs, the anxiety of the public. They seemed to be telling me: "You have won; why do you now want to compromise everything in this way? Are you quite sure you can sing? Watch what you're doing! What an audacious young man!" Silence fell. Sure of myself, I did not allow myself to be intimidated. Hadn't I

seriously studied singing at one time? And with a clear voice I launched into the first notes of the romance of Tosti and Stecchetti: "Donna vorrei morir." They listened to me without impatience. When I had finished there broke forth the first warm applause of the evening. Broadway had accorded me the rights of citizenship.

AT the last performance, the stage was literally invaded by people who wanted to make my acquaintance. Among these, there were three Italians, Vice-Consul Casardi, Ugo Veniero d'Annunzio, and a dear friend, Stroppaquaglia. And then there was also a charming young lady, a voluntary ambassador of our country, Margherita De Vecchi, of an Italian father and an Irish mother, born in New York, who deserves, in the name of whoever has had the pleasure of knowing her, a public thanks. Then came the favorable articles in the "Evening World" by Karl K. Kitchen, the 82 weeks of the play's run and the 12 weeks in London, 725 performances in all. The great English impresario, Charles B. Cochran, waited 21 months for our company, in order to have it just exactly as it ran in New York. Others in the cast included Muriel Kirkland, an actress in her thirties who seemed to be only eighteen, Karl Anthony, and another Italian, good old Guglielmo Ricciardi, who has been acting in American theatres for forty years.

Can I assert, therefore, that in "Strictly Dishonorable" I found my "war-horse?" In a certain sense, perhaps yes. But I cannot give up the hope of repeating this success, on my return to Italy, with a comedy absolutely different.

MUSIC

THE COMING SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN

Although at the present writing the Metropolitan Opera Company has not yet officially announced its plans for the coming season, which will open November 2nd, a few notes on what may be expected shortly may not be amiss.

Of the novelties, the most important will be Montemezzi's one-act opera, "La Notte di Zoraima," which had its premiere last season at La Scala of Milan. Rosa Ponselle will have the leading role, with Maestro Serafin conducting.

Weinberger's "Schwanda der Dudelsackpfeifer," in its first American production, is also an event of importance. Originally produced in Prague in 1927, this opera, based on a Czechoslovakian folktale, is said to have a delightfully humorous libretto by Miles Kares, done

into German by the Prague novelist Max Brod. Apparently the protagonist will be the soprano Mueller, although there is talk of using the new sensation, Lily Pons.

Most important of the Metropolitan's revivals undoubtedly will be that of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," with Lawrence Tibbett in the leading role and Maestro Serafin conducting.

The one-act opera "L'Oracolo" of Franco Leoni, taken from the American novel "The Cat and the Cherub," will be another revival. This work was given for the first time in 1905 in London, and it had its Metropolitan premiere a few years ago. The principal roles will be filled by Scotti and Lucrezia Bori, and Maestro Bellezza will conduct.

Important, too, will be the revival of the French opera "Lakme" by Delibes. With Hasserman conducting, it will serve as the vehicle for the talent of Lily Pons.

Last season Maria Jeritza scored a great success in the revival of "Boccaccio," a success which it is hoped will be repeated with the revival of another operetta, "Donna Juanita."

And of course there will be the ballets, including "Petrouchka," by Stravinski, to be conducted by Maestro Serafin.

MUSIC lovers are looking forward to Beniamino Gigli's recital which is to be given at Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoon, October the 18th. Once again New Yorkers will have the opportunity to hear the famous tenor.

Gigli has been referred to often as a second Caruso, and this has driven the former to protest. He appreciates the high honor, but he prefers his voice to stand on its own merits.

"It is better to be a good Gigli," says the tenor, "than a second Caruso. Every singer has an individuality of his own and no artist can take the place of any other. There never can be a second Caruso, even though other tenors may have voices similar to his in some respects.

"All Italian voices are somewhat alike. That is because our great voices seldom arise from the aristocracy. They come from the tillers

of the soil, the men and women and their children who have inhaled the sweet odors of the rich Italian hillsides, who have drunk deeply of the Italian sunshine, and who have really felt the intangible quality of the blue Italian skies within their souls. That is what I and many other singers of my country have in common with Caruso."

All Gigli's protests will not silence critics and audiences, however, and they continue to compare the present tenor with his great predecessor. Both in personality and in the smoothness and beauty of their tone throughout its entire range the two singers are strikingly alike. While Gigli's voice has not quite the volume of Caruso's the tenor of today is more careful of the little details of musicianship and observes nuances his great countryman sometimes neglected.

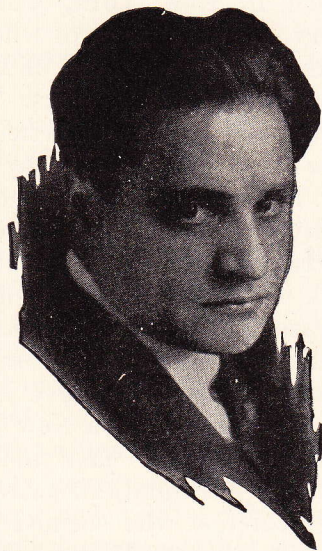
A CONSORTIUM has been formed among the four principal opera houses of Italy, La Scala of Milan, the Teatro Reale dell' Opera of Rome, the San Carlo of Naples, and the Teatro Regio of Turin. Its purpose is to centralize their artistic activities and to have one artistic direction. Maestro Labroca is the president of the consortium.

IT IS not too early to bring the attention of our readers to the fact that there will be a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, through the kind co-operation of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, on Dec. 12th, the proceeds to be devoted to the Columbus Hospitals of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

MRS. Anita Colombo's position as head of La Scala has now been taken by an *Ente Autonomia*, (Autonomous Corporation) the president of which is Duke Visconti di Madrone, the Podestà of Milan. Its vice-president is H. E. Umberto Giordano of the Royal Italian Academy. Next season's conductor will be the Italo-Argentinian Ettore Panizza.

Mrs. Colombo, 35, holds several medals awarded her in the war. She became associated with Maestro Arturo Toscanini in 1915, and in 1920 she became his secretary, until he resigned in 1929 as director of La Scala. She succeeded Angelo Scandiani as its director when the latter died in June of last year.

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Notes on the Drama

By Madge Christie

TO START at a beginning: of last season's plays that are still with us and worth seeing, we have "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Grand Hotel." Both of them are acknowledged hits.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" represents a chapter in the life of Elizabeth Browning. Katherine Cornell, who also presents the play, gives a beautiful performance as the invalid, Elizabeth. Brian O'Herne does no less by the charming Robert Browning. The play covers that part of Elizabeth's life, when she meets and is won by Robert. The production is well done and the play is very much worth while.

"Grand Hotel" gives thirty-six hours of hotel life. It has the hotel atmosphere perfectly, the swift moving of the events in various people's lives, and the peculiar way they have of touching one upon the other for the moment. Eugenie Leontovitch gives the outstanding performance, that of the dancer.

With the new season we had "Three Times the Hour," presented by Brock Pemberton. It was listed as a melodrama in the program but could as easily have come under the classification of a mystery play. The reason it did not have a longer run was no doubt due to the fact that the author had overlooked the old rule that a melodrama or a mystery must rouse the audience to a point of acute desire to have the heroine receive justification or the scoundrel his just deserts.

What concerned us more, however, was that Francesca Braggiotti, our young Italian actress, was most charming in her part. She gave vitality to her part and lent color to the play. When in her intensity she resorted to the Italian language to express herself it was to the amusement of the entire audience and greatly to the satisfaction of those who understood her.

"Cloudy With Showers," the comedy by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell which is now running at the Morosco Theatre, has an excellent first act. It deals with essay writing in a college class room. One of the young ladies has written hers about the sex life of a modern

woman. It becomes a question of whether she has spoken whereof she knows or does not know, which promptly grows into the more amusing question of whether she has spoken whereof the professor knows or does not know.

As the knowing young innocents of the younger set of today the girls are all most convincing. They are so fresh and sincere and natural and so in the spirit of the college atmosphere that it is a delight to watch them.

But, alas, it takes three acts, or thereabouts, to make a play. Through most of the second act, Adrian Rosley, with his very good performance of the thrifty Italian innkeeper, manages to divert us. He is so very helpful and understanding, with an eye to his own gain perhaps, but nevertheless he wins us with his good intentions.

With the third act we discontinuously began to fear the worst, that the play was going to dwindle into much ado about nothing. But we are happy to relate that this act has since been changed, and from what has been told us, for the better. If they have managed to finish what they started in the first act then this play is worth seeing. There are a number of quips on city clean-ups and depression that are very amusing and to the point.

One of the novelties of the season is, of course, the cooperative revue, "Shoot the Works," presented by Heywood Brown and Milton Raison at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre, in which Mr. Brown endeavors to give remunerative employment to able performers who need it. This might be called the revue of the hour. It goes in for economy and hard times. There is no gorgeous scenery to dazzle us, no gowns or display of colors to keep us from noticing the lack of entertainment offered. Everyone is quite free and has the impromptu air.

The play has a novel opening and closing. The company gather for a rehearsal. There are no drops, no scenery with the exception of that used for Eva's crossing of the river, which is stacked at the back. All this makes it novel and different and they retain that atmosphere


throughout the evening.

The girls dance and dance well, and all of them are nice looking and very much on the job. All in all, the whole affair is diverting and quite amusing.

—*—

It was a highly theatrical play, "Sirena" ("The Siren"), adapted by Antonio Salerno from "Lazzarina tra i Coltelli" by Rosso di San Secondo, that opened the season on September 21st at the Waldorf Theatre for the newly-formed Italo-American Theatre Arts Company. The aim of the company is to present plays by Italian authors on Broadway, some of them translated into English.

The story concerns a jealous husband's attempt to avenge himself on his beautiful wife through a friend who is a professional knife-thrower. Outstanding performances were given by Luigi Badolati as the husband, Elvira Curci as "the siren," Giuseppina Donigi, and three hunters who enliven the action: Cav. E. Migliaccio ("Farfariello"), A. Filauri and V. Rondinone.



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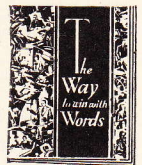
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BOOKS IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 100)

The life of the Archangel is decidedly dazzling, amazing, highly interesting. And probably for that reason, this biography, despite its occasionally superfluous attempts at cleverness, makes for absorbing reading.

THE LETTERS OF GIACOMO PUCCINI (Mainly Connected with the Composition and Production of his Operas). Edited by Giuseppe Adami. Translated from the Italian and Edited for the English Edition by Ena Makin. 336 pages. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50.

HERE is Puccini self-revealed, the Puccini of "Manon," "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Madame Butterfly," "La Fanciulla del West" and the unfinished "Turandot." These letters of the famous Italian composer, who died on November 29, 1924, at Brussels, originally published in Italy in 1928 by his friend and librettist, Giuseppe Adami, are now translated into English, and they cover the whole period of his operatic compositions from "Le Villi" in 1884 to "Turandot" in 1924.

Considerable light is thrown on Puccini's success and popularity as well as his characteristic likes and dislikes. The letters themselves are grouped according to the opera to which they refer, and each section is prefaced by an account by Giuseppe Adami of that opera's vicissitudes. Portrayed in these letters is the personality of the man, his family life, his love of sport, his swift changes from joy to gloom, his shattering disappointment at failure, and his frank enjoyment of success.

This is a volume for music lovers, especially opera lovers, more especially lovers of the operas of Puccini. An index at the back of the book helps considerably in locating special letters, people or subjects.

"COPY!" A Handbook for Reporters and Students of Journalism. By Donald D. Hoover. 327 pages. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.50.

ONLY those interested in journalism as a possible career (and many who are already pursuing it) will find both pleasure and profit in this cheery and instructive handbook. Although the author states in his foreword that it has been written "to bridge the gap be-

tween journalism courses and the period when the young reporter becomes oriented in actual daily newspaper work," the book requires a knowledge only of the barest rudiments of the "game," plus a keen interest in probably the world's most interesting occupation.

In fictional form, the book begins with a young man just out of college, and applying for a job on a newspaper. From the questions asked by the editor, one realizes what he demands in a beginner, of which the most important is the seeking mind. Step by step, then, the author, who is assistant city editor of the Indianapolis *News*, takes this beginner through 'the courts and county building, city hall, federal building, state house, police, politics, and then discusses with him the fields of feature writing and other special work. Actual examples clipped from leading newspapers make theory become concrete practice.

William L. Mapel, director of the Lee School of Journalism at Washington and Lee University, has a brief introduction to the volume and, besides the index, the book closes with a valuable bibliography of books on things journalistic.

FACTS AND FETISHES IN ADVERTISING. By E. T. Gundlach. 672 pages. Chicago: Consolidated Book Publishers, Inc. \$5.

WRITTEN by "a practical man, for 29 years the head of a national advertising agency," according to its jacket, this bulky but vigorously written book reviews at some length the entire situation in the publicity and advertising field. Though advertising is generally believed to be one of the most businesslike of present-day businesses, the author believes much of its power could be easily increased by eliminating some "false gods," or, in other words, the "fetishes" in advertising, as opposed to the "facts."

One by one the author takes up and, in more or less an Aristotelian manner, dissects the accepted theories of advertising, in some cases approving of the result, and in other cases disapproving. Interwoven with the examples and the plea the author makes for common sense in the acceptance of untested theories, is the story of his own experiences in the field.

The book provides lively reading, for the author's style is breezy and entertaining, a result, no doubt, of his training in advertising copy writing. An example: "In that appallingly lean year of 1930, all types of American firms and individuals invested in advertising a sum roughly estimated at two billion dollars. While the figure represents less than 5% of our country's retail volume, it is, nevertheless, a prodigious sum. Let us look at it again: \$2,000,000,000." Certainly the expenditure of such a vast sum invites some thoughtful consideration on the part of the country's executives, and its advertising agencies.

THE TRAGEDIES OF PROGRESS. By Gina Lombroso. Translated by Coley Taylor. 329 pages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.75.

Perhaps at no time more than the present are people wondering whether, after all, our industrial civilization is suited to the modern world. Voices have been raised before, but today it is becoming a clamor. Is "progress," as it is generally understood, desirable? The ancient races—Chinese, Greek and Roman—knew all about machinery, but they did not develop its use. Was it because they were too wise to ever let it enslave their civilizations?

In the present volume, the product of a generation of research and study, Madame Lombroso examines the question with a profound sense of its implications. One of Italy's most brilliant women of today, she is the daughter of Cesare Lombroso, the famous criminologist, and the wife of the eminent Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero.

First she discusses why industrialism did not flourish before the 18th century, showing what social, political and economic conditions are necessary for an industrial regime. Then she traces the history of industrialism in England, where it had its first development as we know it. Finally, just before her conclusions, she deplures "The Destructions of Modern Machinism"—material destruction: the squandering of the earth and the impoverishment of poor countries; social destruction: the increased cost of living and the limitation of leisure; unemployment: precarious condi-

tions of living, nervous exhaustion, pauperism and the depopulation of countries: moral decadence; boredom: as manifested in the destruction of idealism, individuality and intellectual joys.

"I am now convinced," she concludes, "that large-scale industry, born at an opportune moment in the history of a country which offers many physical and social advantages for its development, has chances of success only in countries similar, and at similar, auspicious moments in their development. And even so, it cannot establish itself nor continue in its evolution without damaging the general morale, without impoverishing countries, land and populations, which serve it for import and export, without causing physical, social, and moral ravages near and far, ravages which, naturally, are more rapid and intense in the countries where general conditions are less favorable.

"I have become convinced that industry must adjust itself to a condition of producing in large or small quantities in proportion to a market regulated by natural demand if it is to be established on a basis of morality and justice, for it is only by putting itself in a position of privilege, in a condition of committing abuses of trust and injustices with impunity, that industry has been able to transform itself into large-scale industry."

DREAMS: Their Meaning and Practical Application. By Clement Wood. 282 pages. New York: Greenberg: Publisher. \$2.

Undoubtedly the subject of dreams is one that commands enormous interest on the part of all types of people. "I had the queerest dream last night—" is usually the beginning of an absorbing conversation. Inevitably, too, the dreamer desires to know what meaning, if any, can be attached to his dream, simple or complicated, logical or fantastic.

Theories concerning the meanings of dreams are as old as mankind. Yet it was not until 1899, when Sigmund Freud's great work, "The Interpretation of Dreams" appeared, that the searchlight of science, which today stands for dependable knowledge, was turned upon the world of dreams. Freud's theories are still not wholly unopposed, but in the main they have been accepted. For a layman, however, Freud's own writings are

as difficult to understand in one way as Einstein's in another way.

The matter called for a popularizer. And of all popularizers, certainly there could be no one more all-embracing than Clement Wood author of that thumb-nail encyclopaedia, "The Outline of Man's Knowledge." Formerly a lawyer, judge, and professor of English, he has since 1922 devoted himself exclusively to writing and psychology.

In "Dreams" he is admittedly rehashing Freud's theories so as to make them comprehensible to the average man. The dream-material contained in the book is drawn primarily from the hundreds of dreams submitted to him weekly for analysis, in connection with a daily feature syndicate which he writes. Freud, of course, places emphasis upon the part sex plays in our subconscious life, i.e., our dreams. And Mr. Wood minces no words in explaining, for example, the sexual significance of symbols in dreams.

No one who can read the original Freud works in translation would care to read an abridged version, but there must be thousands of others to whom Mr. Wood's book will mean the introduction to a subject of universal and age-less interest.

Italian Books in Review

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI—Scritti di letteratura e di arte. A cura di Guido Rispoli. 287 pages. Vallecchi, Editore, Firenze. Lire 12.

BOLTON KING said of Mazzini that had he been able to devote more time to his literary studies he would have probably become one of the greatest critics of the 19th century. For Mazzini, in the midst of his tremendous political activities, found time to write on literature and art.

Yet the critical writings of the Great Apostle cannot be considered apart from his political writings. The circumstances which inspired them and the occasions under which they were written show how close they were to the political problems of the day. The titles of some of the essays reproduced in this volume reveal the constant purpose of the great Italian: "Dante's Love of

Country," "Machiavelli," "The Political Thought of Foscolo," "Botta and History" are among them.

Other essays included in this volume are those on Goethe, Byron, Hugo, De Vigny, German music, painting and its future, Carlyle and the historic conception in history, etc. Each essay is accompanied by abundant notes by the editor.

GIOVANNI SCHEIWILLER—Hermann Haller. Milano, Hoepli, 1931, Lire 10.

THIS is another monograph in the collection on "Modern Foreign Art" edited by Scheiwiller, and, as the title indicates, it is an appraisal of the work of the great Swiss sculptor Hermann Haller. The monograph consists of a brief introduction and biographical sketch of the sculptor, illustrated by 27 well-done reproductions of the representative works of Haller. The collection as a whole forms an excellent brief guide to the art of the present day.

R. GIORGI DE PONS—I grandi navigatori italiani. 64 pages, Firenze, Nemi, Lire 15.

CARLO ERRERA—L'epoca delle grandi scoperte geografiche. 505 pages, Milano, Hoepli, Lire 26. (For sale at the Permanent Italian Book Exhibition, New York City).

THERE are many Italians in the United States who would like to read a brief history of the great Italian explorers and navigators from the XIV century to Columbus and his contemporaries. To them we recommend the above books, for they offer a clear synthesis of the lives and achievements of those immortal Italians who blazed the trail for the explorers of other countries.

De Pons's little volume is a brief monograph on de luxe paper, well illustrated. It deals with the "precursors," Cadamosto and Usodimare, Columbus, Vespucci, Da Empoli, Pigafetta, Verrazzano, the Cabots, etc.

Errera's book, which is already in its third edition, treats exhaustively with all great discoveries from the times of the Romans to the travels of Magellan. It contains a very valuable bibliography and index, something rather unusual in Italian publications. Good maps and a synoptical table of events enhance its value.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 102)

Act, also as an effort to speed up recovery. The President, it is known, is giving this subject serious thought, and men close to him are said to favor the theory that the restoration of beer containing a light alcoholic content and non-intoxicating in fact will put back to work thousands of the unemployed.

It is estimated that the restoration of beer will mean a revenue to the government of about \$500,000,000 annually, and in view of the present Treasury deficit the prospect of such an income will not be lightly dismissed. What is more, the production of beer should produce a renewed agricultural activity and the rise of an industry that may well help set our house in order.

Congress has the authority to so amend the Volstead Act as to permit the manufacture and sale of beer. A word from the White House would be sure to influence greatly the dry majority in both Houses and bring about this much desired reform. The depression, the rising cost of government, crime and lawlessness are dealing prohibition a telling blow. We cannot help thinking that the 18th Amendment is doomed unless it is made to conform to popular wishes. Light wines and beer may prove to be its salvation.

MORE THAN ONE MILLION

WE predicted in these columns back in May of last year that the 1930 Census returns would show the Italian population of Greater New York to be in excess of one million. That prediction, based on figures from four Assembly Districts in Manhattan, was substantiated by the announcement of the Census Bureau, not long ago, that there are in the city exactly 1,070,355 Italians, both native and foreign born.

The Italians constitute the largest racial group in the metropolis. Second are the Russians with 945,072, while the Germans and Irish are respectively third and fourth, their combined population exceeding that of the Italians by a mere 74,673. The Italians are one-fifth of the entire number of persons of foreign white stock, and less than one-seventh of the whole population.

This enormous Italian city, if we can call it a city, has been built up in the last fifty years, or in about two generations. It is one of the marvels of immigration and an ethnic phenomenon without parallel in the history of this or any other country. In numbers its only rival is Rome; in growth and progress it has no superior among the Italian communities of the world. When Mayor Walker told a Berlin audience recently that he represented an Italian city larger than Rome, he stated a fact. There are 40,000 more Italians here than in Italy's capital.

SEABURY KEEPS DIGGING

IN New York, the Seabury Committee appointed by the State Legislature to investigate municipal affairs is causing Tammany considerable worry. The efforts with which Tammany politicians are endeavoring to paralyze the work of the Committee, the behavior of the minority members of the investigating body, leader Curry's interference in the case of Dr. Doyle, and the bitter opposition of the Democrats in the Legislature to the immunity bill requested by Mr. Seabury and recommended by Governor Roosevelt, are indications to the public that Tammany Hall has things to hide.

Judge Seabury has already uncovered much dirt in the New York situation. The removal of half a dozen magistrates, the expose of conditions in the Bureau of Standards and Appeals, in the Dock Department, the conviction of members of the Vice Squad, and the evidence of rackets that flourish unmolested in all parts of town, stand out as evidence of a job well done. But there is more. The Committee is on the trail of higher-ups, and when its public hearings begin New York should be offered an interesting insight into the operations of the most powerful political machine in America.

Tammany Hall has been in undisputed possession of the City Government for fourteen consecutive years. Such opposition as exists, Republican and Socialist, is weak and ineffective. The Hall has been in power too long. This power has gone to its head. It is evident that not until there is built up in the city an opposition that will force it

to toe the mark will New York have better government than it has. And New York, lest out-of-towners rejoice, is not alone among American cities needing reform.

CRIME AND THE FOREIGN BORN

TO the Wickersham Commission we are indebted for a most eloquent refutation of the ancient libel that crime in this country is an alien importation. In its last report to the President, concluding one of the most ambitious studies ever undertaken by a governmental body, the Commission finds no justification for the popularly "supposed relation between immigration and crime," but on the contrary, its statistics show that the foreign born are more obedient to law than those born here.

The report, prepared by Dr. Edith Abbot, of the University of Chicago, speaks of "a clamorous group who for more than a century have tended to emphasize only the difficulties connected with immigration, losing sight of all its beneficial effects." The Commission's vindication of the foreign born will serve, we hope, to halt the damaging propaganda of this group, at least with respect to the alleged criminal tendencies of the immigrant. Whatever crime is to be found in our so-called foreign colonies is largely native—a product of environmental conditions of which students of crime are well aware.

These young men and women because of "family cohesion and discipline broken up by the wall of language, with the old European standards and restraints abandoned and new checks and control not yet built up, are apt material for anti-social influences." But, as the *Times* points out, it is still to be shown that they make a larger contribution to crime than the children of native parentage.

AGAIN, FRANCE AND ITALY

NEWS that France and Italy are resuming negotiations to settle their naval differences comes at an opportune time, when public opinion is turning its attention to disarmament and looks hopefully to Geneva. Agreement is essential to the London Treaty, and to the success of the arms conference in February.

It is well to note in this connection Italy's eagerness to promote peace by agreement. The resumption of negotiations with France, coupled with Signor Grandi's recent proposal of a naval holiday among the powers, are far from indicating, as some would have us believe, that the Italians are war bent and have designs on their neighbors. On the contrary no country in Europe has been more consistent in the pursuit of peace than Italy. In respect to France, Rome's patience has been Herculean. Again and again it has sought an understanding only to be disappointed by French unreasonableness. The Henderson agreement of last year warmly desired by England and widely approved in this country fell through only when France refused to abide by it. "Under that agreement," writes Robert Dell in the *Nation*, "the tonnage of

the French navy was about 10 per cent less than the tonnage of the French navy in August 1914, and official France, by a shocking breach of faith, repudiated the agreement on the ground that it did not give France a sufficiently large navy."

It is evident that Paris is striving to undo the arrangement reached at the Washington Arms Conference, and is not dealing squarely with Italy. Bent on continental hegemony, the French policy fools no one. The French plead for security, but this plea might seem more plausible and no doubt invite greater response were France's behavior more in keeping with her professions. She is arming Jugoslavia against Italy while professing friendship for Italy. She backs Poland against Germany while feigning deep interest in Germany. She is spending millions on arma-

ment for her vassal states and tying Europe in a knot of suspicious alliances.

Intelligent Italians are not hostile to the French and Italian opinion appreciates the fears of the French nation engendered by the war and the repeated invasion of French soil. But France does not hold out to Italy a genuinely friendly hand. She is out of sympathy with Italian aspirations. She would deal with Italy as she deals with Poland, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, overlooking entirely that much water has passed under the bridge since Italy was only a "territorial expression."

It is to be hoped that this time the negotiations will not be energy lost again. European peace depends to a large extent on Franco-Italian understanding.

ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

(Continued from page 99)

PROFESSOR G. A. Borgese, of Italy, who is now visiting America for the first time, is here at the invitation of the University of California. He is lecturing in Berkeley from August to December, and after the first of January, 1932, he will be available for lecture engagements in both the midwestern and eastern states.

Professor Borgese is one of the foremost Italian writers. A Sicilian by birth, he spent several years in Rome, Paris and Berlin, where he acquired a vast political, social and intellectual experience, a deep knowledge of all the essential spiritual problems and currents of our age. After having lectured on German literature for several years at the University of Rome, and then at the University of Milan, he now holds the Chair of Esthetics in the latter institution. He is considered an outstanding Italian literary critic, and his work in this field is represented by several volumes of

studies and essays discussing the most interesting and vital literary questions and aspects of the different countries and ages. His esthetic culture undoubtedly derives from Romanticism, but he rises above the usual distinction between classic and romantic and searches for a new classic harmony and reconstruction, different from the schematic exteriorities of scholastic classicism.

His first novel, *Rube*, was the first book which reflected and expressed the spiritual conflict connected with the World War. It was a great literary success in Italy and was translated into German, French, Czechoslovakian, Polish and English (Harcourt Brace). His second novel *I Vivi e I Morti* (The Living and the Dead) has a religious, transcendent character and was translated into French under the title *La Maison Dans La Plaine* (Edition Plan). The following three volumes of short stories, *The Unknown City*, *The*

Fair Ones, and *The Sun Has Not Set*, (La Citta Sconosciute, Le Belle, Il Sole non e tra Montato) reflect a new musical and poetical mood. The title of the last volume is a significant expression of the author's spiritual attitude, a longing to attain a peace and harmony in which the contradictory, political and religious impulses of our age may be reconciled.

The Tragedy of Mayerling and the *Arciduca* (Archduke) symbolize the ruin of the XIX century and the pre-war world.

Another drama, *Lazarus*, (1925) was written before Eugene O'Neill's play by the same name. His last book, *The Tempest in the Void* (La Tempesta nel Nulla) tells of the conflict between Death and Divine Redemption.

For twenty years Professor Borgese has been a collaborator of the most important Italian paper, the *Corriere della Sera*.

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THE TIMES OF MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL

(Continued from page 111)

death in 1557, a terrific fire destroyed part of the Ducal Palace in Venice which had been decorated by paintings of all the great artists of the Venetian School since its origin. Fortunately, Venice still possessed painters capable of repairing in a way the terrible loss, among whom are first to be mentioned Veronese and Tintoretto.

PAOLO CALLARI, called Veronese from his native city of Verona, seems in Venice to be as great as Titian and even at times he charms more. There is no decorative painting that surpasses for refulgence, harmony and composition his *Glory of Venice* in the Ducal Palace. Rubens's pictures themselves would seem,

if placed near it, nothing but great water colors, according to one celebrated critic.

This artist, who seemed to sacrifice everything to the decorative effect, who dressed his biblical figures in beautiful Venetian costumes and placed in his compositions the most unexpected accessories, can also be pathetic and sublime in his St. George and the figure of Christ in the Pilgrims of Emmaus, now at the Louvre Museum in Paris.

Veronese lived from 1528 to 1588. His most famous contemporary was Jacopo Robusti, called *Il Tintoretto*, (1512-1594), a spirited artist, but restless and unequal, who strove, as he said himself, to unite Michael Angelo design with Titian's color. Tintoretto

remains in spite of his talent and his triumphs inferior to Veronese even in his best works, the furious *Fray of Turks and Christians*, now at the Madrid Museum, the *Allegory of the Venetian Power* and the *Paradiso*, both at the Ducal Palace. The latter is perhaps the largest oil painting in the world, measuring nearly seventy feet in length over thirty of width and having nearly five hundred figures.

Of the other artists of that marvelous period, we must quote Antonio Allegri, called *Il Correggio*, an incomparable colorist of the School of Parma, which gave to the world other famous artists, and the influence of which was felt for over two centuries.

ALFIERI AND HIS CRITICS

(Continued from page 113)

sake background of these other writers: Alfieri's tragedies left his pen bound on a political mission. And who is there today who will deny that they have accomplished their mission? For if they have not what means the praise of Leopardi in his canzone to "Angelo Mai?" No; it is the fact that they have accomplished their mission that causes Carducci to extol Alfieri's endeavors in his

"Scritti Letterari" and in his wondrous ode to "Piemonte" to break forth in these noble sentiments:

Venne quel grande, come il
grande augello
Ond'ebbe nome, e all'umile
paese
Sopra volando, fulvo, irrequi-
eto,
Italia! Italia!
Egli gridava ai dissueti orec-
chi,

Ai pigri cuori, agli animi
giacenti,
Italia! Italia! rispondeano
l'urne

D'Arquá e Ravenna.
E sotto il volo scricchiaron
l'ossa
Se ricercanti lungo il cimitero
Della fatal penisola a vestirsi
D'ira e di ferro.
Italia, Italia, e il popolo dei
morti
Surse cantando a chiedere la
guerra.

MUSSOLINI AND PEACE

(Continued from page 105)

country. Its keynote was peace. To many it was inexplicable that Mussolini could talk of peace in such a decided manner. To those who have followed closely Italian affairs that message appeared not a mysterious and well-calculated change, but a logical continuation of the Premier's previous utterances and policies. In an article published in the Philadelphia

Record of August 9, 1931, Mussolini stressed again the need of disarmament and peace. The keynote of the article was that either Europe will disarm or ruin and chaos will follow. He went even so far as to state that Italy is ready to reduce its army to 10,000 rifles, provided all other European nations agree to reduce their armies to that figure. At the London Conference, he had already

said through Foreign Minister Grandi, that Italy was ready to scrap its navy if other nations were ready to do the same.

These new foreign policies are gloriously plain, but they presuppose a mind and a nation that have removed the problems of international life from the equivocal light of political intrigue and have courageously placed them on an economic plane.

The Italians in the United States

(Readers Are Invited to Send in Items of Real Worth for Possible Use in These Columns. Photographs Will Also Be Welcome)

ALABAMA

Fifty cases of material intended for the Italian Art Exhibit, to be held in Birmingham at the Public Library during September and October, arrived recently and some twenty-five volunteer workers worked in shifts classifying and indexing the different objects preparatory to placing them on exhibition. This material was assembled by Mrs. Carla Bruno Averardi, Executive Secretary of the Italy-America Society, who visited Birmingham recently in connection with the Exhibit.

A partial shipment was aboard the *Saturnia*, which sailed on August 5th. Another shipment, consisting of 474 paintings, left Italy on August 23rd on the *Vulcania*. Prof. Comm. Vincenzo Fago, President of the Confederation of Professional Artists, appointed by the Italian Government as its official representative to the Exhibit, also sailed on the *Vulcania*.

On board the *Saturnia*, beside the material for the exhibit, there was also a large bronze statue of the Capitoline Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, mythical founders of Rome.

This bronze, the symbol of Rome, is a gift to the Birmingham Museum by the Governor of Rome as a token of good will and as recognition of the purposes of the Exhibit.

The formal presentation of this gift will be made sometime during the exhibit, the ceremonies being conducted by Italian authorities attended by State, County and City officials.

The exhibit will continue during the months of September and October, with the official opening to be held on September 15th. This was found necessary owing to the late arrival of the paintings and the desire of the Committee to have as its guest of honor the official representative of the Italian Government, Prof. Comm. Vincenzo Fago.

By a concurrent resolution of the Legislature of Alabama, signed by Governor Miller, Oct. 12th was "officially designated as a holiday, to be known as Columbus and Fraternal Day. Approved July 25th, 1931."

Columbus Day was recognized in Alabama as a legal holiday in 1911, but in 1919, following a campaign against the Catholic character of the event, it was suppressed, and known from that time on as Fraternal Day. The recent resolution, however, has relatively little value, for it falls short of a complete recognition of the achievement of the great Italian navigator.

CALIFORNIA

According to the recent census, Italians constitute the largest group of foreign born whites in California. In San Francisco they are the largest for-

eign colony, having increased from 23,924 in 1920 to 27,311 in 1930, and in Oakland they are also the largest foreign group, having increased from 5,094 to 6,350 in the same period.

Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco recently sent a letter to President Hoover urging that a fund for the unemployed be begun by a special tax on incomes in the higher brackets.

Hon. Sylvester Andriano, member of the San Francisco Community Council, was the guest of honor at a luncheon held recently by the Downtown Association of that city.

The Los Angeles lodges of the California section of the Order Sons of Italy held a banquet late in August in honor of Domenico Jannarone, who for the past two years has been the Grand Venerable of the California Grand Lodge of the Order.

Prof. G. A. Borgese of Italy arrived in San Francisco last August to assume the duties connected with his occupancy of the Chair of Italian at the University of California. Prof. Borgese is one of the foremost Italian literary critics, as well as poet, dramatist and novelist. He will give a course at California on the history of criticism, as well as a series of lectures in San Francisco under the auspices of the Extension Division of the same institution. He was the guest of honor not long ago at a luncheon of the *Cenacolo* of San Francisco, of which Gr. Uff. A. Pedrini is president.

The American-Italian Medico Dental Club of San Francisco has been formed in that city. Among its members are Dr. E. D. Torre, Dr. Victor Lucchetti, Dr. Charles Ertola, Dr. A. A. Ferrante, Dr. Salvatore Guardino, Dr. A. S. Musante, and Dr. Joseph Visalli.

The Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon Vincenzo Zirpoli of San Francisco, secretary at the Italian Consulate in that city.

At the request of U. Darli, the Santa Barbara representative of the Italian Consulate of San Francisco, a magnificent cup has been donated by Premier Mussolini of Italy to the Santa Barbara Yacht Club, to be given as a prize at the international yacht races held by that organization.

CONNECTICUT

"Il Circolo dei Giovani" of Bridgeport is preparing a public presentation of an Italian translation of "The Merchant of Venice" for the latter part of October. It is also sponsoring a series of Italian lectures on the Italian *Rinascimento*, the lecturers to be Rev. E.

Iasiello, Prof. P. S. Zampiere, Dr. F. Martucci and Rev. J. A. Raccioppi.

A new section of the Italian Historical Society was formed on September 27th with the formal inauguration at Bridgeport of the Connecticut chapter of the Society. Among the guests at the formal inauguration and banquet were Comm. E. Grazi, Italian Consul General in New York, Gov. Cross of Connecticut, Mayor Buckingham of Bridgeport, Cav. P. De Cicco, Vice Consul at New Haven, and many others. It is planned to make this chapter the center for the Society's Connecticut activities. Among those instrumental in forming the chapter were H. L. Varney, the society's manager, Prof. S. Zampiere of Connecticut Junior College, Dr. Filippo Martucci, Ralph Borino and Emilio Napolitano.

A movement is afoot in New Britain to have one of that city's parks named after A. M. Paonessa, who served as Mayor of New Britain for three terms.

Emmeline Manganiello of Waterbury, a second year student at Crosby High School in that city, is one of the four students in Rhode Island to have won a prize given by the W.C.T.U. in their oratorical contest. Miss Manganiello previously won three other medals from the same organization. She will be present at Washington in January in the finals of the same contest, the winner of which will be given the prize by President Hoover. Miss Manganiello is the only Italian girl in Connecticut in the contest.

Hugo T. Saglio, a young poet of Glastonbury who has been blind since his 12th year, was recently graduated from Amherst College, and he will enter Harvard University this Fall to obtain a Master of Arts degree. Mr. Saglio, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, is the author of many poems, some of which appeared in the college publications.

DELAWARE

The new address of the Royal Italian Consular Agency in Wilmington, according to Signor Carmine Vignola, is 516 Washington St.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Newton D. Baker, United States Secretary of War during President Wilson's administration, was recently decorated with the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Under the auspices of the Italian societies of Washington, a commemorative mass was held recently by Rev. Nicola De Carlo at the Italian church

of St. Rosario for the late Emanuele Filiberto di Savoia, Duke of Aosta, and leader of the Italian Third Army during the War. Many notables were present, including the Italian Ambassador, the United States Secretary of War, the Commander of the American Legion, etc.

In a recent issue of the *Washington Evening Star*, Constantine Brown of that paper had a short feature article on His Excellency Nobile Giacomo De Martino, the Italian Ambassador to this country. Excerpts: "The Italian Ambassador at Washington is really one of the few foreign diplomats who can boast of knowing the American mentality." "Ambassador De Martino is very popular in Washington, chiefly because of his simple, unaffected manner, eminent-ly democratic."

ILLINOIS

Cav. Costantino Vitello, president of the Italo-American National Union of Chicago, died early last month of a heart attack after a lingering illness. Head of one of the most powerful Italian societies in the middle west, Mr. Vitello was widely known for his generosity and for his enthusiasm in promoting the welfare of the Italians in this country. He had received the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy only a few months previously. Mr. Ciro Balzano is vice-president of the Union.

The Italian Government has conferred a gold medal of merit upon Miss Fredericka Blankner, well-known lecturer and writer on things Italian, in recognition of her work in furthering the contribution of Italy to the literary and artistic worlds. Her father, Dr. Frederick Blankner, was the recipient not long ago of the Cross of the Order of the Crown of Italy. Dr. Fredericka Blankner, holder of several degrees, and who has lectured in several universities, is at present lecturing under the auspices of the Italy-America Society, and in 1932 she will be at the head of the Department of Italian at Vassar College, where she will teach Italian language and literature.

Three Italians in Chicago were recently granted the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. They are Giuseppe Soravia, head of the music department of Sears Roebuck Co., Enrico Bambara, owner of several cinema houses, and Francesco Ghiselli, grain broker and a member of the Chicago Board of Trade.

The Italian artist-photographer Vito Valerio of Chicago recently exhibited 17 of his photographic studies at an exposition of the Ohio, Indiana and Michigan Photographers' Association at Cedar Point, Ohio.

Cav. Uff. Giuseppe Rossi of Chicago recently held a banquet at the Vesuvio Restaurant in that city in honor of Gr. Uff. Francesco Quattrone and his wife.

LOUISIANA

The Italian Welfare League of Shreveport last month held a dance and

reception on the occasion of the opening of its new quarters in that city, a modern, three-story building.

The Agricultural and Supply Co. of Independence held elections recently with the following results: C. Marretta, pres.; S. Guzzardo, vice-pres.; Joe Burregi, sec.; D. Danna, F. Levantino, J. Misita, H. Vaccaro, directors.

John Guzzardo was recently elected president of the American Progressive League of Independence. Other officers include C. Triolo, vice-pres.; and B. Levigne, sec.

A banquet was recently held at the Heidelberg Hotel in Baton Rouge to honor Dr. Joseph Noto on the occasion of the beginning of his medical career.



Mr. Vincent Brogna
(See "Massachusetts")

MARYLAND

Among the foreign consular officers recognized in the United States during the past month was Mario Carosi, Italian Consul at Baltimore.

R. J. McKinney, Director of the Baltimore Museum of Art, and at present in Italy, has approached the Italian Ambassador at Washington, the American Ambassador at Rome and Premier Mussolini himself, with reference to holding an exhibition of Italian art in the near future at the Baltimore Museum of Art.

MASSACHUSETTS

Joseph A. Tomasello of Boston, head of the contracting firm of that name founded by his father, and well known in business and social circles in Boston, has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Atty. Vincent Brogna of Orient Heights was re-elected Grand Venerable of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge of the Sons of Italy recently at the annual convention of the order held in Holyoke. Atty. Brogna, who defeated his opponent, C. F. Ciampi, by 54 votes, was formerly a State Representative, an Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, and at present a member of the

Welfare Department of Boston. Other officers elected were: Assistant Grand Venerable, Michael Fredo of Arlington; Grand Orator, Joseph Gorrasi of Woburn; Grand Recording Secretary, Nazzeno Toscano of Watertown; Grand Financial Secretary, Louis N. Salvatore of East Boston; Grand Treasurer, Federico De Francesco of Milford; Grand Trustees, Frank Abbadessa of Medford, Stephen D. Bacigalupo of Mattapan, Mario Bellomo of Lynn, Miss Lena Iennaco of Brockton and Mrs. Margaret Pastille of Marlboro.

Prof. Luigi Villari of Italy, who represented that country at the recent sessions of the Williamstown Institute of Politics of William College, was the guest recently of Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, a Commander of the Crown of Italy, at a luncheon in the Copley Plaza Hotel. Many of the city's outstanding notables were present, and among them were Comm. G. M. Pio Margotti, Italian Consul at Boston, Cav. Silvio Vitale, Italian vice-consul, Cav. J. A. Tomasello, Comm. Frank Leveroni, Comm. Saverio Romano, Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, and Prof. Felix Forte.

Mr. Fred A. Barbati of Springfield has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Mayor of that city.

For the first time in its history the Foresters of America, numbering hundreds of lodges throughout the nation with a membership of over 1,000,000, has an Italo-American at its head. Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, physician and lawyer and former member of the Boston City Council, was elected Supreme Chief Ranger of the Order at its last national convention held last month in Boston. Dr. Santosuosso was formerly Grand Chief Ranger in Massachusetts, and last year he was elected Supreme Recording Secretary. His election to the Foresters' highest office was unanimous.

MICHIGAN

In a soft ball "nationality tournament" at Bessemer recently, the Italian team under T. Sartorisi easily defeated all their opponents, who were composed of Swedes, Finns and Poles.

MISSOURI

The initial edition of the *St. Louis Roma*, weekly 8-page bilingual newspaper in English and Italian, was published July 21st with Francesco Bellandi as editor and Paul L. Piccione as managing editor.

The official inauguration of the St. Dominick's Orphan Home in University City, near St. Louis, was held Sept. 13th. The Home itself has been in operation for some months already. Its administrators are: Cesare Chichizzola, pres.; A. Cavagnaro, J. Chichizzola, J. J. De Martini, F. Doredo, Comm. G. Giuseffi, J. D. Lumaghi, K. Pandjiris, H. J. Pieri, J. Volpi, Rev. Pietro Barabino and H. E. Archbishop J. J. Glennon.

The King of Italy has conferred the Cross of Commander of the Crown up-

on Cav. Ufficiale Girolamo Giuseffi of St. Louis. Coming to St. Louis 44 years ago, he built up a women's dress establishment, gave generously, and during the war was appointed head of the Roman Legion by President Wilson. He is the holder of the Papal Grand Cross of the Military Order of Constantine, as well as that of Chevalier and Officer of the Crown of Italy. In a recent visit to Italy, he was received by the Pope and by Premier Mussolini.

NEW JERSEY

Dr. Samuel Sica of Trenton recently assumed his duties as a member of the Trenton Board of Education at the first meeting of the 1931-32 school season. Dr. Sica was appointed by Major Donnelly to fill a vacancy caused by death. Keenly interested in the local school system, he was chairman of the committee of Italian business and professional men who urged the teaching of the Italian language as a part of the high school curriculum and classes for this purpose are to be instituted with the occupancy of the new senior school later in the Fall. A resident of Trenton for over 20 years, Dr. Sica is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, a member of the New Jersey State Surgical Society, and of the Mercer County Component Medical Society, of which he was formerly president. He is also president of the Roma Building and Loan Association and a vice-president of the Chambersburg Trust Co.

A banquet in honor of the brothers Agabiti, Armando and Olimpio, well-known contractors of Trenton, was held recently by the Italian-American Sportsmen's Club with more than 200 present.

Through the initiative of Rev. Mons. Cav. Ernesto Monteleone, there is due to be erected soon in Jersey City a new Italian parochial school at the corner of Claremont Avenue and Clark St.

The John Illaria Construction Co. of Bloomfield has started work on the construction of the new home of St. Joseph's Council, Italian Catholic Union, at Sumner and D'Auria Sts. in Newark. A \$60,000 affair, the three-story building will house all the organization's activities. William Ricigliano has been president of the Union for the past nine years. It was formed 12 years ago by ten young men, children of Italian immigrants, and now the membership has increased to over 1000. It has assisted about 3600 destitute families. Michael A. Castellano was president of the holding company which negotiated for the home during the last two years. Other officers are: vice president, L. Trevisan; treasurer, Daniel Crosta; financial secretary, Samuel Verniero; corresponding secretary, Charles Rossi; solicitor, Fred Masucci and publicity chairman, Chris Travis.

In the New Jersey State Golf Association's eleventh annual caddie championship, held recently at the Essex County Country Club in West Orange, John Bruno, 16 years old and a member of the Essex County caddie team for the last two years, won the individual title from a field of 161 starters.

Miss Maria Russo of Trenton, who was graduated last June as a teacher of modern languages from the New Jersey

College for Women at New Brunswick, is to teach French at the Hamilton Township High School this Fall. She is also authorized to teach Italian, Spanish and English. During her stay at college, she was vice-president of the Circolo Italiano, the membership of which jumped from 8 to 50 during her term. Miss Russo's father, Frank, is a contractor and a director of the Trenton Trust Co. He has been in this country for 25 years.

Charles Marzano of East Rutherford, a bus operator, recently received a bonus from the Public Service Co. under the no-accident plan of the company. He has driven a bus more than 143,000 miles without an accident.



Orlando J. Delfino

(See "Pennsylvania")

A delegation of members of Italian-American clubs of Hoboken have petitioned the Park Administration of Hudson County to have the County park at 10th Street in that city named after the Italian discoverer, Columbus, in connection with the celebration to be held in his honor on Columbus Day. Among the delegation were Frank J. Bartletta, Emilio Civico, N. A. Palermo, S. A. Caruso, M. Rossi, L. De Falco, and Frank Fiore.

NEW YORK STATE

State Senator Cosmo A. Cilano of Rochester was recently appointed Chairman of the Codes Committee of the State Senate at Albany, one of the most important posts in the Legislature.

Peter T. Campon, the indefatigable Italian of Binghamton, who has been lecturing week after week before clubs in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, has been engaged by the Italian Historical Society of New York City to continue his lectures under its auspices. Mr. Campon will begin his series of lectures with "The contribution of Italy to world progress."

The New York State Department of Education recently announced the lists of high school pupils who have won university scholarships. Among them were: Aldo B. Santiccioli and Alfred W. Santasiero of DeWitt Clinton, Gertrude Scappatura of Cathedral, Vincent Montalbano of Townsend Harris Hall, and

Raymond R. Maccari and Joseph R. D'Arrigo of Stuyvesant, all of New York County; William J. Armento of Stuyvesant in the Bronx; Carmelo A. Vinci of Manual Training, George Pazmino of Erasmus Hall, A. C. Lattieri of Alexander Hamilton, Vivian V. Trombetta of Richmond Hill and Mae A. Misita of Bay Ridge, all of Brooklyn; Joseph Cucchia of Curtis in Richmond County; Frances Tricamo of Freeport in Nassau County; and Frank Conace of Nyack in Rockland County.

The Columbian Republican League of New York State will hold its annual convention on October 11th and 12th at Schenectady, where it will transact business and have its annual election of officers. Edward Corsi is president of the League, Paul G. Napodano is executive secretary, and Raymond S. Perretti is secretary.

According to the recent census, almost a third of the foreign population of Rochester is made up of Italians, 23,935 out of a total of 74,696 foreign-born.

Councilor John C. Montana of Niagara District, who cannot succeed himself in office, is a candidate for the office of Councilor at large in Buffalo.

Samuel J. Catalfano of Franklin High School, in Rochester, was one of the winners recently of a university scholarship offered by the New York State Department of Education.

Michele Pagliaro of Jamestown is a candidate for alderman in that city.

Miss Doretta Rozzi of Rochester left recently with her voice instructor, Mme. Olga Tremelli, for Italy to join the Milan Opera Company.

Arthur Bruni, chief life guard at Interstate Park off Yonkers, swam further than any of the three other entries who attempted a 44-mile swim last month from the Yonkers Ferry to the Statue of Liberty and back to the Dyckman Street Ferry. Bruni managed to make his way back to the waters off 34th St. in New York City before he gave up. In all, he swam from 1:30 A. M. to 10:15 A. M.

After 12 years of publication, "Il Risveglio" of Jamestown discontinued publication with its issue of August 27th. Its place will be taken by the newly formed "Corriere di Jamestown," edited by Charles C. Brunacini and Charles Marcy. The latter edited "Il Risveglio" for its last six years.

Dr. Rocco A. Spano has been appointed as the Italian Vice-Consul for Buffalo to take the place left vacant by the departure of Dr. Pier P. Spinelli, its former incumbent.

The Nassau News of Freeport, L. I., celebrated, with its August 7th issue, its third anniversary. Francis Sparacino is its editor and publisher, with Peter L. Sparacino as business manager and George Canalizo as sports editor. The News is printed entirely in English and it makes no racial appeal.

Anthony P. Niger of Rochester is a candidate for the office of Supervisor in the 16th Ward of that city on the Democratic ticket, and Francis J. D'Amanda, of the same city, is a candidate on the same party ticket for the office of assemblyman in the 3rd district.

NEW YORK CITY

Under the auspices of "Il Progresso" and "Il Bollettino," an Italian program is being given every Monday evening at 5:30 over Station WMCA. It is called "In an Italian Garden."

The filing of designations for candidates in the Fall primaries, which closed recently, disclosed the following names of Italians: John J. Freschi for General Sessions Judge in New York County by both Democrats and Republicans; Nicholas H. Pinto for Register in New York County by the Democrats; Nicholas M. Pette for Municipal Court Justice in Queens County by both parties; and in another district, J. F. Soviero for the same office by the Democrats; Emory J. Santo and Anthony Macriello for the Assembly in New York County by the Republicans; Victor J. Tirabasso and T. A. De Bellis for the Assembly in the Bronx County by the Republicans; Parschal Peluso and Michael Grimaldi for the Assembly in Kings County by the Republicans and Victor L. Anfuso and J. G. Ambro for the Assembly (from the same district) in Kings by the Democrats. For the Board of Aldermen, the Democrats designated Anthony D'Iorio, A. J. Marinelli and J. J. Lanzetta of New York County and Silvy Gardella of Richmond County, and the Republicans designated Louis Sileo, F. A. Manzella and Mario C. DiPirro of New York County, James Lauri of Kings County, and J. A. La Rocca of Richmond County.

Gr. Uff. Generoso Pope, owner of the "Progresso Italo-Americano" and the "Bollettino della Sera," Italian dailies of New York City, recently purchased the "Corriere d'America," also an Italian daily of New York City, the paper passing into his ownership on September 15th.

The Marquis Piero Misciatelli has been engaged by Columbia University to hold a series of lectures on Dante this Fall to be given in the Auditorium of the Casa Italiana at the University.

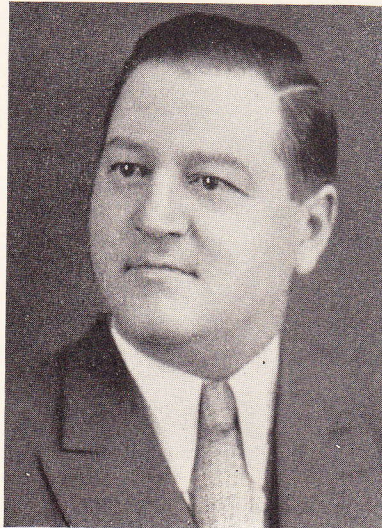
The promotion of Deputy Inspector Louis F. Costuma, attached to the crime prevention bureau of the New York City Police Department, to the rank of Inspector with the same assignment was announced recently by Police Commissioner Mulrooney. Mr. Costuma has been with the Police Department for 25 years, and with the bureau of crime prevention since its inception. Last month he delivered an address over Station WGBS praising the Y.M.C.A. for its co-operation with the Crime Prevention Bureau, of which he is head.

"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were given at Starlight Park on August 19th in observance, for the first time in America, of "Il Ferragosto," a musical festival celebrated throughout Italy each August for many centuries and corresponding to the annual harvest festivals in this country.

The Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity held its annual convention on Sept. 12th at the Hotel Pennsylvania, followed by a banquet. Dr. F. S. Adamo was Chairman of the arrangements committee.

Dr. Charles A. Perilli has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy in recognition of philanthropic undertakings for the Italians of New York

City. Coming to the United States from his native Basilicata when he was but 8 years old, he went through the schools, and took his medical degree in 1908. From 1914 to 1919 he was professor of gynecology at the Post Graduate Hospital Medical School. He was formerly President of the Board of Directors of the Association of Italian Physicians in America, and is now a vice president of that society. In 1926 Mayor Walker appointed him a trustee of Bellevue and allied hospitals, and for two consecutive years he acted as president of the institution. A vice president of the Pennsylvania Exchange Bank, he is also chairman of the Board of Italian Child Welfare Committee, and last February Mayor Walker appointed him to the Advisory Board of the Department of Hospitals of New York City.



Cav. Joseph A. Tomasello
(See "Massachusetts")

Tony Canzoneri of Brooklyn, world's lightweight boxing champion, recently retained his title by defeating Jack (Kid) Berg, English challenger, in a 15-round bout at the Polo Grounds before a crowd of 20,000.

A banquet was recently given by the Mothers' Social Club of Sullivan Street in honor of Albert J. Marinelli on the occasion of his having been appointed Tammany District Leader for the Second Assembly District. Marinelli is also a candidate for alderman in the coming elections. Among the speakers at the banquet were the Misses Velinda Merillo and Elena Pisarelli of the Child Welfare Board.

On the occasion of his having been selected by both parties to run again for General Sessions Judge, Judge John J. Freschi was recently tendered a banquet by fellow "Foresters of America" in Staten Island. Special Sessions Judge Daniel Direnzo acted as toastmaster, and the committee was headed by A. J. Vaccarelli, R. Timpone and R. Ricci.

The friends of Lawrence Russo of Williamsbridge, N. Y., member of the faculty in the extension department at Fordham University, put up a strong but unsuccessful fight to bring about his appointment as Alderman of the 26th Aldermanic District, Bronx, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Alderman Thomas McDonald.

The Cross of the Chevalier and Officer of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon John N. Malnati.

Paolo Giudetti was recently sworn in before General Sessions Judge John J. Freschi as a member of the Local School Board, No. 4. His appointment followed the recommendation of Albert J. Marinelli, Tammany leader for the 2nd Assembly District.

The Leonardo da Vinci Art School last month began giving a new course in the theory and practice of reading plans and blueprints, supervising construction work, and other phases of architecture.

Following a visit of inspection by representatives of the State Department of Social Welfare, a report signed by the vice-commissioner of the Department was sent to the Columbus Hospital on E. 19th Street, in which the efficiency, modernity and cleanliness of the hospital were warmly praised. Staffed by Italian physicians, and owned by the Italian order of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, the new Columbus Hospital is growing in importance in the Italian colony of New York City.

Before City Court Judge Edward B. La Fetra, Dominick Lambiente was recently sworn in as First Assistant Commissioner of the Office of the City Records.

Leo Bottari of the Bronx recently won the Metropolitan Public Parks clay courts tennis championship at Central Park by defeating Sol Kaufman of Manhattan. The match followed 7 weeks of competition conducted by the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association.

The second annual banquet of the Americus Society, Inc., of the Bronx, is to be held on October 31st at the Hotel Astor. The executive committee in charge of arrangements consists of M. W. Del Gaudio, chairman, A. M. De Rosa, L. V. Fucci, D. A. Trotta, and Dr. George E. Milani, toastmaster.

The three Italian steamship lines, the Lloyd Sabauda, Cosulich and Navigazione Generale Italiana, are not suffering so much from the slump in European travel this Summer because Italians have to use their steamships in order to get a visa to their passports, it became known recently. Two new high-speed liners, the Rex and the Conte di Savoia, are now being built for the NGI and the Lloyd Sabauda lines, and they will be ready for the New York service next year.

On the tenth anniversary of a trip to Italy by a group of Italo-American students on scholarships provided by Italian institutions in this country, this same group met recently at a banquet for the purpose at the Victoria Chateau and renewed their acquaintances and exchanged stories. They were: Dr. Ettore F. Cicchetti of Boston, Dr. William P. Corriero of Brooklyn, Atty. Vincent Di Gennaro of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Atty. Paul E. Fusco of Brooklyn, Dr. Anthony J. Grassi of Brooklyn, Atty. Rosario Ingargiola of Brooklyn, Prof. Nicholas Milella, of New York City, Prof. Mario A. Pei of New York City, Dr. Joseph A. Petrelli of New Haven, Conn., Gaspare Puccio, sculptor, of New York City, Atty. Dante O. Rizzo of Brooklyn, Atty. Hon. Robert V. Santangelo of New York City, Dr.

Anthony A. Scimeca and Dr. Edward F. Sciorsi.

A banquet was held last month in honor of Atty. Rosario Ingarciola, Grand Venerable of the Independent Order Sons of Italy, on the occasion of his departure for Italy at the head of the first group pilgrimage of his society.

OHIO

A banquet was given by friends in Canton last month in honor of Cav. Beny. Marconi, on the occasion of his having received the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

The annual festival of opera at the Cleveland Stadium, held recently under the auspices of the *Cleveland Press*, was opened with Verdi's *Aida*. The orchestra was conducted by Cesare Sodero, eminent Italian conductor and composer. Among the singers were Pasquale Amato, Giuseppe Mantovani, and Guido Guidi.

Two Italians, Joseph Julius, candidate for Mayor, and John B. Rossi, candidate for Treasurer, were successful in the primaries held in Campbell recently.

PENNSYLVANIA

Miss Sylvia Yanness, talented coloratura soprano of Philadelphia, broadcast a program recently over Station WRAX in that city. Her songs included "Il Bacio," "Caro Nome" and "Rimpianto."

An address on "The Human Element in Music" was broadcast recently by Miss Theresa Bucchieri of Philadelphia over Station WPEN of that city, under the auspices of the American Federation of Musicians.

At the last convention of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy at Washington, Pa., Judge Eugene Alessandrini of Philadelphia was re-elected Grand Venerable by acclamation, and at the same time the term of office was extended from two to four years. Other officers elected were Antonio Zaffiro, Reading, Assistant Grand Venerable; Antonio Di Silvestro, Philadelphia, Grand Orator; Egidio Agresti, Erie, Grand Treasurer; Paolino Fragale, Philadelphia, Grand Secretary; Paolo Di Peso, Philadelphia, Grand Financial Secretary.

For his achievements in helping blind persons attain economic independence, an Italian immigrant, blinded and disabled in an explosion forty years ago, has been awarded a gold medal and a check for \$200 by the Harmon Foundation.

He is Liborio Delfino, of 116 South 50th street, a field officer for the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, Overbrook, and manager of the salesroom and office at 1305 Locust street.

In twenty-eight years of service as field officer Mr. Delfino has interviewed nearly 5000 persons and helped them to earn a sum totaling \$1,000,000 by chair-caning, rug-weaving, piano-tuning, stenography and other occupations. He has come in personal contact with many of Philadelphia's 2000 blind persons and has traveled extensively throughout the State.

Mr. Delfino was born at Colle Croce, Italy, in 1873, and came to this country as a boy of 16. Working as assistant foreman on the Trenton cut-off of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Fort Washington, he was totally blinded and suffered the loss of his right arm below the elbow when a dynamite charge exploded late.

He entered the Pennsylvania Institution immediately upon his release from Germantown Hospital and was an eager student. Later he became an instructor in mathematics and Braille and in 1903 was made field officer. In 1910 he married Miss Emma R. Neisser, who now is in charge of the department for the blind at the Free Library. He has visited his native country once, in 1901.

Dr. Joseph Fabiani, 68, director of the private hospital in Philadelphia of that name, died recently in St. Agnes' hospital of a self-inflicted bullet-wound. He was an uncle of Ray Fabiani, sports promoter, and he is survived by his wife, who was in Rome at the time. The funeral took place on Labor Day.

Cipriano Efsio Oppo, celebrated Italian painter and one of the three European members of this year's Carnegie international jury, arrived in this country on Sept. 18th. He immediately went to Pittsburgh to judge the paintings assembled for the 30th exhibition of the Carnegie Institute's department of fine arts, which opens in October.

Rev. Pietro Michetti, former rector of the Church of San Donato in West Philadelphia, has been made a Monsignor by His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

Hon. M. A. Musmanno, candidate for Judge of the County Court in Allegheny County, spoke recently over Station WCAE in Pittsburgh on "Justice Through the Ages."

Dr. Helen M. Angelucci, the only Italian woman physician in Philadelphia, and her sister Mary, returned recently from a short stay in France and Italy.

Orlando J. Delfino of Erie, the enterprising Italian youngster of whom we spoke in these columns in the December 1930 issue, is now conducting two newspaper columns, one in the *Erie Gazette* called "Tales of a Tattler," and another in the *Erie Thought and Action* called "Afterthoughts."

Rev. Cav. Antonio Garritano, rector of the Church of Christ King of Peace in Philadelphia, returned recently from a trip to Italy, during which he had a private audience with His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

Attorney Donald Perri of Johnstown is a candidate for the office of Mayor of that city. Other candidates are Charles Adanese for Alderman; Frank Galasso for Constable; Michele Pagliaro for Alderman; Frank Curcio for Alderman; and Vincenzo Passero for Constable.

A new Italian weekly has been started in Erie under the name of "Thought and Action." It is edited by Rev. Vincenzo Marinaro.

Attorney Salvatore Paolini of Philadelphia is a candidate for the office of magistrate in that city on the Republican ticket.

A banquet was held in Scranton recently in honor of Dr. Ferdinando

Bartecchi by his friends, who wished him victory in his campaign for the office of Coroner of Scranton.

Members of the "Intellectual Club" of Philadelphia met recently at the Circolo Italiano on Broad Street, and discussed, among other things, the philosophical significance of Heraclitus' "The eternal flux of things." Members of the Club include Dr. Zefferino Aversa, chairman, Samuel Regalbuto, secretary, Donald Sgritti, Wm. Werner, Basil Baldino, Anthony Facenda, Guido Vitrone, Charles Di Domenick, Charles Pinto, Peter Uzzo, Dr. Joseph Armao, Benj. Cortese, Dr. Michele, F. Cicchitti, Vito M. Baldi, Joseph Menna and Felix Ornato.

Four Italians are candidates for offices in Erie. They are Dr. S. L. Scibetta, candidate for School Director; J. S. Juliante, candidate for District Attorney; Michael Cannavino, candidate for assessor; and Louis Moscato, candidate for Alderman.

RHODE ISLAND

Miss Antonetta Ruggieri, 14 years old, of Knightsville, was declared recently by experts to be the health champion of the State of Rhode Island. A freshman at Cranston High School, she received a total of 99.5 points in the contest.

Colonel H. Anthony Dyer of Providence, who in 1926 was the recipient of the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, was recently awarded the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. The order was bestowed by Dr. Vincenzo Verderosa, Italian Vice-Consul in Providence.

Antonio Pace, former lieutenant in the Royal Italian Navy, and a graduate of the Royal Italian Naval Academy at Leghorn, Italy, has been engaged as the Italian editor of the "Italian Echo" of Providence, to succeed Luigi Conti, who served in that capacity for the past 10 years.

TEXAS

The Italian Women's Welfare Council of Dallas held a dance-recital program last month at the Adolphus Hotel in that city to open the Fall-Winter season among the Italians. It marked the first appearance in Dallas of Miss Mary Alessandro, Italian pianist of Waco. The program was arranged by Mrs. T. De George, president of the Welfare Council.

WASHINGTON

The Tacoma Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy recently celebrated its 31st anniversary. Under the name Societa Vittorio Emanuele III the organization was formed August 10th, 1900, and in 1923 it was amalgamated with the Sons of Italy. In charge of the celebration committee were Alfonso Carbone and Francesco Carrara.

WISCONSIN

The Rev. Father Pietro Venanzio of New York held a mission recently at Iron Belt and Montreal, for the Italians, of the region.

Atlantica in Breve

A richiesta di parecchi abbonati presentiamo un breve sommario degli articoli pubblicati in inglese in questo numero di ATLANTICA. Saremo grati a quei lettori che vorranno farci avere il loro pensiero al riguardo.

CRONACA DEL MESE

di Edward Corsi

* * * * L'ondata di pessimismo e di scoraggiamento causata negli Stati Uniti dalla dipressione non è proporzionata, secondo il Corsi, alle reali condizioni del paese. La maggior parte dell'oro del mondo è ancora nelle mani degli Stati Uniti e le sue risorse sono ancora intatte. Fondamentalmente le sue istituzioni sono ancora solide ed il suo credito altissimo. Malgrado tutto questo la classe dirigente e la stampa parlano insistentemente di rivoluzione. Il popolo americano non ha bisogno di lugubri profezie e di isterici timori. Vuole e deve essere guidato dai suoi capi con intelligenza, con ottimismo.

* * * * In vista della prossima stagione invernale nelle varie città, i Stati dell'Unione stanno organizzando un vasto programma di assistenza pubblica, e il Gifford Committee ha iniziato una campagna, per assicurare i fondi necessari. Il successo di questa iniziativa darà presto un'altra conferma della tradizionale generosità del popolo americano e c'è da sperare che quest'inverno il Congresso darà il suo consenso al proposto emendamento per la fabbricazione e lo spaccio della birra. Una parola della White House avrebbe certo una grande influenza sulla maggioranza e potrebbe indurla ad approvare la tanto desiderata riforma. Si calcola che ciò darebbe allo Stato un introito annuo di circa \$500,000,000, promuovrebbe lo sviluppo di una importante industria agricola e darebbe lavoro a migliaia e migliaia di disoccupati.

* * * * Il censo del 1930 ha provato che la popolazione italiana di New York ha superato di molto il milione. Vi sono oggi a New York 40,000 italiani di più che nella capitale d'Italia. Questo favoloso numero è stato raggiunto in circa solo due generazioni. Con ragione, dunque, il sindaco Walker ha as-

serito nel discorso di Berlino che egli è il rappresentante della più grande città italiana del mondo.

* * * * Il "Seabury Committee" procura gravi grattacapi a Tammany Hall. I suoi componenti tentano di paralizzare il lavoro d'inchiesta e ciò rivela chiaramente che hanno moltescoda nascondere. Il giudice Seabury ha già scoperto molte scorrettezze ed i gravi provvedimenti da lui presi dimostrano la serietà e l'efficacia dell'inchiesta. Ma il suo compito non si ferma qui; Tammany Hall ha esercitato per quattordici anni un illimitato potere e questo gli ha evidentemente montato la testa. L'opposizione dei Repubblicani e dei Socialisti è stata troppo fiacca. New York sarà governata a dovere solo quando Tammany Hall si troverà di fronte ad una opposizione più risoluta e più energica. E New York non è la sola città degli Stati Uniti che ha bisogno di inchieste e di riforme.

* * * * L'ultimo rapporto della Wickersham Commission afferma che non vi è nessuna relazione tra la criminalità e l'immigrazione. Anzi le statistiche dimostrano che gli stranieri sono in generale più deferenti verso la legge. Questo rapporto, scritto da Dr. Edith Abbott dell'Università di Chicago, accusa "la tendenza che da più di un secolo tende ad esagerare le difficoltà che procurano gli immigrati senza mai considerare i benefici che hanno recato." Questa rivendicazione servirà, speriamo, a fermare la dannosa propaganda contro gli immigrati.

* * * * Si dice che l'Italia e la Francia stiano finalmente per concludere il loro accordo circa la questione navale. Nessun momento sarebbe più opportuno di questo per raggiungere tale accordo. In questo breve ma profondo e acuto paragrafo (che meriterebbe non una sintesi ma una completa traduzione) il Corsi rivela che non è per mancanza di spirito di con-

ciliazione e di desiderio di pace da parte dell'Italia che non si è ancora trovata una via di uscita in questa lunga controversia. L'autore conclude augurandosi che questo tentativo non rappresenti un'altro inutile spreco di tempo e di energia. La pace dell'Europa tutta dipende in parte dall'accordo Franco-Italiano.

LE NUOVE STRADE D'ITALIA

di H. B. Bullock

L'Italia è oggi il paradiso degli automobilisti. Dalla Sicilia alle Alpi le strade sono dovunque magnifiche e la manutenzione di queste è perfetta. La bellezza, la convenienza e la facilità di un giro automobilistico attraverso la Sicilia e la Calabria sono descritte con grande entusiasmo ed efficacia dall'autrice. Essa dimostra come è consigliabile portare con sé la propria automobile o acquistarne una in Italia. E oggi possibile così di visitare punti di grande interesse e che prima, specialmente al Sud di Napoli erano quasi inaccessibili. Questo articolo, che può essere di grande utilità ai turisti, sarà seguito da un secondo, non meno interessante.

MUSSOLINI E LA PACE

di Domenico Vittorini

I superficiali commenti della stampa fanno spesso credere che Mussolini prepara o desidera una guerra. Basta leggere molti dei discorsi del Duce ed esaminare attentamente la politica estera e economica dell'Italia per convincersi che questo è falso. Mussolini stesso ha detto più volte che l'Europa tutta, e specialmente l'Italia, ha bisogno di pace. L'imperialismo italiano non deve essere confuso con l'imperialismo inglese o prussiano: non intende conquistare territori e colonie ma vuol fare dell'Italia "una delle nazioni senza le quali sarebbe impossibile di concepire la storia futura dell'umanità."

Mussolini sa troppo bene che una guerra scuoterebbe la struttura economica da lui laboriosamente e faticosamente costruita. L'autore rileva che non si può valutare la politica estera del fascismo senza considerare che Mussolini è stato in gioventù un ardente socialista. La guerra mondiale, facendogli perdere la fede nell'internazionalismo lo trasformò in un nazionalista-sindacalista. La sua politica estera è sempre ispirata ad un alto senso di giustizia sociale e di pace ed è costruttiva, sana e dignitosa.

Dopo un accurato esame delle questioni di Corfù e di Fiume e dopo un chiaro commento del discorso dello scorso anno a Firenze, l'autore conclude ricordando il messaggio di pace diramato per Capo d'Anno.

L'EPOCA DI MICHELANGELO E DI RAFFAELLO

In questo suo terzo articolo il Prof. Arbib Costa tratta della vita e dell'opera di Michelangelo e di Raffaello e dell'influenza che esercitarono sull'arte del loro secolo. Egli esamina e studia tutti i capolavori di questi grandi artisti, soffermandosi particolarmente sugli affreschi della Cappella Sistina. Ci dà anche alcune sue osservazioni sulla grande scuola veneziana e sui suoi più grandi rappresentanti, Giorgione, Tiziano e Veronese. Quest'articolo sarà seguito da un suo studio sull'Arte Italiana del diciassettesimo secolo.

ALFIERI E I SUOI CRITICI

di Dr. Michele Renzulli

Un critico italiano disse recentemente che Alfieri non può essere annoverato fra i più grandi poeti del mondo perchè egli non possiede due qualità essenziali. In primo luogo non ha una profonda conoscenza dell'animo umano ed in secondo luogo non possiede il sentimento della natura. La prima osservazione può essere giusta ma questa deficienza del suo spirito deve attribuirsi al suo orgoglio ed al suo odio verso gli uomini. Ma la seconda accusa è infondata. Vittorio Alfieri rivela in alcune sue pagine un senso squisito della natura. Basterebbe, per convincersi di questa verità, leggere alcuni brani del "Saul" e di "Mirra."

ORVIETO D'OGGI

di Elizabeth Hamburger

In questo suo articolo Miss Hamburger ci narra prima alcune in-

teressanti leggende riguardanti Orvieto e altre città dell'Umbria, tra le altre quella, caratteristica, del celebrato vino "Est Est," di Montefiascone e del Vescovo di Augsburg. Ci fa in seguito una relazione interessantissima di alcune importanti scoperte archeologiche fatte in questi ultimi anni nel territorio umbro. Conclude descrivendo i capolavori del Signorelli e del Beato Angelico nello splendido e famoso Duomo d'Orvieto.

LA FEDERAZIONE CATTOLICA ITALIANA DI CALIFORNIA

di Rev. A. R. Bandini

Il Rev. Bandini, in quest'articolo narra dei grandi progressi ottenuti dalla Federazione Cattolica di California che non intende soltanto di essere un'altra società di mutuo soccorso e mantener vivo l'amore della Madre Patria tra gli italiani di California, ma vuole pure servire la causa cattolica e sviluppare lo spirito di cooperazione nelle Parrocchie.

LA MIA CARRIERA DI ATTORE INGLESE A BROADWAY

Tullio Carminati, l'indimenticabile attore italiano di "Strictly Dishonorable" racconta in questo articolo, scritto per i lettori di "Comœdia," del suo insuccesso nei films e del suo improvviso successo sulla scena. Egli ci riferisce particolari interessanti riguardo la sua carriera e riguardo la prima recita della commedia con la quale si affermò brillantemente nel teatro americano.

DALLA STAMPA ITALIANA TEMPO DI MATURAZIONE

L'articolo di fondo del numero del primo agosto della "Critica Fascista" prende il suo spunto dalle parole con le quali, nel 1864, Ippolito Taine chiudeva le sue annotazioni sul "Viaggio in Italia." Gli ammonimenti del Taine sembrano contenere il programma realizzato oggi dal Fascismo. "Quando si vuol formare una grande nazione bisogna, per resistere in faccia agli altri, accettare le necessità che si impongono agli altri." Bisogna "vangare, calcolare, studiare e inventare," bisogna "avere il coraggio delle armi e la

serietà di una fede." L'Italia moderna ha dimostrato, durante la guerra, di possedere pienamente queste due qualità essenziali e oggi mette in opera ogni mezzo per arrivare a formare una grande nazione. Oggi in Italia si discute meno, si agisce di più. Lo spirito e lo stile degli italiani vengono fondamentalmente mutando: tutti sanno che si deve lavorare e produrre di più, essere disciplinati materialmente e intellettualmente. Siamo agli inizi di una grande opera, e occorrerà tempo e fatica per concluderla. Ogni parola, ogni atto di Mussolini è dominato da questo senso di rinnovazione morale, e ci indicano la via da seguire.

ITALIA E ALBANIA

"Il Progresso Italo-Americano" risponde, in questo articolo, a una corrispondenza da Tirana al New York "Times," che non chiariva esattamente il valore del nuovo prestito dell'Italia all'Albania. "Il Progresso" riassume la storia del prestito concesso, nel marzo del 1925, da un gruppo finanziario italiano all'Albania, prestito che ha permesso a questa nazione il compimento di innumerevoli opere pubbliche, tra le quali, specialmente importante, la costruzione del porto di Durazzo. Nello stesso anno iniziava il suo funzionamento una banca di emissione che ha dotato l'Albania di una valuta stabile, aurea, che ha fatto spesso premio sul dollaro. L'Italia non ha avuto sull'Albania mire imperialiste ma ha dimostrato un'amicizia generosa e disinteressata. Ha consolidato la sua pace interna, ha gettato le basi del suo progresso economico e civile. L'Italia non l'ha che assistita: nessun termine è stato prescritto per la restituzione di quest'ultimo prestito che non è fruttifero di interessi. L'Italia non ha voluto fare una speculazione, ha voluto consolidare una nazione in Europa sottraendola ad ogni pericolo di collasso. I destini dell'Albania vengono tracciati sempre più verso l'Adriatico, il suo popolo non domanda che di vivere in pace con tutti per foggarsi, in perfetta indipendenza, una solida autonomia politica.

LA FRANCIA E I SUOI SATELLITI

In questo suo dettagliato e vigoroso articolo, nel numero del 29 agosto del "Legionario," Carlo Romano fa un esame dell'alleanza Francia-Piccola Intesa-Polonia che

svolge attualmente, attraverso una serie di accordi, una triplice funzione anti-russa, anti-tedesca e anti-italiana. La cooperazione militare tra la Francia e i suoi satelliti si attua in tre modi: nel campo finanziario, nel campo tecnico e nel campo strettamente militare. Il Romano tratta in dettaglio dei larghi crediti accordati dalla Francia, dell'invio di istruttori, di ingegneri e di tecnici e delle forniture di materiali bellici. Dimostra praticamente di quante forze la Francia può disporre in tempo di pace per sostenere la sua politica, esaminando le forze terrestri dell'Yugoslavia, della Cecoslovacchia, della Romania e della Polonia. Conclude tirando le somme e presentando un quadro sintetico della poderosa massa militare organizzata dalla Francia, e con queste parole: "E con questo formidabile corteggio di armi e di armati che la Francia si presenterà l'anno venturo, col ramoscello di olivo fra le mani, alla conferenza pel disarmo."

L'AFFARO DEL "CHEMIN DES DAMES"

Appassionante racconto di una gloriosa pagina del 2o. Corpo d'Armata Italiano durante la sua campagna in Francia. Il Melchiori, nel suo articolo nell'"Anti-Europa" di maggio-giugno, appoggia ogni parola con inconfutabili documenti. La verità sulla sconfitta dei francesi è rivelato dallo stesso

Clemenceau nel suo libro "Grandezze e miserie di una vittoria." Il turbamento che destò a Parigi questa sconfitta è rivelato da alcune pagine del libro del Gen. Brancaccio, che narrano l'esodo da Parigi e la grande sfiducia generale. Lo "Chemin des Dames" fu in seguito riconquistato dal 2o. Corpo d'Armata Italiano dopo la terribile battaglia dell'Ardre durante la quale gli italiani sbarrarono la via ai tedeschi riportando una perdita di circa cinquemila uomini.

Il bollettino tedesco da la più bella e certo la più sincera testimonianza: "Abbiamo dovuto abbandonare la cresta dello 'Chemin des Dames' dopo incessanti assalti delle Divisioni Italiane, condotti con supremo disprezzo della morte." Più di quattordicimila e ottocento uomini del 2o. Corpo d'Armata Italiano lasciarono la loro vita in Francia. Questa pagina di storia sta ancora una volta a dimostrare con quanta passione, fede, sacrifici, e eroismo i nostri soldati hanno difeso una nazione che oggi ci è tanto ostile.

GIUSEPPE BELLANCA

L'Italian News di Boston, nel suo numero del 14 Agosto, dedica un articolo a Giuseppe Bellanca e rivendica il titolo di gloria di questo benemerito italo-americano, celebre disegnatore e costruttore di apparecchi che hanno battuto ogni "record" di distanza e di resistenza e hanno trionfato in ogni impresa. L'epico volo di Chamberlain è stato

fatto in un Bellanca, disegnato dieci anni prima. Da allora quattro altri apparecchi suoi hanno traversato l'Atlantico, tra questi quello di Boardman e Polando che ha vinto il record di distanza col volo New York-Istanbul, Turchia.

L'articolo conclude lodando la modestia, il disinteresse, la tenacia e l'operosità di questo italo-americano i cui meriti non sono stati ancora pienamente riconosciuti ed apprezzati ed il cui nome figurerà nel numero degli Italo-Americani che hanno dato un notevole contributo al progresso ed all gloria degli Stati Uniti.

LO SFRUTTAMENTO DELL'AFRICA

Questo studio di L. Cipriani nell'"Azione Coloniale" del 2 agosto sostiene che l'Africa, per la celerità del suo sviluppo, rappresenta oggi qualcosa che è comparabile soltanto coi migliori tempi dell'America del passato. L'irriducibile inferiorità mentale dei negri giustifica lo sfruttamento dell'Africa da parte delle nazioni civili. L'Africa ha un immenso deposito di ricchezze naturali. L'Italia è, con la Germania, una delle nazioni più adatte a colonizzarla. Le nostre colonie pur non essendo tra le migliori e le più vaste, rappresentano delle attime posizioni strategiche. L'autore si augura che continui il nuovo impulso che spinge l'Italia allo sviluppo e al progresso della sua azione coloniale.

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