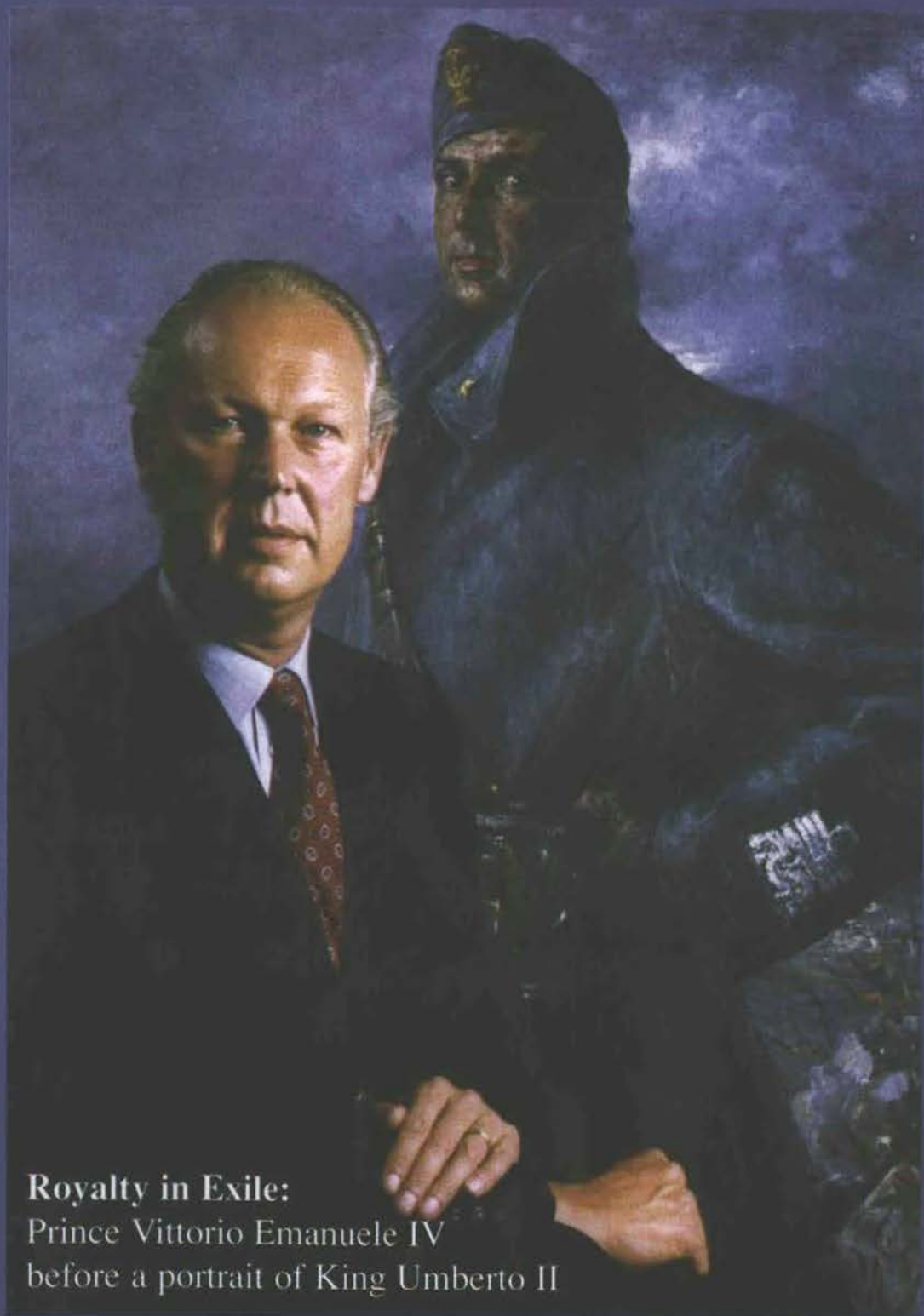


THE Italic Way

XXIX 1999

The magazine of the Italic Studies Institute



Royalty in Exile:
Prince Vittorio Emanuele IV
before a portrait of King Umberto II

In this Issue • **Who Are We?:** Our Italian Values • **Roman Cuisine** • **African Explorer:** Romolo Gessi
• **Action in the N. Atlantic:** Italian Subs of WWII • **Napoli:** A Personal Journey • **Bocce:** The Rules



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The Italic Way

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Letters

UPDATES

In a past issue we tentatively identified the late Theresa Sortino, 107, as the oldest Italian-American. However, member John Lavorgna sent in a newsclipping about the recent death of Amalia Ruggieri Barone of Connecticut who passed away at the age of 113. (She was also the oldest Connecticut resident.) Her daily diet was pasta and vegetables, very little meat and occasionally wine. She walked 3 miles a day to church until she was 90.

In our last issue we reported that Paul Cellucci had succeeded to the office of Governor of Massachusetts upon the resignation of William Weld. We are happy to report that Cellucci won the November elections and is now governor in his own right.

Finally, if you remember our issue XXVII with Ed Tuccio's bison ranch on the cover, we are happy to report that his herd has increased naturally with the arrival of a 40-lb calf.



RADIO RAVES

In response to your article "Italian American Radio" let me say that I have heard and followed Italian radio shows throughout the entire East Coast forever. Nobody comes close to Sarino Costa, host of "Carosello Italiano" which is on the air every Sunday from 10am to 1pm on WATR 1320 in Waterbury, CT. Sarino and his son Joe speak and voice the commercials in both languages, English and Italian.

Every radio program is measured by the advertisement that it attracts. Sarino sponsors are many but let me list a few of them: Shop Rite Supermarket, Foxwood Casino, Coca-Cola, many IGA Supermarkets, banks, doctors, lawyers, restaurants, etc. If "Carosello Italiano", instead of in Waterbury, CT, was in New York, it would make any radio station a fortune.

Ann Marie Russo, Waterbury, CT

A dear friend mailed us a copy of the article "Italian American Radio" by Bob Masullo. We were so enlightened by it, but not surprised by the lack of support we get. It was a great article, very informative.

We would appreciate you listing our show in your magazine: Italian American Radio Show, WEW 770 AM, St. Louis, MO, Sunday, 1PM - 3 PM.

Dr. Charles Barrale, St. Louis, MO

I recently read Bob Masullo's article "Italian American Radio" in *The Italic Way*, XXVIII 1998 and found it most interesting!

I am sending you a couple of my cards to let you know that I am also host of an Italian-American show that airs every Sunday. The show has been on the air since 1980 here in Baltimore, MD, and can be heard in all of MD, PA, Washington, DC and some parts of Delaware.

The program is done in both English and Italian. The music is all Italian — some old and some new. When a celebrity happens to be in town, I try to have him or her as a guest — Al Martino, Connie Francis, Dick Contino, etc., have been guests on my show.

I certainly agree with many of Bob Masullo's comments concerning Italian American radio programs. As he states, "Working on an Italian-American radio program is a labor of love and the main 'pay' for those who do it is audience enthusiasm". How true!

An excellent article — I'm glad we're getting some attention.

Jim Piraro, Owings Mills, MD

Continued on page 3





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Letters

The Italic Way was able to find out about the following Italian American radio programs. We know there are many more; please inform Managing Editor John Mancini (c/o *The Italic Way*, P.O. Box 818, Floral Park, NY 11001, or FAX 516-488-4889) if you know of any. We'll list them in a future issue.

ALBANY (NY)

• Sunday (10 -11 a.m.), WABY, 1400 AM and 94.5 FM, *Rivardi Italiani*

BALTIMORE (MD)

• Sunday (12:30 - 1:00 p.m.), WBMD, 750 AM, *Musical Greetings from Italy*

BRIDGEPORT (CT)

• Sunday (9a.m. - 2 p.m.), WICC, 600 AM, *Italian House Party*

CHICAGO

• Sunday (9:30-11 a.m.), WEEF, 1430 AM, *Italia 2000*

• Sunday (2-3 p.m.), WEEF, 1430 AM, *Domenica Insieme*

• Sunday (1-2 p.m.), WEEF, 1430 AM, *L'Echo d'Italia*

• Sunday-Friday (4-5 p.m.), WEEF, 1430 AM, *Radio Fiore*

• Saturday (9:30-10 a.m.), WSBC, 1240 AM, *Mattinata Italiana*

• Saturday (11 a.m.-noon) and Sunday (12:30-2 p.m.), WJIG, 1530 AM, *The IBC Show*

• Monday-Friday (11:30 a.m.-1 p.m.), WEEF, 1430 AM, *Italian Melodies*

• Monday-Friday (1:30-2:30 p.m.) and Saturday (8:30-9:30 a.m.), WEEF, 1430 AM, *Italian Radio Theater*

• Monday-Friday (3-4 p.m.), WEEF, 1400 AM, *Folklore Italiano*

KENOSHA (WI)

• Sunday, (noon-2 p.m.), WRJN, 1400 AM, *La Voce d'Italia*

NEW YORK

• Sunday (10 a.m.-5 p.m.), 93.5 FM, *Programma Ciao*

• Sunday (noon-4 p.m.), WLIM 1580 AM, *Lilla Savona Show*

• Thursday (5-6:30 p.m.), WHPC, 90.5 FM, *Profumi d'Italia*

• Saturday (10 a.m.-12 noon), WHRU, 88.7 FM, *Souvenir D'Italia*

• Saturday (noon-2 p.m.), WHRU, 88.7 FM, *Ciao Italia*

• Monday-Friday (9-10 a.m.), WNYK, 105.9 FM, *Italian Super Network*

PITTSBURGH

• Sunday (11 a.m.-noon) and Monday-Wednesday (4-5 p.m.), WEDO, 810 AM, *Radio Italia*

PORTLAND (OR)

• Sunday (10-11 a.m.), KKEY, 1150 AM, *The Italian Hour*

PROVIDENCE (RI)

• Sunday (10 - 11 a.m.), WALE 990 AM, *VIA The Voice of Italian Americans*

ROCHESTER (NY)

• Sunday (9 a.m.-noon), W'W'W'G, 1460 AM, *Carosello Italiano*

SACRAMENTO

• Sunday (noon-1 p.m.), KJAY, 1430 AM, *Festa Italiana*

ST. LOUIS (MO)

• Sunday (1:00 - 3 p.m.), WEW, 770 AM, *Italian American Radio Show*

WASHINGTON, DC

• Sunday (3-4 p.m.), WFAX, 1220 AM, *Italian Melody Hour*

WATERBURY (CT)

• Sunday (10a.m. - 1 p.m.), WATR, 1320 AM, *Carosello Italiano*

PROUD MEMBERS

There is no question in my mind that throughout the history of western civilization, we have made greater contributions than all other nationalities combined!

An additional observation: Why haven't we had an astronaut of Italian descent?

John A. Abatecola, San Diego, CA

(Ed. Astronaut Wally Schirra of Apollo 7 (October, 1968) was of Italian-Swiss descent. The Director of the Apollo Moon Landing Program was Rocco Petrone. Italian astronauts Guidoni and Cheli were aboard a 1996 Columbia Shuttle flight to oversee an experiment for the Italian Space Agency. Moreover, Italy is providing one of the modules for the new international space station. Astronaut Umberto Guidoni will be among the first crew members of the station next year. Please don't underestimate the Italian contributions to space exploration, starting with Galileo.)

Another great issue of *The Italic Way!* You publish one of the best Italian American publications in the nation. *Mille grazie!*

Prof. Philip DiNovo, Morrisville, NY

RULE OF LAW

[Reprinted from NY Times November 24, 1998]

Re "Italy Rejects Turkey's Bid for the Extradition of Kurd" (news article, Nov. 21): Whatever the outcome of the dispute between Rome and Ankara over the extradition of Abdullah Ocalan, a Kurdish leader accused of terrorism, it is abundantly clear that Italy's Western allies are quite content to let Italy take the heat for the situation.

While shielding the Turks from the consequences of their war against the Kurds, Italy's partners seem to delight in Rome's discomfort. Rather than supporting the Italians for upholding the rule of law in the face of Turkish enmity and Kurdish fanaticism, Western governments have engaged in criticism of Prime Minister Massimo D'Alema's efforts to find a middle ground.

The Turkish Government should consider its threats of eternal hostility toward Italy. The last time the Turks adopted such a bellicose posture, they lost Libya to the Italians. This time, they risk losing Italian technology and diplomatic good will for their entry into the European Union.

Rosario Iaconis, Garden City, NY

Italic Studies Institute, NY

AMERICA'S DEBT

[Reprinted from Chicago Tribune, October 12, 1998]

The deification (or vilification) of Columbus does everyone a disservice, inspiring a knee-jerk embrace of symbols at the expense of

open-minded discourse.

From an ethnic perspective, though, it's even more distressing, because it treats Columbus as the only Italian folk hero in our culture. As it turns out, there are a number of Italian explorers whose adventures were equally noteworthy in the annals of American history.

Starting up north, our Canadian cousins were led by John Cabot (real name: Giovanni Caboto), who landed in Newfoundland in 1497, an event still celebrated as a national holiday. The explorer Amerigo Vespucci may have died in 1512, but his name lives on every time we refer to our nation — "America."

In 1524, Giovanni da Verrazzano entered New York Harbor, some 80 years before Henry Hudson. Enrico Tonti, right-hand man to La Salle, explored the Great Lakes region in 1678. The dashing Giacomo Beltrami explored the source of the Mississippi River in 1823.

On the land itself, Capt. Alessandro Malaspina measured mountain ranges in both California and Alaska. Italian fur trader Francis Vigo assisted George Rogers Clark in the acquisition of the Northwest Territory. Samuel Mazzucchelli and Eugenio Vetromile were among the first to study and document the languages of various Indian tribes. Indeed, unlike their European neighbors, the Italians viewed the native Americans as fellow travelers, not inferiors.

So, whether you love Columbus or you hate him, just remember: The Italian genius for exploration wasn't a one-shot deal. There was more than one fish in the sea.

Bill Dal Cerro, Chicago, IL

Italic Studies Institute, Midwest

FRANCE'S DEBT

[Reprinted from NY Times May 14, 1998]

Re "Talk About a Fork in the Road" (Arts & Ideas, May 9): French cuisine hardly sprang full-blown from the brow of Louis XIV. Rather, it originated in the Italian Renaissance, where the meal had become a work of art. When in 1534 the 14-year-old Catherine de'



Medici left Florence for Paris to marry the future King of France, she and her entourage brought with them that Italian invention, cuisine.

The Italians also imported the custom of eating with a fork, which the French initially deemed an effete affectation. And cosmetics, first worn by Italian ladies, were greeted with shock and suspicion by the French — who have since made them a national industry.

Sally A. Scully, San Francisco, CA

(The writer is a professor of Italian history, San Francisco State University.)

Please address all letters to: Letters, *The Italic Way*, P.O. Box 818, Floral Park, New York 11001

All'Italiana

VICTORY NOTES

• Football coach **John Gagliardi**, 71, of St. John's University in Collegeville, Minn., has achieved 343 lifetime victories which puts him first among active coaches.

• Coach **Joe Paterno** of Penn State celebrated his 200th win at that school giving him the record for victories at one college.

Italy won the 1988 World Bridge championship in Open Teams and Mixed Teams.

• Baseball's **Mike Piazza** of the NY Mets signed the second most lucrative contract in baseball history, \$91 million over seven years. The 30-year old Piazza batted .329 last season with 32 homers and 111 runs batted in.

• The late **Glenn Andreotta** was posthumously honored by our nation with the Soldier's Medal for his part in rescuing victims of the infamous My Lai massacre in Vietnam in 1968. He and two comrades faced down the G.I. murderers to stop the carnage. Andreotta was killed in action three weeks later.



• Yankee manager **Joe Torre** achieved another World Series victory and the second highest team victory total in baseball history.



• Surgeon **Vincent Leone** performed emergency surgery on Chinese gymnast Sang Lan, 17, to stabilize her upper spine after a tragic fall during the Goodwill Games on Long Island. The gymnast is partly paralyzed but better than expected.

• Amateur scientist **Giovanni Todesco** discovered a small dinosaur fossil about ten years ago in Italy. Only now have scientists determined that the remains include soft tissue and internal organs, something never before discovered. The 113 million year old, pint-sized beast was named *Scipionyx samniticus* (Scipio was a Roman general, Samnium is the name of an ancient Italic region near Naples).

• **Louis Ignarro**, 57, originally of Brooklyn, NY, is sharing the Nobel Prize for Medicine with two other researchers. Dr. Ignarro discovered the principle which led to the use of Viagra as an anti-impotence drug. The threesome shared the prize for their extensive study of nitric oxide which was once considered merely an industrial pollutant. Their work opened the way for its use in muscle and artery control.

THE RED TIDE

• For the first time in its history Italy has a Communist leader, or as he describes himself "a democrat of the Left." Prime Minister Massimo D'Alema, head of a coalition of left-wing parties was asked to form a government when Romano Prodi's center-left coalition failed to pass a national budget. Prodi failed by one vote — which was coincidentally, a Communist dissident in Parliament. The Prodi government had achieved a miracle of sorts in getting Italy's economic house in order, qualifying it for entry in new Europe's monetary system. (The *lira* will depart this world in 2001 to be replaced by the *euro*.)

Although nearly a million Italians took to the streets to protest D'Alema's selection, it mattered not, for the born-again Communists carry little historic baggage in today's Italy. Opting to ride the general European tide of social democracy D'Alema has been likened to Germany's socialist Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder and France's Lionel Jospin.

But there is still the matter of the budget.



ALIEN ITALY

• Would you believe that nearly 2% of the inhabitants of Italy are legal and illegal aliens? The major contributors to this invasion of the boot are Moroccans, Yugoslavians, Albanians, Philipinos, Tunisians, Americans, Chinese, and Germans. Southern regions such as Puglia are hard-pressed to control the illegal flow of immigrants who land in Italy in the hopes of reaching Germany and other northern European destinations.

Of interest, there are 144,000 American citizens living in Italy, according to the U.S. Bureau of Consular Affairs.

O SOLE MIO

• The year 1998 marked the 100th anniversary of Italy's most beloved Neapolitan song, *O Sole Mio*. Written by Odoardo di Capua for a mere 15 *lire* (about \$4 at that time) the song carries a subliminal message: the sun is a source of happiness and it's free. Di Capua died in poverty.

AMORE

• An Italian food company polled some 700 foreign females that were touring Italy to find out why they came. Thirty-six percent admitted coming to find romance, twenty-nine percent were looking for a good meal. (We don't know how many came for the museums.)

Those women with passion on their minds preferred northern Italians over virile southerners. Venetians topped their list at 27% favored, Neapolitans at 10% and Sicilians at 8%.

If it's true that you cannot get a bad meal in Italy, does the same hold true for its men?

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

• **Eugene DeMuro**, 72, aerospace manufacturer, owned Mechtronics Corp of Chicago. DeMuro's company still produces parts for the space shuttle, satellites, and airplane "black boxes."

• **John Fulton**, 65, Spain's first American matador was born Fulton John Schoccitti in Philadelphia of Italian and Hungarian parents. His career began when he first saw Tyrone Power in *Blood and Sand*. Studying art and flamenco dancing, he won a scholarship in Mexico where he faced his first bulls. He headed

to Spain in 1956, meeting Ernest Hemingway and James Michener along the way. He doubled for Peter O'Toole in *Lawrence of Arabia*. In tribute to the bulls he had killed, Fulton painted their portraits with their own blood.

• **Salvatore Azzarello**, 80, was a pilot for Northwest Airlines for 23 years, serving as a crew member of the first post-war commercial flight from Japan in 1947.

• **Paul Onesi**, 101, of Lewiston, NY was honored three years ago, with his wife of 80 years, as the longest married couple in the United States.

• He was born Harry Carabina 84 years ago in St. Louis, but America knew him as **Harry Caray**. The fabled baseball announcer spent most of his professional career calling Cardinal, then White Sox, games. His style was open and uninhibited, a trait that often got him into trouble mostly with home team owners and his own producers. His honors included Broadcasters Hall of Fame and Cooperstown Hall of Fame.

• Mall developer **William Cafaro**, 84, of Youngstown, OH, was a pioneer, along with Edward DeBartolo of the American shopping mall. Cafaro began his career in the 1940's. Today, his company, The Cafaro Company, is among the 10 largest commercial real estate companies in the nation. His estimated wealth last year was \$800 million.

• **Joe DiMaggio**, 84, premier baseball player whose exploits on the field are unmatched. Famed for hitting successfully in 56 consecutive games in 1941, the Yankee Clipper was noted for his personal dignity on and off the field.

• Comedian **Corbett Monica**, 68, shared the stage with Frank Sinatra, Joey Bishop, Johnny Carson, Dean Martin and many others. Monica specialized in clean, family-based humor. An example: "he and his wife wanted their unemployed son to learn a trade so they would know what kind of work he was out of."

• **Louis Martini**, 79, vintner who introduced the first varietal merlot in the United States. Literally a giant of a



man, 6' 4", Martini helped to raise the quality of California wine and introduced mechanical harvesting.

• The master vocalist of American music, **Francis Albert Sinatra**, passed away on May 14th at age 82. Mr. Sinatra was probably the first major media figure to break the stereotype barrier of Italian-Americans. His unique phrasing and superb voice made him an American standard for some fifty years. He will be immortal in the pantheon of music.

• America's Cup competitor **Victor Romagna** died at age 80. His father taught him to sail when he was 16, while living on Long Island. From then on the sport became a passion that culminated in three America's Cup wins as a crewman. In 1967 he helped design the working deck of the Intrepid which won that year's race.



• **Dr. Francesco Crucitti**, 67, Calabria-born physician to His Holiness Pope John Paul II was also the surgeon who saved his life in 1981 after an attempted assassination. In 1992 he operated on the Pope to remove his appendix and in 1996 to remove a tumor on the colon. Dr. Crucitti died

of prostate cancer.

• Pope John Paul's second in command, **Agostino Cardinal Casaroli** died at age 83. Casaroli was instrumental in opening the Church's historic relations with the Communist nations in the late 1970's and '80's.

• **Frank Goffio**, 82, was the executive director of CARE for 17 years. During that time CARE became the world's largest relief and development organization, with an annual budget of \$350 million. The Brooklyn-born Goffio emphasized self-help programs and food-for-work concepts.

• President Kennedy's Secretary of Health Education and Welfare during the 1960's, **Anthony Celebrezze**, died at age 88. Also serving under President Lyndon Johnson, Celebrezze helped shepherd such landmark changes in American social legislation as Medicare, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Head Start, the Clean Air Act, and the Water Pollution Control Act. Celebrezze was born in Italy (province of Lucania) and served as Mayor of Cleveland and as a federal judge.



• **Gary Nardino**, the television executive who was instrumental in bringing *Happy Days*, *Cheers*, and *Taxi* to television died at age 62.

• Television journalist **Lou Cioffi**, 72, covered the Korean War, Vietnam War, and the Iran Hostage Crisis for CBS and ABC.





WORLD NOTES

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

This past summer saw an American victory over Japan in the Little League Baseball World Series. A New Jersey team slugged their way to the championship with the help of pinch-hitter Chris Cardone. Young Chris broke a tie in the sixth inning by batting a two-run homer, after he homered in the fifth. The Americans won



12-9. Cardone's parents didn't actually see Chris bag all the bases with his last homer. They were too busy hugging and crying.

THE BEST MEDICINE

Dr. Edward Giovannucci of Harvard confirmed a previous study that puts the mineral selenium in the forefront of fighting prostate cancer. Dr. Giovannucci and his team tested some 37,000 men to trace the effect of the mineral. They found 63% fewer cases of prostate cancer, 58% fewer colon cancers, and 45% fewer lung cancer cases in those subjects who took selenium supplements. The daily dosage ranged between 86 micrograms and 156 micrograms. (70 micrograms is the current USDA recommended dose.) Selenium overdose may cause baldness, tooth loss and fatigue. Marriage has the same effects!

Meanwhile, an Italian-American doctor discovered a downside to the miracle sex drug Viagra. Dr. Donato Borrillo of the FAA issued a warning to all pilots that Viagra could make them color blind if used within six hours of flying. Flying is thrilling enough without an erection.

HERO AWARDED

It took 53 years but World War II veteran Tony Galdi finally got his Silver Star for bravery in a long-overdue ceremony at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn.

Tony's family came to America when he was 14 in 1934. In 1943 he was drafted and served in the Army. He recalls having his loyalty questioned by some officers at the time. And Tony never forgot the insult. Participating in the Normandy invasion Tony's unit hooked up with Patton's Third Army then with Montgomery's Ninth Army which fought in Germany. It was there that Tony watched his sergeant and corporal enter a minefield to recover a rifle. A landmine exploded and the sergeant got it in the leg. Tony ran into the minefield, oblivious to the danger and rescued the two men.



Now crippled by a stroke that makes walking painful, Tony Galdi still bears himself like the courageous youth who went the extra mile for his comrades.

WW I: REFLECTION

Remembrance of the carnage of the First World War took a little twist in France and Italy this past Armistice Day. The battle dead were honored in each nation, as they should be, but there were those who would restore the honor of mutinous soldiers who were summarily shot to prevent military collapse. France executed scores of battle-weary troops who refused to fight in 1917. Italian authorities shot some 750 soldiers in order to halt the rout at Caporetto that same year. Both nations went on to victory but the human cost is now considered well in excess of what was gained.

PRESIDENTIAL CONSCIENCE

To rein in his lust after the Lewinski revelations, President Bill Clinton called in his soulmate Reverend Tony, Tony Campolo, that is. Rev. Campolo, a Protestant sociologist at Eastern College in Pennsylvania and Rev. Gordon MacDonald of Lexington, MA took a very dynamic approach in confronting Clinton's lust. It was not a prayer meeting exactly, the Revs had a few shouting matches with the Chief. All for a good cause.

NEW PALACE GUARD

President Clinton has fallen for another Italian. Actually, he has tapped Italian-American White House, John Podesta to be his new chief of staff. Podesta, 49, has a reputation as a no-nonsense organizer who happens to run topless in the park for exercise and maintains an *X-Files* library in his office. Podesta thus far has done an amazing job in revitalizing the president's image and political power.

One of Clinton's previous chiefs was Leon Panetta.

ITALIC TATTLE-TALE

Without her, the whole Monica Lewinski scandal might have been historical gossip. But because she secretly became a spy for Special Prosecutor Ken Starr Monica's sordid tales became literature, actually transcripts. Now it can be revealed. Linda Tripp was born Linda Carotenuto. No comment.



J'ACCUSE

The year 1998 marked the 100th anniversary of French writer Emil Zola's famous defense of Capt. Alfred Dreyfus against blatant anti-Semitism.



Zola, of Italian extraction, published his courageous indictment of the French military establishment, *J'Accuse*, after Dreyfus was wrongly convicted of spying for Germany. His action turned France upside down and earned him



death threats as a foreigner. Eventually, a new trial proved that another officer had committed espionage and Dreyfus was exonerated.

THE PROUD AND THE TAXED

An international opinion poll recently found that the Irish and Austrians ranked the highest in ethnic self-pride. They were followed by Americans, Canadians, New Zealanders, Norwegians, Britains, and the Dutch. No mention was made of Italians.

However, Italians copped two titles among the peoples of the world: the most highly taxed (about 67% of gross income, Japan was second at 65%) and home ownership (nearly 78% of Italians own their places of residence. Second place went to Israelis with 73% home ownership. The U.S. weighed in at 66%.)

DISNEY'S SEA LEGS

The next time you take a Caribbean cruise you may find yourself on the newest



and most modern Italian-built luxury ship in the industry. The Disney Magic was just launched this summer from the Fincantieri shipyard near Venice.

COSTLY SLURS

Service technician Michael Rego worked for a water treatment firm in Pennsylvania for over four years. In that time he was subjected to incessant anti-Italian slurs including "linguini brain," "pepperoni head," "Italian reject," "Italian pig", and more. He eventually could take it no more and left to start his own company. But he refused to let the indignity go uncontested. After a six year litigation Rego was vindicated by a U.S. District Court that awarded him \$301,000 for lost pay and suffering. The company claimed that ethnic banter of all nationalities was the norm and no harm was meant.

However, witnesses testified that only Rego's ethnicity was singled out. The jury took 30 minutes to reach their verdict: blatant discrimination by national origin. (Ed. We thank member John Manes of Philadelphia for bringing this to our attention.)

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Crossing the species barrier to create biotechnology's newest advance, called stem cells, Dr. Jose Cibelli made history. A researcher at Advanced Cell Technology of Worcester, MA, Cibelli, an Italian-Argentine, is the first to implant a human cell nucleus (from his own inside cheek) in a cow egg. The hybrid cell can be stimulated to reproduce as human tissue. If the theory can be realized, these stem cells can be injected into any part of the body to regenerate organs, skin, and other body parts. The use of cow eggs was thought to be ethically more acceptable than human eggs. Nevertheless, the morality of crossing species is troubling to many.



NEW BRIDGE, OLD DESIGN

The Norwegian highway department has chosen a bridge designed by none other than Leonardo Da Vinci to span a roadway outside of Oslo. The Renaissance genius originally designed his bridge to cross an inlet in Istanbul for the Sultan of Turkey in 1502. The Sultan didn't think it could be built and passed on it. In 1995, a Norwegian artist happened upon a model of the bridge and convinced his countrymen to use the design in an appropriate location. The bridge will span 190 feet, be made of wood, and cost \$466,000. However, the Norwegians have already saved on the design fee.

SLOW FOOD

Italian food critic Carlo Petrini found his calling in life when he happened to smell the distinctive aroma of MacDonald's hamburgers wafting across

Rome's Spanish Steps. To a real gourmet this is tantamount to a declaration of war. So, Petrini founded the International Slow Food Movement (vs. Fast Food). That was in 1986. Today the movement claims 40,000 members in 35 countries. They meet in 400 groups called *convivia* at local restaurants where they dine for hours. Their symbol is the snail.

COMMIES VS NAZIS

A new book published in France by six scholars has compared the brutality of Communism and the Nazis. The Reds won hands down with 100 million murders perpetrated by Stalin, Mao, Kim il Sung, and Pol Pot. Hitler's reign of terror reached 25 million victims. The only apparent difference in the two philosophies is that the heirs to Communism are still allowed in polite society.



COMEBACK CARS

Get ready America! Italian car makers will be introducing a new Alfa Romeo, the 166, and the Maserati 3200GT. These fine machines will retail starting at \$35,000 and \$75,000 respectively. Not to worry. High-end Italian cars hold their value and then some. At a recent Christie's auction a 1967 Ferrari sold for \$2.1 million and a 1935 Alfa race car brought \$1.3 million.



BIO-REFINERY

Stephen Gatto, president and CEO of BC International, believes he can create ethanol, a fuel currently made from corn and rice, using new genetically engineered bacteria at super-low cost. The reason ethanol never competed successfully with gasoline was the problem of all the fuel it took to grow and process the corn and rice. Gatto's company won't use edible corn and rice but rather stalks, hulls, and yard waste. His secret is the new bacteria which can convert just about anything to alcohol.



EDITORIALS

ITALY: THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UNEXPECTED

The latest developments sweeping the Italian peninsula are momentous and some ominous. Italy's aging population and negative birthrate — Italians have achieved the world's lowest birthrate — and flood of new immigrants from Albania and the Third World (some 280,000 have been allowed to enter the country legally thanks to the recent left-of-center governments) threaten to overwhelm the nation's resources and exacerbate an already high rate of unemployment (hovering over 12%). What's more, the confluence of aging Italians and procreating foreigners may radically alter the nation's *italianità*. Crime is becoming more frequent in the north, where most immigrants settle, than in the south. Albanian crime syndicates are the terror of Milan where robberies are almost twice as frequent as in Naples. A happy solution that respects both the civil rights of immigrants and Italy's national character must be found.

Economically, Italy mirrors the paradoxes inherent in the dismal science. Having gained entry into the exclusive *euro* club (the *lira* will disappear by 2002) by dint of their extraordinary fiscal discipline and conquest of inflation, the Italians are seriously tackling job creation, particularly in the south. One example is Calabria's port city of Gioia Tauro, now Europe's hub for seaborne containers. Italy's favorable trade balance still adds billions of dollars to its foreign currency holdings each year. The pending Olivetti buy-out of Telecom Italia, if successful, would give Italy the biggest telecommunications entity in Europe.

Finally, a report by Healthcare Europe, published by Britain's *The Economist*, ranks Italy 4th out of 35 European countries in fourteen categories, ranging from infant mortality to life expectancy to heart and respiratory diseases. Italians, it seems, are among the world's healthiest people. Only the Swedes, Finns, and Norwegians outranked them. Remember that, the next time someone repeats an anecdotal nightmare about the Italian healthcare system. Also, remember: healthcare is free in Italy.

-RAI

A MAN OF DIGNITY

Joe DiMaggio has passed away and with him went some of the dignity that should now be common among 15 million Americans of Italian heritage. Instead, we are probably the least proud of all the generations that went before us. Thanks to our Hollywood paisans (that includes "gotta-eat" actors) Italian-American culture is firmly in the hands of the Mafia image-makers. The HBO soap opera series, *The Sopranos*, has already been signed up for another season and *Analyze This* is the latest feature film hit. Our new cultural code-words are "beinconnected", "fagettaboudit", "offayacan'trefuse", and "ifloffatruck." Yes, where did you go Joe DiMaggio?

DiMaggio had to put up with many indignities in his day. His own parents were evicted from their home and denied the right to

earn a living in 1942 when anti-Italic fever took hold of America. Yankee manager Casey Stengel referred to him as the "dago" near the end of his career with the Yankees. Yet, DiMaggio made sure that his image as an American hero was spotless and beyond reproach. He dignified his heritage and cherished it. We cannot say what DiMaggio thought of the Mafia movie madness that engulfed us from the 1970's on. Maybe he thought it was a passing fad or maybe he was just apathetic like so many millions of us.

We will remember Joe DiMaggio as one of the great sons of the Italic people. The reality of our heritage not the fantasy.

-JLM

ELECTORAL SNAFU - ITALIC STYLE

Though the mainstream media ignored them, Italian Americans were instrumental in denying Alfonse D'Amato and Dennis Vacco reelection to the U.S. Senate and New York State Attorney General's office, respectively. Because Vacco and D'Amato chose to ignore their Italic constituents while pandering to other ethnics, they were defeated. Vacco wound up losing by a mere 20,000 votes. These were numbers he could have overcome by energizing his Italo-American voters. The same holds true for Citizen Al. He put all his marbles on the Jewish vote when his rival was Jewish! He forgot that it was Italian-American votes that put him in office originally and provided his margin of victory against Liz Holtzman in 1980 and Bob Abrams in 1992. On election day the rabbis did not stay home but the Italic voters did.

Has the media now made even politicians ashamed to be "Italian"?

-RAI

TELL IT TO THE MARINE!

We have always dreamed of having an American of Italian descent in the nation's highest office. Someone who could deliver the knock-out punch to the negative Hollywood image-makers. But where have all the contenders gone? Mario Cuomo forfeited his rendezvous with destiny. Lee Iacocca never tried. Joseph Alioto and Geraldine Ferraro were slandered in their nascent bids for national office. And Rudy Giuliani needs to rediscover his *italianità*. However, there is one man who personifies our ethnic soul and has the right stuff for national office. He is 4-star General Anthony C. Zinni, the Commander of our forces in the Persian Gulf. A student of history, a man of great organizational skills, a man of personal courage and integrity he is in a word the BEST candidate we can field today. We know nothing of his political leanings or aspirations but you may easily compare him to Dwight Eisenhower as a model. Anthony Zinni is a Philadelphia boy who, unlike the phonies who pander for our vote, knows his Italo-Roman roots.

-RAI



Forum of The People

Values For The Next Millennium

by Louis Cornaro



We often take for granted the forces that molded us during our childhood, those everyday demonstrations of what we call "family values."

It is the combination of these values that create an Italian-American or Irish-American or whatever. Whether values are imparted to us through verbal instructions from loved ones or by unconsciously observing parents and relatives go about their daily lives, the fact is that many things "sink in" as our personalities develop.

Growing up on Long Island in the 50's and early 60's when kids were expected to amuse themselves (our fun consisted of climbing trees and redeeming empty soda bottles for cash). I learned from the start the pecking order of the family and the binding ties of tradition. Even though my parents were divorced (a rarity in the 1950's) I was still very much connected to both parents. Visiting my father who lived back in Brooklyn was a bi-weekly obligation. He used to drag me around Brooklyn on Sunday mornings for his mandatory visits to his widowed aunts and *compari* (old buddies). I distinctly remember the boredom and the feeling of being lost as my father conversed in his native *napolitano* dialect. But I also remember the tradition of receiving a dollar or two from everyone we visited. I usually racked up ten dollars or so for my patience (better than my soda bottle take!) I can't say if the money was given to compensate me for my good behavior or as a token of respect for my father. Nevertheless, during those visits I was unconsciously taught that every human being deserves respect on a regular basis, and one favor must be returned by another (reciprocity).

One particular Sunday stands out when we visited *compare* Charlie. Holding court in a finished basement along with his very affable Italian-American son-in-law Bobby, it didn't take long for Charlie to bring out an ancient hand-made guitar-like instrument which got Bobby and my dad to singing old neapolitan songs. It reminded me of mom's stories of her childhood when singing and playing instruments were a vital part of the family gathering. Her father played a mean piano and I still have a tape recording of him on the harmonica. Even my father learned the clarinet. Instruments, bands, singing, and dancing were the hallmarks of Italian culture. Listening to the opera on radio, joining concert bands, singing on street corners

were so common among our people. Sadly, this grassroots participation in music is almost totally lost. Our love of music is more legendary than real today. I would dare say that Irish-Americans have done a better job than we in preserving their musical tradition among their children. And it is to their credit, definitely to our shame.

Dad further rewarded me with a side trip to a Coney Island amusement gallery. For a snack he would order me up a dozen raw clams at Nathan's. My father didn't think much of frankfurters and the message was to eat natural foods (hepatitis be damned!) One

of the blessings of Italian culture is the appreciation of seafood, not to mention garden fresh vegetables.

Sunday dinner took place around 1:00 p.m. and as early as ten years old I was allowed to drink wine at the table — Dad's homemade wine, of course, cut with water or seltzer. Looking back, my introduction to alcohol was quite civilized and my lesson, unspoken, was alcohol accompanies food and belongs on the table and not in the bar. In fact, Italian bars also serve coffee, sell stamps and bus tickets. Some bars don't even serve alcohol.

Dad only drank at the table and he certainly deserved his relaxation. His whole life revolved around work. Apprenticed to a car-



Although every ethnic group claims extended family ties Italian Americans stand out as one of the few remaining European groups in America that has actually retained this value.

penter when growing up in Italy (the alternative was blacksmithing which his mother vetoed after she had to deal with his blackened clothes each night), Dad became a first-class cabinet maker. On weekends he might be building furniture or finishing a basement. I

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A REVIEW by Rosario A. Iaconis

Why Sinatra Matters

by Pete Hamill, Little, Brown, Co. 1998
185 pages

Tony Bennett: The Good Life

by Tony Bennett with Will Friedwald
Pocket Books, 1998
312 pages,

When Frank Sinatra shuffled off this mortal coil, fellow singer Tony Bennett hailed Of Blue Eyes as "the greatest Italian who ever lived." Musical talent notwithstanding, even the ego-driven Chairman of the Board would have begged to differ. Certainly there are more deserving candidates: Caesar Augustus, Leonardo da Vinci, Christopher Columbus, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Enrico Fermi. And who would dare exclude such hip musical cats as Enrico Caruso, Giacomo Puccini or Giuseppe Verdi from consideration?

Why, some Italophiles in Steubenville, Ohio, might even give the nod to favorite son Dean Martin rather than the skinny kid from Hoboken. Nevertheless, Pete Hamill's astonishingly poignant look at this crooner-cum-icon makes it clear *Why Sinatra Matters*.

Unlike many Sinatra biographers, Hamill does not peddle pathos. This is no hagiography. Hamill's honesty provides a straightforward saga that is as much about Frank's

music as it is about his life. And like Sinatra, Hamill's prose is pugnacious yet polished. With a reporter's eye for nuance, Hamill enables the reader to experience the loneliness in each tearful lyric and the hubris underlying every swaggering aria. It's a quarter to three, and there's no one left reading this book but you and me. But there's more to Sinatra than a Sammy Kahn song or a Nelson Riddle arrangement.

Despite a public persona that was both larger and stranger than life, Frank Sinatra was not a mythical figure. John Wayne may represent America's heartland, but Sinatra

symbolizes our nation's soul. Whereas the former was much beloved by virtue of his ubiquitous patriotism, the latter was widely reviled for living his love of country. Because he felt the sting of anti-Italic slurs all his life, Sinatra spearheaded the battle against intolerance. In *The House I Live In*, a cinematic plea for religious harmony, the skinny heartthrob from Hoboken became a giant.

Sinatra was fiercely proud of his country as well as his heritage. Yet, as

many Italo-Americans will attest, this often triggered an acute emotional dissonance for the first and second generation scions of Italy. Hamill expertly captures such ethnic angst in a telling Sinatra quote: "Every once in a while," he told me, "I'd be at a party somewhere, in Hollywood or New York or wherever, and it would be very civilized, you know, black tie, the best crystal, all that.



Sinatra was very careful to use his best diction and vocabulary both in song and speech to maintain a positive image for the Italic people. Stereotypes disturbed him all his life.

Because he felt the sting
of anti-Italian slurs
all his life,
Sinatra spearheaded
the battle
against intolerance.

And I'd see a guy staring at me from the corner of the room, and I knew what word was in his head. The word was guinea."

How sad that not much has really changed since Sinatra agonized over his fellow Americans' bigotry. How sad that the descendants of "the seat of civilization" should still be excoriated as "guineas" by the likes of Steven Spielberg, Eddie Murphy and Chris Rock in *Saving Private Ryan* and *Dr. Dolittle*. How sad that though Sinatra spoke out against anti-Semitism and racism at a time when such behavior was politically unfashionable, no Jewish or black artist has ever picked up the cudgels in defense of Italians. By using Sinatra as a prism, Pete Hamill reminds us that anti-Italic bigotry is part and parcel of the Italian-American experience. His chilling account of the 1891 massacre of Italian Americans in New Orleans reads like a Wes Craven horror movie.

To his credit, Hamill does not shy away from the hoary allegations surrounding Sinatra and the mob. With methodical precision, he separates fact from figment and factoid from fantasy. He debunks the links to gangster Lucky Luciano and sets the record straight about how Sinatra severed his business relationship with Tommy Dorsey. And he forever demolishes the myth surrounding Sinatra's comeback role of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*. "There is neither proof nor logic to Mario Puzo's fictional version in *The Godfather*, where the Mob cuts off the head of a racehorse owned by the studio boss and deposits it in his bed, thus persuading the studio to give the part to a character based loosely on Sinatra."

Many of Sinatra's early problems were a direct consequence of his politics and his ethnicity. (Let's get that commie pinko dago!) An ardent New Deal Democrat,

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Royalty In Exile

by Don Fiore

When it ruled Italy between 1861 and 1946, the House of Savoy was the oldest continuing dynasty in Europe.

Italy's defeat and near ruin in the Second World War sealed its doom as it did the regime of Benito Mussolini.

But unlike the *Duce*, King Victor Emmanuel III did not pay the ultimate price of defeat, instead, he and his male descendants were condemned to perpetual exile from the nation they had reunified in the 19th Century (Italy was first unified under the Romans). A harsh price to many but a just one to others.

Today, the House of Savoy is led by Prince Victor Emmanuel IV, 62, grandson of the first exiled royal V.E.III. Living in Switzerland, the prince has a direct male heir in Emmanuel Filibert, 26. Italy's post-war constitution of 1946, based upon a plebiscite that rejected the monarchy as a form of government, has barred the male heirs from Italian soil on the basis of two articles: Art. XIII took away the right to vote and hold office of all male descendants, and confiscated their property. Art. XIV denied any noble titles bestowed after 1922, the year the King asked Mussolini to form a government.

Although many political factions, during the war years, sought to eradicate Fascism and Monarchism which they held responsible for dragging Italians into Hitler's whirlwind, it was the Communists who then, and now, wreaked the cruelest vengeance. It was the Communists who murdered Mussolini and thousands of Fascists and their families in the final, bloody days of 1945. Today, as either "original" or "refounded" Communists they lead the resistance to the House of Savoy.

Nevertheless, the average Italian bears little enmity to the Savoyards. The prince's wife Princess Marina Doria is not barred by law from visiting Italy and has been quite popular with crowds and in the press.

Unfortunately for the prince and his son, the present Italian government is led by former Communists who are not receptive to popular movements that are contrary to Article XIII. But they persist in their desire to return to the homeland. Young prince Filiberto has even published a book, *Sognando L'Italia (Dreaming of Italy)*, which pleads for reconciliation. Whether the political situation will ever change is anyone's guess. Spain's Juan Carlos was restored to office by the Franco government and now enjoys a status akin to Britain's royal family. The House of Savoy is not asking for a restoration of office, only the right to return home.

ORIGINS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

Founded around the year 1000 by Umberto Biancamano (Humbert the White-handed) the House of Savoy was a line of hearty, war-like mountain lords of Germanic origin. The Savoyards claimed sovereignty over the Italian-French border for centuries. First styled as Dukes, they elevated their rank to Kingship in the early 18th century and gradually transformed their realm into the most powerful of the sundry Italian states. Steeped in rigid military traditions, the House of Savoy inevitably emerged as a likely champion of Italian independence and re-unification, once the 19th century *Risorgimento* (resurgence) movement got underway. Though thoroughly Piedmontese in character, the Savoyard realm was then identified as the Kingdom of Sardinia, having added that island to its territorial possessions.



Young Prince Emanuele Filiberto, 26, is passionate about his love of Italy and has written a book about it.

Charles Albert, (died in 1849)
Title: King of Sardegna

Though his realm never extended beyond Piedmont and Sardinia, Carlo Alberto deserves to be counted among the authentic Kings of Italy, if only for his good intentions. This hapless monarch distinguished himself from most of his royal contemporaries by having the astuteness to sense the changing times, as political uprisings began to rock Europe in the 1840s. With the Italian re-unification movement gaining momentum under the direction of republican revolutionaries like Giuseppe Mazzini, he realized that the House of Savoy must either preempt the leadership of that cause or be swept away with the rest of the old order if and when the peninsula's reunification was achieved.

Having successfully recast himself as one of a new breed of progressive and benevolent



monarchs, Carlo Alberto proceeded to demonstrate his wholehearted commitment to the Italian cause in the most risky and daring way imaginable and attempted to liberate the regions of Lombardy and Veneto from their Austrian rulers by force of arms.

This disastrous conflict, known as the First War of Italian Independence, was as brief as it was hopeless. Though disciplined and well-equipped, the tiny Piedmontese army was never a match for the Austrian Empire, at the time one of the world's most formidable military powers. Still, with antiquated valor, Carlo Alberto himself rode into battle at the head of his troops. After a few initial victories in the field, however, the Piedmontese were soundly crushed at the Battle of Novarra and forced to sue for peace.

Devastated by this failure, and unwilling to humiliate himself or his country any further by accepting Austria's harsh terms, Carlo Alberto stepped down from the throne, passing the crown on to his son. He died, sullen and spiritually exhausted, the following year.

Victor Emmanuel II

Title: King of Sardinia and later, King of Italy

Reign: (Sardinia 1849 - 1861)
(Italy 1861 - 1878)

Upon his father's abdication, the robust and youthful Vittorio Emanuele II eagerly embraced the reunification cause. As prime ministers, Vittorio Emanuele named first Massimo D'Azeglio, and later Camillo Benso di Cavour (who coined the term "*Risorgimento*"), both outspoken advocates of Italian unity, thus leaving no doubt to his future plans.

Under the patient and methodical guidance of these ministers, the Savoyard Kingdom was stabilized financially and politically, soon emerging as the most modern and industrialized state on the peninsula. His Kingdom fortified, the monarch openly resumed the course initiated by Carlo Alberto. After a decade of war, strategic military and political alliances, and even intrigue, Vittorio Emanuele deftly fulfilled his father's

mission, bringing the provinces and regions of Italy under a single, unified government for the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire. He assumed the title of the first King of Italy in 1861.

The city of Rome itself remained under the temporal rule of the church until the King ordered his troops to take possession of the city by force of arms on September 20, 1870. This action brought about the Catholic monarch's excommunication, and spawned over a half century of open hostility between Church and State in Italy. But the King declared the Eternal City to be the new capital of the Italian Kingdom nonetheless, and established the Quirinal Palace as the Royal Family's official residence. With his life goal achieved, Vittorio Emanuele died there peacefully in 1878.

Though future times would see the discredit and fall of the Savoyard dynasty, Vittorio Emanuele II still retains a revered place in Italian history as a national father figure whose courage and determination were essential to the country's creation.

Humbert I

King of Italy 1878 - 1900

When Umberto was crowned in 1878, much of the world still looked kindly upon Italy as a young and heroic nation that had so recently and courageously liberated itself from foreign tyranny. Now an independent sovereignty, however, the country's sympathetic image began to fade as it increasingly sought Great Power status. The vast economic disparities between the north and south wore through the thin veil of unity

as this course of action proceeded. For while the industrialized North might have made legitimate arguments in counting itself among the Great Powers, Italy's southern regions

continued to languish in poverty.

With the whole-hearted endorsement of the King and the super-nationalistic Queen Margherita, expensive and largely unproductive campaigns to win territorial possessions in Africa and the Orient were initiated. When contingents of the Royal Army were not engaged in such overseas adventures, they were being dispatched to forcibly disperse striking workers at home, where labor unrest and social strife were acute.

One reaction to this state of affairs was mass emigration from Italy, which began in earnest during Umberto's reign and continued well into the following century. Another was the rapid growth of the communist, anarchist and other movements of the extreme Left, each preaching the overthrow of the monarchy itself.

On July 29, 1900, the monarch attended a gymnastic competition at Monza and was shot dead by an anarchist.

Victor Emmanuel III

King of Italy 1900 - 1946

Had events proceeded differently, this king might easily have been the most popular and successful representative of his dynasty. Concurring with the dawn of the new century, his ascendancy symbolized the start of a new era. A disciple of progress, he was fascinated with new technology and became the first of the world's monarchs to obtain a driver's license.

The nationalist determination to achieve international recognition of Italy as a Great Power persisted, but it proceeded in a sounder manner. Libya and the Dodecanese Islands in the Aegean Sea were added to Italy's overseas possessions upon the victorious conclusion of the brief Italo-Turkish War of 1911-12.

As the First World War approached, Italy joined the fight as an ally of Great Britain and France. Following family tradition, the

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Royalty In Exile

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king hastened to the front to join his troops in the trenches along the Isonzo River. By exposing himself to the shooting while the other heads of state of allies and enemies alike remained safely in their palaces, Vittorio Emanuele was cheered by his subjects as *Il Re Soldato* (The Soldier-King).

A living symbol of national purpose, the king bolstered morale by refusing to pull Italy out of the war after the Italian Army's calamitous defeat at Caporetto in 1917. Marshalling the Kingdom's every ounce of energy to recover from this enormous setback, he ordered the High Command to persist until final and complete victory was achieved the following year.

Though their nation was now universally recognized as a major player on the world stage, Italians were disappointed with the peace terms established at Versailles, which failed to bring the territorial gains for which they had fought. Further, on top of a staggering war debt, demobilization and the switch to a peacetime economy were handled poorly, as in most countries, with millions of discharged veterans returning to face unemployment. Once again, the country was sharply divided by violent social unrest, which a succession of liberal governments proved unable to quell. Fear of a Communist revolution like that of Russia in 1917 weighed heavily on the ruling classes.

To restore stability to the kingdom, Vittorio Emanuele handed the prime minister's chair to Fascist Party leader Benito Mussolini in 1922. Had the monarch possessed a stronger personality, it is doubtful that Italy would have followed its tragic course in the years that followed. In truth, Vittorio Emanuele was only too willing to place the nation's destiny in someone else's hands. A family man at heart, wholly devoted to his wife and children, he was happiest when away from the royal trappings of the palace, preferring to retire in cherished privacy to some remote, country estate to pore over his coin and stamp collections.

Growing even more reclusive as the kingdom inched closer to an alliance with Hitler in the late 1930s, the monarch did virtually nothing to intervene beyond privately voicing his overall disapproval and abhorrence of the Nazi regime to Mussolini. Yet, he continued to passively affix the royal seal on every decree or statute presented by his Fascist Prime Minister, including Italy's entry into the Second World War.

Even as Italy's ultimate defeat became apparent, Vittorio Emanuele refused to act outside of what he considered to be the bounds of constitutional law by taking a direct hand in the government.

Not until 1943, when, with the invading Anglo American forces at the doorstep, the Fascist Grand Council passed a no-confidence resolution against Mussolini did the King force Mussolini out.

Ordering the formation of a new government under Marshal Pietro Badoglio, an old monarchist known for his devotion to the crown, the king informed his new ministers that their first order of business was to find a way out of the war without provoking wrathful German retribution. This proved ultimately impossible, and after an armistice with the allies was obtained and publicly announced, the king, his family, staff and ministers quietly slipped out of Rome in the early morning hours of September 9, 1943, to safely situate themselves on the Anglo-American side of the lines at Brindisi.

There, the king and Badoglio declared war on Germany, which brought only surprise and mass confusion to Italian soldiers on the battlefield, who had no warning that their country was suddenly switching sides. The predictably chaotic state of affairs rapidly degenerated into civil war, as Fascist troops clashed with those of the Royal Army (who had not yet been disarmed and imprisoned by the Germans), and with the underground Resistance fighters.

Since the Leftist-controlled Resistance Movement had played a significant part in the eventual defeat of the Germans in Italy,

its leaders demanded and received positions in the post-war government. Many of these began suggesting that the monarchy should be held accountable for its supportive role to the Fascist regime over the previous two



The last King of Italy, Umberto II with his grandson Emanuele Filiberto.

decades. This debate continued until a national referendum was held to decide whether the very institution of the monarchy should be retained or abolished.

Vittorio Emanuele was warned by his advisors that he had lost all credibility, largely because his late night abandonment of Rome to Nazi occupation in 1943 was perceived by many Italians as having shamefully chose self-preservation over the welfare of his subjects. (In all fairness, few European monarchs remained in German-occupied countries, preferring to establish governments-in-exile to carry on the fight.) However, in response, the King retired from public life and announced that his son, Crown Prince Umberto, would henceforth reign in his stead with the title of Lieutenant of the Realm. Eventually, public sentiment indicated that this was not enough, and to preserve his dynasty, Vittorio Emanuele had no option but complete abdication.

Thus, a mere month before the national referendum, the King formally stepped down from the throne, saw his son crowned as Umberto II, and with his beloved wife at his side, left Italy as a private citizen, taking up residence in Egypt.

**Humbert II
King of Italy**

May 9, 1946 to June 2, 1946

Charged with the task of preserving the monarchy's very existence, the newly crowned Umberto II embarked on a whirl-

...NOT EVEN
THE BONES OF
VITTORIO EMANUELE
III OR UMBERTO II...
ARE PERMITTED
FOR INTERMENT
ON ITALIAN SOIL.

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Roman Cuisine *by Don Fiore & John Mancini*

"Bread and circuses," the familiar Roman prescription for a contented populace, correctly indicates the uncompromising importance given to readily available and palatable food by the citizens of ancient Rome. And while "bread" may be interpreted as a representation of all edibles, the quality of any loaf of the staff of life itself was something all Romans took rather seriously indeed. No tradesmen were regarded with higher esteem in the imperial city than the bakers. The emperor Trajan even

ordered the establishment of a bakers' college to ensure consistency in the preparation and quality of bread.

What they produced was very much like the round loaf commonly known as "Italian bread" today, employing other sophisticated mechanical equipment for grinding wheat and kneading dough in great quantities to meet the daily demands of their cus-

tomers. So formidable was this industry that many, if not most Roman women didn't bother to bake at home, something virtually unheard of elsewhere in the

ancient world. It was much less expensive and infinitely more convenient to simply buy a loaf or two in the morning.

Like modern bakeries, those in ancient Rome also offered an assortment of cakes and pastries. Big sellers among these were *poma crusta* (apple pie), and *torta alba* (cheese cake). The traditional wedding cake found on the tables of nuptial celebrations everywhere today also traces its earliest origins to the creativity of Roman bakers.

While bread was the great equalizer, found at the most opulent banquet and

humblest meal, a 1st century cookbook written by one M. Gabius Apicius reveals all the culinary diversity one would expect to find in a large, cosmopolitan city. Armies returning from new conquests unflinchingly introduced new varieties of food found abroad and a brisk import trade of wines, spices, nuts, olive oils, wheat, fruits, and vegetables from foreign shores thrived continuously.

Though all types of meats were available, the average Roman's diet, like that of his Italian descendants, favored grains and vegetables. Legionaries, in fact, were once reported to protest vigorously when the camp cook served pork after vegetable supplies had run low. The preferred meal of the troops, it is said, was hearty lentil soup mixed with greens.

Two Roman words for meals, *cena* and *merenda*, have passed unaltered into the modern Italian vocabulary, and the Roman mealtime schedule and design closely match the Italian as well. Breakfast was usually light, though Apicius' cookbook does present us with a recipe for ham and eggs. At noon, busy citizens in the city could sit down for a bite at any number of lunchrooms downtown, but most opted to return home to eat. This mid-day meal was known as the *prandium*, and the word lives on in Italian as *pranzo*.

While we use the phrase "soup to nuts," the Romans considered a complete meal as



Today we say "soup to nuts." For the ancient Italians, like today, it was "eggs to apples."



"eggs to apples"
(*abora ursque ad mala*).

Three courses were the rule, and on their plates Romans might find diversely prepared cheeses, eggs, asparagus, artichokes, olives, beans, peas, carrots, or the ever-popular cucumbers in vinegar and oil for appetizers. Fruit salads, which might contain any combination of grapes, raisins, apples, melons, peaches, cherries, apricots, pears, plums and oranges, were also commonly served. A main course of meat might consist

of roasted lamb, chicken or rabbit with mushrooms or onions. Smoked pork, usually bacon or sausage, were also available, especially in taverns. If seafood was on the menu, shellfish, notably oysters, lobsters or clams, was preferred, though eel and sardines dressed in olive oil were also widely enjoyed. Seasonings included salt, black pepper, garlic, mustard seed and bay leaves. Butter was known but sparingly used since olive oil was judged vastly superior.

Romans liked desserts, and figs, dates, pastries, and cookies dipped in honey or flavored with anise were regular fare to cap off a meal. To wash it all down, diners could choose milk, served warm or cold, fruit juices or one of the eighty or so varieties of wines sold throughout the city. Although they were aware of the existence of the beers and ales consumed by their subjects in northern Europe, the Romans never developed a taste for these beverages.

Nuts, fried peas, and fava beans were favorites as between-meal snacks, and vendors of these items did brisk business at chariot races, circuses and other public events.

The sumptuous banquets given in the homes of the wealthy were in a class by themselves. Hosts engaged in dogged competition to outdo each other in serving



This Polenta with Mushrooms harkens back to the pulmentum eaten by the classical Italians. Corn did not arrive in Italy until Columbus and pulmentum was made of other grains like barley.

exotic delicacies to their guests. While colorful descriptions of these bountiful spreads can be found in the writings of Juvenal, Suetonius and others, Apicius actually provides recipes for such novelties as fricassee of rose petals, boiled ostrich and spiced sea urchins.

The darker side of this haute cuisine was the belief by some Roman gourmets that the manner of death of the entree directly affected its taste at the table.

Horace, a Roman writer, recommends, for example, that all fowl be killed by drowning them in wine to enhance flavor. Apicius uses the term *Pollus Raptus* to describe a preferred method to slaughter a chicken; we would like to believe this was a poetic description.

Still other means of slaughter were revolting even to other ancients, and we will spare the gentle reader the details.

These banquets were also eaten differently from the everyday meal. Diners reclined rather than sat, leaning on their left forearms. Usually nine guests faced a table and ate with their fingers. If the

banquet went on for any length of time, and there is no doubt it did, diners could roll over and catch a nap between courses.

The average Roman, of course, was no more likely or desirous than we to ever taste such things or dine this way. Instead, the common Roman diet remarkably, if not surprisingly, mirrors much of what is characteristically viewed as Italian. We, in fact, retain many Latin food names in our Italian cuisine. The daily grain cakes and gruel that were a mainstay of Roman legionaries, *pulmentum*, is still with us today as *polenta*, now based on corn instead of barley. *Sambucus*, meaning the elderberry plant, is now *sambuca*, a favorite after-dinner drink. *Zucchero* or sugar was *saccharum* in Latin, a name that eventually became the brand name of an artificial sweetener.

But the most intriguing of questions concerning Roman cuisine is: did our ancestors eat macaroni? Technologically, there was no reason that the ancient Italians could not make simple pastas. Apicius refers to a diet of *vermiculus* (little worms), which his translator describes as "noodles, vermicelli." Also, the trough that the Romans used to knead dough was called a *mactra*. Could this be a word for macaroni?

Apicius used the word *tractogalatus*, which is translated as "a dish prepared with milk and paste (noodles, spaetzle, etc)." Finally, Roman banquets often featured "hummingbird tongues", a challenging food to obtain in quantity just realizing the microscopic nature of the tongue of such a

small bird. Could this have been the pasta linguine from the Latin *lingua* = tongue? What is more plausible?

Had tomatoes been available to them, the Romans would have doubtless completed the match with their paleo-pasta.

★ ★ ★

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Italian Submarines

in the Battle of the Atlantic 1940 - 1943

by Gregory Carrubba

To the casual student of naval history, it would seem that the Battle of the Atlantic, that deadly but crucial campaign to control the vital supply lines of the Atlantic Ocean, was exclusively fought between the German Navy and the Allied navies of Britain and the United States. So, it may come as a surprise to learn that the Italian Navy also participated in this campaign with much success. Though the number of Italian submarines was far smaller than the number of German U-Boats involved, overall, the Italian vessels had a per boat success rate higher than the average German. But how and why did Italian submarines become involved in the Atlantic campaign?

As an Axis partner, Italy realized that any war against Britain must be waged both in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic. Moreover, to remain on an equal footing with Germany, Italian armed forces needed to participate in all theaters of operations. This was not a spur-of-the-moment strategy but one that the Italian Naval Command, *Supermarina*, had planned prior to the Second World War. A larger-size class of submarines had been designed and constructed during the 1930's specifically for ocean use. Since Mussolini's fundamental war aims included keeping the Straits of Gibraltar open to Italian shipping, sub-



On patrol in the Atlantic. Italian subs sent one million tons of Allied shipping to the bottom.

marines had to be able to operate outside the Straits in the Atlantic Ocean. The larger Italian submarines, because of their slower speeds and longer diving times, would work very well in the Atlantic where their large size would enable them to ride out storms when on the surface. In addition, their long cruising range would enable them to stay on patrol for several months and even to cruise where the short-range German Type VII submarines could not reach.

On June 24, 1940 *Supermarina* offered the Germans a fleet of these submarines for use in the war against Allied merchant shipping in the North Atlantic. Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz welcomed the offer to supplement his then-meager U-Boat force.

By August of 1940, the Italian Navy, under Admiral Angelo Parona obtained Doenitz's approval for a separate Italian submarine base in Bordeaux in German-occupied France. The location of this base would

put Italian subs much closer to the action and would also avoid the dangerous round trip through the Straits of Gibraltar. A base in Bordeaux would necessitate only one trip through the Straits. (During the war Italian submarines ran the Straits 44 times and only lost one ship, the *Glauco*, sunk 250 miles west of the Straits on the homeward voyage. This was a far better record than that of the German Navy, which during the summer of 1941 attempted to run 10 U-Boats into the Mediterranean and promptly lost 5 of them; a loss rate of 50% as opposed to an Italian loss rate of 2.2%.)

By December, 1940 the base was completed with communications, docks, repair shops, munitions areas, offices and barracks. Unfortunately, a heavy British air raid on December 8th caused considerable damage. It was subsequently decided to relocate most of the support facilities to outlying areas. By

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A Review by Rosario A. Iaconis

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Sinatra campaigned for FDR and later supported Henry Wallace for president in 1948. As the recently released FBI dossier on Sinatra reveals, this incited prima donna J. Edgar Hoover. Pitching a hissy fit, Hoover launched one of the most ludicrous investi-



Young Frank, soon to revolutionize the world of music.

gations in the annals of American law enforcement: Was Frank Sinatra a card-carrying Communist? In addition, Sinatra's legitimate 4-F draft status during World War II was called into question by that era's Rush Limbaugh, the strident Walter Winchell. (Curiously, ultra-patriot Duke Wayne's failure to join the army was ignored.) Both charges proved to be canards. In the twilight of his political activism, Sinatra became respectable by supporting the secretly Italo-phobic Richard M. Nixon and former New Dealer Ronald Reagan.

Frank Sinatra's exceptional command of English was a direct result of Irish-American actor J. Carroll Naish's lowly, tumble-down version of an Italian in the old radio show, *Life with Luigi*. As stereotypes go, Naish's portrayal was hardly the most offen-

sive. Yet the ignominy of it all stuck with Sinatra and fueled his sense of image as an Italian American role model. Even after years of international stardom and critical acclaim, he could still recall with revulsion every "dese", every "dose," every servile utterance. Sinatra matters because Italians matter. Hamill's account of one Italo-American's story of turbulence and triumph mirrors, in many respects, the tumult of every Italian in America. And in the wee small hours of our discontent, baby, that's no small comfort.

Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett belonged to a mutual admiration society. Blessed with beautiful voices and bountiful talent, they honed their craft in grimy gin mills as well as glittering palaces. And both crooners enjoyed reputations as consummate perfectionists. Presidents and potentates sang their every praise. Women swooned at their feet. Yet if his autobiography, *The Good Life*, is any indication, one can understand why Tony Bennett's star shines a little less brilliantly in the firmament of *italianita*.

Tony Bennett is truly an heir to the Italian Renaissance. In addition to his considerable musical prowess, Bennett is a masterful artist. Indeed, his book is chockfull of choice paintings, sketches and striking still lives dating back to Bennett's childhood in Astoria, Queens. Yet when it comes to his ethnicity, Tony parrots the conventional party line espoused by his publisher. There is no Pete Hamill to discern the passion behind this painter/singer/ poet. There is no sign that Tony understands how much his creative brilliance can be traced to his Italic roots. Tony's boiler plate—or is it the publisher's?—is painful, erroneous and a negation of both his culture and his family: "Because the Benedetto family originally came from the north of Italy, they were fair-skinned and fair-haired, like northern Europeans, and quite unlike their fellow dark-haired, dark-skinned Calabrese. Like everyone else in the region, they were unable to read and write." Apparently, the world is unaware of Tony's expertise in the ethnographic and demographic sciences.

Though he redeems himself in the chapters detailing his rise to show business superstardom and MTV preeminence, Tony



Antonio Benedetto, an artistic giant beloved by three generations of Americans.

Bennett fails to provide a theme for his tome. It lacks the ethnic authenticity and sense of history provided by Pete Hamill's *Why Sinatra Matters*. Tony is proud of his fight against intolerance but less than passionate about his ethnicity. He sings so lyrically about the beauty of San Francisco yet leaves his heart out of his heritage. The glory of Italy is not of another day. It lives and breathes within Bennett, from his proud Roman nose to his indomitable Calabrian spirit.

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Values For The Next Millennium

Continued from page 9

still remember watching in awe as he planed a piece of wood down to a toothpick (figuratively) all by hand with an ancient wooden plane he had crafted himself decades before. And the sweat! It poured down his face as he created his palace there in the basement. By watching him sweat I learned to value **manual labor** and the satisfaction of a finished job. The joys of the dinner table and the bottomless wine glass came only after a good day of sweating.

I also learned that my father provided support to his parents in Italy on a regular basis. His parents had lost their savings and even a small motorized fishing boat during the Second World War leaving them in poverty. Luckily their 800-year old home survived the war. Dad's monthly money orders and packages allowed them a comfortable old age. **Filial piety**, or devotion to one's parents, is an ancient Roman virtue that real Italians rarely forget.

My mother was, and still is, a woman who cannot idle away the hours. Divorced from my father when I was only four, my mother struggled to raise my brother and me as a

single parent. (Without a car! Try that today.) Her energy level during those years still amazes me as my wife and I cope with the fatiguing chores of work and parenthood today - with only one child! Mom never failed to produce a complete balanced meal for us every night (and she still does today). I don't remember my mom ever taking a vacation during those times. Nor did she deny me anything that kids during that era coveted, from cowboy boots to bicycles, coonskin caps to Rinky Dink screens. And this was before credit cards. What a lesson I learned about **parental sacrifice** and responsibility!

There was one remarkable trait that my parents and, it seems, most Italic people share — **frugality**. Of course there are all degrees of this virtue, to the point that it is sometimes a vice. I would define it as a reasonable rejection of wastefulness coupled with the urge to build equity. Until recently, Italians had the highest domestic savings rate in the world, better savers than even the Japanese and Germans. Here in America you can see it in the insignificant number of Italian-Americans on welfare and in their high percentage of

home ownership. The whole concept of finished basements was probably introduced by Italian-Americans. Preserve the first floor—most times in plastic—and live *a basso!*

Some other values we share as Italic people also go to the "bottom line". Most, certainly not all, Italic people marry for life and are content to live within walking or driving distance of family. In my case, we now live within walking distance of my brother and my mother. It's easy on the travel costs and great for mutual assistance. It even seems logical. The virtue of **love of family** goes right to the bottom line.

Another trait that keeps money in the bank is our love of **simple pleasures**. Spending a couple of hours in mindless banter with old friends is often preferable to dinner out and a show, especially if crowds and queues turn you off. Fishing, gardening, cooking, napping, or watching a game is enough pleasure to make life happy. The sea, the soil, the sun, this is the stuff of songs in Italian culture. Remember *O Sole Mio* or

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Values For The Next Millennium

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Vicino al Mare?

Another value one cannot escape in the Italian culture is a **sense of humor**, not the various forms that are based on puns, practical jokes or clever observations. Rather, Italic humor always seems to revolve around human failings. It's generally insulting, insensitive and earthy, closer to satire. Much of it conveys the Italic view that life is absurd. I suppose the Italian fondness for nicknames is an outgrowth of this perspective. It easily dates back to the Romans who actually developed satire in the theater (the ancient Greeks weren't funny enough for Italian taste.) The name Cicero, for example, means "chick pea"; Caesar means "head of hair." These were all ancient nicknames that became surnames. My mother's father was a master storyteller who personified this type of irreverent humor. His stories so often poked fun at scholars who had no common sense, not-so-pious monks who paid dearly for their greed, and straitlaced people who could believe any lie. At the bottom of it all is a demand for simple logic. Grandpa owned a soda shop during the 30's, 40's and 50's. And although his beverages could compete with the best, he had to laugh when customers praised 7 Up over his lemon soda. Every so often he would fill a few empty 7 Up bottles with his version and palm them off, at no charge, to friends. As he observed with a smirk, "They didn't know the difference." This demand for logic is even evident in Italian speech pattern as in responses: *e' logico*

or *logicamente*. One of my favorite Italian sayings is, "I'm peeling the onion and you're crying!" Now, that's Italian logic.

"Nothing human is foreign to me." Those words could only have been uttered by an Italian, and they were — two thousand years ago. They sum up the dearest value we offer the world, **humanism**. Even during the horrors of the Holocaust during the Second World War, Italian soldiers and civilians managed to save from their Nazi allies upwards of 85% of the Jews of Italy and Italian-occupied Europe. This is certainly a value that should not be tossed away lightly. Humanism is sometimes considered a dirty word by those who consider it a sidekick to atheism, but that's an Anglo-Saxon spin. Humanism to us means loving God's greatest work, humanity. I would venture to say that of all the stereotypes piled on to the Italic people this one is true and well-deserved. I remember reading once in a National Geographic of the 1930's how an American traveler visiting Italian Eritrea in Africa was amazed how Italian colonial shopkeepers treated their black customers as equals, something he remarked he never saw in the British or French colonies.



Respect for the old, sacrifice for the young — these are the hallmarks of the Italic value system.

There are many other lesser values imparted to us that are melting away in the brave new world of technology and materialism. I can remember the rigors of **hospitality**: to bring a cake or pastry when visiting someone, to serve coffee and a quick "meal" to any guests, expected or unexpected. We all seem to be too tired nowadays to embrace these demonstrations of courtesy.

But the virtue I enjoy most is our desire to **put people at ease**. Using humor, open gestures of

hospitality, or innocuous touching, we want to break down walls of formality immediately. Perhaps it is more a need to relax ourselves as much as to make strangers open up. Nevertheless, it seems to me to be a hallmark of our culture, an instinctive desire to find the human core in everyone.

Clearly, there are many other values I might have overlooked like **creativity, cooperation** or a **demand for excellence**. These were the values that produced the Roman Empire and the Italian Renaissance. And who would not extoll those epochs!

All things considered, we have quite a lot to be proud of. More than that, we have quite a task ahead of us to carry these values into the next millennium.

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Romolo Gessi: Africa's Garibaldi

by Don Fiore

Colonel Charles George Gordon, the famed British general and governor of the Sudan, silently pored over the notes and maps spread out across his desk. With these detailed descriptions of the terrain along the White Nile, a region hitherto seldom seen by Europeans, he finally had the information he needed to safely extend trade routes as far south as Lake Albert on the borders of Uganda and the Congo.

The mission to compile this important data had been expertly conducted, and Gordon felt pleased with himself for having selected the right man for the job. His eyes shifted up to the bearded and tanned explorer who had so efficiently placed the information at his disposal. A word of praise was in order, and the governor offered what most Britishers of the period would consider the ultimate compliment.

"What a pity," he said, "that you're not an Englishman."

To his surprise, the explorer brusquely dashed his cap to the floor, an expression of angry indignation flashing across his sunburned face.

"Sir, I withdraw from your service!" came the sharp reply, and Gordon realized he couldn't have picked a more inappropriate way of conveying his gratitude to such a fiercely proud Italian as Romolo Gessi. But it was already too late to retract his poor

choice of words. The irate Italian had decided to pack up his gear and go home.

Gessi sailed back to Italy with few regrets. He wasn't particularly fond of Africa in the first place. The continent's spectacular topography and wildlife left him unmoved, and he had only scorn for the native peoples,

whose mannerisms and customs he found revolting. Yet Romolo Gessi would be back, not only to explore the hidden depths of the land, but to champion the freedom of those same Africans for whom he earlier had such little regard. So vigorously would he do so, that the European press was to give him the sobriquet of "The Garibaldi of Africa."

Romolo Gessi's busy life began in 1831 at Constantinople, where his father, an

Italian revolutionary, had fled in exile after one of the many failed political insurrections of the early *Risorgimento*. The elder Gessi did not live long thereafter, but before he died, he entrusted his son's welfare to the local British counsel with whom he had developed a close friendship. When he reached adolescence, Romolo Gessi was subsequently shipped off to a military academy, graduating in time to serve as a junior officer with a British regi-

ment in the Crimean War.

Despite his British upbringing, Gessi strictly identified himself as an Italian. In 1859, recalling his father's dedication to the political liberation of his homeland, he took up arms to fight in Italy's Second War of Independence under the command of Giuseppe Garibaldi. After the war, he obtained Italian citizenship and settled in Ravenna to pursue a career in industrial engineering.

In the early 1870's, Gordon had been appointed governor of the Sudan by the Egyptian Khedive Ismail Pasha, and was in the process of organizing and consolidating his sprawling dominion. Gessi, an educated, courageous soldier, fluent in several languages and familiar with Moslem ways from his early years at Constantinople, was just the sort he needed to assist him in the formidable task.

Once in Africa, Gessi proved to possess the makings of a first-rate explorer. His rigid military training had given him a shrewd sixth sense for danger and that rare ability to be cautious and fearless at the same time. These traits were quickly perceived by Gordon, who asked Gessi to accompany Carlo Piaggia, a fellow Italian and veteran African explorer also in the Englishman's service, on an expedition to chart out the extreme southern reaches of the White Nile.

While they shared nationality, the two Italians soon showed widely divergent attitudes toward their work and the land through which they were traveling. Whereas Piaggia was intensely fascinated by everything African, Gessi displayed a cold indifference to his surroundings throughout the journey. A staunch believer in European superiority, he considered Africans, as a race, to be hopelessly dull-witted, lazy and vile. Much to Piaggia's dismay, Gessi took few pains to hide his disdain to the natives, even when in their midst.

Having gathered the information



Romolo Gessi. He struggled to bring a new spirit to Africa's peoples while serving the racist British Empire.

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**Romolo Gessi:
Africa's Garibaldi**

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requested by Gordon, the Italians parted company at Lake Albert, with Piaggia proceeding on his own expedition further into the interior. Gessi headed back to Khartoum to present his report, only to be highly offended by the Englishman's patronizing and clumsy attempt to compliment him.

The story of his verbal exchange with Gordon preceded Gessi to Italy, and he received a hero's welcome upon his return home. Before long, Gessi was encouraged to organize a new, all-Italian expedition to East Africa by no one less than His Highness, Crown Prince Umberto (see Umberto's story in our Focus article).

This he in fact did in 1878 when, under the auspices of the Royal Italian Geographic Society, he headed an exploration party into the Galla region of Ethiopia. But he had

hardly penetrated the interior when an urgent message reached him from Khartoum. It came from Charles Gordon, who lost no time seeking out Gessi upon learning that the Italian was back in Africa.



Suleiman Bey, an Arab potentate whose ambition was to wrest control of the brutal slave trade that flourished along the Nile, had risen in rebellion against the Egyptian Khedive. Gordon desperately needed help in

suppressing the violent chaos which was spreading across the Sudan. After learning of the dire circumstances in the Sudan, Gessi was reminded by Gordon that he was bound by duty, as a European and a Christian, to bring order and civilization to the Dark Continent. Unable to resist this lofty mandate, the Italian set out for Khartoum immediately.

...he was directly responsible for the liberation of at least 30,000 slaves.

Gordon furnished Gessi with several hundred Egyptian troops and a free hand to do whatever was necessary to defeat Suleiman. Though his forces were outnumbered in every subsequent engagement, he produced one splendid victory after the other, thanks to liberal borrowings from the ingenious military tactics of

Giuseppe Garibaldi, his former commander in Italy.

After a time, however, he experienced a stunning change in attitude, and for him the war gradually became a fiery, humanitarian crusade. Gessi's own account of a dramatic encounter that occurred as he was tracking a band of Suleiman's slavers provides a glimpse at how this remarkable transformation came about:

"Proceeding ahead, I found the corpse of a Negro youth of about eighteen years. . . his throat had been slit.

"A little further, another, then a third and a fourth, then the body of a girl, all slain in the same, barbarous manner. My guides, who know the ways of the slavers, told me

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Bocce

by Bob Masullo

Bocce, the bowling game that speaks Italian, may be in its death throes, or, depending on who you speak to, is about to become the most popular pastime since

sex. [By the way, it is pronounced BO-chay. Please don't confuse this with *baci* (BAH-chee) which means "kisses."]

As a distinguished, elderly Italian gentleman put it in a national magazine article on *bocce*: "The only fun thing that's been around longer is sex."

The ancient Romans — and before them Greeks and even Egyptians — played it regularly. In one form or another, it's been around more than 5,000 years.

Actually, *bocce* is in no danger of becoming extinct — in Italy or anywhere else — but if you only check Italian American neighborhoods you might think so. There, distinguished (and some not-so-distinguished) older Italian *uomini* (men) seem to play it exclusively. Few, if any, are young female or non-Italic players.

The reason for this has more to do with sociology than with sport. For such men *bocce* represents an ethnic preserve as well as a time machine capable of transporting them to a simpler era, one in which men were men and Italian men, especially, were able to enjoy their free time in the exclusive company of other Italic males.

However, outside those fading, albeit charming, ghettos, *bocce* is growing steadily among people of both sexes, all ages and all ethnicities. One estimate has over 2 million Americans playing *bocce* today. Our inspiration for this article, Phil Ferrari of the World Bocce Association based in Bensenville, Illinois, would like a set of *bocce* balls in every American home and every child to know about the sport. (By the way, the WBA lists a set of *bocce* balls at \$99.95)



Bocce has already become a certified sport in the Special Olympics, due, in no small part, to Phil's persistence.

Despite the sport's timeless and worldwide appeal, it has always been especially attractive to Italic people. Perhaps that's because it reflects their attitudes so well. Easy to learn, *bocce* is difficult to master; simple in concept, it is subject to complex interpretation, and perhaps most importantly, it is a conversation (argument?) generator, and no people love a spirited discussion more than Italians and their descendants.

Bocce leagues exist in large and small towns throughout the United States. Martinez, California, the town of Joe Di Maggio's birth, is an example of one that takes *bocce* seriously. With a population of only 25,000, it has more than 1,000 people in formal leagues — 75% of them are non-Italics; 40% are women — and regularly hosts national and international competitions.

And, of course, many people simply play *bocce* on self-built backyard courts. There's no way of counting them, but judging by the number of firms that sell *bocce* equipment,

they must be significant.

Just as Japan and Cuba took to baseball after occupation by American forces, countries conquered by ancient Roman legionaries were attracted to *bocce*. English lawn bowling, a *bocce* derivative, was brought to Britain that way. Ditto, *petanque*, to France. Even contemporary American bowling has its roots in *bocce*.

Unlike the English or France games, genuine *bocce* is not played on lawns. Hard-packed courts covered with decomposed granite (a sand/mortar/clay mixture) or ground oyster shells are preferred. Additionally, the sides and ends of the court should be framed in wood.

Bocce courts should be 12-foot wide by 60-foot long, although a little more or less in either direction is not frowned upon, except in formal competition.

Understanding *bocce*'s basics takes minutes. Mastering its fine points can take a lifetime. The basics follow:

Two sides oppose each other. They use eight *bocci* (grapefruit-sized balls) and one *pallino* (lemon-sized target ball).

There may be one, two or four players on each side. If one, he or she bowls all four *bocci per volta* (inning or round); if two players, each bowls two *bocci*; if four, each bowls one *bocce*.

Each side uses four *bocci*. The object is to get as many *bocci* as possible closer to the *pallino* than any *bocce* of the opponent.

Play progresses in a series of *volte* with the action alternating from one end of the court to the other each *volta*. The number of *volte* is indefinite. They continue until one side accumulates 21 points or, in informal play, any pre-agreed upon number.

In each *volta*, the winning side gets 1, 2, 3, or 4 points depending on how many *bocci* it has closer to the *pallino* than the opponent. The losing side in any *volta* always gets zero.

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Naples... A Misunderstood, Underappreciated Jewel

by Robert A. Masullo

Imagine a history-filled city of enormous natural beauty; one packed with great architectural structures, many filled with incomparable works of art; a city that has the world's greatest musical heritage, as well as a theatrical tradition, literature and even a language of its own, plus a cuisine loved the world over; a city that has wonderful weather in summer and winter, is located on one of the most spectacular bays on the planet, and has magnificent mountains on its outskirts.

Wouldn't a country fortunate enough to contain such a city be proud of it? Pamper it? Encourage foreigners to visit it?

You might think so.

But such is not the case for Naples, Italy's third largest city, and in many ways its most important cultural treasure (and I say that mindful of how rich all of Italy is in cultural treasures).

Pick up almost any English-language guidebook about Italy and read its acknowledgment of Naples' attractions. Inevitably, these will be followed by warnings about its dangers, dirtiness and disarray. The same is echoed by travel agents and, alas, residents of other parts of Italy.

Northern Italians speak of Naples as if it were a third-world hardship outpost. Even Italians from other parts of the south rarely refer to it kindly. I can recall being sternly warned about going there by acquaintances in Calabria and Sicily.

Nevertheless, German, French, British and Scandinavian tourists do not seem to be afraid of Naples. They love the unique warmth of its people and its singular physical characteristics. They regularly fill Naples'

hotels and provide the backbone of its tourist trade.

Americans, however, are conspicuous by their absence. If they see Naples at all, it usually is on a breeze-through to Capri, Sorrento and the Amalfi coast. Tragically, even Italian Americans rarely visit it...and as many as a third of them have ancestral roots in or near the city.

What is going on? Is Naples all that bad? I decided to find out for myself.

After numerous trips to Italy, none of which included a visit to Naples, I decided to spend a week there on my last trip.

It turned out to be the best week I have spent in Italy and my only regret is that it wasn't a month or more.

What I found is a city that knows its own worth but is little concerned with what others think of it. Its people were the most delightful

I've found anywhere that I've traveled, although they were hardly the stereotypical opera-singing, happy-go-lucky *paesani* depicted in TV commercials.

Years ago Pete Hamill, in an article explaining New York to non-New Yorkers, advised visitors to "accept the city on its own terms." Those who faulted it for not being

like Des Moines or Peoria, he suggested, would never appreciate its wonders.

The same is true for Naples. Like New York, Naples is highly idiosyncratic. There is no other place remotely like it, including Rome, Milan and Florence. Among Italian cities, only Venice is more distinct.

But Venice has relatively few people living in it. Tragically, it has become almost exclusively a tourist attraction, much like Disneyland.

Naples, on the other hand, is a thriving, pulsating metropolis of more than a million

people. It welcomes tourists, but doesn't really need them. Its size means it has the

*Americans, ...
are conspicuous
by their absence.*

problems of any big city, some of them exacerbated by its age, and yes, that does include street crime. But Naples' virtues, I found, strongly outweigh its negatives. The negatives have been exaggerated out of all proportion.

Take the street crime, for example. The guidebooks would have you believe the only safe way to walk through the streets of Naples is with an armed bodyguard. Nonsense. Naples has its share of muggers, but no more than Paris, London or New York. Walking around Naples you are as safe as you are in any major city in the United States or western Europe. In fact, you are safer, for Neapolitan street criminals confine their activities almost entirely to stealing. Maimings and killings, so common in large American cities, are virtually unheard of in Naples. However, *Camorra* turf wars occasionally erupt, but never involving tourists.

Neapolitan streets, however, are generally narrow and crowded with automobile and pedestrian traffic. At first sight this might seem overwhelming to most Americans. But if you let yourself get into the city's rhythm, you soon find Neapolitan streets fascinating. What at first seems crazy, reveals itself to have its own order. Drivers, you'll begin to



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notice, are exceedingly tolerant of people crossing mid-block or of other drivers making unusual movements. In this respect, Naples is like midtown Manhattan, only more so. But this is something to be enjoyed, not feared.

I rented a car in Naples . . . a mistake. The car spent most of the time in a garage. I found it easier to get around the city on foot; if the distance was too far to walk I took a bus, taxi or a *funicolare* (a unique train that goes up and down the city's hills, as in the famous song), all of which are cheap, dependable and, most importantly, don't have to be parked.

Nevertheless, my rental car provided me with the first of many uniquely Neapolitan



The not-so-traditional Naples.

experiences. Driving from the Hertz office to my hotel, I got caught up in a traffic snafu that put me in a lane I wasn't supposed to be in. Before I realized what I had done I was confronting a police barrier and a policeman.

"Oh, oh," I thought, "I'm going to get a ticket before I even get to my hotel."

But no. The policeman sensed my predicament and said, "*Un momento*," and moved the barrier so I could make a U-turn and get back in the traffic flow.

"You're in *Napoli, amico*," an Italian friend who accompanied me and my wife told me. Although our *amica* now lives in Perugia, she grew up near Naples and was quite proud of its human warmth.

While driving around that first day I found a radio station that played delightful Neapolitan music. This was a pleasant experience as most Italian stations play international rock, much of it non-Italian, and all of it as cacophonous as that played on the worst American stations.

I tuned in the station again at the hotel. Calling itself *Studio Napoli*, after every third or fourth song it played an identification jingle that contained the line: "*solo musica napoletana*" ("only Neapolitan music").

What other city, I thought, has a musical tradition so vibrant that one of its radio stations could play nothing but the music of the city? I couldn't think of one, not even Nashville which is regional music. And *Studio Napoli* did not rely on a steady diet of *O Sole Mio* or other tunes of that ilk; it played contemporary songs with modern beats, whose lyrics were, nevertheless, in the ancient, beautiful and often haunting Neapolitan tongue.

In a bookstore I picked up an Italian-Neapolitan dictionary. At last, I thought, I would be able to find out the meanings of words I heard my second-generation parents

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Romolo Gessi:
Africa's Garibaldi

Continued from page 24

that these unfortunate slaves, weakened by hunger and exhaustion, had probably been unable to march any further, and were murdered by their captors as a warning to the others in bondage.

"A little ways up, I discovered another little girl with delicate features. . . the poor child's head rested upon her left arm as if she were sleeping, but her repose was now eternal. I swear to you that in this campaign I have witnessed every sort of death, suffering and torture, and have grown hardened by it. But this time, seeing that innocent face robbed of life at the hands of those infamous inflictors of terror, my heart was pained as to render me incapable of withholding my tears. But my sorrow soon changed to outrage. I desired only to avenge the innocent victims of those blood-crazed tigers. . . God, by my hand, had to punish them."

Embracing this cause, Gessi threw his full heart into the fight and relentlessly pursued Suleiman to his final defeat and execution.

"Thus," declared Gessi after he summarily executed the cruel Suleiman, "does God make gaps in [the ranks of] his enemies."

By his unfailing interception of every slave caravan passing along the Nile, he was directly responsible for the liberation of at least 30,000 slaves.

The Egyptian Khedive was overflowing with gratitude and the Italian was subsequently rewarded with the title of Pasha as well as the governorship of a Sudanese province.

Yet, Gessi's swift and brilliant military successes and resultant honors did not prevent him from dying a sadly discouraged man when fever suddenly claimed his life just a few years later. For one thing, the slave trade continued to thrive along the Nile. Only those profiting from it had changed, as the industry was restored to those potentates who enjoyed the favor of the Khedive.

Nor did his role as governor proceed as he hoped. Dedicated to enlightened rule, he had set up schools, expanded public works and encouraged modernization in his domain. He had even envisioned the dawning of an "African *Risorgimento*," only

to be disappointed when his subjects consistently failed to comprehend, much less embrace, the republican political principles that he attempted to introduce. But then, his hand at governing was as brief as his hour of fame. Had he survived longer, who knows what place Romolo Gessi might have occupied in African history?

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Royalty In Exile

Continued from page 15

wind goodwill tour across Italy, in hopes of restoring public favor toward the House of Savoy as the national referendum loomed ahead. Abandoning the traditional military tunic of his predecessors, a discomfiting symbol of the recent wartime travails, he posed for photographs in jacket and tie. Arm around wife, his children on his knees, his strategy was to cast himself as a family man whose interests and concerns matched those of any Italian.

Despite his best efforts, the monarchy was edged out by two million votes when the referendum was held on June 2, 1946. Questions arose regarding the accuracy of the tally, and advocates of the crown asked that the Italian Supreme Court review the results before a final determination was declared. This process, though reasonable and fair, was ignored by the government, itself already dominated by proponents of a republic. The monarchy was declared abolished forthright, and the royal family ordered out of Italy.

For a brief moment, Umberto toyed with the option of calling upon the army, still bound by an oath of loyalty to the crown, to restore him to the throne by force. The thought was summarily rejected, however, and on June 13, 1946, after issuing a dignified public statement in protest of the referendum results, the monarch boarded a plane for Portugal to begin his permanent exile from his native land. Having never ceased to refer to himself as the King of Italy, and still anticipating a change of sentiment by his former subjects, Umberto died in 1983.

In 1948, the Italian government introduced a law pronouncing perpetual exile upon all male descendents of the House of Savoy. The decree has since been considered by many to be unnecessarily harsh, but occasional appeals for its relaxation have been categorically unsuccessful.

The two living heirs to the crown, Prince Vittorio Emanuele, a 3-year old child at the outbreak of World War II, and his own 26-year old son, Prince Emanuele Filiberto, have both stated their desire to become private Italian citizens, or to at least be allowed to visit their ancestral homeland. Seemingly unanswerable arguments have been advanced that guilt by virtue of the actions of one's father are hardly in keeping with the liberal ideals espoused by the modern Italian Republic.

So adamantly has the decree been upheld that not even the bones of Vittorio Emanuele III or Umberto II, currently laid to rest in foreign sepulchres, are permitted for interment on Italian soil.

Monarchists note that the remains of Benito Mussolini, who was certainly no less responsible for Italy's wartime

devastation, are permitted to repose undisturbed within the national confines, and *Il Duce's* descendants are free to come and go as they please, and even hold public office in an apparent contradiction of national policy. Supporters of the decree respond that Mussolini founded no dynasty, whereas, the descendants of the House of Savoy are the inextricable human components of an institution that ultimately proved itself unworthy of trust or support.

Actually, the entire concept of the decree is an incongruity and an indication

*The Italian
nation
must eventually
come to terms
with history.*



Prince Victor Emmanuel IV who heads the 1,000-year Savoy dynasty.

of Italy's uncertainty of how to deal with the past. While the official policy since 1946 seems to be an attempt to expunge all remnants of the monarchy from the national conscience, streets and squares bearing the names of Savoyard Kings can still be found in municipalities across the country. Rome's *Altare della Patria*, the nation's most hallowed national shrine, is still alternately known as *Monumento Vittorio Emanuele II*, and has a gargantuan bronze statue of that monarch as its centerpiece. If it is permissible to honor the 19th century Savoyards, why is it forbidden to extend the most basic of civil rights to their living descendants who have had utterly no impact or influence on nation's destiny?

The Italian nation must eventually come to terms with history.

★★★

(Ed. We thank Judge Dominic Massaro and Cesidio Tallini for their contributions to this article.)

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Italian Submarines in the Battle of the Atlantic 1940 - 1943

Continued from page 19

January, 1941, the reorganization had been achieved and Italy's first-ever military base on the Atlantic was operational.

There were 27 Italian submarines stationed at Bordeaux. For the most part the average patrol lasted 40 days, most of them concentrated in the vicinity of the Azores Islands. This was a good station since the weather was generally clear making sightings and engagements easier. More importantly, most Allied merchant ships that steamed through this sector of the Atlantic, although armed with some deck guns, were travelling independently rather than in convoy.

The first Allied vessel sunk by the Italians in the Battle of the Atlantic, fittingly enough, was the oil tanker *British Fame* of 8,406 tons sunk by the submarine *Malaspina* under the command of Captain Leoni. After the ship sank and its crew had taken to



The Brin-class submarine was designed for ocean use rather than the Mediterranean.

even though it exposed his vessel to air and surface attack for a day and a half.

Later in the war, Italian submarines, as had their British and American adversaries, received orders not to risk themselves in attempts to help victims. Though these orders were generally obeyed, they did not stop Italian sub crews from giving other types of assistance to survivors of sunken ships. This assistance included giving the lifeboats extra food, water, and medical supplies. Undoubtedly this type of help saved many lives and helped minimize, to some extent, the brutal effects of submarine warfare.

According to Admiral Doenitz, Italian submarines were a disappointment when integrated with German wolfpacks. Their ability to find Allied convoys and to work in coordination with U-Boats left much to be desired. Yet, at one point in the war (December 1940 - February 1941) Italian submarines dominated the North Atlantic force, there being only 3 to 6 U-Boats in service. Both Doenitz and Italian sources agree that the Italian subs did their best when working independently.

The finest example of this was the *Leonardo DaVinci*, which sank 17 ships for a total of 119,437 tons. Another successful sub was the *Barbarigo*, which sank 8 ships in the Atlantic for 44,352 tons and about 60,000 tons more in the Mediterranean. Two commanders, Cossato and Gazzana even received Germany's Knight's Cross for their exploits — Cossato sank 16 ships equivalent to 86,438 tons and Gazzana sank 11 ships for 90,601 tons. It must also be kept in mind that it was not only British ships which felt the wrath of the Italian Navy in the Atlantic but any vessel of any Allied nation or even a neutral vessel suspected of carrying supplies to the Allies. For example, seven American merchant ships were sunk from 1942 to 1943. Other nations that lost ships to Italian submarines were Holland, Spain, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Sweden, Greece,

Norway, Portugal, Brazil, Panama, Latvia, and Uruguay.

All told, 32 Italian submarines operated exclusively in the Atlantic Ocean sinking about 1,000,000 tons of Allied shipping. This came to an average of 31,250 tons sunk per boat. Altogether, 135 Allied ships were sunk in the Atlantic by Italian submarines. The 1,175 German U-Boats that served on and off in the Atlantic accounted for 14,000,000 tons of ships sunk or a ratio of 11,063 tons per boat. In short, per submarine, the Italians were nearly 3 times more successful than the Germans when it came to sinking Allied shipping. Perhaps this was another reason Italian commanders hesitated to engage convoys. The Italian achievement becomes even more magnified when one takes into account the inferior technical characteristics of many of the Italian subs when compared to the German boats. These figures point out the skill, persistence, and enthusiasm of the Italian crews who had to work very hard with the vessels they manned. Praise for the achievement of the Italian subs also came from Admiral Karl Doenitz who stated in his memoirs that in a pitched naval battle he would rather have Italians fight for him than Germans as the Italians held nothing back in a battle whereas the Germans had more discipline and endurance which served them better in convoy engagements.

Of the 32 Italian submarines serving in the Atlantic, 16 were eventually sunk in action. Among these was the highly successful *DaVinci* mentioned earlier, which was sunk by a British destroyer on May 23, 1943, northeast of the Azores. Badoglio's surrender to the Allies in September of 1943 caught the Italian Atlantic fleet by surprise and halted the plans for their most audacious attack, the infiltration of New York Harbor by their dreaded *Decima M.A.S.* commando force. This force had destroyed a British fleet in Alexandria, Egypt in December, 1941. New York was targeted for Christmas, 1943.

★★★



Admiral Parona (center) confers with his German counterparts in France. The Royal Italian Navy stationed a 27-boat fleet at its base in Bordeaux.

lifeboats, the *Malaspina* surfaced to give some assistance to the hapless crew. Despite being enemies these survivors were also fellow seamen and Italian mariners considered it inhumane to abandon men so far from land. The *Malaspina* towed them closer to the Azores where they had a better chance of making shore. Captain Leoni did this

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Naples *Continued from page 27*

(whose own parents came from Naples' outskirts) speak but which they were unable to translate and of which teachers of Italian always expressed ignorance.

It should be noted that while Neapolitans are able to speak the language of their city (and it never ceased to amaze me that a city could have a language of its own) they more often speak Italian. Italian is what is used on Neapolitan airwaves, in its newspapers and in most daily transactions.

When I showed the dictionary to a



Neapolitan artisans are second to none. This is a sample of Nativity figures. Manufacturing cameos, wood in-lay and porcelain are also ancient skills.

hotel clerk, he laughed, and in perfect Italian said to me: "First, learn Italian; then work on your Neapolitan." A put-down, but a gentle, typically Neapolitan one.

Tourist attractions? Naples has plenty. With Greek, Roman, French, Spanish and assorted other rulers over more than 2,000 years, its attractions are unbelievably diverse.

Some top Neapolitan ones are the *Museo Archeologico Nazionale*, the world's finest archaeological museum; the *Duomo of San Genarro*, where the blood of the city's patron saint mysteriously liquifies three times a year; the *Certosa of San Martino*, whose elevated perch offers a

magnificent view of the city and whose chambers contain exquisite examples of Neapolitan *presepi* (Christmas nativity scenes); and the magnificent *Capodimonte*, a royal palace turned into a hilltop art museum.

I don't, however, want to rehash information that is readily available in guidebooks, even ones by the most anti-Neapolitan writers. Suffice it to say, if you visit Naples you won't lack for interesting and beautiful places to visit.

My point is, simply, don't be afraid of Naples. Discount the negative talk. It is, in my opinion, all the product of envy, and similar in many ways to the negativity that all Italic people experience (save that this particular bigotry is shared, sadly, by many Italics).

See Naples for yourself and do so with an open mind. If you can do so with a friendly Neapolitan at your side, as I did, you will appreciate it even more. But no matter how you do it, don't miss this incredible city.

★★★

Bocce *Continued from page 25*

Playing combines aspects of billiards, shuffleboard, horseshoes, and, of course, bowling. A good eye is helpful but control — that is, an ability not to get flustered — is more important. Strength is of only marginal value.

Beyond individual interpretation of rules — unless playing in organized competition, the host's rules apply — there are two distinct styles of play: *stricio* (strict-style) and *libero* (free-style).

In *stricio*, a player is not allowed to knock an opponent's *bocce* more than two feet. If that happens, that offending *bocce* is disqualified and the struck *bocce* is put back where it was before being hit. Also, it is forbidden to bank shots off sideboards or lob *bocci* in the air.

In *libero*, none of these restrictions apply.

Needless to say, most people prefer *libero* — at least until they become quite proficient, then things get technical.

★★★

If you would like more information of this fast-growing sport why not contact Phil Ferrari, President of the World Bocce Associ-

ation. Maybe his passion for the game will arouse the spirit in you too.

Phil Ferrari,
President
World Bocce Association
1098 W. Irving Park Road
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A particularly good website is: www.tiac.net/users/pii/bocinof.htm#top

Not only is it loaded with valuable information, it contains links to numerous other *bocce* sites.

Books:

THE JOY OF BOCCÉ
by Mario Pagnoni of Methuen,
Massachusetts.

BOCCÉ: A SPORT FOR EVERYONE
by Rico Daniele of the
Wonderful World of Bocce
Association of Springfield, Illinois.

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